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THE

Boston Weekly Magazine ;

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MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

VOLUME I——1802—3.

TO SOAR ALOFT ON FANCY'S WING,
AND BATHE IN HELICONIA'S SPRING;
CULL EVERY FLOWER WITH CAREFUL HAND,
AND STREW THEM O'ER OUR NATIVE LAND.

BOSTON:

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ERRATA.

Page 2d, col. 2d, 32d line, for *dread*, read *drear*.
col. 3d, 8th line, for *vigilating*, r. *vegitating*.
P. 5, c. 1st, in motto to Gossip, for *ædicules*, r. *ridicules*.
P. 11, c. 1st, line 18th, for *wag*, r. *crag*.—Same p. line 31st, for *that*, r. *that's*.
P. 13, c. 2d, line 21, for *expance*, read *expanse*.
P. 16, c. 2d, line 3d, for *for*, r. *far*.
P. 28, c. 2d, line 6, from bottom, for *fit*, r. *fit*.
P. 60, c. 1st, line 22d, for *may*, r. *may'st*.
P. 136, c. 2d, line 63, for *the*, r. *their*.
P. 140, c. 1st, line 32d, for *love*, r. *lose*.
P. 180, c. 1st, line 10th, for *most*, r. *most*.
P. 208, c. 3, line 10th, from the bottom, for *Oh how degrading that passion is*, r. *O how degrading to that passion it is*.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

GENERAL PLAN AND CONDITIONS OF THIS PUBLICATION.

THE Editors and Proprietors of the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE, respectfully present the public, with this sheet, as the Specimen of a Work, both in matter and manner, which they have been induced to commence, at the recommendation of their friends.

It will readily be acknowledged, by an observing mind, that no auxiliaries are wanted in the field of *Politics* —it is equally true, that the great and important interests of *Commerce*, require no aid, in this place, beyond what is daily bestowed, by the facetious and subtlety of trade, already engaged in its service.

REASONING in this manner, and disposed to listen to the voice of friendship, we have adventured our little Barque on a new and untravelled ocean, in the hope of experiencing, from the novelty of the undertaking, a useful and prosperous voyage.

We shall be extremely sparing of promises, as we deem a profuse display of them, to be the dictates of a weak or insincere mind; we shall therefore merely observe, that in making our *Selections*, the utmost care will be taken, to copy such, as are calculated to afford *instruction*, as well as *amusement*. In furnishing *original* matter, (and from the quantity this day presented, we may expect much) we must depend on the friendship of those who have the ability, and disposition to oblige us with the fruits of their genius and erudition—our hope in soliciting a portion of such friendship; and truth we shall not be found undeserving of it.

The common occurrences of the day will be briefly noticed. To these will be added, a general list of Marriages, Deaths, &c.

CONDITIONS.

I. *The Publication will be comprised in a half sheet of the same size, and comprised in like manner with this number.*

II. *The price will be* Two Dollars *per annum, payable one in advance, and the remainder at the expiration of the year. As it is not intended to be considered as an advertising paper, the price, it is hoped, will not be thought more than small.*

III. *It will be published in the afternoon of every Saturday, and delivered to the Subscribers in town, at their houses or stores, and to those in the country by the first conveyance.*

IV. *The First Number is sent to the inhabitants of* Boston, *generally, gratis, as a specimen of the Work. Those who may feel disposed to encourage it, will be good enough to forward their names and address, or leave it with the carriers, who will wait on them in the course of the ensuing week for that purpose. The* Second *Number will be delivered only to those who may signify a desire to encourage this infant establishment.*

This address, and the conditions annexed, are respectfully presented to the public, by its devoted servants,

SAMUEL GILBERT.
THOMAS DEAN.

Boston, October 30, 1802.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To fear aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Call every flower with careful hand,
And drew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. I.

O insidarum, serpens prave!

PERIODICAL papers have hitherto been confidered as very proper conveyancers of inftruction, amufement and fatire; nay, through them ridicule has been fuccefsfully aimed at follies, and vices, which would have laughed grave advice out of countenance, and fet the moral reafoner, or judicial pleader at defiance.

Europe has had her Spectators, Tattlers, Adventurers, Guardians, Ramblers, and Idlers.—Spirits of immortal genius, which dictated to the pens of the authors of thofe ufeful, entertaining, and inimitable works, whither are ye flown?—Have ye quitted our terreftial fphere forever; is there not one beam of thy radiance left, to guide me in the adventurous talk of following at humble diftance, the fteps of my illuftrious predeceffors. Are there no little gleanings in the field of literature which I can pick up? Alas! no—A GLEANER has been before-hand. What then remains if I cannot inftruct, I muft be fatisfied merely to amufe; and next to the perfon of fenfe and edacation, I know of none more readily received into all foieties than the GOSSIP. I do not mean the malicious, impertinently envious, or officiously medling Goffip: but the good natured inoffenfive being who with vacant head and round unthinking face, trots from houfe to houfe, picking up all the intelligence he can, as who is going to be married, who is ficke; who dead, and who likely to have a chriftening in their family—who gave the fineft dinner or fupper, had the moft crouded party, loft or won moft at cards, wore the moft fafhionable drefs, or is thought to have the beft inclome, and likely to appear in the purples with a woeful WHEREAS to their names. This kind of being is always welcome; a fmile animates the faces of a family circle at his appearance. The chair is placed in a warm corner, the tea ordered, and the queftion of "what news?" burfts fpontaneous from every mouth. The budget is then opened. The poor girl, who, juft immerged from childhood, is not allowed to mingle as yet in the gay world above once or twice in a year; liftens with delight to a defcription of balls, routes, or jams; hears Mifs Polly is much admired, and Mifs Harriet has a declaring; and thinks, if the were permitted to go abroad, the might be equally fortunate. The old Lady in the eafy chair, who for more than twenty years has turned her back on the world and its follies, lifts up her hands in aftonifhment at the extravagance of the prefent times, and declares, "there was no fuch doings when fhe was a girl."—The virgin who has lived perhaps near fifty years in "fingle bleffedneſs," and finde herfelf often overlooked or forgotten in the parties which are formed by her more youthful acquaintance, wonders, that children are allowed to mix in fuch fcenes, and is furprifed that "men of fenfe can have patience to mingle in fociety with mere babies," rails at youth and beauty, as offenfive dangerous things, and declares that fenfe and diferetion are alone worthy admiration. Now if the Goffip is thus welcome, to old, young, and middle ages; what more agreeable appellation can I affume? But Goffip as I am, and welcome as I hope to be in all families, I do ferioufly declare I will never, liften to, or difcriminate fcandalous anecdotes. I fhall be very glad to receive intelligence that may make my friends laugh in the retailing; nay, it will give me pleafure to difcover any fcene of diftrefs which might affuft the benevolent to enjoy the exalted pleafure of beftowing relief. I fhall deem vice and folly wherever I find them, as fair game, either to laugh or rail at; and as Goffips are generally fond of giving advice, I fhall be ready to give mine to any who may think proper to afk it. Oh, it is the delight of my heart to be made of importance, to be entrufted with a fecret, that I may have the pleafure of whifpering it, *in perfect confidence*, to half the town. It is impoffible to convey an idea of the confequence I fhall feel when I fhall fally out in fome future day laden with a piece of intelligence which I have reafon to think is perfectly new.—How felf importance will fwell every feature; and add at leaft two inches to my h.ighth.

Now am I confident, that by this time, much curiofity is excited to know who, and what I am. Some will fettle it within themfelves that I am an idle prating fellow with more time than wifdom, who can talk a great deal and yet fay nothing; others, that I am an envious ill-natured, medling being, determined to pry into fecrets that do not concern me, and rail at pleafure I have not the power to partake. But conjecture as you pleafe, I will not unmafk. Whether male or female, young or old, whether I write in order that I may eat, or to amufe myfelf, and weary others; are fecrets which I fhall not unravel—time, that elucidates all myfteries, will moft likely difcover this.

I have no intention, if attempting to imitate the ftyle or manner of thofe who have gone before. Alas, to put myfelf in competition with Addifon, Steele, Johnfon, &c. would be as ridiculous as for a man after the fun was fet, to light a ruth candle and expect the world to miftake it for the return of day. Thofe great luminaries of tafte, wit, and literary talents, are fet in night;—but the world is ftill cheered and enlightened, by the bright emanations of genius which they left behind, and which nothing but a worfe than gothic darknefs can ever obfcure. For my own part, if happily the beams of my feeble taper may now and then illumine an humble cottage; *amufe* fome folitary, or cheer fome fad traveller, in his paffage through this vale of tears, or arreft one erring being in the mad race of folly, its end will be amply anfwered, my ambition fully gratified.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE FRAGMENT.——No. I.

"NO Child has ever heard the ftory of Jack the *giant killer's cap of darkneſs*, without envying the pleafures of invifibility."

This power is, in fome degree poffeffed by the writer of an anonymous paper, who has peculiar privilelge in hearing what is faid of him (or at leaft of his productions.)

But of all the various obfervations, to which works of genius are expofed, none perhaps are fo mortifying as that they fhould not be noticed at all—and while the priviledged invifible is fifhing for opinious, concerning the merits of his performance, he draws nothing from the company but what is foreign from his purpofe—and fhews that the object of his fondeft anticipations had not been noticed, by the very perfons from whom he had expected a cloud of *incenſe*—or a ftorm of *cenſure*.

Publications that are actually intended for the *amuſement*, or for the *profit* of the reader, if they gain the honor of an attention from the public, are immediately fufpected of fome *political* deſign, and the merit that is ftamped on them by the ac-

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tice which they receive, is seldom a defence from the scrutiny of suspicion. A work so well guarded as to be proof to such inquiries, if it should discover brilliancy, as well as strength, is however too valuable for a concealment of the author. And the curiosity of the reader, cannot be sufficiently gratified without both his name and his design. In this cafe ftood the author of the Mirror, whofe reply on the occafion, I fhall be gratified by the liberty of applying to the Fragment :—

"The complexion of my paper will depend on a thoufand circumftances which it is impoffible to forefee. Befides thefe little changes to which every one is liable from external circumftances, I muft fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more variable than my fituation. The difpofition of the author will not always correfpond with the temper of the man. In the firft character I may fometimes indulge a fportiveneſs to which I am a ſtranger in the latter, and efcape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occafional gaiety of the "WEEKLY MAGAZINE."

"Somebody has compared the publiſher of a periodical paper of this kind, to the owner of a Stage Coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle, *with* or *without* paſſengers. One might carry on the alluſion through various points of ſimilarity. I muſt confeſs to my cuſtomers, that the road we are to puſh together, is not a new one; that it has been travelled again and again, and that too, in much better carriages than mine. I would only inſinuate, that, though the great objections are ſtill the ſame, there are certain little eaſes, *ſome* beautiful, *ſome* groteſque and *ſome* ridiculous which engage, on every ſtage of the road, our daily building, in the proſpect of which we may find ſome amuſement. Their fellow-paſſengers, will ſometimes be perſons of high, and ſometimes of low rank, as in other Stage Coaches; like them, too, ſometimes grave, ſometimes facetious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be aſſured that no fcurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted."

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Mrs. ROWSON's ACADEMY.

ON Thurſday, 19th inſt. the public were gratified by an Exhibition of Drawings, Needlework, and other improvements of the young ladies of Mrs. Rowſon's Academy, in Medford. The pupils, &c. aſſembled in Franklin-Hall, Naſſau-Street, which was decorated with a number of very beautiful ſpecimens of Embroidery, Paintings and Drawings, in water-colors, maps, &c. &c. A variety of pieces of Writing, executed in a ſtyle of neatneſs and elegance, which did great honor both to the young ladies, and their inſtructreſſes. The exercifes were appropriate, and performed with preciſion and accuracy. The Pupils diſplayed a very competent knowledge of Engliſh Grammar, Geography, and Hiſtory—and one gave evident proofs that ſhe had not been inattentive to compoſition—delivering a very affecting Farewell Addreſs, as ſhe was on the point of quitting the Academy, where ſhe has reſided above two years. Two Poems, and ſeveral pieces in proſe, were read by the young ladies, with taſte and propriety;—one of each kind we have preſumed, thinking they might be an acceptable gratification to our friends. The ladies were attired with the greateſt ſimplicity :—no ornament whatever appeared among them—all pure white, a fit emblem of

RIGHTS of WOMAN.

READ BY MISS M. WARNER.

WHILE Patriots on wide Philoſophic plan,
Declaim upon the wond'rous Rights of Man;
May I preſume to ſpeak ? and tho' unconſulted,
Stand forth the champion of the Rights of Woman.
Nay ſtart not gentle ſex, indeed 'tis true
That Woman has her rights as well as you,
And if ſhe's wiſe, ſhe will aſſert them too.
If you'll have patience, and your wrath forbear,
In a few words I'll tell you what they are.
You know, when Man in Paradiſe was plac'd,
(Bleſt garden with each earthly pleaſure grac'd)
In vain for real happineſs he tried,
'Till heaven in compaſſion, from his ſide
Taking a rib, gave Eve in all her beauty
Appear'd to Adam juſtly claiming her duty.
In terms ſo gentle, ſweet, and void of art,
That e'er he thought on't, Adam loſt his heart.
Now pray don't think I mean to take Pre's part.
No, ſhe'd no right, 'twas acting very wrong,
To liſten to the ſerpents flattering tongue ;
And from her error, her diſcretion's claim,
A *right* to be tenacious of their fame ;
Knowing how eaſy the was drawn aſide,
We claim a right to call up all our pride.
Diſcretion, honor, firſt, to our aſſiſtance
And keep aſſiduous flatterers at a diſtance.
Next we aſſert our *right*, for in our pride
In all domeſtic matters we preſide ;
And on the myſtery of raiſing pies,
Compounding ſtews, and ſoups, philoſophize ;
Study the bulk, the ſize, and nicheſt fruit,
Into tranſparent jellies to tranſmute ;
Whip the light ſyllabub, all froth and ſhow,
White, ſweet, and harmleſs, like a modern beau.
Are fathers, brothers, friends ; oppreſſed with care,
We claim a *right* in all their grief to ſhare ;
Shed balm upon their pillow of repoſe,
And ſtrip of thorns life's quickly fading roſe ;
Augment the tender joys which crown our ſway,
The pleaſures of the gay or tranquil hour ;
While man abroad for happineſs may roam,
'Tis ours to make a paradiſe at home.
Our known excluſive priviledge of beauty
You all allow : and next in ſtrict duty
Preeminent we ſtand. The Grecian dame,
Who daily to her Lover's prefence came,
And while maternal fondneſs wrung her heart,
Forſook the mother's, for the daughter's part.
The fair Virginia, who could not withſtand
The ſtroke of death, from a lov'd father's hand ;
But meekly yielded, left the reſt ſad hour
Should give her to be wife Decemvir's pow'r ;
The gentle Ruth, who bore a heart by friendſhip tried,
Refus'd to quit forlorn Naomi's ſide,
Boldly affirm'd, and her *right* approved,
To ſerve the mother, and the ſon ſhe had lov'd.
As his our right, oh ! be it ſtill our praiſe,
To paſs the reſt of our days parents dues, [down,
Smooth the dread ſtep that leads to death's dull
And decorate with ſtrewed flowers their tomb.

Next, 'tis our *right* to watch the ſick man's bed,
Raiſe the ſwoln head, or bind the aching head.
Preſent each nauſeous draught with tenderneſs,
And hide the anxious fear we can't repreſs ;
On ſtripe gaze around the darkened room,
And ſtrive by ſmiles to diſſipate its gloom,
Cheer, comfort, help them patient to endure,
And mingle at the laſt the tear to dry,
Which ſtarts from affection's languid eye :
The widow's heart to cheer, her wrongs redreſs,
And be the mother of the fatherleſs ;
Snatch them from vice, or poverty's abode,
And dedicate their orphan lives to God.
Next, mourning them in gloomy cells,
Where pal'd fear, or ſuperſtition dwells,
But ſeeking them the duties of their ſtation,
Guarding their infant minds againſt temptation,
Learning them the induſtry how to be
Good uſeful members of ſociety.

Thoſe are our rights : thoſe rights who dare diſpute
Let him firſt ask now. No anſwer, what all mute !
But hift, methinks ſome diſcontented fair
Cries, "Thoſe are duties, mifs." Agreed, they are,
But how ſo we not that Woman's proper ſphere

Is the domeſtic walk ? To interfere
With politics, divinity, or law,
As much deſerved ridicule would draw
On Woman,—as the learned grave divine,
Cooking the ſoup on which he means to dine ;
Or ſolemn Judge the wonders in his knee,
Preparing ſilks to work embroidery.

Domeſtic duty ! Oh how bleſt are we !
All women are not ſo, for we are free
Thoſe duties to perform, in varied ſtations,
While the poor woman of the eaſtern nations,
Shut from ſociety, hard ! hard ! their caſe is
Forbid to walk abroad, to view the ſtars ;
From every care, from thought and duty free,
Life lives on lifeleſs inactivity.
Live did I ſay, forgive, I'm miſtaken there,
'Tis vegitating, like the grey patteree,
Where tulips, roſes, pinks, allure the eye ;
Expand their beauties, are admir'd, and die

While ſurmount'd to employ life's active pow'rs
How get an hour bleſs, a privilge is ours :
While laudably employ'd, all men reſpect us,
Oppreſs'd, we have fathers, brothers to protect us ;
And are we Orphans ? Orphans never cease
In vain, protection from the good and brave,
Then ever let it be our pride ye fair,
To merit their protection, love and care,
With uſeful knowledge be our heads well ſtor'd,
Whilſt in our hearts we every virtue hoard,
Theſe *rights* we may aſſert, and how'er common,
Theſe, and their ſtile ſurpaſs the *Rights of Woman*.

INFLUENCE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER ON SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

READ BY MISS C. HUTCHINGS.

DIFFERENT nations, and various characters of men in thoſe different nations, have given to Women different degrees in the ſcale of intellectual being ; ſome ſink her to a grade ſcarce removed from the peaceful, the patient, or the raviene ; others ſtill more degrading, claſs her with that ſtupid drudge, the aſs, and ſome with the patient camel, kneeling to receive its allotted load, or the fawning ſpaniel, fondly kiſſing the hand by which it has been cruelly, and perhaps unjuſtly chaſtiſed. To mark the degree where they ſhould be placed, is neither my province nor intent ;—they are in the eye of unprejudiced reaſon undoubtedly to be conſidered, as ranking higher or lower according to the brilliancy of their underſtanding, the virtues of their hearts, or the extent and delicacy of their talents. That one being I will beg leave to obſerve ; their manners, habits, and inclinations, have a much more diffuſive influence on ſociety in general, than the other ſex are willing to allow. To exemplify this, obſerve the children of a woman of ſenſe, virtue and refinement, and ſee what modeſty, delicacy, and unaffected rationality, diguify the conduct of her daughters ; what magnanimity, undaunted bravery, and ready integrity, characterize her ſons. The purity of her mind is evinced by the neatneſs and regularity of her family. In her perſonal ornaments though perfectly ſimple, ſhe is always elegant ; thoſe who behold her, will ſtrive to imitate her. In her manners, courteous without ſervility, and dignified without arrogance. The illiberal and rude are corrected by her example ; the meanly proud are taught humility by her artleſs affability. Where is the family whoſe miſtreſs is a woman of a cultivated underſtanding, and really good heart ; not foolihly attempting to rife above, nor thoughtleſsly ſinking below the duties of her ſtation ; but every branch of it partake in ſome degree, of her ſuavity of manner ; catch as it were inſenſibly, her benevolence, purity and gentleneſs—nay her influence extends farther, her inferiors loving and reſpecting her

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character, follow her example; her superiors, conscious of her worth, respect her according to her merits—not the rank she holds in society—and the most audacious libertine would not dare to offend her, for there is such heavenly majesty in virtue, it is like an adamantine shield to beauty, and guards it from assault. Men are in general apt to depreciate the merits of the opposite sex, not men of sense and candour—no, though they even argue that two suns cannot shine in the same hemisphere; yet they can gratefully admire the lustre of the moon even at her full, and are willing she should shine most resplendidly glorious, provided the admiring multitude are convinced, and freely own that she derives her splendor from the planet of day. And true it is, the moon would be a dark and cheerless mass without the sun's refracted light, and Woman, an isolate miserable being, without the protecting arm and directing judgment of Fathers, Brothers, or Friends of the other sex. But this allowed, it takes not from my former argument of the influence of female manners on society in general. The Father gazes with delight, while listening with attention to the recitation of a well-informed Daughter; the Brother, however prodigate his manners, or licentious his principles, puts a guard on his words, looks and actions in the presence of his virtuous sister. What then is the inference? Were all Women rational, unaffected and virtuous, coxcombs, fatterers and libertines would no longer exist. What man would entertain a woman with nonsensical trifles, if he were certain to be treated with contempt? Who would flatter a woman, however handsome, if sensible he would only be despised for his folly? Or what man would dare to breathe a word of dishonor to the fanctity of virtue, if conscious the woman he most esteemed, would by an indignant glance, look him into annihilation; and by an effort of heroic virtue, tear him (however beloved before) from her heart forever? Man degrades us in the scale of being, and why? because we take no pains to preserve our own dignity. Women were not formed to lead armies on to conquest, to preside in the senate, or decide in the intricacies of the law; but it is equally certain nature never designed her, to pass her time in deciding on the colour of a ribbon, the form of a robe, or the plaiting of a cap. She has a reasoning soul, let her improve its powers; the has strength of mind, let her exert it. Let her consecrate the pure temple of her soul to Virtue; let Religion raise the altar, and Reason sacrifice upon it Envy, Vanity, and false Pleasure, thofe demons ever ready to lead the female heart astray. Then none will approach the sacred Fane without reverence—our brothers, awed by our virtue, will never transgress her sacred laws; our friends, charmed with our good sense, and pleased with our fociety, will model their manners by that rule which would be only fure to obtain our approbation—the prefent generation would admire; the rising one revere us; and future ages bleft our memories, as having led the way to real felicity in this life, and planted flowers in that dreary avenue through which we muft pass, to that which is to come.

...LUABLE INSTITUTION.

BOSTON DISPENSARY.

...n annual meeting of the Contributors to ...e *Dispensary*, on Thursday, Oct. 14, ...e following gentlemen were chofen Man...r the year cutuing:

Mr. Jona. Amory, jun.
John Andrews, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Brewer,
Mr. Benjamin Buffey,
Samuel Dunn, Esq.
Stephen Gorham, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Parker,
Henry Hill, Esq.
Samuel Salisbury, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Stillman,
William Tudor, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Watt.
William Smith, Esq. *Treasurer.*

Upon examination of the records it was found, that, from Oct. 1, 1801, to Oct. 10, 1802, two hundred and three patients have been recommended to the care of the Dispenfary. Of which number upwards of 185 have been attended by the several physicians of the Dispenfary, and about 17 by the other gentlemen of the faculty; that of the number recommended.

31 had died—128 cured and discharged—44 remain under the care of the Dispenfary. Total 203—Four dollars cents were charged by the apothecary for medicines, and 101 70 by the vintner for wine, delivered to the patients within the term aforesaid.

Upon a comparative view with the report made half year, the number of patients recommended has increased more than one fourth part; and the Managers regret very much that a greater number of perfons have withdrawn their fubscriptions from this very ufeful and benevolent inftitution, than have been added by new fubscribers. They, however, flatter themselves that its great utility will induce the generous and humane to afford it a yet more ample fupport. It is now put under fuch regulations that no expence is incurred by either the attending or confulting physicians; the gentlemen who fill thofe offices have, fince July laft, very generously, and, as the managers believe, very faithfully, attended that ferv...e gratis.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

CHEMISTRY.

IT appears from Mr. HATCHETT'S Analysis, (prefented to the Royal Society of London) of a Mineral fubftance from North America, containing a metal hitherto unknown, that the ore confifts of iron combined with unknown fubftance, and that the latter confifts of 3 4ths of the whole. This fubftance is proved to be of a metallic nature, by the coloured precipitates which it forms with prufiate of potash, and with the tincture of galls; by the effect, which zinc produces, when immerfed in acid folutions; and by the colour which it communicates to phofphate of ammonia, when melted with it. From experiments made with the blow-pipe, it feems to be a metallic fubftance which retains the exigen with great obftinacy. It is an acidifiable metal; for the oxide reddens litmus paper, expels carbonic acid, and forms combinations with the fixedalkalia. But it is very different from the other acidifiable metals, viz. arfenic, tungften, molybdena, and chromium; and ftill more different from the uranium, titanium, and tellurium. The precipitates obtained from this ore, Mr. Hatchett thinks, might be employed with advantage as pigments. After confulting feveral ingenious chymifts, he has been induced to give this new metal the name of *Columbium*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Ornithorynchus, is about 17 inches long, and 11 inches in circumference. It is found only in the freth water lakes in New South Wales: it does not fwim upon the furface of the water, but comes up occafionally to breathe, in the fame manner as the turtle. The natives fit on the banks with fmall wooden fpears, and watch them every time they come to the furface, until they get an opportunity of ftriking. When they are taken on fhore, they ufe their claws with fo much force, as to oblige the natives to confine them between two pieces of board while they are cutting off the barbs of the fpear to difengage it. When loofe, they run upon the ground with as much activity as a hard tortoife. It inhabits the banks of the lakes, and is fuppofed to feed in the muddy places which furround them—but the particular food on which they fubfift is not known.

MEDICAL.

I HAVE been of opinion that a fweat of black Snake-root will cure the yellow fever. I have feveral reafons for thinking this, but aiming at brevity, I omit them. I with an experiment to be made; if it fucceed (and I have the greateft hope of it,) I fay further, that a glafs of the black snake root bitters taken daily during the feafon will prevent any one from taking this diftemper.

Perhaps fome phyficians may fay fuch a fweat in that cafe is immediate death, notwithftanding which I pray an experiment may be made.

Twenty-five years ago this fpring a vomit was immediate death in the yellow fever, but it proved a trial an immediate relief to all that took it, and fevural fo relieved, are here ftill to prove it.

A FRIEND.

P. S. The above fweat will cure the autumnal fever in all hours, of which I have had 40 years experience.

Baltimore County, Oct. 15.

AGRICULTURE.

A VERY important fecret in Agriculture was made known, for the communication of which 200 guineas was previously fubfcribed. It is a preventative for turnips againft the infect called fly.—"The difcovery is to fow 2lb. of rudifh feed on every acre of turnip land, with the turnips, which the inventor declares, will fo attract the fly, as to prevent its proving at all injurious to the turnip."

(London Paper.

[Communications from Societies or individuals, on the above fubjects, or any other difcoveries, will be gratefully received, and punctually attended to.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The EDITOR begs leave to express their grateful acknowledgments, to their friends, for the original matter with which they are able to prefent the readers of the firft number of the *Weekly Magazine*—and to affure them their lucubrations fhall always meet with due attention.

"*The Gulf, No. I*" we greet a hearty welcome. Such productions muft *anon*, while they *inftruct*, *pleafe*.

The author of the *Fragment*, will a way find a good feat in our "Rofe cradle," whenever, letters will permit him to take an airing. We are fure he will not be alone, and we pledge ourfelves not to be found *drowzing*, fo as to make it *forgetful*, or *unentertaining* in reading.

We fhall be happy in the communication of the favors of "*Eclectus*," the firft number of which is given this day.

"*Gonzalo*," fhall never find us afleep as to...

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

An ALLEGORY; Lines written on an infant; and feveral other favors from our correfpondents, fhall receive the next number.

Our friends have favored us with two Novels for publication; they are under examination.

We thank our friends for the loan of feveral valuable Manufcripts and Publications. We fhall avail ourfelves of occafional extracts therefrom.

ORDAINED.

At Hebbardton, on the 20th inft. the Rev. David Kimball.

DEATHS.

In thistown, Col. William Perkins, Æt. 6; Mr. Isaac Tuckerman, Æt. 73; Mrs. Mary Conde, Æt. 474 Mrs. Abigail Dorfon, Æt. 104; Mrs. Hannah Conner, widow, Æt. 73; Mr. Benjamin Baxter, Æt. 73; Mr. Thomas Foote, of Kennebeck.

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POETRY.

We rifle PARNASSUS of every sweet,
A fanciful garland to make;
Oh flights not the oft'ning we lay at your feet
Ye fair! it was made for your fake.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MIRANDA.

WHEN firſt I ſaw Miranda's face,
Adorned with each bewitching grace,
Which love and joy could bring;
Struck with her falcinating form,
I thought her blythe as opening morn,
And chearful as the ſpring.
The longer known, the charm'd the more,
Muſic and wit had join'd their ſtore,
To all the force of reaſon;
Her ſoul chaſtens the dews which lay,
On fnow drops in an April day,
Yet warm as ſummer ſeaſon.
Her ſenſe and ſweetneſs fnar'd each heart,
Yet none their paſſion dar'd impart,
Such pure reſpect ſhe taught 'em.
The ſun of May was in her eye,
Her lips the cherries ſcarlet dye,
Her boſom tempting Autumn,
Thus every ſeaſon lends a ſhare,
To decorate the charming pair,
Few lovlier are than ſhe.
But Winter in that breaſt of ſnow,
Has plac'd a heart, though it can glow,
Is ice, cold ice, to me.

CONRADE.

CAMBRIDGE.

EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of John Joys, *to* Mercy Bond.

THOUGH JOHN for MERCY long had pray'd,
And many ſchemes for MERCY laid;
Yet MERCY ſtill—of *Hymen* fond—
Put off her JOYS, and kept her BOND.
JOHN (parry'd thus) the *Priest* ply'd,
And ſoon his *Reverence* MERCY cry'd!
Conſenting MERCY hear'd his voice.
Gave up her BOND for dearer JOYS.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.——No. I.

THE cautious traveller, who is a ſtranger to the way, will inquire which of the many roads before him, leads to the place of his deſtination.—He will walk with careful ſteps through the different and untried places, he has to go over.—His care and vigilance will be encreaſed, as thoſe are multiplied.

Happy would it be for us, if in the journey of life, we uſed the ſame precaution! Happy, indeed, if, to treat prudence in our common affairs, we added the utmoſt deliberation and circumſpection in all our moral actions.

For want of this, how many times are we obliged to "go back ſorrowing" over the ground we have cautiouſly trodden? And frequently, cannot, with all our repentance, repair the loſs and injury our own imprudence has brought upon us. How much eaſier to prevent by care, than to remedy by repentance, the falſe ſteps of hurry and inattention.

We are moral agents, deſtined to paſs a life of change and trial here, and ſoon, very ſoon, to land on the ſtrgn and immutable ground of an eternal exiſtence. The happineſs of every part of life depends much on our conduct in the preceeding period—in the ſame manner the condition of the future on the general tenor of the preſent.

EUSEBIUS.

VARIETY.

LONDON FASHIONS—FOR SEPTEMBER.

EVENING DRESS—1. A round dreſs of thin white muſlin, trimed round the boſom with lace; the ſleeves ſhort and very full. A loofe body of muſlin trimmed with pink worn over the dreſs.—A cap of pink muſlin ornamented with wreaths.

2. A round dreſs of white muſlin, the back full and low on the ſhoulders; the boſom trimmed with lace, the ſleeves plain with lace let in round the bottom. A ſpencer of yellow ſilk, covered and trimmed with black lace. A Spanith hat of yellow ſilk covered with black lace, turned up in front, and ornamented with a yellow feather.

WALKING DRESSES—1. A walking dreſs of buff muſlin, with long ſleeves of white cambric muſlin. A habit ſhirt or chamiſette, the front trimed with lace. A bonnet of buff muſlin.

2. A child's walking dreſs of cambric muſlin, drawn cloſe round the neck with a frill; full long ſleeves. A ſtraw hat tied down with blue ribbon.

OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are white, buff, lilac, and blue. Large ſtraw hats, and ſhort round dreſſes trimmed round the bottom with lace, or narrow frills of fine muſlin, are much adopted for walking. Spaniſh cloaks and ſmall round hats with white veils or feathers, are very general.

PUMPKIN PEACHES.

A Cincinnati paper, of the 11th ult. mentions the following extraordinary fact; that, in the garden of Col. John Armſtrong, of Columbia, there is a peach tree, on which is fruit, nearly as big as a half buſhel, and which, as is ſuppoſed, would weigh from 20 to 25 pounds.

ACCOUNT *of a* MODE *of* KILLING SEALS.

On the ſouth ſide of the iſle of Zante, is a village named Agala. Its inhabitants in addition to the agricultural labors which are common to them with the other iſlanders, avail themſelves of their ſituation to carry on the ſeal-fiſhery. They live at the diſtance of only two miles from the ſea, which nevertheleſs, they cannot reach without deſcending precipices, of which the bare aſpect is ſufficient to inſpire terror. Thoſe mountaineers, however, having acquired intrepidity from habit, deſcend to the ſea-ſide with aſtoniſhing agility, only ſupporting themſelves by a thick rope faſtened to a tree or the point of a rock.

At the water-edge, the rocks that border the ſea are full of caverns, into which the ſeals retire to ſleep, and to bring forth their young.—To penetrate into theſe caverns, it is neceſſary for the adventurer to wade in the water almoſt chin-deep, taking care to hold aloft the piſtol with which he intends to ſhoot his game. If the ſeal happens to be aſleep at the time, ſucceſs is certain; but if awake, at the approach of his enemy, he violently darts into the water; in which caſe the greateſt dexterity is requiſite to hit him in the head, the only place where the ſhot is mortal: in any other part, the wound would be but ſlight, and inſufficient to prevent his eſcape.

When the mountaineer has killed the ſeal, he flays him in the cavern, and takes away only the ſkin and fat, leaving all the reſt of the animal to be devoured by the birds, or carried off by the waves. The fat being properly dreſſed, ſerves to make ſhoes, which are found more durable than thoſe of neat's leather. The fat is melted and reduced to oil, which thoſe peaſants burn in their lamps, and which gives a clearer light, and laſts longer, than olive oil; but the ſmell which it emits, while burning is intolerable to any perſon whoſe olfactory nerves are not habituated to it, as thoſe of the inhabitants of Angala. The ſpring is the moſt convenient for this ſpecies of fiſhery.

ORIGIN OF THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

On the Weſt end of Martha's Vineyard, are high cliffs of variegated coloured earths, known by the name of Gay-head. On the top of the hill is a large cavity, which has the appearance of the crater of an extinguiſhed volcano, and there are evident marks of former ſubterraneous fires. The Indians, who live about this ſpot, have a tradition, that a certain Deity reſided there before the Europeans came to America; that his name was Maulhop; that he uſed to ſtep out on a ledge of rocks, which ran into the ſea, and take up a whale, which he broiled for his own eating in the coals of the aforeſaid volcano, and often invited the Indians to dine with him, or gave them the relics of his meal. That once to ſhew their gratitude to Maulhop for his very great kindneſs to them, they made an offering to him of all the tobacco which grew upon the iſland for one ſeaſon. This was ſcarcely ſufficient to fill his great pipe, but he received the preſent very graciouſly, ſmoaked his pipe and turned out the *aſhes of it into the ſea, which formed the iſland of Nantucket!* Upon the coming of the Europeans into America, Maulhop retired in diſguſt, and has never ſince been ſeen. *[American Muſeum.]*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HESPERUS's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——N° II.

Parturiunt montes nafcetur ridiculus mus.

IT coſts ſome perſons much pains and trouble to write, and it is in general believed that thoſe who are long in compoſing, taking great pains to correct and reviſe their works are the moſt elegant writers. I know not how it may be with perſons of great genius and erudition, but for my own part, I may bite my nails, hammer my perecranium, dragging one word out after another, like drops of water through a leaky ſieve, craſh, interline, re-write; and at laſt find all my labour vain, the production when finiſhed will be ſcarcely worth reading. At another time perhaps I can ſet down and fill a whole ſheet in a very ſhort period of time, the language ſmooth as the unruffled ſurface of the lake, and equally as full of reflection, the ſtyle as flowery as a meadow in May or June. But it often happens, when I have finiſhed ſome eſſay, &c. with care and attention, and am myſelf highly delighted with it, when I ſet down to read it to ſome intimate acquaintance, either after dinner, or between tea and ſupper, when I go on with rapidity, entering with rapture into all its beauties, charmed with the mute attention of my auditor who hardly ſeems to breathe; at ſome favourite paſſage I hurry-skip over it, (wondering no accent of reproach eſcapes) and behold my friend nodding in his chair, or with eyes fixed on the fire with ſuch a vacant ſtare, as plainly evinced the total abſence of thought and attention; my ſilence having recalled recollection, my auditor has ſtarted, and began commending my performance in ſuch terms as ſtrong and hyperbolical; though I have been confident had he been called upon to give the ſmalleſt account of the ſubject he could not have done it. This is, extremely mortifying, but I believe it ought not to be complained of ſo much as ſelf-love makes us think it deſerves, for what may be extremely pleaſant and even intereſting to ourſelves, may be inſipid or tireſome to an indifferent perſon; and we muſt be ſenſible our friends and neighbours exert their converſable powers very often to amuſe and entertain us, when we mechanically anſwer yes, or no, to be ſure, certainly, without retaining a ſingle ſentence in our memory.

I know a woman who has a really good heart, and amiable diſpoſition, who will talk inceſſantly for two hours, and were you to pay the cloſeſt attention all the time, you could not gather a ſingle idea from the whole that was worth remembering; in ſeveral caſes, (if ever) inattention is excuſable. A man of my acquaintance is very fond of telling ſtories, but when he has begun he will branch out into ſo many digreſſions, drag in ſo many unneceſſary circumſtantial incidents, as to require a portion of ſelf, with ſuch a redundancy of ſays he, ſays ſhe, I ſaid, you ſee, and you know—that the ſtory muſt be picked out from ſuch a heterogeneous jumble, that Patience herſelf would be weary of the taſk, and it is more than probable when pains have been taken to join the unconnected parts of the record, it will by no means reward the trouble it would coſt.

I once fell into this train of reflection by the mortification I felt laſt evening when calling on a family with whom I am on terms of tolerable intimacy: I ſaw my firſt number in the hands of the old lady, miſtreſs of the family, and the Clergyman of the parith, in cloſe converſation with her. She had taken her ſpectacles off, and was in deep debate when I entered, little thinking how much I was intereſted in the ſubject; the common forms of civility being over, the turned again to the Doctor, and thus proceeded.—"Sir, I ſay this paper promiſes ſomething, but I fear it will not anſwer the expectations we have a right to raiſe. Periodical lucubrations require genius, talent and learning, to conduct in ſuch a manner as to enſure the ſmalleſt degree of ſucceſs, beſides it is neceſſary that more than one perſon ſhould be engaged in the undertaking, or the variety neceſſary to render it intereſting and amuſing cannot be ſupplied." The Doctor who had filled his pipe ſelt as I went in, emitted a vaſt cloud of ſmoke from his half-cloſed mouth, and remarked, "ſuch a work might be rendered very uſeful would any ſerious minded perſon intereſt themſelves in it and eſpouſe the cauſe of religion, but from what this ſeems to promiſe," continued he, "I do not ſee any thing to be hoped that might forward either religion, morality, or federal government, for the whole paper ſeſſains any intention to meddle in politics." A little maiden lady who is oppoſite to the Doctor, nodding very ſignificantly, obſerved, that ſhe dared to ſay it would be like other undertakings of the ſame kind, "great cry and little wool."—My ſenſibility was ſo ſtrongly excited during this converſation, that I could hardly keep my ſeat, I ſnuffed the candles, and ſtood conſulting for the liberty, took ſnuff, blew my noſe half a dozen times, and in ſhort felt myſelf ſo agitated, that I wonder they did not read Aurora in every working muſcle of my face. "Bleſs my heart," ſaid I, when I got home, "ſo all my endeavours to be entertaining, are to be reſolved into "great cry and little wool." After a few moments conſideration, my chagrin began to abate, and I thought it was true enough that one perſon could not poſſibly pleaſe a multitude, and vain as I am, and I confeſs I have a very tolerable ſtore, I thought it might not be amiſs to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of others, to make my attempts more acceptable.

Ye learned, grave, and Reverend Sirs, if you have any complaints to make of, or admonitions to give to, your pariſhioners, and do not like to do either openly, you may ſafely do it through the medium of the GOSSIP. Ye Parents, who have unruly Children, or Children who have unkind, niggardly, or *too tender too lavishly indulgent* Parents, make your appeals to the GOSSIP. Huſbands and wives, maſters, miſtreſſes and ſervants, ſend your complaints to me. In ſhort for the good conſequence to the world, by furniſhing me with many entertaining anecdotes, and raiſe my ſelf-conſequence, by making me umpire in all difficult caſes.

N.B. *All letters addreſſed to the* GOSSIP, *through the medium of the* EDITOR, *ſhall be regarded with attention, and anſwered with punctuality.*

HISTORICAL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A DESCRIPTION OF CERTAIN ANTIQUES, LATELY PRESENTED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY THE REV. THOMAS HALL, CHAPLAIN TO THE BRITISH FACTORY, LONDON.

TWO valuable STONE COFFINS, Etruſcan, whoſe antiquity can be traced back, from many circumſtances, at leaſt THREE THOUSAND YEARS.

They were dug up about two years ago on an eſtate, belonging to the Cavalier Alexander, at a ſmall deſerted ancient village, called Caſtiana, about twenty miles to the eaſtward of Leghorn, in the neighbourhood of which are Mineral Baths, of great antiquity, and of ſome reputation in particular diſorders. They were found by accident in digging of a ditch at the depth of four feet, in a very hard fabulous earth. Unfortunately, before the Labourers had diſcovered them, through ignorance and inattention, they had demoliſhed a great variety of ancient earthern veſſels, ſuch as lamps, bottles for preſerving tears that drop into them, &c.

The URNS or Coffins are both hollow, and have covers with figures riſed on them in *alto relievo*. They were found cloſed, without any thing in them, ſave a ſmall quantity of gritty earth. On the face of one of them are various figures in *baſſo relievo*, which diſplay a correct Grecian ſtyle—and are in good preſervation.

"On examining the ſtone," ſays Mr. Hall, "I find it exactly the ſame with that which is extended in one ſolid maſs throughout the whole plain of Legborn, for ſeveral miles, from three to four feet of earth at the moſt; which ſtone is admirably adapted for the uſe of buildings, as it eaſily yields to the chiſſel, immediately on being taken out of the quarry, and after being expoſed for ſome time to the open air, it becomes hard enough to reſiſt the moſt attacks of our inconſtant climate. Upon its being buried under the earth for a conſiderable time it may return, perhaps, to its priſtine ſtate of friability. This circumſtance leads me to conclude that they were made at or near the place; and the figures being of *Grecian form* and *Coſtume*, convinces me that they are Etruſcan, and that they are in commemoration of ſome remarkable action performed in *Ancient Etruria* which differs ſo widely from the *modern* that a brief ſketch of it may not be amiſs.

"Auſonia, in general, was peopled from Greece. The Etrulians gave it the name of Italia which in their dialect was written Aitalia: But paſſing over the ſeveral Grecian colonies which in time became ſo many independent ſtates—let us conſider only Hetruria, which the latins wrote without the H, and ſometimes gave them the name of Tuſcians, or Thuſcians, from their *fortifying*, which the Greek word expreſſes by a ſimilar ſound *Thuſco*.

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"This country often changed its name. The Umbri drove out the Aborigines, and they in their turn were driven out by the Pelasgi, who were subdued by the Lydians, whose King Aethys, first his brother (fome fay his fon) Tyrrhenus, with a numerous colony of Greeks, and gave it his own name, whence the fea on that fide is called *Mare* Tyrrhenum. Antient Etruria was formerly bounded by the river Magra or Macra, (now Macralla) which feparated it from Liguria, the Alps, the Apennines, the Tiber and the fea. Formerly it contained twelve different people commanded by as many independent chieftains. The name of the people who formerly inhabited the country round about the place where the monuments are found, were called *Perfulanii*."

Mr. Hall, who is an antiquarian, thus offers his conjecture concerning the figures on thefe coffins:

"The Vetulonii might have been at war with fome of the neighbouring people, the Volaterrani or Rufcellani, and after a fuccefsful campaign have propofed to them terms of accommodation.

"The young Vetulonian Hero, with a winged Genius at his fide advances;—feems to ftand over an altar with a palm branch in his hand.

"On the oppofite fide the Rufcellanian Chief, with his fuite, appears chiefly in one; we may conclude from his attitude, by his laying his right hand on his fword or dagger.

"This Monument may have been raifed fometime after the honor of the Vetulonian Chief, who may have met with an untimely death. The other Monument may be in memory of his father or fome near relation."

Whether the conjecture of this gentleman and eminent fcholar, be moft ingenious or juft—the Monuments are valuable curiofities for any country. They were efteemed *Antiques* in Italy, and being tranfported into this new world, where nothing fo ancient has yet appeared, will doubtlefs attract the attention of curious and literary men, who may be gratified with the fight, by vifiting Mr. TERRIL's Mufeum in Tremont-Street, Boſton, where they are now to be feen; and where a great variety of curious things ancient and modern, are exhibited daily, to ſtrike the fancy of people in general, and efpecially to pleaſe the tafte of Virtuofos.

BIOGRAPHY.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

. . . . . *In offices of love*
. . . . . *the fweeteſt lot is Love's*
Proves its beſt office. When the virtuous wife
Shines in the ſoft or nobler cares of her trade.
THOMSON.

THIS Lady's name will ever be an honor to her ſex, while female heroiſm and conjugal affection continue to be eſtimable qualities in the eyes of the world. Whether it is not in our power to add to any particulars of her birth or family; it is, however, of much more general importance to record, for example's ſake, the ſufferings which ſhe ſo bravely endured during the American war; in her paſſage through the enemy's army, to attend her wounded huſband, Major Ackland, an officer ſerving under General Burgoyne, and their ſubſequent captivity. The wonderful ſtory would exhibit, if well delineated, an intereſting picture of the ſpirit, the enterpriſe, and the diſtreſs of romance, reſidued and regulated by the chaſte and ſober principles of rational love and connubial duty.

This Lady had accompanied her huſband, to Canada, in the beginning of the year, 1776. In the courſe of that campaign ſhe had traverſed a vaſt ſpace of country, in different extremities of ſeaſon, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not eaſily conceive, to attend, in a poor hut at Chambliee, her huſband upon a ſick bed.

In the opening of the campaign of 1777, ſhe was reſtrained from offering herſelf to ſhare the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga, by the poſitive injunctions of her huſband. The day after the conqueſt of that place he was badly wounded, and the croſſed the Lake Champlain to join him.

As ſoon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign; and at fort Edward, or at the great camp, ſhe acquired a two-wheel tumbril, which had been conſtructed by the artificers of the artillery, ſomething ſimilar to the carriages uſed for the mail upon the great roads of England. Major Ackland commanded the Britiſh grenadiers, which were attached to General Fraſer's corps, and, conſequently, were always the moſt advanced part of the army. Their fatigues were often ſo ſevere, that no perſon firſt out of their clothes: in one of theſe ſituations, a tent, to which the Major and Lady Harriet were aſſigned, ſuddenly took fire. An orderly ſergeant of the 24th regt. a great lumard of fuffocation, dragged out the firſt perſon he caught hold of;—it proved to be the Major. It happened that, in the ſame inſtant, the Lady, unable to bear the ſmoke, and the heat perfectly awake, providentially made her eſcape by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The firſt object ſhe ſaw, upon the recovery of her ſenſes, was the Major on the other ſide, and in the ſame inſtant again in the fire, in ſearch of her. The ſergeant again ſaved him, but not without the Major being ſeverely burned in the face. Every thing they had in the tent with them was conſumed.

This accident happened a little time before the paſſing of the Hudſon's River: it greatly altered the relaxations nor thearduſnſs of Lady Harriet; and ſhe continued her progreſs, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps.

The next call upon her fortitude was the moſt affecting nor thearduſnſs of Lady Harriet; and ſhe continued her progreſs, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps.

The next call upon her fortitude was the moſt affecting and more diſtreſsful, or of longer diſpreſs. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action every minute, ſhe had been directed by the Major, in caſe of the death of her huſband, to go with the baggage, which was not expoſed. At the time the action began ſhe found herſelf near an uninhabited hut, where the alighted. When it was heard that Major Acland had been killed, Mrs. Brudenell, the ſurgeon of the hoſpital took poſſeſſion of the ſame place, as the moſt convenient for the firſt care of the wounded.

That was this Lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and muſquetry for four hours together, with the perſuaſion, from that, that her huſband, who was at the head of the grenadiers, muſt be was in the moſt expoſed part of the action. She had three female companions with her, the Generals Mrs. Reidſdell, and the wives of two Britiſh Officers, Major Hartage, and Lieutenant Raynell. But in the event their preſence ſerved but little for comfort. Major Hartage was ſoon brought to the ſurgeons very badly wounded: and in a ſhort time after, Lieutenant Raynell was brought that Lieutenant Raynell was ſhot dead.—Imagination will grant no helps to figure the ſtate of the whole group.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her ſmall ſervants, ſtood prepared for new trials, and it was her lot that their ſeverity ſurpaſſed with their numbers. She was again expoſed to the hearing of the whole action, and, at laſt, received the ſhock of her individual misfortune, much in the intelligence of the general calamity: the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland deſperately wounded, was a priſoner.

The day of the battle, was paſſed by Lady Harriet and her companions in extreme anxiety; not a tent or fixed ſtanding, except what belonged to the hoſpital, their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

"When the army was upon the point of moving," ſays General Burgoyne, "after this halt ordered, I received a letter from Lady Harriet, ſubmitting to my deciſion a propoſal (and expreſſing an earneſt ſolicitude to execute it, if not interfering with any of my deſigns) of paſſing to the camp of the enemy, and requeſting, General ſtate's permiſſion to attend her huſband. The diſtreſs of her ſituation (for I had experienced that patience and fortitude, in a ſupreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue under the moſt tender ſex) was aſſimilated at this propoſal. After ſo long an agitation of the ſpirits, exhauſted not only for want of reſt, but abſolutely for want of food; drenched in rain for twelve hours together; that a woman ſhould be capable of ſuch an undertaking as delivering herſelf to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what kind the night fall into ſuch, to me appeared an effort above human nature. The affiſtance that I could afford to give was ſmall indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told ſhe had found from ſome fortunate hand, a little rum and ſome dirty water. All I could furniſh her with was an open boat, and a few lines written upon, dirty and wet paper to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

Mr. Brudenell, the Chaplain to the Artillery, readily undertook to accompany her; and with one ſoldier ſervant, and the Major's valet de chambre, they rowed down the river to meet the enemy.—But her difficulties were not yet to end:—the night was far advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-poſts, and the centinel would not let it paſs, nor even come on ſhore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and repreſented the ſtate of the extraordinary paſſenger. The guard apprehenſive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatned to fire into the boat, if it ſtirred before day-light.—Her anxiety and ſufferings were thus protracted through ſeven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that firſt reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment ſhe was afterwards to expect. But it is due to juſtice, at the cloſe of this adventure to ſay, that ſhe was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and reſpect, which her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deſerved.

Let ſuch as are affected by theſe circumſtances of alarm, hardſhip, and diſtreſs, conſider, that the ſubject of them was a woman of the moſt tender and delicate frame, of the gentleſt manners, habituated to all the ſoft elegances and refined enjoyments that attend the birth and fortune, and far advanced in a ſtate in which the tender cares, always ſage to the ſex, become indiſpenſably neceſſary.

NATURAL HISTORY.

No ſpecies of information is received more generally and with greater pleaſure than natural hiſtory, particularly the hiſtory of inſects and animals. We are delighted to obſerve the progreſs of the human mind in the reſt of the creation; and with a conſcious pride we behold inſtinct employing its ſmall efforts in vain to emulate the operations of reaſon. Hence it comes, that we are moſt ſurpriſed and delighted by thoſe actions of animals that approximate neareſt to the actions of man. The dog ſometimes not only the moſt powers of man, but even ſome of his paſſions, and for this very reaſon the more here that tends to elucidate the nature and powers of this animal, muſt be particularly amuſing and intereſting to all the lovers of natural hiſtory."]

THE following is authentic, ſays the London Monthly Magazine, and is an inſtance of that ſagacity and attachment which ſo juſtly contribute to make the dog our favourite:—

"Thoſe valleys, or *glens*, as they are called by the natives, which interſect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by ſhepherds. The paſtures over which each flock is permitted to range, are bounded by rocks in every poſſible direction. The ſhepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpoſe of fale or ſhearing. His occupation is to make daily excurſions to the different extremities of his paſtures in ſucceſſion; and to turn back by means of his dogs, any ſtragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours. In one of theſe excurſions, a ſhepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is an uſual practice among the Highlanders, who accuſtom their children from the earlieſt infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traverſing his paſtures for ſome time, attended by his dog, the ſhepherd found himſelf under the neceſſity of aſcending a ſummit at ſome diſtance, to have a more extenſive view of his range. As the aſcent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a ſmall plain at the bottom, with ſtrict injunctions not to ſtir from it until his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the ſummit, when the horizon was ſuddenly darkened by one of thoſe impetuous miſts, which frequently deſcend to rapidly amidſt the mountains as, in the ſpace of a few minutes, almoſt to turn day to night. The anxious father inſtantly hallened back to find his child: but owing to the unuſual darkneſs, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately miſſed his way in the deſcent. After a fruitleſs ſearch of many hours among the dangerous moraſſes and cataracts, with which theſe mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night.

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Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the hill, and by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless, and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had left the day before had been home, and to his great surprize on receiving a piece of cake had instantly gone off again. For several succeeding days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still on returning home in the evening disappointed to his cottage, he found the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he was resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, prefented that appearance which fo often diftinguifhes and ornaments thofe that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that thefe ftupendous chafms were not the filent work of time, but the fudden effects of fome violent convulfions of the earth. Down one of thefe rugged and almoft perpendicular defcents, the dog began without hefitation, to make his way, and at laft difappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almoft upon a level with the torrent. The fhepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much fatisfaction the cake which the dog had juft brought him; while the faithful animal ftood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmoft complacency! From the fituation in which the child was found, it appears that the child had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or fcrambled down until it reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented from quitting. The dog by means of his fcent had traced him to the fpot; and afterwards prevented him from ftarving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by day or night, except when it was neceffary to go for its food; and then he was always at full fpeed to and from the cottage.

Jan. 10, 1802.

IMPROVEMENTS.

WHITE PAINT.

Citizen Durett, Member of the Inftitute of Arts at Paris, has found that the following ingredients and proportions make an excellent White Paint, fit for all the purpofes to which oil-paint is applied, without any of its inconveniences;

Milk-curds well-drained,	5 oz
Slacked lime,	10 oz.
Whiting,	10 oz.
Fine powdered Charcoal,	1 dram.
Water,	3 oz.

SAVING IN GLASS MAKING.

Mr. Dod-ington, of England, has obtained a patent, for a method of melting all kinds of glafs in a more expeditious manner than hitherto attempted. He propofes no alteration in the materials for making, nor in the proportions ufually adopted. The principle of his invention confifts in the application of a ftronger heat, at much leff expence, than the common operations of glafs-making will admit of. He then defcribes the ftoye which he conftructs for this purpofe for the furnace ufed in this manufacture. What he lays claim to as an inventor, is the conftruction of a bellcing in which the furnace is, except the chimney, totally inclofed, fo that the whole heat from the fire muft be employed in the operation. The grate of the furnace is fo conftructed, that all the air admitted, muft pafs through the lower part of it; by which means it is to, that there is a faving of at leaft one third part of the coals and the glafs, by keeping a regulated as well as a ftrong heat, is found to be of a fuperior quality to that made in the common way. As the heat of the room which conftitutes the furnace, is during the operation infufferably great, ftone or other doors are made, for the convenience of perfons going in and out to overlook and attend to the procefs.

AGRICULTURE.

A correfpondent of the Agricultural Society lately inftituted at Poitiers, has acutely difcovered a preventive againft the deftruction of Corn by infects. Having feen for about ten years ago to repair the floor of his granary, he made ufe of the *Sedum Telphii*, for that purpofe. Previous to that time the granary was infefted with worms almoft every year, in fpite of every precaution; and fince laying down the *Sedum Telphii*, he has not feen one. Many additional experiments have been made relative to this difcovery, and with complete fuccefs.

TREATISE ON FISHES.

Citizen Lacepede, Member of the Senate, and of National Inftitute of France, has juft publifhed a third vol. of the Natural Hiftory of Fifhes. In a difcourfe on the effects of the art of man over the nature of fifhes, he fhows by what means human induftry may multiply thofe their creatures the greateft poffible advantage; that they ought to be confidered as a kind of fecond agriculture; and, by country gentlemen, as a new fource of riches and pleafure. He points out various at thods of multiplying the individuals, and of improving the fpecies, by croffing the breed. He anfwers thofe who fay, that it is not in the nature of the fifhes may be improved, viz. by affording them plenty of food; by procuring them better and eafier, &c. The Hiftory is thought to be very fuperior to any thing of the kind, of which the world was in poffeffion before.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER, 6, 1802.

The Merrimack Humane Society, have directed the building of feveral huts on Plumb Iſland and Salifbury Beach.

EARTHQUAKES.

A French officer at Lodi, in Italy, writes, that a very confiderable fhock of an earthquake had been felt there, at forty minutes paft ten in the morning, that many chimnies were thrown down, and all the people were feen at prayers in the ſtreets. He adds, that the town of Crema was almoft demolifhed by the Earthquake; and that at forty miles diſtance from Lodi, the village of Mezgnito, where there was a fine lake of about ten miles in circumference, had been fwallowed up, and not a ſingle perſon had been ſaved, nor does a ſingle veſtige of that village remain.

A violent earthquake took place at Cumana upon the Spanish Maine, on Saturday, the 14th Sept. Its duration was about 12 ſeconds, but ſo ſevere that almoſt every houſe in the town was torn in pieces and ruined, ſeveral perſons killed, and the agitation of the ground was ſo great as upon its ſeveral places, from which iſſued ſprings of water. The earth continued ſhaking at intervals until the 17th.—The damage ſuſtained, is eſtimated at ſeveral hundred thouſand dollars.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

On Thurſday, the 7th ult. a ſon of Mr. Simon Griggs, of Colwell's Manor, (Vermont) about 6 years of age, having found a rope, in a playful mood, put one end round his body, and the other on a cowe tale. The lad then ſtruck her with a ſtick, which occaſioned her to run, dragging him after her. She made for the lake, and in her courſe ſtruck his head againſt a log. Mrs. Griggs obſerving the dreadful ſituation of her ſon, ran into the water, caught the cow, from which ſhe extricated her ſon, by cutting the rope—but alas! it was too late, her ſon having already expired.

On the 6th ult. Mr. Levi Maſſon, of North-Yarmouth, N. H. was at work in a well, 9 feet weighing about 20 pounds, fell directly on his head, and threw him to the bottom, in which were ſeven feet of water. After three attempts he was brought out of the well apparently dead. He was in the water about two minutes, but no water iſſued from his mouth or noſe, after he was taken out; he was conſiderably bruiſed, but is on the recovery.—Inſtances like this, peculiarly call for a grateful acknowledgement to an overruling Providence.

FIRE.

On Tueſday evening laſt, a moſt alarming fire took place in *New-York*, which deſtroyed about 60 buildings, moſtly dwelling-houſes; the loſs of property is at preſent unknown. The fire broke out in a ſtable in Bvde-ſtreet. *May God preſerve us from this dreadful calamity.*

A dreadful conflagration took place at Liverpool, (Eng.) about the middle of September. It is the greateſt fire which has happened in the Britiſh dominions ſince the great fire of London, in 1666. The number of ſtores deſtroyed, is about 30, which were from 8 to 13 ſtories high. The property conſumed, is eſtimated at the immenſe ſum of One Million Three Hundred Thouſand Pounds ſterling.

On the evening of the 9th ult. the houſe of Alexander Taylor, of Middlekonia Bay, (Vermont) was diſcovered to be on fire, ſuppoſed to have caught from the dropping of a coal from a pipe. There were 11 perſons in the houſe at up at the time, two of whom, (Mr. Baker and his wife, who were on their way to Upper Canada) fell victims to the raging elements.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank "R. W." for the promiſe of ſeveral original Eſſays. We hope to be honored with them ſoon.

The manuſcript Hiſtory of the Creek and other Indian Tribes, written by a Traveller in the year 1790, and 91, ſhall be attended to as ſoon as poſſible; it will amuſe and intereſt our readers.

"*Eliza*," cannot be admitted. We muſt never give publicity to an *indecent* or *improper* production, however true the *ſubject may be*, to refrain but few—we will not be ſo ſcrupulous and coy.

> "*Strange through each bewilder'd track,*
> *And mafy wild I wander'd of the wafte and wood.*"

"The Mock Bird, No. 1," is received; but it contains very little wit. We will to peruſe the ſecond Number.

"*The Belle*," is under conſideration. In the mean time, we would adviſe the author to remember, that

> "*The cheerful ſage, when fortune ſmiles,*
> *Is moſt prepar'd to meet her frowns.*"

Several other Communications are on hand.

ORDAINED,

At Newburyport, the 17th ult. by the Rt. Rev. Biſhop Dehon, the Rev. Nath. Bowen, of Charleſton, South Carolina, ſucceſſor to the Rev. Dr. Parker of Boſton.

MARRIAGES.

In Boſton, Mr. Hezekiah Martin, to Miſs Foſter Greenwood; Mr. Moſes Hayes, to Miſs Elizabeth Gray; Mr. Daniel Butler, of Northampton, to Miſs Eliza Simpkins; Mr. Charles Appleton, to Miſs Lucy Gardiner; Mr. Iſaac Packard, junr. to Miſs Bethiah Cobb; Mr. John Salmon, to Miſs Martha Pierce; Mr. John F. Davis, to Miſs Rebecah Chilward; Mr. Francis Chauveau, to Miſs Sally Orne;—Mr. Jeſſe Beaumont, to Miſs Hannah Gregg;—I Phineas Upham, Eſq. of Brookfield to Miſs Elizabeth Sherburne.

In Boſton, Maj. Nathan Frazer *Æt.* 37—Mr. Daniel Oxbier, *Æt.* 41—Miſs Abigail Dawſon *Æt.* 16.

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ll wandering on without knowing whither, he length came to the verge of the mill, and by e light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a few paces distance of his cottage. To renew e search that night, was equally fruitless, and ngerous. He was therefore obliged to return his cottage, having lost both his child and his g, who had attended him faithfully for many ars. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out search of his child; but after a day spent in ruitless fatigue, he was compelled by the approach night to defcend from the mountain. On reurning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had left the day before had been home, nd to his great furprife on receiving a piece of ake had inftantly gone off again. For feveral ucceffive days the fhepherd renewed the fearch or his child, and ftill on returning home in the vening difappointed to his cottage, he found the log had been home, and on receiving his ufual allowance of cake, haftinftantly difappeared. Struck with this fingular circumftance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog as ufual departed with his piece of cake, he was refolved to follow him, and find out the caufe of this ftrange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at fome diftance from the fpot where the fhepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almoft joined at the top, yet feparated by an abyfs of immenfe depth, prefented that appearance which fo often affrights and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that thefe ftupendous chafms were not the filent work of time, but the fudden effects of fome violent convulfions of the earth. Down one of thefe rugged and almoft perpendicular defcents, the dog began without heftation, to make his way, and at laft difappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almoft upon a level with the torrent. The fhepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much fatisfaction the cake which the dog had juft brought him; while the faithful animal ftood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmoft complaifance! From the fituation in which the child was found, it appears that the child had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or fcrambled down until it reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented from quitting. The dog by means of his fcent had traced him to the

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Lime powdered Charcoal, . . 1 oz.
Water, ... 3 oz.

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AGRICULTURE.

A correfpondent of the Agricultural Society lately inftituted at Portarn, has accidentally difcovered a preventive againft the deftruction of Corn by infects. Having occafion about ten years ago to repair the floor of his granary, he made ufe of the *Italian Plaifter* for that purpofe. Previous to that time his granary was infected with worms almoft every year, in fpite of every attention; and from laying down the *Plaifter flooring*, he has not feen one. Many additional experiments have been made relative to this difcovery, and with complete fuccefs.

TREATISE ON FISHES.

Citizen LACEPEDE, Member of the Senate, and of National Inftitute of France, has juft published a third vol. of the Natural Hiftory of Fifhes. In a difcourfe on the effects of Art and Induftry over the animal kingdom, he fhews by what means human induftry may obtain from thefe creatures the greateft poffible advantage; that they ought to be conlidered as a kind of fecond agriculture; and, by country gentlemen, as new fources of wealth and pleafure. He points out various methods of multiplying the individuals, and of improving the fpecies, by crofling the breed. The manner how the laws the nefts and the nature of the fifhes may be improved, viz. by affording them plenty of food; by procuring them fhelter and repofe, &c. This Hiftory is thought to be very fuperior to any thing of the kind, of which the world was in poffeffion before.

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EARTHQUAKES.

A French officer at Lodi, in Italy, writes, that a very conliderable fhock of an earthquake had been felt there, at forty minutes paft ten in the morning, that many chimnies were thrown down, and all the people were feen at prayers in the ftreets. He adds, that the town of Crema was almoft demolifhed by the fame Earthquake; and that at forty miles diftance from Lodi, the village of Meuguin, where there was a fine lake of about ten miles in circumference, had been fwallowed up, and not a fingle perfon had been fayed, nor does a fingle veftige of that village remain.

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CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

On Thurfday, the 7th ult. a fon of Mr. Simon Griggs, of Colwell's Manor, (Vermont) about 6 years of age, having found a rope, in a playful mood, put one end round his body, and the other on a cows tale. The lad then ftruck her with a ftick, which occafioned her to run, dragging him after her. She made for the lake, and in her courfe ftruck his head againft a log. Mrs. Griggs, obferving the dreadful fituation of her fon, ran into the water, caught the cow, from which fhe extricated her fon, by cutting the rope—but alas! it was too late, her fon having already expired.

On the 6th ult. Mr. Levi Marfton, of North-Yarmouth, N. H. was at work in a well, a ftone weighing about 20 pounds, fell directly on his head, and threw him to the bottom, in which were feven feet of water. After three attempts he was brought out of the well apparently dead. He was in the water about two minutes, but no water iffued from his mouth or nofe, after he was taken out; he was confiderably bruifed, but is on the recovery. —Inftances like this, peculiarly eaft for a grateful acknowledgement to an overruling Providence.

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On Tuefday evening laft, a moft alarming fire took place at *New-York*, which deftroyed about 50 buildings, moftly dwelling-houfes; the lofs of property is at prefent unknown. The fire broke out in a ftable in Beekman ftreet. *May God preferve us from this dreadful calamity.*

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"*Eliza*," cannot be admitted. We fhall never give publicity to an *indecent* or *immoral* production, however fmoove the author may be, to reflect on her fex—It will ever be our intention and aim

"*To range through each bafhful wood,*
And mufe what's worthy of the mufe and good."

"The Mock Bird, No. 1," is received; but it contains very little *mufic*. We wifh to perufe the fecond Number.

"*The Bachelor*," is under conlideration. In the mean time, we would advife the author to remember, that

"*The clored fage, when fobers ftrives fail,*
"*Conceals the wound, and fmiles in a fmile.*"

Several other Communications are on hand.

ORDAINED,

At Newburyport, the 17th ult. by the Rt. Rev. Bifhop Bafs, the Rev. Nath. Bowen, of Charleftun, South Carolina. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Parker of Boftun.

MARRIAGES.

In Boftun, Mr. Ifaac Harris, to Mifs Eunice Greenwood; Mr. Mofes Farrs, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gray; Mr. Daniel Butler, of Northampton, to Mifs Eliza Sutphins; Mr. Charles Appleton, to Mifs Lucy Gardner; Mr. Ifaac Packard, junr. to Mifs Bethiah Cobb; Mr. John Salmon, to Mifs Martha Parree; Mr. John B. Davis, to Mifs Elizabeth C. Howard; Mr. Francis Chevignont, to Mifs Sally Otten;—Mr. James Beaumont, to Mifs Abigail Gargrie; Phineas Upham, Efq. of Brookfield to Mifs Elizabeth Sherburne.

DEATHS.

In Boftun, Mrs. Nathan Frazer Æt. 37—Mr. Daniel Culmer, Æt. 41—Mifs Abigail Dawfon, Æt. 16.

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POETRY.

We rifle PARNASSUS of every sweet,
A fanciful garland to make;
Oh flight not the off'ring we lay at your feet
Ye fair: It was made for your sake.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES.
WRITTEN WHILE ROCKING A CRADLE.

MY Maria—careful joy,
All my moments you employ;
Time advances not for me,
'Tis devoted all to thee;
Circled in my fond embrace,
As thy features I retrace,
Fancying charms before unknown,
Quite enthusiastic grown,
Beauteous as Helen, I exclaim,
Though moft unlike the Grecian dame—
Virtue fhall be my Julia's guide,
Prudence watchiny by her fide,
Through every ordeal fhe fhall paſs,
Confeſs'd the fair, accomplifh'd lafs:
And though a Paris may aſſail,
Never fhall his arts prevail,
With Virgin pride her breaſt fhall glow,
Serene as truth her paſſions flow.

Thus while I fnatch the ardent kiſs,
Repeating oft the fragrant bliſs,
Or while I yield the limited dream,
Of golden ſcenes I fondly dream,
With rofes ſtrewing every hour,
Which rears to life my pretty flower.
Gaily futurity expands,
And fip-toe Hope with chaplet ſtands,
Its perfum'd ſweets diffuſing round,
And cloſing every former wound.

Thus thus the cherub in my arms,
My plena'd imagination warms,
Arreſting every rifing thought,
With bufy plans and wiſhes fraught,
Each day ſucceſſive as it moves,
My labour unremitted proves,
Juſt as I faid—her opening worth,
Only of three ſhort months the growth,
My every moment hath poſſeſs'd,
Morn, noon, and night to her reſign'd!
For though the little charmer ſleeps,
And ſilence its ſoft vigils keeps,
Some ſhirt or veſt my work ſupplies,
And ſo that cap unfiniſh'd lies:
Something remains which muſt be done,
This robe completed, that begun;
So that it is exceeding plain,
I can no leiſure hour obtain.

Well, be it ſo, content am I—
My moments paſs ſereenly by,
No Flowerift, with bald my glee,
Expects his opening buds to ſee,
Or builds, though high he mounts in air,
His caſtles more than half to fair.

And as he looks—when to his eyes,
The blooming ſcene ſhall gaily riſe,
While all the charms which fix'd his ſtars,
His bower of blending hues prepares;
Or as of ſhaded evening o'ikes,
And clinfering ſweets he often talks,
Luxuriant taſte which fancy ſpreads,
And all her richeſt odours ſheds.

So I—or more preſuming ſtill,
Expect that time my gaiety riſe,
With more ſubſtantial good than blooms,
Than Nature's painted growth aſſumes;
More than exterior beauty knows,
Sweets which perfume the damaſk roſe,
Or which the white rob'd lily wears,
When its majeſtic head it rears.

Anticipating I behold,
Encreaſing lovelineſs unfold,
Until a prop for lingering years,
The angel in my arms appears.

Life's evening ſhe will dutcous ſhade,
Exerting every youthful aid;
My downhill path will gently ſlope,
Giving to age its faireſt hope:
With tenderneſs theſe eyes will cloſe,
When they ſhall ſeek a long repoſe,
When Nature leaves its parting ſighs,
When viral heat no more ſupplies
Its genial glow to this fond heart,
In which ſhe bears a part.

And, farward borne, to yonder ſkies,
Where ſpirits diſembody'd rife,
My flower, tranſplanted, ſhall inhale
Celeſtial airs—that bright living gale,
Which immortality bequeaths,
And which the richeſt fragrance breaths.

There we ſhall live—and there receive,
Enjoyments ſuch as God can give;
Together live—beyond the reach of time,
Sublime our pleaſures—and our hopes ſublime.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he ſigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-dog that croſſed his eyes faſt declining,
For it rofe on his own native iſle of the ocean;
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He ſang the bold anthems of "*Erin go bragh.*"

Oh faſt in my ear, ſaid the heart broken ſtranger,
The wild-deer, and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I, have no refuge, from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah never again on the green ſunny bowers,
Where my fore-fathers liv'd ſhall I ſpend the ſweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And ſtrike to the numbers of "*Erin go bragh.*"

Erin, my country! tho' ſad and forſaken,
In dreams I revifit thy ſun-beaten ſhore;
But alas in a far foreign land I awaken,
And ſigh for the friends who can viſit me no more;
Oh cruel fate, wilt thou never reſtore me,
To a manſion of bliſs, where no peril can chace me?
Ah never ſhall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door fall by the wild wood!
Sifters, and ſire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the hearth, that bleſs'd on my childhood,
And where is the holſter that hung by the wall?
Ah my ſad ſoul long abandoned by pleaſure,
Why did it doat on a faſt-fading treaſure?
Tears, like the rain drops may fall without meaſure,
But rapture and beauty, they cannot recall.

Yet all its fond recollections ſuppreſſing,
One dying wiſh my lore bofom ſhall draw;
Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his bleſſing,
Land of my fore-fathers "*Erin go bragh.*"
Buried, and cold, when my heart ſtills it motion,
Green be the ſod of thy ſecond iſle all the ocean;
And thy harp-ſtringing bards ſing aloud with devotion,
Erin mo courrin, "*Erin go bragh!*"

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

CONTENT is Happineſs the Sages ſay,
Yes; ſuch as the poor ſhipwreck'd ſailors taſte,
Who all night brav'd the waves, at dawn of day,
Find themſelves landed on a barren waſte—
And thankful they have ſcaped the danger o'er
Dream not 'twill be their fate to ſtarve on ſhore.

So when we hear life's tempeſt round us beat,
Ambition, Envy, Pride, and Jealouſy;
The mind defires in ſome lone retreat,
To find from the beating of the raging ſea,
Nor thinks within th' apparent calm abode,
What ſilent miſery may the heart corrode.

LYDIA.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.——Nº II.
"Be juſt and fear not,"

IS ſo excellent a maxim as ever offered conſolation to the breaſt of rectitude. In our career of life we find experience continually ſhewing us, that a deal juſtly and act fairly, are the only ways to acquire the good things of this world, and to obtain that peace of mind which, ſuperior to the little ills with which a vicious world is filled, can *ſmile* on a *wreak phalanx, and defy its force.* To what but the innate evidence of this truth, can we attribute the *ſavings* and *feelings* of children, reſpecting ſyſtem conduct? They early have impreſſed upon them an idea, that DEFRAUDING even in *play*, will not be proſperous: As mankind have advanced in age, they have invariably ſeen, that the goods obtained even by wayward methods which are not either legal, or, in the eyes of the world, diſreputable, have ſuddenly diſappeared and ſcarce left a benefit behind them: While the property acquired by honeſt induſtry, frugality and attention, has proved its ſtability by the bleſſings it hath entailed, and the proſpect of tranſmitting it unimpaired to poſterity. The means uſed, the pains taken, and the plans projected, to procure an unfair advantage, often coſts more labor and ſtudy than would be neceſſary to acquire double as much in a reputable and honeſt manner. See the ingenuity exerciſed by thoſe who are the objects of legal puniſhment. Obſerve with what mechanical art and almoſt ſcientific genius, they will conſtruct machines, and devife plans for wronging ſociety, and robbing other people of their *honeſtly* acquired property. Had the talents exerciſed in a reputable way, wouldn't ſecure them honor and fortune, inſtead of obtaining POVERTY always haunts, and diſgrace is ſure to them. The evidences of theſe truths are continually to be ſeen. And as the firſt impreſſions made on the mind of youth are *favourable*: it muſt be attributed to unaccountable inattention, that there are ſo little regarded, or that injuſtice, fraud, and over-reaching are not baniſhed from the world.

YE PARENTS, endeavour to ſtrengthen their firſt impreſſions on your children—plant them deep, refreſh them with the dew of admonition; nurture them, as they grow into years—and, ſecure them that they may withſtand the mildews of inſtruction or unfairneſs.

EUSEBIUS.

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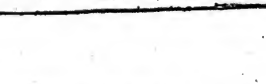
POETRY.



We ride PARNASSUS of every sweet,
A fanciful garland to make;
Oh flight not the off'ring we lay at your feet
Ye fair: It was made for your sake.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES
WRITTEN WHILE ROCKING A CRADLE.

MY Maria—careful joy,
All my moments you employ;
Time advanceth not for me,
'Tis detested all to thee;
Circled in my fond embrace,
As thy features I retrace,
Emerging charms before unknown,
Quite enthralldie grown,
Beauteous as Helen, I exclaim,
Though melt unlike the Grecian dame—
Virtue shall be my Julia's guide,
Prudence watching by her side,
Through every ordeal she shall pass,
Candid of the fair, accomplish'd lass:
And though a Paris may affail,
Never shall his arts prevail,
With Virgin pride her breast shall glow,
Serene as truth her paffions flow.

Thus while I snatch the ardent kiss,
Repenting of the fragrant bliss,
Or while I yield the heated dream,
Of golden scenes I fondly dream,
With rules forming every hour,
Which rears in life my pretty flower.
Gaily fanciful expands,
And tip-toe Hope with chaplet hands,
In perfum'd tweets diffusing round,
And closing every former wound.

'Tis thus the cherub in my arms,
My pleas'd imagination warms,
Arrefting every rifing thought,
With holy plans and wishes fraught.
Each day flourishes at its morn,
My labour unattended proves,
Just as I said—her opening mouth,
Only of three short months the growth,
My every moment hath partion'd,
Morn, noon, and night to her refign'd!
For though the little charmer sleeps,
And silence its sole sofe keeps,
Some part or well my work supplies,
And for that cap unfinish'd lies:
Something remains which must be done,
This robe completed, that begun;
So that in exceeding pleas,
I can no leisure hour obtain,

Well, be it so, content am I—
My moments pafs serenely by,
Bu Flowerill, with half my glee,
Expects his opening buds to see,
Ye buiids, though high be mounts in air,
His cabins more than half so fair.

And as he looks—when to his eyes,
The blooming scene shall gaily rife,
While all the charms which his weave,
His bower of blending hues prepares;
Or as of shaded evening while,
And clustering forests he often talks,
Luxuriant tints which fervy fi reads,
And all her liebeft colours sheds.

So I—or more profuming still,
Expect that time my grasp will fill,
With sweet fubstantial good than blooms,
Than Nature's painted growth affumes;
More than exterior beauty known,
Sweets which perfume the damask rose,
Or which the white rub'd lily weave,
When its majestic head it rears.

Anticipating I beheld,
Entending boyhood's smiled,
Until a prop for lingering years,
The angel in my arms appears.

Life's evening the will dunsome shade,
Entering every youthful aid;
My shorn hill path will gently slope,
Giving no eye its fairest hope;
With tet demode their eyes will close,
When they shall seek a long repose;
When Nature heaves its parting sighs,
When weak hands no more supplies
Its genial glow to chi fund heart,
In which the bones to dear a part.

And, forward borne, to pastels skies,
Where spories dilembodied fly,
My flower, un fyiated, shall inhale
Celestial airs—in bright'ning gale,
Which immortality bequeaths—
And which the richeft fragrance breaths.

There we shall love—and there receive,
Enjoyments such as God can give.
Together from—beyond the dusk of time,
Sublime our pleasures—and our hopes sublime.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he fight'd, when at ev'ning repairing,
To wander alone by the wood beaten hill.
But the day-ftar attended his eyes fad devotion,
For it rofe on his own native ifle of the ocean;
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He fung the bold anthem of "*Erin go bragh!*"

Oh fad is my fate, faid the heart broken ftranger,
The wild-deer, and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I, have no refuge, from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah never again on the green fonny bowers,
Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I fpend the fweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild weaven flowers,
And ftrike to the numbers of "*Erin go bragh!*"

Erin, my country! tho' fad and forfaken,
In dreams I revifit thy fo-beaten fhore;
But alas in a far diftant land I awaken,
And figh for the friends who can meet me no more;
Oh cruel fate, wilt then never explain
To a mandon of thine ne'er will can chace me?
Ah never again fhall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me or live to deplore!

Where is my caban—that fhelter'd the wild wood?
Sifters, and fire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother, that look'd on my childhood,
And where is the fweet maid I lov'd, Mary Ann?
Ah my fad foul long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dout on a fall-fadeing ray alone?
Years, like the rain drops in winter, without measure,
But rapture and beauty, they cannot recall.

Yet all its fond recollections fuppofing,
One dying with my lone heart-ftrings fhall draw;
Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his blefsing,
Land of my fore-fathers "*Erin go bragh!*"
Buried, and cold, when my heart fills is motionless,
Green be the turf that fhall clofe o'er my ocean;
And thy harp-ftringing birds fing aloud with devotion,
"*Erin go bragh!*" "*Erin go bragh!*"

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SONNET.

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Who all night brav'd the waves, at dawn of day,
Find them felves landed on a barren wafte—
And thankful they have 'fcaped the dangers o'er
Dream not 'twill be their fate to ftarve on fhore.

So when we hear life's tempeft round us beat,
Ambition, Envy, Pride, and Jealoufy;
The mind defens in fome lone retreat,
To fhun the beating of the raging fea.
Nor thunks within the happiness abides,
What falfe mafery may the heart corrode.

LYDIA.

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Ye PARENTS, endeavour to ftrengthen thofe firft impreffions on your children—water them deep, refrefh them with the dew of admonition; nurture them, as they grow into years—and, fecure them, that they may withftand the mildews of injuftice or unfairnefs.

EUSEBIUS.

VARIETY.

A MODEST CREATURE!

IT is ftated in a French paper, that a man at Nevers, deceased, in the preſence of ſeveral perſons, an extra. laft, drawn by a female whom he had all his mind! *From firſt a yeer mandate deliver us!*

AN Officer in the W.ſt-Indies, having formed a tender connection there, and not willing to return home, has written to his wife, at Kilkenny, that he died laſt year of the yellow fever, and therefore hopes ſhe will not expect his return!

A Gentleman not much verſed in literary affairs, ſaw affixed an Hibernian friend what was the meaning of ſo many mote words? *Zounds!*" exclaimed Hercules, "dont you know that? why they are books which a man writes that he is *dead*, to be ſure!"

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To four skeet on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. III.

Lucum ardebore.

WITHOUT apology, I shall present my readers with the following letter:—

TO THE GOSSIP. Nov. 8, 1802.

YOU think you have wrapped yourself in an impenetrable veil, Mr. Gossip, but you are mistaken, and may at well unmask at once. I know you well, and so do many others. Your style, your leaps of faith, by which you seem willing to let people know you are "*known but few*," make your name as evident to many, as if you had signed it to each paper. But pray do you imagine you will be permitted to proceed with your *gossiping* scheme with impunity? I suppose you think, that under the mask you have assumed, you may reprove, lecture, or tell tales, full as your reflections may prompt you. If through your means we hear of any of the *Beaux*, or *Coxe's*, to which you cannot help sometimes being a stranger, we will make you repent your gossiping with a vengeance. I would also inform you, that you are not taking the right method to make yourself very acceptable to the ladies by your chattering. Do you think the girls will be fond of such a babbling fellow who goes prying about to pick up all the stories he can, in order to make them public? What though you promise not to be scandalous, and to propagate falsehood of any kind whatever, yet you ought to know that, "truth is not proper to be told at all times." What if you should happen to see a young lady, in a very modest light, one evening with a favourite admirer, who though favoured by the lady herself, might have been forbid by careful, or rigid parents, all intercourse with their daughter, and should take it into your wild head to publish the affair as the subject in the *Gossip*. Think what a dilemma you would bring the poor girl into, how many tears, how much equivocation you would cause her, and how the dear creature would hate you in her heart. In short, friend Garrulous, there are a thousand incidents which take place every day, which would do a world of mischief were they given publicity. For instance, suppose a wife, a learned, or a reverend gentleman, be seen at any time killing a pretty girl, (and I do assure you such things will sometimes unavoidably happen) or should they at any time, (accidentally,) be thrown off their equilibrium, by the volatile spirit of champaigne, burgundy, &c. according to their perlexation, as it puffed from the glass to their lips, how shocking it would be to have it Gossipped forth to half the world—Or should some fair and lively creature, who, cloaked in frolics, and loves, and prayers charms all eyes and wins all hearts when in company; should the I say, when at home, indulge an ill humor, leap her fathers, speak petulently or disrespectfully to her mother, or her elders and superiors, scold the servants, call the little girl who waits on her hard names, and perhaps hit them or misfounding little beings ears—Think, good *Gossip*, how the would blush to be told of such faults publicly. But I shall drop here, I trust I have said enough to lead you to appear at the bottom of the next number in *propria personæ*; if you do not, I shall take the liberty of making your name public myself. Farewell, sir, and remember VALENTINE.

The Gossip thanks Valentinator for his advice, but informs him, his spirit of divination is not dreaded. I defy him to make me unmask, until I think proper so to do; and as to his pulling it off for me, I venture to aver, with all his art, he would be puzzled to divine on what particular spot of the habitable globe I reside. On some points on which he fears I may differ, I should judge he is very tender himself, or he would not so feelingly sympathize with those *wife, learned, or reverend* gentlemen, whom he thinks likely to fall under the lash of fame. But to ufe thy own familiar ftyle, friend Valerinator, I think the word *reverend*, would have been as well omitted in your letter, when connected with the follies you mentioned. The facred character of a minifter of the gofpel, fhould not be fported with. "They are," you will fay, "but men." Nothing more indeed; and on that account, what errors they have, fhould be glanced over with a lenient eye, and thofe who are quick fighted to difcover them, would do well to remember, how weak, how frail human nature is, and how much we all ftand in need of charitable allowance for our daily faults. It is much to the honor of Columbia, and to the Northern States particularly fo, that her Miniflers, in general, are men, whofe example energetically enforce their precepts. And let Valerinator be told, that had he indeed difcovered who the Gofflp was, he would have known it was a perfon, who never left with facred characters, or things, the wound have *effected* that it would be the aim of the author to amufe innocently, or correft gently; but never to increafe the poignancy of fell acculation, caufe a bluft to fuffufe the cheek of modefty, or wring a tear from the heart of fenfibility.

☞ A letter figned Rakehls and Almira, will be noticed in our next.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE

THE FRAGMENT—No. II.

Forever, fortune, wilt thou prove
An unreclaimed flatterer?

*****AND as he uttered this will toned apoftrophe to Madam Fortune, he exhorted it with a figh, and the fadnefs of that countenance, which indicated an indication that the figh was too fincere.—There is a peculiar kind of languor to be feen in the *tonic inflexible* of the features which diftinguifhes thofe fubjects of deeply acute dyfpeptic fymptoms can determine the nature of a difeafe.—"Frank," faid I, "thou art ill at eafe, take heart, my dear fellow, Almira may yet be kind"—and I perceived I had touched the right ftring on which her heart "vibrated"—like the lambent flame from the dying embers. His eyes reformed a temporary animation, he grafped my hand, and, with another figh, begged I would not mention it—a heart which never felt the leaft inflammation, might have exhibited a frown. I am fure a merry fellow could not forbear to laugh, and that moft heartily, at fuch a trapfy-comic ftory. By the help of a little fympathy however, which I was fo fortunate as to call forth on this occafion, from a troublefhon of familiar lenations of my own, I collected in each philofophy as to help my low-born friend to a few fuggeftions on the fubject which I imagined might prove lenitatory. You exclaim againft fortune; you call her capricious and unkind for being fo cruel to your happinefs. Pray, what has fortune done to prevent your being happy? Fortune has been kind to Almira, you fay. And has fhe left her fo to run the fame race for life which fhe has beftowed upon Almira? Her native charms have awakened your admiration. She is young and handfome, and has *grown fat upon the world*, which is fuch, actually her your caffe. Your fancy is delighted with her beauty, and her youth gives you an idea of fenfations that are corporeal. Fortune has done no more againft you than to fet this delicate compofition of mind and matter in the fairefl point of view; and have you any reafon to be difpleafed at this? You might as well complain of thofe who have nourifhed or inftructed her, or of the unlearn powers which have made her amiable. The only accufation you can have againft Fortune is, that fhe has done too much for your intereats. You fuppofe that fhe has fet her heart upon your power to obtain. It *may be not*. It is poffible at leaft, that you may yet obtain this paragon of excellencies; and if you do, it is more than probable that you will find yourfelf in a worfe predicament. Fortune may be lefs your enemy than you imagine. That mighty obftacle to your happinefs, may be the guardian of your tranquility, and the advocate of your real enjoyment. Excellency fhould confeft'd, and every one may enjoy the admiration of it. Female loveliness, may, nay fo favors, hold the higheft claim. Mr. **** is thofe ideas of *appropriation*, which prevents one fuch a paradife of enjoyment, and depend upon it, Frank, there are more wretchedly denafive. Your imagination repofection to you a refinement of felicity which was never realized by mortal, and it is your *fancy*, and not your *fortune*, that is threatening to kill you. There are properties in the ballaam of fortune, of which you are not aware. Its importance dampsyour hopes; but its nature would deftroy your happinefs. Almira is too evidently attractive, and the may draw you to pentroon. Inftance me, Frank, that fhe, amiable as fhe is, has habits and expectations that muft could fatisfy, but fuch as are her match in point of fortune, and paffionately as you dote upon her now, and kindly as fhe may regard you in the character of a lover; a difappointment in thefe interefts, which come nearer to a female heart than you can have any idea of, will foon check the ardor of your mutual attachment, it will gradually precipitate the flame of love, and inftead of the celeftial which your fond imagination had taught you to adore ********* I began to be engaged in the fubject of Anfwafe, and was going to proceed, when a flight of reflection ftruck in with the apparent apathy of my pupil. I dropped a pofcard at once to my hopes and harangue, being decidedly convinced, that

REASON *is impertinence to* LOVE."

THE NOVELIST.

THE CHILD OF MISERY.

A TALE.

ONE evening in the fpring, as I was returning late from a convivial circle, paffing the end of a lane clofe by the Exchange, a moft piercing cry of female mifery caught my ear. I ftopt and liftened, left it might be the effect of fome artful villain to decoy, and then plunder, the unwary paffenger. —The moan was repeated, and in a tone fo natural, I was convinced of its being excited by real anguifh. By the affiftance of a fingle lamp at the extremity, I explored this gloomy recefs, where I found a fhivering female half naked, and extended on the ftep of a deferted houfe. She raifed her languid head as I approached, and, in words fcarcely articulate, fued for pity. The feelings of humanity were not dormant—that cry of sympathy bedewed my cheek; I left her, and flew to procure relief.

With the affiftance of two watchmen, the was conveyed to a neighbouring houfe, where, after I had fatisfied the propriator, fhe was accommodated with a bed, and thofe refreshments which were fuitable to her low ftate. She ftrove to thank me, and preffed my hand, but could not fpeak: promifing to fee her in the morning, I left her to the enjoyment of that repofe to which fhe feemed to have been long a ftranger.

I kept my word, for I found myfelf interefted in her fate, and there was fomething in her air which befpoke her not a kin to the vulgar. It was eleven o'clock when I called, but illnefs had incapacitated her from rifing, and fhe was ftill in bed. I fent a meffage up, and was immediately admitted. The curtains were undrawn at the foot of the bed, and I had an opportunity of beholding her features: the remains of beauty were ftill vifi-

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his in her own face, and her eyes, though now dim, seemed once to have sparkled with the rays of vivacity. In a faint voice she thanked me for my kindness; I drew near, and fat down by the side of the bed; "Oh sir," faid fhe, "if you have a daughter or a fifter, for whofe welfare you are anxious, warn them of the faithlefs of your fex, and fave them from impending danger; or fhould they deviate from the path of virtue, yet do not with them fevere a lurthnefs.—Alas! I had no friend to fhelter me, not one to pity a frail unfortunate; a cruel betrayer of an unfufpected heart, and a rigid unrelenting father, have conligned me, a fad prey to laffing mifery, to vice, to infamy, and pollution: but my race is nearly run, the ftream of life ebbs faft, and the dark grave will ioon afford an eternal afylum from anguifh and from inlult."

During this fpeech, every faculty of my foul was agitated. "Good God!" thought I, "is it poffible; fure it cannot—yet her voice, I gazed upon her—her features too—I beg your pardon, madam, may I crave your name?"—"My name, fir! I have long concealed that, but you are my friend, fuch you have proved yourfelf, and therefore have a right to afk—it is Louifa Ramforth."—"Louifa Ramforth! Oh my bodingheart! the fifter of my beft friend, fir Charles! Do you not recollect me madam?"—"No, fir," faultered fhe—"Nor my brother Henry?"—I was too truly, that name, like an electric fpark, overpowered her fpirits, and a fainting fit deprived her of fenfation.—I rang for affiftance, reproaching in the feverell terms my own unconquered feelings. Two female fervants entered, and, conficious of the impropriety of my prefence, I quitted the room, nor returned till I was affured of her recovery.

Some two years ago my brother had paid an unfucceisful fuit to the affections of this devoted child of mifery; but, with a noble thankfulnefs worthy of imitation, fhe declined his proffered love, afluring him that her affections were pre-engaged. His favored rival he never difcovered, but purchafing a commiffion in the army, retired in difguft to the continent.

A tinge of faint fcarlet fpread her cheek when I re-entered the room.—"For this, fir, I was not prepared; I expected not in my laft moments to meet thofe whofe every look muft prove a keen reproach." I took her hand, entreating her to be compofed, and affuring her that no affiftance in my power fhe ihould be ftinted for. "Since you order my hand to her lips—" You are too generous, I merit not fuch kindnefs, but your benevolence will not loofe its reward,"—Had not a removal threatened a fpeedy diffolution, I would have conveyed her to a more commodious fituation; but her extreme illnefs induced me to abandon the thought; I therefore left her, with a ftrict charge to the miftrefs of the houfe to fupply her with what was requifite, and in my way home called upon a medical gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I immediately diipatched to her relief.

During my abfence, the following letter from my brother had arrived.

"DEAR FRANK,

"Since my laft I have been driven to the verge of madnefs. Frederick Lovell, a young gentleman of family and fortune, with whom I had formed a clofe intimacy, died four days ago. He was wounded in the left fhoulder, and for two months dragged on a painful exiftence, during which time an infuperable weight depreffed his fpirits; I urged him to impart the caufe, but he always was at that fubject till on his death-bed, he revealed the dreadful truth to Godwin, my brother can inform you.—Frederick Lovell the friend of my heart, was the betrayer of unconfcious Louifa Ramforth!—Alas, my Louifa! hath then liftened to my fond intreaty, we had both been happier; but thefe reflections would overwhelm us both. The dying agonies of my friend could fcarce reftrain the wild emotions of my foul upon this difcovery; but Frederick knew not of my love, and his laft moments claimed refpect. With his dying breath he brought me to protect his defolated Louifa.—And protect her I will! I ll feek her through the world; if yet fhe lives the ftain be mine, and happinefs may ftill be ours. Thy fon, my brother, fly to her diftreffes; tell her the fad cataftrophy of her unjured lover, and tell her that her Henry ftill fighs for her affections.

"Do not fail in your exertions, and tranfmit immediately the refult.

"Believe me ever yours,

"HENRY ******."

Would to God I could have fatisfactorily anfwered this melancholy epiftle. I next day vifited Mifs Ramforth, and, from an increafing debility of frame, found but little profpect on the one proceeding: fhe, however, feemed glad to fee me, and, with a mild refignation in her countenance, feemed rather to court than to fhun approaching death. I informed her of the letter from my brother, and the news which it contained: her eyes were fixed fteadfaft during the recital, and clafping her hands, fhe exclaimed, "Thou, dear deceiver! thou art now no more! May that divine Being whom thou haft fo often invoked to witnefs thy violated vows, have crowned thy repenting moments with mercy, and receive thee to his bofom!" I fhared in her pious ejaculation with a fincere an "Amen," as ever iffued from the breaft of man.

When the tumult of her forrows were over, fhe expreffed a with to fee her father and her brother. "Perhaps," faid fhe, "my father might relent were he to be informed of my fad ftate: perhaps he might confent to breath forgivenefs, and ftoothe, with a father's tendernefs, the laft ftruggles of an expiring daughter:—my brother too—he loved me with all a brother's fondnefs, and would not, though a foul victim of diftionour, treat me with cruelty. Alas! his long fince I fear him, and I fhould like once more to behold him ere my eyes clofe forever."

I immediately intimated my intention of going to her father: I took my leave, and bringa poft chaife, reached his ieat on the fame evening.

THE FOUR PERFECT WOMEN!

MAHOMET intents to, that among Men, many have been found perfect, but among Women only four. This is an invidiory which is not even excufable in a prophet. He even mentions the four fortunate ladies. Asia, the wife of Pharaoh; Mary, the daughter of Imran; Kadijah, the daughter of Noorud; and Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet. How it happened that the prophet felt fuch a partiality to the wife of Pharaoh, of whom the world knows nothing, is a matter not eafy to account for. But, there is good reafon to fay why he was fo fond of the other perfect ladies—one was his mafs, one his wife, and the other his daughter. Should any one have the leaft reafon to fet the difparity in a different light, he would there eafily be a wit, and would become a lharper. The opinions of men are not lefs different from each other, than their refpective

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IMPROVEMENTS.

[Collected for the *Weekly Magazine*]

AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR CONSUMPTIVE PERSONS.—Thirty large fnails in a quart of a pint of ale, or two ounces of hartfhorn fhavings; four figs, ftir'd and fqueez'd in by degrees, before on a quart of wine till it comes to a pint; then ftrain it off.——The dofe is half a pint three times a day, with a tea-cup full of new milk a little warm:—If the ftomach be weak put only two ounces of ladies-tone, and one ounce of hartfhorn fhavings.

If half a pint is too large a dofe at a time, a quarter of a pint, or lefs, as the ftomach will bear it; but, whatever the dofe, add the tea-cup full of milk.—It is to nourifhing to the ftomach, that it will be ufeful as and drink. It recovered in a few weeks a perfon who had been given over by the faculty.

PRESERVATION OF WATER.

THE Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in London, have awarded a gold medal to Gen. BENJAMIN for a new method of preferving water perfectly fweet during long voyages. The experiment was tried on board two fhoops of war, the ARROW and DART, and appears to have terminated in the moft fatisfactory manner. inftead of the ordinary ftowage of casks, fixteen tanks or cafes, adapted to the ftiape of the hold, were built and well caulked, and filled with about forty tons of water, by means of which the water occupied much lefs room in the fhips than it would have done if caik had been ufed for the purpofe. The tanks were made of wood, accurately lined with fheets of tinned copper. As the partitions of which were fecured by fillets, fo that the water was not when in contact with any thing but the furface of tin. By way of comparifon, about 30 tons of water was ftowed on board each veffel, in casks, as ufual. The water in all the tanks on board the fhip, and that in the bottom of the casks on board the other, was conftantly found to continue as pure as when it was firft taken from the ftring: that which was contained in the other three tanks was more or lefs corrupted, as that in the casks was. After the water had remained on board a fufficient length of time, it was ufed out, and the tanks refcrubbed from time to time; but, in the firft inftance, the water was allowed to continue three years and a half; 185 gallons of which, fent to the Society, was found to be ftill wholly unaltered.

MR. George Mundell of Lexington Kentucky, has lately invented a machine for cleaning and dreaning hemp, or flax, which will, from the loweft calculation, break and clean 8000 pounds of hemp in one day.

BIOGRAPHY.

A remarkable account of HENRY WELBY, Efq. *a very fingular and extraordinary Character, who lived 44 Years the Life of a Hermit in the City of London.*

THE noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Efq. was a native of Lincolnfhire, and inherited a clear eftate of 2000l. a year. He was regularly bred at the univerfity, ftudied for fome time in one of the inns of court, and in the courfe of his travels, fpent fe veral years abroad. On his return, this very accomplifhed gentleman fettled on his paternal eftate, lived with great hofpitality, married to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was married, with his entire approbation, to a Sir Chriftopher Hilliard, in Yorkfhire. He had now loved to the age of forty, refpected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honoured and beloved by all: when one of his fingular brothers, with whom he had fome difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, ftapped upthid at him, which happily ftuffed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly difarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelefsly into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home; but, on after examination the difcovery of bullets in the piftol had fuch an effect upon his mind, that he inftantly conceived an extraordinary refolution of retiring entirely from the world, in which he perfifted inflexibly to the end of his life. He took a very fair houfe in the lower end of Grub-ftreet, then Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a fmall family, having the houfe prepared for his purpofe, he feledted three chambers for himfelf; the one for his diet, the fecond for his lodging, and the third for his ftudy. As they were one within another, while his diet was fet on the table, by an old maid, he retired into his lodging room, and when his bed was making, into his ftudy, ftill doing fo till all was clear. Out of thefe chambers, from the time of his firft entry into them, he never iffued, till he was carried thence, forty-four years after, on men's fhoulders; neither did that time, did his fon-in-law, daughter, or grandchild, brother, filter, or kinfman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition foever, look upon his face, fave the ancient maid, whofe name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and drefs'd his chamber. She few him but feldom, never but in cafes of extraordinary neceffity, and did not above fix or

before him. In all the time of his retirement, he never tasted fish or fleh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then, in the summer, he had a fallad of choice and cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himfelf upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the cruft he never tafted; his conftant drink was four ftillings beer, and no other, for he never tafted wine, or ftrong water. Now and then, when his ftomach ferved, he did eat fome kind of fhackets; now and then eat cows milk, which his maid Elizabeth, fetched him out of the fields, hot from the cow. Nevertheleft, he kept a bountiful table for his fervants, and fufficient entertainment for any ftranger or tenant, who had occafion of bufinefs at his houfe. Every book that was printed, was brought for him, and conveyed to him, but fuch as related to controverfy, he always laid afide, and never read.

In Chriftmas holidays, Eafter, and other feftivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dilhes to feaon, fired into his own chamber, with ftore of wine, which his maid brought in. Then, after thanks to god, for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland fleeves, which reached to his elbows, cutting up dith after dith, in order, he would fend one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goofe, &c. till he had left the table quite empty; twice giving thanks again, he laid by his knees, and cafted the cloth in he taken away; and this would he do, dinner and fupper, upon thefe days, without tafting one morfel of any thing whatfoever. When any clamoured impatiently at his gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but where, from his private chamber, which had a profpect into the ftreet, he efpied any fick, weak, or lame, he would prefently fend after them, to comfort, cherifh, and ftrengthen them; and not a trifle to ferve them for the prefent, but as much as would relieve them many days after. He would moreover enquire what neighbours were induftrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children; and withal, if their labour and induftry could not fufficiently fupply their families, to fuch he would liberally fend, and relieve them according to their neceffities. He died at his houfe in Grub-ftreet, after an anchoretical confinment of forty-four years, October 29, 1636, aged 84. At his death his hair and beard were fo overgrown, that he appeared rather like the Hermit of the wilderneft, than an inhabitant of one of the firft cities in the world.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1802.

We are concerned to ftate, that a melancholy event took place laft evening, at Malden. At an Exhibition of Mr. Tone's Scholars, in the new houfe of Mr. Samuel Tuft's, the fummers gave way, and the whole company fell into the cellar. There were 500 perfons prefent, 50 of whom are wounded, 4 mortally. The Exhibition was in the 2d floor; from the great weight, the firft made no refiftance. Thefe are all the particulars we have yet learnt.

Middlefex Canal is nearly completed. A large quantity of timber has already been ftarted through.

The "Female Charitable Society," of Providence, have obtained a Charter for their valuable Inftitution.

A large and elegant glafs Chandelier, is fufpended in the centre of the Old South Meeting Houfe. It is a preſent from the late John Sweetser, Eſq. to the Soci-

Astronomy.—On the 18th of Auguſt, about nine in the evening, Citizen Mechain, Member of the National Inſtitute and of the Board of Longitude, diſcovered a new Comet in the Conſtellation of Serpentarius. It was a few degrees below the two nebuloſum ſpots which are on the left ſide of that figure, and near the equator. He aſcertained its poſition, and found that it was rapidly aſcending towards the north. The light of the ſtar did not appear to receive any ſenſible augmentation. Its nucleus does not become more luminous, nor does the nebuloſity which ſurrounds it acquire great extent.

The following are the firſt and laſt obſervations which Citizen Mechain communicated to the National Inſtitute, on the 2d. Sept.—mean time 9h. 24′ 6″. right aſcenſion 248° 18′. South declination 6° 11′ 31″. From the preſent poſition of this Comet, it may be remarked that its diſtance from the ſun is neceſſarily greater, than that of the Sun from the Earth. It aſcends towards the North Pole, followed the laſt ſtar of Serpentarius on the oppoſite ſide of Hercules.—Though viſible only with a Teleſcope, it may be obſerved for a pretty long period, if its light do not ſuffer any diminution.

Extraordinary Pumpkins.—*At Weſtpoſt*, in this ſtate, a ſingle ſeed produced 24 fine Pumpkins, the weight of which was 270.—At *Wrentham*, one ſeed produced five, wt. 132. *Rare things!*

Longevity.—There is now living at Morpeth, a couple of the name of Graham, whoſe ages together make 194 years, the huſband being 101, and the wife 93. They have been married 76 years, and both enjoy good health. The man begs round the country, and the woman works in a little garden that belongs to the cottage.

In the laſt year at Paris the number of males born in marriage was 7503, of females 7325. The number of males born out of marriage was 1792, and of females 1858, making the general total of children born 18,476. The number of marriages for the ſame period was 5826, and of divorces, 720. The number of perſons deceaſed 10,446 males, and 10,301 females—making together 20,757.

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

Horrid.—On Monday evening, the 20th Sept. John Williams, (of Ogechthrope county, Georgia,) his wife, and two children were all found dead with their throats cut from ear to ear. A razor was found in William's hand. From this and other circumſtances, the jury gave it in their opinion that the murder was committed by him.

Some time in July laſt, Mr. William Warner (ſays the Ohio Gazette of Oct. 4) was loſt in the woods, between the Scioto and was laid the head waters of leading creek, for twenty four days. —During which he ſubſiſted on pole cat and wood turtle. For twenty two days he ſaw no human being. One of his feet was bit by a Snake, which occaſioned him to go on his hands and knees for ſeveral days. He was quite deranged when taken up.

A large fire took place at Manchester, in England, the beginning of Sept. The loſs is eſtimated at £20,000 ſterling.

The late fire at New-York, was ſuppoſed to have originated from candlelnuffs in uſing a lighted ſegar.—The city has again been alarmed, but without doing any material injury.

On the 31ſt ult. a houſe was conſumed by fire at Brunſwick, Maine. Two children were burnt, to death.

The houſe of Mr. Lawlor, at Sackville, in Nova-Scotia, has been deſtroyed by fire: five perſons periſhed in the flames. ☞ An awful leſſon to guard againſt this deſtructive element.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The following is worthy of remark. A forpeiſing BAT, the wings of which meaſures 4 feet 6 inches; from the noſe to the end of the body, 11; across the breaſt, 5; width part of the wing, 9; claws half an inch long; teeth large as a cat's—and the body as big as that of a well grown duck. Any one doubting this natural curioſity, can view it in the collection of Mr. Turtle's Cabinet of Curioſities, Boſton.

GOONNA BEGUM.

An account from Bombay ſays, "About the village of Nundeal, on the South ſide of the Soan River, on a pretty large garden enclosed by a mud wall, the work of Aurungzebe, is ſeen a very handſome mauſoleum, or Portico over the grave of which the following is a tranſlation:

"*This Garden was planned by the King of Allomoree,*
"*To be a ſcene of delight*
"*For his beloved wife Goonna Begum,*
"*Whose Grandeur and Magnificence ſo much exceeded*
"*Every thing ever before conceived.*
"*Yet in Death ſhe was the victim of beauty.*"

Anno Hegiræ 1075, anſwering to the year of our æra 1666. Within the portico is a monument to the memory of Goonna Begum, a Princeſs celebrated for her accompliſhments, as well as for the ſanctity of her life, and the love of her parental grandeur. The ſtrobe bears this inſcription:

"Alas! Goonna Begum!"

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, the Tragedy of Macbeth, with the entertainment of Hunt the Skipper.

To CORRESPONDENTS and READERS.

We perfectly agree with "P. Q." in his remarks on the elegant and chaſte ſtyle of writing, and the ſyntaxes of "*Amicus*," who's poetical eſſays frequently ornament the papers of the town.

We have read both the numbers of the "*Mock Bird*," with attention, and would with juſtice to the author, that though ſuch a bird might be agreeable as a novelty, yet if he proſtitute the notes of his own, he will loſe the by his favourite, and the ſong of the Mock Bird, inſtead of being his imitate the melodious lark, thruſh, linnet, or goldfinch no one would think of keeping a mock bird, when they could have the real ſong of thoſe, and other publiſhed ſhort notes. Good imitations, as mock-ſpeare in a certain degree, but ſpurious productions are unmerchantable.

We have received the firſt by a "*Miſs of Fourteen*," and ſhall in our of our belief when fin declares it in her "*firſt attempt*."

The "*Letter to Partner, by Zeller*," our Readers will never hear from us to go through with.

A "*Poor Soul*," cannot have a place. We cannot the ſentiments, but can't, as a *Gentleman of the Corps*, and ſyſtem—

ORDAINED,

At Mendon, Rev. Stephen Hull.—At Brighton, the Rev. Josh. Kent, Wilson Warren.

MARRIAGES.

In Boſton, Mr. Amos Carter, jun. to Miſs Nicholſon Lambert.—Mr. Thomas Coffins, to Miſs Mary Cushing.—Mr. Robert Hutchins, to Miſs Sarah Foy.—Mr. William Moore, to Miſs Sally M. Rand.—Mr. Luther Bailey, to Miſs Sebiana Wentworth.

DEATHS.

In Boſton, Mr. Edward Loring, aet. 82.—Mr. Samuel Underwood, Aet. 28.—Mrs. Hannah Smith Sill, Aet. 34, the amiable conſort of capt. Shubael Sill.—Mrs. Elizabeth Bass, aged 78.—Mr. Charles Lattier, aged 80.—Mrs. Anne Smith Peters, aged 82.—Mr. Thomas Dawes, Attorney at Law, Aet. 3 years.—Mrs. Martha Edwards, Aet. 30, conſort of Mr. Alvan Edwards, jun.—On Thurſday evening, Mrs. Abigail Amory, Aet. 84, relict of the late Jona. A. Eſq.—Mr. Patrick Collins, Aet. 19.—And four children

efore him. In all the time of his retirement, he ever tafted fifh or flefh ; his chief food was oatmeal gruel ; now and then, in the fummer, he had a falad of choice and cool herbs ; and for dainties, when he would feaft himfelf upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of he white ; what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crufl he never tafted ; is conftant drink was four ftullings beer, and no other, for he never tafted wine, or ftrong water.

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GOONNA BEGUM.

AN account from Bombay fays, " Adjoining the village of Noorbad, on the South fide of the Sunk River, is a pretty large garden enclofed by a ftone wall, the work of Auranzebe ; it appears by a curious infcription, in Perfian over the gate, of which the following is a tranflation :

" *This Garden was planted by the King of* AURUNGEBE,

" *Whofe univerfal bounty*

" *Made a part of the fun in all his fplendour ;*

" *Whofe liberality is fortune to donate the date*

" *As eternity is to replied.*

" *Thou haft a rich garden of beauty,*"

" Anno Hegira 1071, anfwering to the year of our era 1665. Within the garden is a monument to the memory of GOONNA BEGUM ; a Princefs celebrated for her accomplifhments, as well as for the vivacity of her wit, and the fire of her poetical genius. The ftrune bears this infcription

" Alas ! GOONNA BEGUM !"

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" We have received the firft by a " *Mifs of Fourteen*," and affure her of our kind wifhes for declines it as her " *firft attempt*."

The " *Ode to Patience, by Zelia*," our Readers will never have *patience* to get through with.

A " *Winter Song*," cannot have a place. We tranfcribe the following, however, as a *fpecimen* of its *beauty* and *ftyle* :—

" *The fun to bed began to blufh,*
" *And every thing grew dark as pitch !*"

ORDAINED.

At Alnefbury, Rev. Stephen Hull—At Dighton, the 2d inft. Rev. William Warren.

MARRIAGES.

In Boflon, Mr. Amos Cotton, jun. to Mifs Mehitable Leonhard ; Mr. George Cudhing, to Mifs Nancy Cufhing ; Mr. Robert Hutchins, to Mifs Sarah Boyce ; Mr. William Means, to Mifs Sally M. Ward ; Mr. Luther Bixby, to Mifs Sufanna Wentworth.

DEATHS.

In Boflon, Mr. Edward Loring, æt. 82—At 83 : Mr. Samuel Underwood, æt. 58 : Mrs. Joanna Smith Bell, æt. 36, the amiable comfort of capt. Shubael Bell ; Mrs. Elizabeth Barley, æt. 93 ; Mr. Charles Fortefcue ; Mary Anne Smith Paine, feroud child of Thomas Paine, Efq. Attorney at Law, æt. 3 years ; Mrs. Martha Edwards, æt. 30, conforr of Mr. Abraham E.—On Thurfday evening, Mrs. Abigail Amory, æt. 62, relict of the late Jona. A. Efq.—Mr. Patrick Collins, æt. 30—and 6 of his children

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BOSTON :
SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1802.

We are concerned to ftate, that a melancholy event took place laft evening, at Malden. At an Exhibition of Mr. Tenn's Scholars, in the new houfe of Mr. Samuel Tufts, the fummers gave way, and the whole company fell into the cellar. There were 500 perfons prefent, 50 of whom are wounded, 4 mortally. The Exhibition was in the 2d ftory ; from the great weight, the firft made no reftance. Thefe are all the particulars we have yet learat.

Middlefex Canal is nearly completed. A large quantity of timber has already been floated through.

The " Female Charitable Society," of Providence, have obtained a Charter for their valuable Inftitution.

A large and elegant glafs Chandelier, is fufpended in the centre of the Old South Meeting Houfe. It is a prefent from the late JOHN SWETSER, Efq. to the Society.

eared rather like the hermit of the wilderneſs, than an inhabitant of one of the firſt cities in the world.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

ON the rude cliff that overhange the sea,
At eve oppreſſed by gloomy thoughts I rove;
(And with my real from mortal thraldom free
Could soar to yonder rolling orbs above)

Where the rough billows on the neighbouring beach,
Breaks foaming with a hollow ſullen roar;
Where the wild ſea birds with prophetic ſhrieks,
Flit from their nells along the rocky ſhore.

Black lours the ſky, and the black eaſtern gale,
Howls o'er the diſtant dark and threat'ning main;
Mark how yon tow'ring bark hoiſts every ſail,
In hopes e'er night her deſtined port to gain.

Now louder roars the blaſt, the billows riſe,
Like dreary mountains, capp'd with clouds of ſnow:
Now ſilt the labouring veſſel to the ſkies,
Now wheim her in the vaſt abyſs below.

Down! down your ſails! the drives toward the coaſt,
Where the black wag frown aweful o'er the ſea;
Keep! keep her off; oh, ſhould the touch, they're loſt,
Strain every nerve brave boys, " your helm a lee."

Oh God! his vain! the helm has no controul,
Th' impetuous ſtorm hurries her to the ſhore;
What horror ruſhes on my freezing ſoul,
She ſtrikes, ſhe parts, they ſink to riſe no more.

Thus Paſſion rag'd within my torture'd breaſt,
Thus Reaſon vainly would direct its courſe;
Still—ſtill it rag'd, and would not be ſuppreſs'd,
Bearing down Reaſon with impetuous force.

I ſaw the rocks, o'er which the billows daſh,
Labour'd to ſtun them with my utmoſt care;
Fruitleſs attempt, for one tremendous daſh
Broke my ſad heart; and plung'd me in deſpair.

CAMBRIDGE. CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRAYER.

I ASK thee not Venus thy coſtus to lend me,
For bright as it is, it will fade on the eye;
Nor do I aſk Cupid thy ſon to befriend me,
I will not Alexis to languiſh and ſigh:
But I aſk the aid of each Virtue and Grace,
Theſe alone have the power his fancy to bind;
Good Humour muſt mark every line of my face,
And Purity sway every thought of my mind.

Prevail June. I aſk not thy dignified air,
Thy opulent carriage or ſire darting eyes:
Alexis I'm certain ſuch charms would not hear,
Too guarded his heart to be ta'en by ſurpriſe.
He'll ne'er bowed Dians ſimplicity mine,
Let Pallas her courage and wiſdom impart:
When I write, let her energy glow in each line,
Her prudence repreſs the wild throbs of my heart.

Apollo I aſk for thy dulcet ton'd lyre,
Let thy nine tuneful ſiſters their ſavours beſtow;
For melodious my ſtrains, let my numbers have ſire,
To thaw the cold heart that enveloped in ſnow.
To gentle relax the chill ſetters that bind it,
What pleaſure, what joy, to my ſoul would it bring;
For tho' I ought warm it, ſtill pure ſhould I find it,
As bloſſoms which hang on the boſom of ſpring.

THE WITLING AND CLOWN.
A pen Eſprit.

A WITLING of the faſhion kind,
Aſk'd Hodge if he had ſeen a wind.
" Yes, that I have (quoth Hodge) " I vow,
" Upon a mighty windy juſt now."
" You *ſaw* a wind Hodge! it cannot be,"
Replied the man of reparte.
" Pray what was't like?"—" *Like*, quoth the clown,
" 'Twas *like*—to have blown my cottage down."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON A CANARY BIRD,
Whoſe Miſtreſs going from home for a few days was found dead in his cage the ſecond morning after her departure.

HIS Miſtreſs gone, poor little Bill—
His wings in penſive boſtneſs hung:
His ſoft melodious voice was ſtill,
Unleſs theſe mournful notes he ſung.

" Ah Miſtreſs mine, where are thou gone?
Return! return!" the plaintive cried;
Thus many an hour he made his moan,
Till ſick, of hope deſerv'd; he died.

Poor bird, with thee I ſympathize;
Such pangs the feeling boſom proves,
That wring with ſigh hourly dies,
When abſent from the friend it loves. S. R.

EPITAPH.
On a gentleman more remarkable for his loquacity than his veracity, written in the fifteenth century —

HERE's old Johnny Anderſon lying in duſt,
Or lying old Anderſon, thoſe which ye truſt:
To ſay he lies dead, can do him no wrong,
For we all knew old Johnny *lied* all his life long.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.——No. III.

" IT is a greater dignity and mark of an heroic ſoul to bear evils with fortitude and patience, than by an abſenting and alienation of the mind, from things preſent, to future.—PATIENCE is rather the *governour* of *neceſſity*, than the *ſervant* of *fortune*. If thou wilt not be oppreſſed by evils, expect and exerciſe for conquering thyſelf, that wrong may not conquer thee. It is an excellent temperate virtue, and puniſheth more, by not puniſhing than the *boiſterth* executioner; for the revenge not performed, they live in the terror of which is without bloody hands, and yet moſt terrible. PATIENCE keepeth the reputation unſpotted; it ſilenceth the tongue of calumny, and, though outward force be deſtroyed, this makes the mind invincible. It is a ſupernal gift, not a native graft in our reaſon; an *infuſed* not an *innate* virtue, to remain impaſſive in all exterior violences. To be troubled and not diſtreſſed; to be vexed and not vitiated, is the beſt eſtabliſhment of happineſs competent with this ſtate of peregrination; to remain in a calm apathy and impaſſiveneſs in all offenſive emergences.—Patience is a fortreſs in the ſpirit, which reſtraineth nature from *exceeding* reaſon in paſſion; and a kind of heavenly tenure whereby the ſoul is held in poſſeſſion. She makes the king merciful and the ſubject loyal; honor gracious, and wiſdom glorious. She thinks FORTUNE a fiction, and builds only upon PROVIDENCE. She makes impriſonment *Liberty*, and knows no *purgatory*. She is the virtue of CHRISTIANITY, the praiſe of goodneſs, and the means of preſerving the whole world. A man armed with Patience entertains injuries with a pleaſing countenance; no more troubling himſelf than doth the ſun, to behold the clouds which he hath drawn out of the ſens to make him a fcarf. He well knoweth that though he may take from him, the aſpect of mortal eyes, yet they cannot deprive him of his own light: Like eagles in a ſtorm, he may be ſurcharged with ſufferings, but he is made invincible by the ſhield of Patience.

Patience is of ſuch ſimilitude, and ſo nearly allied to fortitude, that ſhe is either her ſiſter, or her daughter: She fetteth a ſeal upon all virtues, and is ever firſt in the lift, and the laſt in the triumph.—PHILIP the ſecond, King of Spa having written a letter, with much ſtudy and bor, to be ſent to the Pope, aſking for fand ceaſt upon it, his Secretary, being half aſleep, ſ ed the ink in the ſtandiſh thereon, which gre defaced it: Yet ſuch was his *patience*, that reply only was, " Come, we muſt write it ov gain."

EUSEBIUS

Boſton, Nov. 12, 1802.

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BY GILBERT and DEAN,
TICKETS in the 26 Claſs OF THE HADLEY CA
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Blanks; Trial of Friendſhip, a beautiful novel; Jeffe
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Act Books, &c. Nov 1

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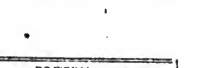
POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

ON the rude cliff that overhangs the sea,
At eve oppressed by gloomy thought I rove;
(And with my soul from mortal shrinking free
Could soar to yonder rolling orbs above)

Where the rough billows on the shingly beach,
Breaks foaming with a hollow sullen roar;
Where the wild sea birds with prophetic shrieks,
Fan from their nests along the rocky shore.

Black lours the sky, and the black sullen gale,
Howls o'er the distant dark and threat'ning main;
Black how yon tow'ring bark bends every sail,
In hopes e'er night her destined port to gain.

Now louder roars the blast, she hills on ride,
Like steep mountains, cap'd with clouds of snow:
Now lift the labouring vessel to the skies,
Now whelms her in the vast abyss below.

Down! down your sails! the drives toward the coast,
Where the black wag frown and dash o'er the fea;
Keep! keep her off! oh, should she touch, they're lost,
Shrink every nerve brave hearts, your helm a lee."

Oh God 'tis vain! the helm has no command,
Th' impetuous storm hurries her to the shore;
What horror rushes on my freezing soul,
She strikes, she parts, they sink to rise no more.

Thus Passion rag'd within my tortur'd breast,
Thus Reason vainly would direct its course;
Still—still it rag'd, and would not be repressed,
Scaring down Reason with impetuous force.

I saw the rocks, o'er which the billows dash,
Ladened to Peace more than with my utmost care;
Fruitless attempt, for on the rocks to crash
Broke my fad heart; and plung'd me in despair.

CAMBRIDGE. CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRAYER.

I ASK thee not Venus she orders in land me,
For bright as an, it will fade on the eye;
Nor do I ask Cupid thy bow to hand me,
I with not Alexis to lay guilt and fight:
But I ask the aid of each Virtue and Grace,
Their above have the power his fancy to bind;
Good Humour must mark every hue of my face,
And Purity ever sway thought of my mind.

Proud Juno, I ask not thy d gnified air,
Thy arrogant carriage or fire darting eyes:
Alexis I'm certain such charms would not fear,
Two powerful his heart to be taken by prize.
He labor bound Duty his flightly name,
Yet Pallas her courage and valiant support:
When I wave, let his enemy flee in each line,
He prudence reveals the wish thoughts of my heart.

Apollo I ask for thy chosen band's lyre,
Let thy notes now fail fall on my heart's desire;
For melodious my strains, let my numbers have fire,
To charm the cold heart that enveloped in snow.
To praise relate the chief favorite that boast of,
What pleasure, what joy, to my soul would it bring!
For this I might warm it, still pure should I find it,
An kindness which hang on the bosom of spring.

THE WITLING AND CLOWN.

A true Report.

A WITLING of the dashing kind,
Ab'd Hodge if he had seen a wind,
"Yes, that I have (quoth Hodge) "I vow,
"Now a northy wind call them."
"You fee it Hodge! it cannot be,"
Rejoins the man of fashion;
"Pray what can't like? Like, quoth the clown,
"Then like can have been my errand home."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON A CANARY BIRD,

Whose Mistress going from home for a few days was found dead in his cage the second morning after her departure.

His Mistress gone, poor little Bill—
His wings in pensive fadness hung:
His fad mishaps were known to all,
Unless their nonsense notice sung.

"Ah Mistress mine, where art thou gone?
Return! return!" he plaintive cried;
Then many an hour he thus mourn,
'Till fick, of hope deceiv'd, he died.

Poor bird, with thee I sympathize;
Such pangs the feeling bosom pierce,
That wrung with anguish heavily does,
When absent from the friend it loves. S.R.

EPITAPH,

On a gentleman more remarkable for his loyalty than his veracity, written in the fifteenth century:—

HERE'S old Johnny Anderton lying in dust,
Or lying old Anderton, thinks which you muft:
To fay he lies dead, can do him no wrong,
For we all know old Johnny *lied* all his life long.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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Patience is of fuch fimilitude, and fo nearly allied to fortitude, that fhe is either her fifter, or her daughter: She fuffers a foul upon all violence, and is ever firft in the field, and the laft in the triumph.—PHILIP the fecord, King of Spain, having written a letter, with much ftudy and labor, to be fent to the Pope, aiking for fuid to be caft upon it, his Secretary, being half afleep, poured the ink in the ftandifh thereon, which greatly defaced it: Yet fuch was his *patience*, that his reply only was, "Come, we muft write it over again."

EUSEBIUS.

Boffon, Nov. 12, 1802.

VARIETY.

(Collected from various fources.)

ON Wednefday, the 27th ult. a fmart guft of wind was felt at New-York. The cupola of the City-Hall, was much fhaken and the windows blown to pieces, to the extreme difcomfiture of the watchman, who was juft in the act of crying "*all's well!*"

A YOUNG man of the name of *Neck*, was married laft week in Dorchefter to Mifs *Heels*. They are now tied *Neck and Heels*.

A MARRIED Lady lately conſulted her lawyer on the following queſtion.—*Query*, "As I wedded Mr. T—for his *eſtate*, and that eſtate is now ſpent, am I not to all intents and purpoſes, a *widow* and at liberty to marry again?"

THOSE ladies whoſe huſbands, in their corrections too freely, will be glad to hear of a cure.—At Barking, in Eſſex, when ever a fellow-man beats his wife, his neighbors empty a tank of chaff at the door. The huſband is ſo purified, aſked by every one, "Will you was a *ſtarling*, fall night, I for the chaff in your doors, that he fodder—more to the ſame amount of admonition.

SOME people bring [illegible] derful eaſe of humanity [illegible] was aſked, ſaid he [illegible] horſeman, on full [illegible] ground with his eyelids.

A CONVERSATION taking place on the ſubject of extraordinary things done by dogs—one of the company ſaid, *he had ſeen two maſtiffs fight till nothing was left of their tails!*

FOR SALE,
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TICKETS in the 1st CLASS of the 11th HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY, at 5 dollars.

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Likewiſe for—Writers; black and red Sealing Wax; Sand Boxes, and black Sand; Ink Stands of all kinds; a good aſſortment of Pocketbooks; Weekly Almanacks and Pocket Books, &c.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To fear alone on Fancy's wing,
And lash'd by Hesperus's spring;
Call every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. IV.

* * * * *Facilis descensus Averni,*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis.

BEING on a journey some little time since, I was obliged, from a variety of circumstances, to be on the road on the Sabbath; stopping to dine at a small town, and hearing the bell ring for public worship, just as I had finished a very comfortable meal, and thinking a longer rest might be acceptable to the poor animal who had drawn myself and companion above twenty miles that morning, over a heavy road, and that I might gain some information by following the groups, pending to the court of the King of Kings, I proposed going to meeting; my companion acquiesced, and we joined the family who kept the tavern where we dined. I do not exactly recollect the text from which the clergyman drew his discourse, but it was imprefive and nervous; and tended to prove, that they who broke one commandment, was guilty of the whole. I was greatly affected by the energy, with which he endeavoured to prevail on his auditors, to be careful how they infringe on the moft trifling moral, or religious duty. My heart fmote me feveral times during his fermon, my foul fhuddered at what my future profpect might be, if "they who broke one, was guilty of all." As I purfued my journey in the evening, my mind dwelt on the folemn fubject, and even after I had retired to reft, I ftill reflected, if fuch was really the cafe, how few, how very few, would attain everlafting happinefs! Alas, faid I, how various, how multiplied are the ways by which we may offend, well may it be faid, broad is the way that leads to death. My mind continued to be agitated with fear, not daring to hope for mercy, confcious how little I had difcerned. It was very late before I could clofe my eyes, and when fleep at length fhed her influence on my corporeal fenfes, my mind, ftill impreffed with the awful fubject I had been contemplating, fell into the following dream or vifion.

Methought I was awakened from a profound fleep by a tremendous clap of thunder, and darting from the earth on which I feemed to have been lying, I beheld the Heavens covered with dark clouds from which the fulphurious and forked lightnings darted in every direction, repeated thunders, accompanied by a loud and folemn blaft of trumpets, feemed to fhake the folid earth even to the centre. Terrified and ftuddering at the dreadful appearance of the fky, and the noife of the thunder and trumpets, I fell on my knees, and exclaimed, "furely the day of judgment is come; oh! that I could hide me from the face of the judge." As I gazed towards the eaftern horizon, I beheld the lofty mountains that clofed the diftant view, began to fmoke, the heavens opened, and enthroned on clouds, bofne on the wings of thoufands and ten thoufands of cherubim, appeared the great ALPHA OMEGA: The effulgence of light that blazed around him, totally obfcured his form and figure from my weak eyes, but a cry on every fide of "behold he comes," convinced me the hour of general retribution was at hand. As I ftood tranfixed by the moft excruciating fear, I felt fomething touch my fhoulder, and turning, beheld a figure, wrapped in white, but almoft tranfparent robe, his face grave, but mild, his hair fair and fhining. "Trembling mortal" faid he, "calm your fears and prepare to follow me."— "Oh not into the preftnce of the judge," I exclaimed, "a little longer, a moment more before I hear my laft irrevocable doom." "It will be fome time yet," faid he "before your hour arrives, in the mean time, come with me and attend to what you will behold;" he then took me by the hand, and inftantly I afcended with him from the earth, and paffed lightly through the air, as we fwam through the expanfe of ether, I loft my fears in a great meafure, and breathed with more freedom. At length we ftopped upon the fummit of an exceeding high mountain, from whence I beheld a vaft plain, covered with an incalculable multitude, conffting of all the nations of the peopled earth.— The clouds on which rode the ETERNAL ONE, hovered immediately over this plain; and from the eminence on which I ftood, I beheld on his right a CROSS, fupported by two figures, which my guide told me were PATIENCE and MERCY; on the Crofs, which ftone with the luftre of the noon day fun, in letters of a crimfon hue, were thefe words, "THE GREAT ATONEMENT." Before him ftood JUSTICE, with a flaming fword that turned every way. A little to the left was FAITH, with her eyes fixed on the Crofs, and the word of TRUTH in her hand. HOPE, leaned on the fhoulder of FAITH, and CHARITY feated beneath, appeared to fupport them both.

I was gazing with a mixture of wonder, awe, and delight, on this fublime appearance; when my guide directed my eyes to a group of venerable figures on the plain below, directly oppofite the throne. Thofe, faid he, are the Jewifh lawgivers, and the apoftles. They will ftrictly examine that immenfe multitude, who will receive their final doom from the great ETERNAL. The hoft of heaven in hymns of exultation will welcome the accepted to their everlafting reft; the unhappy loft, and unbelieving, will be ftruck by a flafh from the flaming Sword of Juftice, to the dark abyfs which yawns immediately beneath the throne, where involved in darknefs, debarred all fociety, even with each other, they will continue paffing from one dreary cavern to another, the victims of remorfe and horror. "What, forever," faid I, "muft the poffeffors of eternity be?" He faid his fate per on my lips, and replied, "HE who formed them, HE who judges them alone can tell, enquire not what he thinks proper to c mmd from all."— At this moment my ears were faluted with the moft feraphic founds, and I beheld millions of angelic beings, foaring to the bright regions beyond the throne. Thofe, faid my guide, are children who were called from the world before they had offended their Maker. Another ftrain louder, ftronger, more fublimely grand, broke on my ears, and thoufands of happy fpirits in white robes with harps in their hands, joined the heavenly choir, followed the beatified children. Thofe, faid my guide, are pure virgins, chafte matrons, and pious men, who have withftood temptation, who profeffed the chriftian faith, and fealed their profeffion with their blood. A folemn paufe now enfued, and I faw a number of figures advancing towards the venerable examiners; the filence was profound and univerfal. "What are your claims?" faid an awful voice. "We have fafted, we have prayed, we have been juft, we have done no wrong, we have broken no commandment." "Hypocrites," faid the voice, "ye have broken them all. Ye falfed and prayed to eftablifh your characters for piety, but your hearts were far from God, your lips did him honor while your feals worfhiped Mammon. Ye have built hofpitals, and endowed churches, that your names may be held in veneration among men. Ye have been juft, becaufe ye feared the law; but while your heart have ye ever efteemed? whofe wants have ye relieved? what laft denial have you fuffered, rather than to benefit your fellow creatures? Though ye did not wrong your neighbour, have ye not defired his poffeffions?" At that moment a horrible crafh of thunder broke over them and the lightening ftreak them into the dark abyfs.—A fhrill fhrill then efcape," faid I. My guide made no anfwer, but motioned me to filence, and directing my attention towards the plain below, again I looked, and beheld a multitude of women were advancing with flow and irrefolute ftep, covering their faces with their hands; when they were nearly oppofite the throne, they fell on their earth, and a broken murmur arofe from among them, "unclean, unworthy, felf-condemned." Thefe words were interrupted by fighs and tears. "Who are thefe?" faid I. "Thofe," faid my guide "are unfortunate women, who have wandered in the mazes of guilty pleafure." But mark, a fmall foft voice now fpoke. "Your guilt has been great, but your fufferings have been multiplied, and your penitence is fincere. Ye have clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, ye have watched by the fick, and comforted the afflicted, ye have broken the prifoners chains and caufed the wretched to fing for joy, look up poor penitents." At that moment the cloud beneath the feet of MERCY, feparated, and the humble furrowing crowd, paffed in and were wrapped in a veil of pale tranfluc nt light. But oh, juft then a horrid fhriek was heard and an innumerable throng hurled into the abyfs below. Thofe, faid my guide, are the feducers of innocence, the corrupters of the young mind. I looked, and few women in appearance like harpies amongft the deteffed group, but as I ftood penetrated with horror, a loud voice cried in my ear, "Come! come! now! thy hour is arrived."— I ftiff d my eyes, and thinking I ftw a flafh from the fword of juftice, juft ready to fall on me, in an agony of terror, awake.

☞ *The* Goffip *has received* R. Steady's *complaint, and can only obferve, that though domeftic grievances may be trufted to confidential friends, they fhould never be made a topic for public animadverfion.—The application of* NAVCY, *for advice, fhall be attended to in the next* number.

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For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No. I.

"*Blessed are the poor in spirit.*"

IS a sentence which fell from the sacred lips of him, who could not deviate from truth. It will be acknowledged by the attentive and reflecting, that pride, and an idea of self-importance, are incompatible with real enjoyment. Jealousy of superiority, anxiety for imaginary dignity, and a forced hauteur and reserve, designed to check the forwardness and familiarity of inferiors, are the wearisome companions of the proud, and disturb the serenity of mind, the quiet of relaxation, the calmness of temper, which are always necessary to constitute true felicity. To souls like these, are unknown the joys of social intercourse, of unrestrained intimacy between the frank and open minds, and the pleasures of free conversation, not shackled by jealousy, nor distorted by affectation.

Elated with the vanity of nobility, or pampered by the affluence of wealth, men, deficned for human beings, forget their humanity. Imagining themselves of a superior order, they fall below the grade of their own species, and cherish the lowest and vilest paffions, which infeft the bofoms of infernals: Paffions, which ruffle and paffion the placid ftreams of happinefs, and counteract the benevolent intentions of him who created us.

The humble, the "poor in fpirit," is not diftarbed by ideas of his own fuperiority, nor jealous of the fuperiority of others. He neither defpifes thofe whom a wife Providence has placed below him, nor courts the familiarity of thofe who efteem themfelves above him. Eafy and fociable with all, he is eafy to himfelf. Enjoyment attends him in his bufinefs and his pleafures, and peace ftrefs her balmy dew on his pillow.

The ambitious may grafp at happinefs from power and grandeur, and devote all his energies to their attainment; but the fting of difappointment will overtake him, and unexpected calamities teach him his error. Jealoufy and Sufpicion, the deftroyers of peace, the poifoners of happinefs, are their infeparable attendants. The malice of rivalfhip, the enmity of competitors, the murder of envy, and the pain of defeated hopes, embitter thofe gilded fcenes of life, which excite our admiration, and render palaces the abodes of wretchednefs. Happy is he, who, with a competency of what this world affords, lies contentment for his portion; whofe life is unruffled by the whirlpools of ambition, whofe connexion with fociety is unfhackled and uncembittered by pride and prefumption, and who, in the variety of his different walks, fupports that lowlinefs of mind, and equanimity of temper, which Heaven has pronounced the fource of bleffednefs. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CENSOR.

"*Their looks, their speech, no longer are the same*
Alas! we've lost all nation, but the name.

OF all the appearances in the human character, there is none more difguiling in the common ufe of the words, than *Affectation*. An almoft inconfiftent with nature, as it certainly oppofes it, a truth, into whatever fociety or nation it may gain a footing, their manners are inftantaneoufly changed, and a metamorphofe, very feldom advantageous, never fails to fucceed.—It makes all habits of one, and nothing of the whole. The wife man becomes a fool, and the fool appears to be a wife man.

The prefent age is the age for *Affectation*, and I am, as it were, in duty bound to make a perfon-

al ufe of it. I can meet to-day, that will appear the fame to-morrow. This may feem a bold, and even erroneous imputation, but it will be only thought fo by thofe whom habit has blinded, and rendered incapable of difcerning with the eyes of impartiality.

Thofe who live in this country, have an invincible antipathy to every thing natural and original, and I call for nothing in the juftification of this, than any girl of fifteen, and boy of twenty, within hearing of this place—only look at the paint on her cheeks, and obferve his drefs, the poor girl ftands trembling with cold, (nothing under heaven on but a little muflin hardly decent in appearance) and he! an immaturely barber-monger, has all her cloths ftuffed into his 'neckerchief! Ah, young man, you need not try to ftick your hair up, only look in the glafs, and if it don't go up itfelf, I'm very much miftaken. I tell you what it is, I'd advife you to go home-take off your father's breeches, (for they are much too large for you) and that ribbon, that you have button-fcrewed too over it; and reftore thofe Fifherman's boots to the right owner—and after you fhall have dreffed yourfelf decently, go about fome ufeful labor, and play the fool no longer.

As for *you*, my fweet little maid, you would be very handfome if you would let yourfelf alone—you are comely and are naturally well made, but you need not ftow fo much of your make! the face is enough in all conficience—but do tell me, was you born with that hump? was the change of colour occafioned by a lover—ha! is he! the whole furface of your head appears to be lofe! a wig, by Jove ! ! !

THE NOVELIST.

THE CHILD OF MISERY,

A TALE.

(Concluded from our laft.)

KNOWING him to be one of thofe fevere ftoics who rigidly adhering to the ftrict principles of honour themfelves, view, with a fcrupulous eye, the leaft deviation from her paths; I refolved to exert all the little eloquence I poffeffed in behalf of his unhappy child——fortunately Sir Charles was at home; he, I knew, would affift me. I was received with every mark of friendfhip and efteem, but, when I explained the nature of my errand——Forbear, Sir, faid the old man, "I charge you to let me hear no more of that: fhe is no child of mine, let her prifh with—and where fhe may." I entreated him to hear me, affuring him that Dr. I.——had given her my word, and that he ought to conlider it as the dying request of a repentant daughter—Spite of his apathy, the paternal tear gliftened in his eye: I perfevered in the ftrain, but all my efforts fell ftort of the defired effect; he abruptly broke from me, exclaiming, "I forgive, but I cannot, will not fee her"—My poor friend, almoft as much diftreffed as his daughter-ing fifter, in vain endeavoured to move his father to compliance; he gave him permiffion to vifit his fifter, bad him difcharge her debts privately, but firmly refolved never more to behold her—Sir Charles and I left off next day, and, when we arrived in town, found Emilia fortunately in bed—and I left her, but not fufficiently attended to promife recovery: the fanguine expectations of hope had raifed her fpirits, but they were raifed only to fuffer depreffion. Between fuch a brother and fuch a father, I fhall not attempt to defcribe the interview; the pencil of imagination may paint it, but the pen cannot do it juftice: they whole feelings tenderer than the tender touch of fympathy, may behold it in glowing colours, and but the reft of the world I heed not its approbation.

I will leave them together, while I briefly inform my readers, that, from the moment of difcovering the fault which,

"*Beauty for lovers, and was a woman,*"

poor Louifa had been guilty of, fhe was banifhed from the no longer friendly manfion of her early parent—Driven for fhelter to the metropolis, after parting with every trinket to procure a bad fubfiftence, fhe, whom fhe originally, ftyled as a cherub's form, had, by a regular gradation of obftrufive care, arrived at that fituation of agonizing mifery on which I found her. Her brother had in vain attempted to difcover her retreat, fhe had changed her name, and all his refearches were fruitlefs.

Her father's refufal deeply affected her fpirits, he the bleffed him for his forgiveness, and moft humbly bafed to the protection of that being, who never turns a defected ear to the repentant heart. After lingering three days, during which the brother and friend were fcarcely ever abfent, fhe beftowed a dying benediction on all around, and was wrenched the final figh of this poor victim of parental feverity.

Scarce had the paffation of life ceafed to vibrate, when—my blood chills while memory delineates the fcene—her too late relenting father arrived, and, haftily entering the room, beheld, with horror in his look, all that remained of what was once his daughter—When convinced of her death, the poor mariner cenfured in the wafte of his fpirits, in lefs an object of mirror or of pity, than was the father of Louifa: with plaintive gladnefs in his aged eyes, and, in a tremulous tone of defpair, he kiffed the head which fuftained the lifelefs corpfe, kiffed her cold cheek, and a thoufand times implored that forgiveness he had fo long refufed to the object of our tears—All of our own endeavours to calm his diftracted foul, as if fate had determined rendering us fufficiently miferable, another ftroke, ftarted—Mr. Hyde's daughter, without waiting for a anfwer to his letter, had taken the earlieft conveyance to London, and traced me from my lodgings to the lad fpot where friendfhip and humanity chanted my attendance. When the unhappy Louifa's head was firft lifted light, he gazed for a moment—it was too much for his tired fpirits to fupport: without uttering a word, he funk back in a fwoon—I can no more—defcription lofes her power, and I muft draw a veil over diftrefs fo complicated and acute.

The body of Louifa was conveyed to the country, whither her fad mourners attended. On the evening of her funeral, the inhabitants of the adjoining villas, forewent the ufual Sunday paft-time, for they had been kind and liberal to them, and in her early years, when innocence and plenty crowned the opening profpect, many of the fons and daughters of poverty beheld her bounteous hand, and preffured prayer for laffing peace—for long years of happinefs and honeft. Alas! their prayers were difregarded! Farewell the dear depart of one! whofe rude fate infpire the mufing; nor the unfeeling pride view, with diffainful eye, thy fepulchre! In the wide manfion of eternal joy, thou art now in perfect bleffednefs denied the tear upon earth, and thou fhalt enjoy it forever free from the fcars of mifery and diftrefs.

A humble tablet, bearing the following infcription has been placed by her difconfolate father over the family vault.

Sacred to the Memory
of
LOUISA RAINSFORTH,
The Child of Mifery;
Who fell
a timelefs Victim
to *falfe Honour*
and parental Severity.

A fenfelefs gloom, which change of company and fituation has not been able to difpel, has taken place in my brother's mind; and the defponding father of Louifa will not long furvive the lofs he has fuftained.

May this "humble tale" operate as a ufeful memento to parental harfhnefs: may it inculcate the value of female virtue, and fuch future fathers to fhelter, rather than expofe their erring offspring.

CARLOS.

HISTORICAL.

[*We are for the following well grafted many of our readers. It is an extract of a letter from a young gentleman of character and intelligence, now travelling in Europe, to his friend in America. We extract it from the Gazette of the United States.*]

AMSTERDAM.

THIS great city, which is fometimes called

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Amsterdam, takes its name from the river Amstel, which runs through it, compressed into a canal. There is no tide in the many waters here; a circumstance which occasions a hateful stench. They count nearly 300,000 inhabitants. The people are even more knavish, niggardly and illiberal, than in the places we have already visited. I went, between eleven and twelve last night, to a singular institution; by an ordinance of the government, there it a number of Bagnio houles in this town, to which women, who have no better means, are knowed on the terms of a support for life. I paid a small sum for an admission to this meritricious nunnery. Its difgufting inmates are numbered, and like ftallfed cattle, each one has her allotted place.—They were generally fqualfid and ugly, and degrading to their fex in their perfons, as much as in their fituations. When this abominable courfe of life is once entered upon, they are compelled to continue it, and Gibon, if ever, and then with great difficulty, efcape from the houfe in which they are confined, but abfolutely by wear out in this defpicable fervice.

Laft night we all went to the Dutch Theatre, prepared to meet ridiculous objects; unfortunately, we arrived too late for the Ballet, which is faid to be very well. The performance we faw was an Opera; the finging and acting not defpicable. The fubject feemed to be the introduction of a Wild Boy into the civilized world, and the inftinctive attachment of a Female, to whom he was married of courfe.

The Marine School, which we have vifited this morning, is an eftablifhment of more honor, perhaps, than fervice to this country.—There are in it 104 Boys, who are inftructed and practifed in every thing relating to the government of a Ship. In the yard there is a veffel of 170 tons complete; the keel and lower part can away for us to view the bottom on the ftocks. We faw the whole manœuvres of reefing, hufting, and the Schools for Writing, Aftronomy, Geometry, and Arithmetic, and the hammocks in which the pupils fleep. They remain in the School till they are deemed feaworthy, at 16, or 17 years old. They are then drafted into the public or merchant's fervice.—The fhip on which they are exercifed, is a prefent from Mr. H. Hope. The plan was originated in 1781, after the engagement off Dogger Bank, in which you know we were interefted, from the furplus fubfcriptions for the widows of the kill'd.

The State Houfe, is a noble monument of Dutch induftry and opulence; it is an immenfe ftone fabric, crefted on thirteen thoufand ftakes or piles, driven into the marfh on which this whole town is built; in, and about it, there are feveral fine ftatues, particularly an Atlas fupporting a huge Brafs World. Among the apartments there is one, 120 feet by 58, and 90 feet high, richly decorated, and having in one of their niches a counterpart Atlas to that on the top. We were refufed admittance to the Court of Juftice, becaufe the Judges were fitting;—a reafon rather miftaking with the nature of a Court.

We have this inftant returned from North Holland, where we have been all day. At nine this morning we failed in a yacht, in which had been prepared chicken, cheefe, wine, cherry, beer, excellent rhenish, and other like particulars. We firft croffed the Y. to Saardam, a diftance of 6 miles. Saardam was once famous for its fhip-building—but a Garden now flourifhes on the fcite of the Dock Yard. The Chaumier or Cottage, where the Czar Peter lived during his apprenticefhip, is all this poor village now boafts, worthy the ftranger's attention. This we went into. It is a fmall Hut, and of wood. From Saardam we failed to Broeck, a village inhabited for the moft part by wealthy perfons, retired from bufinefs. The houfes are ftuted and painted; the ftreets are of tile and alfo painted; neither horfe nor coach is permitted to enter this little town; it is therefore extremely tranquil and clean. The inhabitants of North Holland, are, if poffible, greater ficklers for the antiquated than their brothers of the South. Each houfe in Broeck, has a garden before it, adorned with pagodas of fhells and pebbles, and a box, wardrobefully well likened, by trimming, to ftags, hoxs, dolphins, cats, and dogs, in different poftures.—The ftiff ftyle of gardening, the taffy have very much cried down of late years. There is faid to be in this village a door in *each* houfe, that is never opened but on occafion of a death, when the corps is carried through it.—A good *memento mori*.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

A GOOD PUN.—Not long fince a Farmer, travelling in the night from *Perquidance* to *Norwich*, was overtaken by the Mail-ftage, and being unacquainted with the mode of travelling with lanthorns, was fo frightened with the light, as to make a retreat of many miles, and with trembling accentr, ftopped at a houfe and begged for entrance, to whom he related the caufe of his affright, by "fome thing which had the appearance of a *four-wheeled carriage*, in the centre of which were fixed *two large holes of fire*." The gentleman of the houfe told him, it was only the mail ftage, when the *poor creature* wiped the fweat from his face, bid him good night, and purfued his journey. [*The anecdote puts us in mind of a fimilar one which occurred a few years fince. A countryman declared he would fee an Elephant—go before he left town, and actually rode on the Long-Wharf, in Boflon, to view the curious phenomenon!*]

A YOUNG gentleman, a few days fince, converfing with his friend refpecting the breed of the oftrich, obferved, that he had frequently feen their eggs as large as a middling fized tea-kettle;—upon my word, faid the other, I had no idea that there fize was fo great;—to-by, continued he, they can eat and digeft large grindftones with as much eafe as a hen can gravel ftones.

A HIBERNIAN the other day, quarrelling with an American in State-Street, thus accofted him, "Arrah dear Honey, if you be half a man, ftand out here and *fight yourfelf*."

REFLECTION.

A YOUNG man, the other day, relating the adventures of an unfortunate ride with a lady, very feriouffy concludes thus: "I drove down the hill to a bridge with full force, when the carriage wheel came off, and the firft land we made, *was up to our necks in water!*"

AN OLD traveller, expreffing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by means of milk-ftones, fuggeft to the public, the improvement that might be made, by *placing them in ores each other!*

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 20, 1802.

The eftablifhment of *female* charitable affociations in the United States, rapidly increafes.—"It is at once a monument to the honor of our fair countrymen, and an æra of our focial and moral hiftory."

The only Manufactory in America, of Sheet Copper, is in this State. The proprietors are Col. Paul Revere and Son, of this town.

NATURAL HISTORY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TERNATE BAT.

Vefpertilio temporus de Linnæus,

In Boulster of Boston.

Thefe animals are almoft the fize of a Squirrel; and their wings when extended, often meafure from four to fix feet, from tip to tip. They feed on fruits, and are extremely fond of the juice of the Palm Tree, with which they will frequently intoxicate themfelves, fo as to drop on the ground. One hundred and fifty or two hundred of them may fometimes be feen on the fame tree, all hanging with their heads down and their wings folded, and in this manner they repofe during great part of the day. In the night, they fuck the blood of flaves or perfons afleep in the open air, by infinuating their fharp pointed tongue into a vein fo gently, as not to be perceived; and by agreeably fanning the air with their wings, they cool the fultriest into a profound fleep, from which he never awakes, if the animal is not difturbed. They grow very fat at certain times of the year, and when young, they are eaten by the Indians, and confidered as excellent food. They are found in the weftern parts of Africa, and in the iflands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and have been fuppofed to be the harpies of the ancients.

This is the fame animal mentioned in our laft, to be feen at Mrs. Turell's Cellar, where there are many other rare prodactions of nature, of many of which we intend to prefent our readers with defcriptions.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Ode to Solitude," from *Bath corner, Cambridge*, *fhall have an early infertion.*

"A Trip down the Mediterranean," *is read. Lively lucubrations, with fome fmart fatire, may otherwife be introduced with propriety.*

"A Voyage to and from the Moon," *is not received with the plan.* The "Journal of the Adventures of Jack Cornelius," *is rejected from a like reafon.*

"The Strange Gentleman," *is read with pleafure, and will be inferted in our next.*

"The Sketch," *is received, and will be inferted with the plan.* The "Journal of the Adventures of Jack Cornelius," *is rejected from a like reafon.*

"The Sketch," *is received, and will be inferted with the plan.*

"Solitude," *is read, and will be inferted with the plan.*

"Lines to Delia," *are received, and will be inferted with the plan.*

"Lines to Delia," *are received, and will be inferted with the plan.*

"Lines to Delia," *are received

Amsterdam, takes its name from the river Amſtel, which runs through it, compreſſed into a canal. There is no tide in the many waters here; a circumſtance which occaſions a hateful ſtench. They count nearly 300,000 inhabitants. The people are even more knavith, niggardly and illiberal, than in the places we have already viſited. It were, between eleven and twelve laſt night, to a ſingular inſtitution; by an ordinance of the government, there is a number of Bagnio houſes in this town, to which women, who have no better means, are invited on the terms of a ſupport for life. I paid a ſmall ſum for an admiſſion to this meretricious ſociety. Its diſguſting inmates are numbered, and like ſtalled cattle, each one has her allotted place.—They were generally ſquallid and ugly, and degrading to their ſex in their perſons, as much as in their ſituations. When this abominable courſe of life is once entered upon, they are compelled to continue it, and feldom, if ever, and then with great difficulty, eſcape from the houſe in which they are confined, but abſolutely wear out in this deteſtable ſervice.

Laſt night we all went to the Dutch Theatre, prepared to meet ridiculous objects; unfortunately, we arrived too late for the Ballet, which is ſaid to be very well. The performance we ſaw was an Opera; the ſinging and acting not deſpicable. The ſubject ſeemed to be the introduction of a Wild Boy into the civilized world, and his inſtinctive admiration of a Female, to whom he was married of courſe.

The Marine School, which we have viſited this morning, is an eſtabliſhment of more honor, perhaps, than ſervice to this country.—There are in it 104 Boys, who are inſtructed and practiſed in every thing relating to the *government* of a Ship. In the yard there is a veſſel of 170 tons complete; the keel and lower part cut away ſo as to reſt a flat bottom on the bricks. We ſaw the whole manœuvring, reefing, boiling, and the Schools for Writing, Aſtronomy, Geometry, and Arithmetic, and the hammocks in which the pupils ſleep. They remain in the School till they are deemed ſeaworthy, 3, 4, 6, or 10 years. They are then drafted into the public or merchant's ſervice.—The ſhip on which they are exerciſed, is a preſent from Mr. H. Hope. The plan was originated in 1781, after the engagement off Dogger Bank, in which you know we were interetted, from the ſurplus ſubſcriptions for the widows of the killed.

The State Houſe, is a noble monument of Dutch induſtry and opulence; it is an immenſe ſtone fabric, erected on thirteen thouſand ſtakes or piles, driven into the marſh on which this whole town is built; in, and about it, there are ſeveral fine ſtatutes, particularly an Atlas ſupporting a huge Draſs World. Among the apartments there is one, 120 feet by 58, and 90 feet high, richly decorated, and having in one of their niches a counterpart Atlas to that on the top. We were refuſed admittance to the Court of Juſtice, becauſe the Judges were ſitting;—a reaſon rather militating with the nature of a Court.

We have this inſtant returned from North Holland, where we have been all day. At nine this morning we ſailed in a yacht, in which had been prepared chicken, cheeſe, tongue, claret, beer, excellent rhenith, and other like particulars. We firſt croſſed the Y. to Saardam, a diſtance of 6 miles. Saardam was once famous for its ſhip-building—but a Garden now flouriſhes on the ſcite of the Dock Yard. The Chaumier or Cottage, where the Czar Peter lived during his apprenticeſhip, is all this poor village now boaſts, worthy the ſtranger's attention. This we went into. It is a ſmall Hut, and of wood. From Saardam we ſailed to Broeck, a village inhabited for the moſt part by wealthy men, retired from buſineſs. The houſes are fluted and painted; the ſtreets are of tile and alſo painted; neither horſe nor coach is permitted to enter this little town; it is therefore extremely tranquil and clean. The inhabitants of North Holland, are, if poſſible, greater ſticklers for the antiquated than their brothers of the South. Each houſe in Broeck, has a garden before it, adorned with pagodas of ſhells and pebbles, and a box, wonderfully well likened, by trimming, to ſtags, lions, dolphins, cats, and dogs, in different poſtures.—The ſtiff ſtyle of gardening, the taſty have very much cried down of late years. There is ſaid to be in this village a door in *each* houſe, that is never opened but on occaſion of a death, when the corps is carried through it.—A good *memento mori*.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 20, 1802.

The eſtabliſhment of *female* charitable aſſociations in the United States, rapidly increaſes.—"It is at once a monument to the honor of our fair country women, and an acra of our ſocial and moral proſperity."

The only Manufactory in America, of Sheet Copper, is in this State. The proprietors are Col. PAUL REVERE and SON, of this town.

NATURAL HISTORY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TERNATE BAT.

Veſperilio vampyrus of Linnæus,

LA ROUMETTE of BUFFON.

Theſe animals are about the ſize of a Squirrel; and their wings when extended, often meaſure from four to ſix feet, from tip to tip. They feed on fruits, and are extremely fond of the juice of the Palm Tree, with which they will frequently intoxicate themſelves, ſo as to drop on the ground. One hundred and fifty or two hundred of them may ſometimes be ſeen on the ſame tree, all hanging with their heads down and their wings folded, and in this manner they repoſe during great part of the day. In the night, they ſuck the blood of ſlaves or perſons aſleep in the open air, by inſinuating their ſharp pointed tongue into a vein ſo gently, as not to be perceived; and by agreeably fanning the air with their wings, they caſt the ſufferer into a profound ſleep, from which he never awakes, if the animal is not diſturbed. They grow very fat at certain times of the year, and when young, they are eaten by the Indians, and conſidered as excellent food.

They are found in the weſtern parts of Aſia, and in the iſlands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and have been ſuppoſed to be the harpies of the ancients.

This is the ſame animal mentioned in our laſt, to be ſeen at Mr. Turell's Cabinet, where there are many other rare productions of nature, of many of which we intend to preſent our readers with deſcriptions.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Ode to Solitude," from Peck's corner, Cambridge, ſhall have an early inſertion.

"A Friend to the Generals," *muſt wait, briefly intelligible, before we can pay any attention to his communications.*

"S. *may rely on an honorable ſecrecy.*

"The Stranger," *appears to ſtily unacquainted with the place. We again repeat, that the Magazine ſhall never give way to a ſingle line of politics.*

We are ſorry we cannot comply with the requeſt of "A Subſcriber," in reſpect to the Centinel, No. 1, of Letters to Leiſure. We readily acknowledge, that the preſent one lies in number "in the corner of Gedrinth," and perhaps and number little inferior to that celebrated author; but from the very extenſive circulation of the Centinel, we think it would be only a repetition to publiſh them in the Magazine. We ſhall feel inclined to adopt the firſt publication of ſuch articles.

We are happy to add to the liſt of our numerous correſpondents, The Inſurgent. *The firſt number is given this day.*

ORDAINED.

At Salisbury, Mr. William Balch, over the paſtoral care of the chriſtian church and ſociety in that town.

MARRIED.

In Boſton, Mr. George Trott, jun. merc. to Miſs Pauſhuſha Baker, daughter of Mr. Luke Baker: Mr. Oliver Steele, printer, to Mrs. Sarah H. Eaſt; Mr. Wm. Goddard, to Miſs Sally Warner.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

AS you have inserted my Cradle Piece so handsomely, I shall now it by a BIRTH-DAY INVITATION, *written some months after, which if you think equal to my own, you shall hear again from a sincere well wisher to your very lively Miscellany.*

HONORA MARTESIA.

JULIA, to ANNA MARIA, sends greeting,
For though but a youngling, she aims to be greeting;
And now having rounded completely a year,
She wishes to make her more consequence appear.

She would, if she could, pen the love speaking lay,
To ANNA MARIA imperfectly say,
Come hither sweet girl—for it is the return
Of the annual day on which I was born;
Come hither, with me commencing the year,
The first in my circle of friends to appear.

Come see how Mamma, the bell flowers culling,
Each rich and each pot this morn hath been filling,
With foliage to verdant adorning the room,
The air by their various sweets to perfume.

Here the holly-hock flatds fo gracefully tall,
And the nasturtion creeps over the wall;
The globe amaranthine—perpetual flower,
Arranged in pots fresh beauties discover;
The garden is ranfack'd, and all to difefe,
The gladiola fupervise in her bofom which flove;
Come fee the beft flowerets how the hath twin'd,
A wreath for the brow of her daughter delign'd;
Where the purple fo rich, confpicuous bloom,
And every leaf added beauty affumes;
A wreath which for fragrance and colour might vie,
With the rofe of falency, or hue of the lily,
And which is intend-d my temples to crown,
On the very fame hour which made me her own.
Come receive, my fweet girl, the charming bouquet,
Made up by her hand as a prefent for thee;
Where gillies, and lark-fpurs, and pinks not a few,
Are ftaded and grac'd by the marvel pero;
Where jeffamines mingling with each pretty blow.
Are combined, her love and her fancy to fhow.

Of the ham and the chicken, too fhe would tell,
The pudding and cuftards inwhich we excel;
The tea and the cakes, bread and butter and cream,
That nothing unpefect, nor wanting may feem;
While garlands of flowers fhall garnish each dith,
As many as ANNA MARIA can wifh.*

And gradually paffing from each grofter feene,
To paint a futurity gaily feene;
When ANNA and JULIA in friendfhip's foft bands,
Their *hearts* fhall intwingle, uniting their hands.
When Amity genial fhall open to them,
Eftcem the rich fruit, and tweet kindred the ftem;
This good dill unfading kind heaven will give,
If well we difcharge, and dilcreetly we live.

'Tis thus, if fhe could, the Gipfey would chatter,
But fhe is but a child, and fo 'tis no matter;
Withfwanting the power we only can fay,
Come, ANNA MARIA, and fpend the whole day.

HONORA MARTESI

* *The beautiful little girl, fince deceafed, to which the lat-ter was addreffed, early evinced the delicacy of her intellect an uncommon attachment to flowers.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGY.

Addreffed to the friends of an amiable young woman, when the period for her marriage was fixed, was feized with a lingering illnefs and died.

PEACE! Peace! no murmur, 'tis the will of God,
That God, who orders all things for the beft;
'Tis yours to fuffer, bow and kifs the rod;
'Twas hers to feek the manfion of the blefl.

She refts in quiet, why fhould you lament?
What tho' for her were Hymen's fetters wove
'Twere better for to die, than to repent,
Or live till the bad loft her hufbands love.

To fee another triumph in her right,
Perhaps fome triffler diffolute and vain;
To fink with forrow that muft ftun the light,
To bear repeated wrongs and not complain.

Or had it been her happier lot to prove,
A long fucceffful delight happy hours;
While firm integrity and faithful love,
Combin'd to ftrew her path of life with flow'rs.

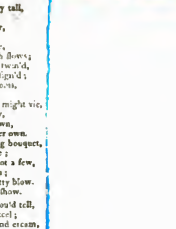
Even then what anguifh might her heart have known,
Some child ftarv'd carry from her fond embrace;
Her hopes all wither'd, all her fchemes o'er thrown,
Or lingering ficknefs with pale haggard face.

Seize her lov'd partner, wafte his pow'rs, his life,
To find how vain the aid of medicine proves;
Grant God! what agonies diftract the wife,
Who lives to mourn the hufband whom fhe loves.

From this and more did heaven think fit to fave,
The pure unfpotted mind who breathlefs lies;
Bade her worn frame reft in the filent grave,
And called her blamelefs fpirit to the fkies.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO AMYNTAS.



tain belief of this important truth, that, " not the ftruc in which he is placed, but his behaviour in it, conftitu excludes him from his ftare of merit," when he once to find that all permanent enjoyment folely refults fr fatisfactory peace of mind, he is loth to hazard his h throwing it into a dependance on the capricious hum of the world, or the uncertain diftributions of fortune He looks for comfort within himfelf. A conficion titude of intention, his internal Monitor, and a benevo of heart leading him to alleviate the pains, to diminifh wants, and compaffionate the fufferings of the human Thus he becomes like the indefatigable Paftiandrus, "though he has toiled through many a labouring winter, to foften and protect the leaflefs fapling, yet in the fp he is fo recompenced by the early fruit, the perfume, and fummer brings on full perfection, the delicious flavour of fruit, not only imparts a rich luxuriance to his palate is likewife a grateful exhilarating tranfport to his very h EUSEBIUS.

FUNERAL.

WITHIN fifty hours, at the clofe of the laft, and t beginning of the prefent week, three grown perfons d at *Haverhill*, in this ftate, and were interred in one gra —The firft of thefe was called to reft from the fufferi of perience; and the admonitions of piety. Nor was i improved. As the occafion was extraordinary, the fun folemnities were held in the Baptift meeting houfe.—Th the deceafed, though filent, were powerful preachers thofe great truths they had fo often liftened to as t place. Dr. *Smith's* ftate of health did not allow his at dance.

The performances were, a prayer by the Rev. Mr. *Tow ins*, and an exhortation and prayer by the Rev. Mr. *Mu* Mufic at proper intervals, and the whole concluded with tonting blood of Chrift, who brought life and immortal to light. All the ceremonies on this occafion were co ducted with an unpreffive folemnity.

" The withered flowers, the faded leaves that fall to th ground, fpeak of mortality, and the decay of nature. In thefe are monitors whofe voices we may refpectfully liften cars againft. But when we fee the green, the fair, the fr tures at once fnatched from life, and numbered with th victims of death, in fpite of our endeavours, a train of re in me thoughts will interpofe themfelves. And what fo grief requires fuch frequent contemplation as death? Scarc any other events in common to all. Not a man lives, wh is not interefted in death. Sooner or later, all mankin muft pafs from this tranfitory fcene into an endlefs futu ty of exiftence. What then is this life, and all it can, a compared with that which is to come. Here at beft w pafs but a few years, and find but little happinefs. Then an eternity will open on us, and what a tranfporting thought! many will find it an eternity of happinefs. Yet here in this little fpot, which itfelf is finite, and fubject to the law of change, do we concentrate all our hopes. The toys and trifles of this world fo engage us, that we hardly bellow a thought on fubjects of infinite importance.

" If we would aft like rational beings, let us think ferioufly of death and its certainty and its conlequences. Do not ftartle; true it is a gloomy, but a ufeful fubject of thought. By this exercife we fhall fee the neceffity of preparing for another world; and when that moft important duty is accomplifhed, death will no longer feem clothed in terrors. Then we fhall not check the thought of death as a troublefome intruder, but fhall welcome it as a friend, whofe company is a fource of pleafure. Amid the trials of this life it will be our comforter. When the world frowns darkly upon us, and the clouds of trouble and difappointment thicken around, we fhall ftand firm, fupported by the reflection that death will at length come to our relief. And finally, when that folemn hour arrives, in which all fublunary joys fhall fail, and this world with its enjoyments and perplexities fhall leem equally indifferent to us, the eye of faith will behold, death approaching with fmiling afpect to welcome us to happiness in heaven."

BOSTON:
PRINTED *and* PUBLISHED, *every* SATURDAY Evening,
By GILBERT & DEAN,

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Should you have inserted my Credit Piece for last Sunday, I shall draw it up a BIRTH-DAY INVITATION, *which a few months after, which if you grow with equal rapidity, you'll have again from a fourth to all your friends and acquaintance.*

HONORA MARTESIA.

JULIA, to ANNA MARIA, sends greeting,
For though but a youngling, she aims to be pleasing;
And now having reached completely a year,
She wishes to make her importance appear.

She would, if she could, see the fleet speaking by,
To ANNA MARIA imperfectly fly,
Come hither for ever girl—for it is the return
Of the annual day on which I was born;
Come hither, with me commencing the year,
The first in my circle of friends to appear.

Come for how Mamma, the bell flowers calling,
Each rude and each pet this morn hath been tilling,
With foilage for verdant adorning the room,
The air by their various sweets to perfume.

Here the holly-hock stands so gracefully tall,
And the radiatice creeps over the wall;
The globe amaranthe—perpetual flower,
Arranged in pots feth beauties discover;
The garden is ranked'd, and all the delicate,
The gladiola supreme in her bosom which flows;
Come for the bell flowers—how the bash twin'd,
A wreath for the brow of her daughter design'd;
Where the purple fe rich confpicuous blooms,
And every leaf added beauty illumes:
A wreath which for fragrance and color might vie,
With the rose of Sharon, or hue of the fky,
And which is intended my temples to crown,
On the very fame hour which made me her own.
Come receive, my sweet girl, the charming bouquet,
Made up by her hand as a present for thee;
Where gillies, and lark-fpurs, and pinks not a few,
Are flushed and grac'd by the marvel pen;
Where jeffamine mingling with each pretty blow,
Are combined, he'r lent and her fweetly to flow.

Of the cann and the chickens, for the would tell,
The pudding and custards in which we excel;
The fish and the cakes, bread and butter and cream,
That nothing imperfect, nor wanting may feem;
While garlands of flowers shall garnish each dish,
As many as ANNA MARIA can wish.

And gradually gaining from each gentle breeze,
To paint a futurity gaily fcene;
When ANNA and JULIA in friendship's soft bands,
Their hearts shall intwine in close-ting ther hands,
When Amity gems shall open to the sh
Bloom the rich fruit, and fweet kindred the flem;
This good full unfading kind is yours will I pr
If well we design, and diligently we live.

'Tis thus, if he could, the Gipsey would chatter,
But fhe is but a child, and so 'tis no matter;
While wanting the power we truly can fay,
Come, ANNA MARIA, and spend the whole-day.

HONORA MARTESIA.

"The beautiful little girl, fince dead, to which the touching allusion is made above, early received the blessing of her intelligent and affectionate parents."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGY,

Addreſſed to the friends of an amiable young woman, who, when she per ed for her marriage was fized, was ſeized with a lingering illneſs and died.

PEACE! Peace! no murmur, 'tis the will of God,
That God, who orders all things for the beſt;
'Tis yours to ſuffer, hour and h the end;
'Twas hers to feek the manſions of the bleſt.

Fhe reſts in quiet, why ſhould you lament?
What tho' her wore Hyman's fetters wove
'Twere better for to die, than to repent,
Or live till the had loſt her huſbands love.

To ſee another triumph in her right,
Perhaps ſome tender diſſolute and vain:
To ſink with ſorrow the muſt down the high,
To bear repeated wrongs and not complain.

Or had it been her happier lot to prove,
A long fure eſtate of bright happy hours;
With firm unexpired and faithful love,
Combin'd to ſtrew her path of life with flow'rs.

Even then what anguiſh might her heart have known,
Some child ſtatch'd early from her fond embrace;
Her hopes all wither'd, all her fchemes o'er thrown,
Or lingering ſickneſs with pale haggard face.

Seize her lov'd partner, waſte his pow'rs, his life,
To find him vain the aid of medicine proves;
Great God! what agonies diſtract the wife,
Who loves to mourn the huſband whom ſhe loves.

From this and more did heaven think fit to free,
The pure unſpotted ſpirit of theſe lines:
Bade her worn frame reſt in the ſilent grave,
And called her blameleſs ſpirit to the ſkies.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To AMYNTAS.

THE CAMBRIDGE BARD.

CHILD of the muſe whom fancy did not form,
Strooping all nature for her flurry ſphere:
Sweet as the muſic of the vernal morns,
The native long firſt wood' her partial ear.

Oh join the parties with the poet's flame,
And tune your ſtrains and woodlands to repeat,
The praiſe of Him, who built Columbia's fame,
The rock on which the ſtorm in vain may beat.

Or ſtrike the firing thy hand too oft forbears,
And ſcorn the ſlander of the ſlanderous tongue;
Strip off the maſk that vice inveſted wears,
And war with wickedneſs and falſhood waged.

Who wears a ſword ſhould never refuſe to draw
Gainſt foes of Virtue, Order and of Law.

HAMMOND.

MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.—No. IV.

EXERTIONS directed to the melioration and repanſion of the human heart, to awaken, invigorate and call into play, its latent good qualities, its warmth of friendſhip, generoſity, charity, piety, gratitude, and all thoſe illuminating virtues, the proper exerciſe of which would animate mankind with ſuch a ſpirit of philanthropy and benevolence, as to aſſ nduce all parties and all orders in ſociety, cordially to embrace as brothers of the human race, and fellow-citizens of one extenſive world, created for their mutual enjoyment by one divinely benificent and paternal Being.

A ſkillful jeweller inſtructs his lick knowing pupil, to diſtinguiſh the native brilliancy of a real diamond from the ſparkling glare of a counterfeit. He tells him, that after the eclipſe he manikind the fallacy of thoſe too ſanguine ideas, and the deceitful, alluring ſcenes of their benefactor paſſions, under a baſe glaring ſemblance, many of the human race begin a fruitleſs march, in ſpite of Happineſs. Too often do the warm effuſions of unexperienced fancy, ſet riding forth in Search and Romances, whole eagerly ready and working on a glowing imagination, raiſe too flattering hopes and fagacſt too fatal ideas of human life, overſtep with a wreath of unworn ſtars, the ſharpening daggers of cancerous diſappointment.—Will it is child of folly, the only road to happineſs is that which pure, ſimple, natural ſtream has to propoſe, is benevolent exerciſe of the natural ſeelings of a generous heart. Life itſelf is ſhort, very ſhort, yet I believe more of it is ſpent in the fruitleſs purſuit of imaginary happineſs, than in ever devoted to a ſoul contemplation of its real good.

Man is born to a ſtate of progreſſive improvement, and as his ideas expand, he ſhould be taught to form a proper eſtimate of human life; to a youthful mind, (born with any warmth of hope or ambition) happineſs appears to be indiſpenſably attached to popular applauſe, accumulated riches, or eminence of ſtation, whole ardelle lufire dazzles his inexperienced eyes; it takes him a long time to give reſt than belief of this important truth, that, " not the ſtation in which he is placed, but his behaviour in it, conſtitutes or excludes him from his ſhare of merit," when he once comes to find that all permanent enjoyment ſolely reſults from ſatisfactory peace of mind, he is loth to hazard his loſs by throwing it into a confidence on the capricious humour of the world, or the uncertain diſtributions of fortune. He looks for comfort within himſelf. A conſcious rectitude of intention, his internal Monitor, and a humouring of heart leading him to alleviate the pain, to ſoothe the wants, and conſolidate the ſufferings of the, hum an race. That he becomes like the Supreme Benefactor. Benevolent, not although he has toiled through many a wintery day to ſoſter and protect the heedleſs fapling, yet on the ſpring, he is in turns regaled by it's odoriferous preſence, and when ſummer brings on full perfection, the delicious flavour of it's fruit not only imparts a rich luxurious to his palate, he yields a grateful exhilarating tranſport to his ſenſes.

EUSEDIUS.

FUNERAL.

WITHIN fifty hours, at the cloſe of the laſt, and the beginning of the preſent week, three grown perſons died at *Hanover*, in this State, and were interred in one grave.—The ſcene was calculated to call forth the leſſons of experience; and the admoniſions of piety. Nor was it improved. At the firſt of the three extraordinary, the funeral ſolemnities were held in the Baptiſt meeting houſe.—Here the deceaſed, though ſilent, were powerful preachers a thouſ ands to hear the laſt ſad ſo lemn tribute beſtowed in this place. *Dr. Smith's* ſtate of health did not allow his attendance.

The performances were, a prayer by the Rev. Mr. *Tompkins*, and an exhortation and prayer by the Rev. Mr. *Abbot*. Muſic at proper intervals ſoothed to melancholy. The preacher gained the attention to the diſcharge of his duties. Thence, he proved to his hearers the n *deſire*, their *duty*, their *hope*, and the *ſituation* of their hope. He told them, that as they were, all muſt be; that it was their duty to live a life of religion; and to prepare for this great and certain change.—Then they might look to the grave without terror, and to death gladly relieve them from the troubles of this world, and open their them to an eternity of bliſs. But this hope muſt be founded on the atoning blood of Chriſt, who brought life and immortality to light. All the ceremonies on this occaſion were conducte d with an impreſſive ſolemnity.

" In the midſt even of death, faded leaves ſtart fall to the ground, ſpeak of mortality, and the decay of nature. But theſe are more ſo when it comes upon the chriſtian in our early ſpring. But when it comes in the way of ſudden ruptures at once snatched from life, and numbered with the wicked of the dead, in ſpite of our endeavours, a train of ſolemn thoughts will intrude themſelves. And what is the ſpecial reaſon ſuch frequent contemplations as death? And why ought we not to accuſtom to all. Just a man lives, who is not prepared to die. Sooner or late, all muſt die, and muſt pain from the ſtrongeſt ſcene into a endleſs futurity of unchangeable. What then is this life, and all it contains, compared with that which is to come. I have ſeen a ſpan but a few years, and had but little happineſs. There an eternity will open on us, and what a tranſporting thought, if we are ſecure of a happy eternity. For here in this little ſpot, which itſelf is mean, and ſubject to the law of change, we concentrate all our hopes. We have no abiding city here. We ſeek one to come. We are hardly hallow a thought on any thing of intrinſic importance.

" If we would all take ſolemn warning, let us think for our ſelves, and ſeek ſome ſure ground of hope and confidence. In our health: in our ſickneſs: in our death: a ſolid foundation of thought. By this method, we ſhall be the meſſeng of pure peace, for all other foundations will fail. But the neceſſity of preparing for an eternity, and the whole of our moſt important duty is accompliſhed, death will no longer ſcare thoſe behind it terrors. There we ſhall not ſhock the thought at death with a dreadful future ſurvivor, but ſhall meet as a friend, whoſe company is a ſource of pleaſure. Amid the trials of this life it will be our endeavors. When the world frowns darkly upon us, and the clouds of trouble and diſcouragement thicken around, we ſhall ſtand firm, ſupported by the reſolution that death will at length come to our relief. And finally, when that ſolemn hour arrives, in which all ſublunary joys muſt ſhall fail, and this world with its enjoyments and purſuits muſt fade from our ſight, confident in us, the eye of Faith will behold, death approaching with ſmiling aſpect to welcome us to happineſs and heaven."

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To four thefe on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's fpring:
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And ftrew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No V.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud fapientia dicit.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. or Madam GOSSIP,

AS you have offered your advice to all who may need it, myſelf and ſiſter have determined to explain to you the nature of our diſtreſs, and aſk your advice, how to extricate ourſelves from a kind of perſecution or unkindneſs, which to us is almoſt intolerable. You muſt know we are genteelreſſed to a very conſiderable property, and that at the death of our father, we were left to the guardianſhip of a ſiſter of my father's, and a brother of my mother's. Our uncle is a good careful merchant, who manages our money to the beſt advantage; never ſtints us in our expenſes, and is never better pleaſed, than when he ſees us well dreſſed, and hears our perſons or manners commended. Our aunt, with whom we reſide, is we believe, nay, we muſt own, what is in general called, a very fine woman. She is about 35 years old, lively, accompliſhed, and what the *new* term, a very agreeable companion. And this is what we have to complain of; for though my ſiſter and myſelf are, without vanity, very handſome, Almira is ſmall but elegantly formed, has the ſmall blue eyes in the world, and a profuſion of auburn hair, which ſhe has not cut off to be in the faſhion, though ſhe dances faſhionably, plays faſhionably, dreſſes in the very pink of the mode, and has a good voice for ſinging. I am myſelf above the middle ſize, good complexion, dark brown hair, black eyes, and not behind my ſiſter in any of the accompliſhments ſhe poſſeſſes. She is eighteen, and I am ſixteen; and yet it is a fact, that in mixed companies, Almira and myſelf, will be totally diſregarded, or merely complimented by a few common place obſervations on our dreſs, dancing, &c. while all the beaux are chatting and laughing with our aunt. It is not more than a fortnight ago, we were all in a large party together. Almira looked beautiful as an angel, and I do not think I was myſelf abſolutely ugly; when a gentleman ſeating himſelf beſide me on a ſopha, began admiring the trimming of my robe, which was of my own faſhioning; he ſaid ſome very pretty things about my taſte, then pointed out the ſimplicity and beauty of Almira's head dreſs, which was ſtrings of pearl braided in with her hair, and faſtened at the crown of her head by a pearl comb.—As he was proceeding, my aunt happened to croſs the room, when breaking abruptly off, he exclaimed, "that is the moſt elegant woman in the room to night." Would you believe it, the had on, only 2 eagle robes, with a grey ribbon round her waiſt, a ſmall lace cap faſtened under her chin, with a ribbon of the ſame colour, and a branch of black flowers on the left ſide of her head—for you muſt underſtand, ſhe is a widow, and not a very rich one neither, ſo that I cannot account for her being ſo much admired; well, ſhe paſſed near us; "Madam!" ſaid he, "there is room," ſo ſqueezing me into the corner, he made while ſhe ſeated herſelf, and then jammed himſelf in between us. I have been admiring ſaid he, Miſs Iſabella's taſte in dreſs, how happy, how fortunate muſt ſhe think herſelf, in being under the protection of a relation ſo capable of directing her judgement not only in that, but in every other particular. Then turning half round from me, he fell into a delightful philoſophical, ſentimental, and learned converſation, with her, while the good old Lady, (for be you male or female, you muſt confeſs, a woman paſt thirty is not young) ſmiled, and ſhewed her ugly white teeth, ſtarted her fan, and dropped her long black eye lidded over her large eyes, in ſo provoking a manner, that out of all manner of patience, I ſeized the firſt opportunity of darting to the other end of the room, where Almira and myſelf enjoyed the ſatisfaction of watching and laughing at them. I ſhould have told you the gentleman in queſtion, is not thirty yet, and is what we call a pretty fellow, that is in perſon, but he is not a ladies man—this unconſcionable aunt plays and ſings too; now don't you think it very abſurd for a woman above thirty years old, to play and ſing? but then ſhe does ſings with taſte and feeling. Lord help us! I have no patience, what has an old woman to do with taſte and feelings. She dances too, and many a time has Almira and myſelf ſat ſtill half an evenings, while ſhe has been led to the head of the room by ſome of the preſſed fellows in vit. If this is to continue, I pray heaven to haſten the time when I may be 35 years old, and a widow, in which with my ſiſter joins me. But in the mean time, pray Mr. or Mrs. Gossip, give us your advice whether or no we had not better change our place of abode. If we could get to board with ſome *old, very old* maiden lady, who would ſanction our ſeeing company at home, and accompany us abroad, without attracting the notice of the young men, it would be much more pleaſant to us. Pray print this, perhaps our aunt may know herſelf, and take pains not to be ſo tormentingly agreeable, at any rate, give us your advice, for we are

Your perplexed Admirers,
ALMIRA and ISABELLA.

My fair correſpondents ALMIRA and ISABELLA, evince the ſimplicity of their hearts, when they think any woman from 15 to 80 years old, would not rather exult in being *tormentingly agreeable*, than take any pains to repreſs their agreeable qualities. I cannot be a competent judge of the merits of the caſe, but from what the letter intimates, I ſhould preſume, if the young ladies have no other cauſe of complaint, they had better not think of changing their abode; they may perhaps learn a uſeful leſſon by ſtudying their aunt's character, eſpecially when they reflect, that ſhe can never be younger, but they are daily growing older.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. GOSSIP,

AS you have obtained the name of the "*American Spectator*," in the circles of my acquaintance, I feel a confidence of ſucceſs in applying to you for advice, in the choice of a profeſſion for a young brother, juſt entering upon the great theatre of life. The encouragement and invitation which you have given, to apply to you in ſuch caſes, would be in my eſtimation a ſufficient inducement; but in addition to this, I feek relief from the pain which his wavering and unſettled diſpoſition inflicts upon my heart, which ſympathiſes in his ſorrows, and participates in his joys. But when I reflect upon the ſubject, I find myſelf utterly incapable of adviſing him, and almoſt equally unfettled in my opinion, as he is to his conduct.—Should he apply himſelf to ſtudy, explain, and defend the laws of his country, a conflellation of worthies muſt totally eclipſe his inferior ſplendor; for though he want not talents, yet long ſtudy and practice can alone confer a title to eminence in that profeſſion. Should he preach the goſpel and inculcate leſſons of morality and good order, I am ſorry to ſay, he will ſcarcely obtain the neceſſaries of life, except he ſhould live unmarried, and I preſume celibacy would not be very agreeable to his feelings, or congenial to his diſpoſition. Judging of your ability to adviſe, by the ſpecimens of your talents and knowledge with which you have favored the world, I think my brother may rely on being freed from his doubts and determined in "the choice of life."

NEICY.

What advice I have the power of giving, *Neicy* ſhall be welcome to; but it muſt be deferred till the next number. Thus far I will venture to ſay at preſent, that whatever courſe of life, neceſſity, or the advice of friends may lead her brother to purſue, the bent of nature ſhould be conſulted. Education and perſeverance will do much when acting in oppoſition to nature, but when in conjunction with her, they ſeldom fail of attaining excellence.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.——*No.* II.

"Vain were her looks the ſage's wiſdom train—
"Who has the world to tempt our ſteps aſtray?
"For ſee, we learn by ſtudied laws to reign,
"The weaken'd paſſions, ſelf-beſieged, obey."

IT is very common for thoſe who are confiderably advanced in life, to cenſure and condemn the gaiety and irregularities of youth, as unpardonable weakneſs, and egregious folly, to reprobate every deviation from the cold rules of reaſon, as the effect of thoughtleſſneſs,

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LETTER II.

orn a young Gentleman travelling in Europe.

[From the Gazette of the United States.]

"ANTWERP, SEPT. 1, 1802.

"WE have been very busy these three days. 9 o'clock, on Sunday morning, we left Amerdam in a yacht. In this boat we made 30 es, at about 3 miles an hour, drawn by two rses. At 6, we reached Utrecht, the ground ſomewhat higher, more diverſified, and pleaſ-. About 11, the next day we ſat out, with ar horſes, and with diſficulty, arrived in the ening at Rotterdam. At 2 in the morning we ked in a ſmall veſſel that was provided for us, d through the Meuſe, cuts, and canals, got to ellhamſtadt by noon. After an hour ſpent in ecuring horſes, we took our departure. Ten twelve miles carried us off the dykes into Bra-nt, and the deepeſt lands through which we la-ured as many more, and between 11 and 12 at ght, we gained this ſecond Florence.

"I have ſeen the far-ſounding Scheldt, which about as wide as the Schuylkill, but much more oid and deeper. There are in it a few veſſels. ne was, when 200,000 wealthy inhabitants fil-l the now crumbling and diſpidated houſes of twerp; when 500 ſhips daily weighed anchor, m the harbour; when John Daens lent Charles a million of gold for the conduct of his wars, d burnt the bond of acknowledgement in a e of cinnamon; when the two brothers, De Ko-, paid, one the conſederate, and the other Lou-14th's forces. For a century and a half this ge great city has been torpid and mouldering. reat, but experimental efforts, are now making to nimate her. Whether the will ever riſe to her ner impoſing poſture is a problem; and it is tain it muſt be ſlow. Her rival,

"BRUSSELS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 3.

"Nothing can be more beautiful than the coun- thro' which we have paſſed in the twenty-five les from Antwerp. Some of the houſes were aced by cannon balls, many ſtill ſticking in em; but except this, not a veſtige remained of ſolation. A rich harveſt had juſt been gather-. Every field looked ſhaven and ſmiſhed. For the firſt time in a fortnight, though almoſt always on the road, our proſpect was diverſified by hill and dale; and we more to enhance this charming ſcene, for which we had exchanged Holland, a clear canal ran beſide the road, which for miles was lined with gardens, *jets d'eau*, palaces, and fine houſes.—A richer, more cultivated country, can be found no where. Nobody can be leſs alive to the beauties of nature than I am; but this enchanting exhibition was irreſiſtably exhilarating.

"Here, in Bruſſels, we are in a different region. Our hotel ſtands in a ſquare of palaces, on an eminence which commands the whole town and the ſurrounding parts. The chambers are elegant; the attendance good; we are ſerved off of plate; in a word, ſince we landed at Helvoet we have complained nourly, till our arrival here. But the face of things is now ſuddenly and wonderfully altered. We are now in a climate of faſhion;—pleaſure diſplays herſelf in all her forms; gentlemen, well dreſſed women, carriages, all that betokens a great and gay city are before us. I never was in ſo fine a houſe as I am now; highly finiſhed apartments, a great many large mirrors, rich furniture, painted floors, and every thing elſe of a correſponding ſtyle.

"FRIDAY EVENING.

"We rode out this afternoon to the palace built in 1785 for the emperor, at which the Archduke Charles ſixth, who was governeſs of the Low Countries reſided formerly. It is on a hill, down which there is a viſta to a canal, and from that to a level of velvet graſs to a ſecond. There are gardens, extenſive pleaſure grounds, woods, temples, ſtatues, alcoves, ſtables, and all the eſſentials and ornaments. The faſcade of the palace is plain, ſomewhat like the Woodlands, on a grand ſcale. The entrance is into a large oval ſaloon, of 52 French feet, the floor variegated marble.—The floor of each room ſimilar to the firſt, all being chequered and curiouſly inlaid, either of wood or marble. The apartments are numerous and very ſuperb, but ſhorn and diſhevelled.

"SATURDAY EVENING.

To day we have been through the Arch Duke's palace, which though much injured, is grand.—The moſt worthy objects are ſeveral chambers of paintings, ſome of them by the greateſt maſters, and a library of eighty thouſand volumes, containing ſome very ancient manuſcripts and books. The oldeſt is Cicero's Offices, printed at Venice in 1470. With reſpect to the works of the famous painters, about half a dozen of which I have ſeen in Flanders and Holland. Johnſon wrote an execrable hand, yet the fac ſimilies of it are held in great regard. So Raphael and Reubens have executed two or three pictures with an exquiſite finiſh, the world have ſtamped a falſe value upon their worſt performances, which are inferior to many others of not half their note. Thoſe I have ſeen were rather ſtrikingly bad than good, and they were, notwithſtanding, held in extravagant eſtimation. If the ſun were to deviate, it would be a ſubject of admiration; and genius is ſo much like the ſun, for without either, the world would be dark and miſerable, that I like this veneration, though abſtractedly it ſeems prepoſterous.

"Among the other rarities of this town, not the leaſt, is a fountain at the corner of a ſtreet.—The direction of the water is through a cupid, who diſcharges it to a great diſtance in a very natural way. This unaffected little gentleman would excite the blood of Philadelphia to a ferment."

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, 1802.

André Michaux, has lately publiſhed in Paris, the Natural Hiſtory of the Oaks of North America. It contains figures and deſcriptions of twenty ſpecies, and a number of varieties.

Citizen Michaux, traverſed America for 11 years together, from the 27th to the 38th degree of latitude, from the Bahama Iſlands and the Capes of Florida to Hudſon Bay, compriſing a ſpace of 750 leagues, and penetrated into the country more than 360 leagues.

The French Government having nominated him to perform a part in the expedition of Citizen Boudin, he has left to his ſon the care of publiſhing his Manuſcripts, among which is a relation of his Travels and a Hiſtory of the plants of America.

A ſhock of an Earthquake was felt at Straſburg, in Germany, the 11th Sept. at 36 minutes paſt 6, in the morning, and another more violent about an hour after. The houſes were ſtruck as if by an immenſe weight, which had ſhaken them to their foundation. ☞ The weather at Straſburg, had been intenſely hot for 54 days, preceeding the ſhocks.

MEDICAL.—A ſovereign remedy for the Anthrax or Carbuncle, has juſt been publiſhed, (ſays a late Philad. paper) it is to cover the carbuncle puſtule, as ſoon as it becomes apparent, with an opium plaiſter; the gangrene ſtops, ſuppuration takes place, and the wound cicatriſes.—The death of the ſick perſon may be prevented, by applying this remedy before the ſecond or third day.

Trial for Murder.—On Monday, the 1ſt November, the ſupreme court of Vermont, called for, the purpoſe of trying, George Tibbets and George Whitney, for the murder of Stephen Gordon, commenced their ſeſſions at Bennington. The jury brought in a verdict "not guilty of *murder*, but guilty of *manſlaughter*." Judge Tyler then addreſſed the jury on the ſubject, and gave his ideas of murder and manſlaughter; declaring the opinion that, in this caſe, if the perſons were not guilty of the former, they were clearly innocent of the latter. The jury were then directed to reconſider their verdict—but after retiring half an hour, perſiſted in giving the ſame. The priſoners are condemned to three months impriſonment, and to pay a fine of 400 dollars, with coſts of ſuit—giving bonds of forty in 500 dollars each for their good behaviour for ten years.

STRANGE PROGENY.

A London paper, of Sept. 23, 1802, ſays, "A cat has brought forth both a kitten and two rabbits, in Piccadilly, and has attracted much notice of ſeveral naturaliſts. The kitten is black and white, and in every particular perfectly of the cat ſpecies.—The rabbits are of the common grey colour, the fame of the wild ſpecies, and are extremely playful; and when they venture too far from the mother, ſhe brings them back in her mouth with maternal tenderneſs." ☞ Such are the wonderful works of nature.

THE MISER.

AN importunate beggar went to a miſer, and aſked for a garment, ſaying that his object was to have ſomething to remember him by. "My friend," ſaid the miſer, as thy end is to remember me, I ſhall give thee *nothing*, for I am ſure the wilt remember a *refuſal* much longer than a *gift*.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THANKSGIVING.

AUTUMN receding throws aside,
Her robe of many a varied dye ;
And WINTER in majestic pride,
Advances in the low'ring sky.
Thy lab'rer in his grun'ry stores
The golden fheaves all fafe from fpoil ;
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treafures to reward his toil.
To folemn temples let us now repair,
And bow in grateful adoration there ;
Bid the full ftrain in hallelujahs rife ;
To waft the facred incenfe to the Skies.

Now the hofpitable board,
Groans beneath the rich repaft ;
All that hu'ry can afford,
Grateful to the eye or taſte.
While the orchards fparkling juice,
And the vintage join their powers ;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous Heaven bids be ours.
Let us give thanks ; yes, yes, be ſure,
Bend for the widow and the orphan poor ;
Give them wherewith to purchaſe cloaths and food ;
'Tis the beſt way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light,
Wit and gaiety now afpire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight ;
Now the viola ſprightly lay,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, ſport and play,
Raiſe the ſong or lead the dance.
Come ſportive love and ſacred friendſhip, come,
Help us to celebrate our harveſt home ;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours [hours.
Unleſs you grace the ſcene and lead the laughing
S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

From the ſhop of ELIPHALET DACTYL, ZEPHANIAH SPONDEE and JEHOSHEPHAT TROCHEE, No. 11,586, *Poet's Corner*, CAMBRIDGE.

ODE to SOLITUDE.

LADY of ſtern uplifted eye,
Dear ſtudent of Aſtrology ;
Riſking your life upon the higheſt rocks ;
Liſtening afar the tun-ful owl,
Or echo of the tygre's howl ;
Outang Outang, kinſman of old hawks,
Gazing around in curious poſture oft,
Like a ramuſt conſin'd in a ſtrange loft.
Whether you tune to ſolemn thoughts the ſoul,
Excluding all the world by *iron gates*,
Or in that bleſt retirement the " *black hole*,"
So well adapted for a mind ſedate,
For you and your fair family receive
This kind of widow's *mite*, all we can give ?

Oh ! I admire thy ſilent mode of life,
(Tho' differing in opinion from each wiſe)
It ſeems the way for every living creature ;
Thy bed of ſtraw, indulged finger nails ;
Thy dangling hair, like graceful long rats tails ;
And then thy diet too, ſo true to nature,
Much like the Huns thoſe gentlemen of yore,
Whoſe ſimple mode of cooking was no more
Than on a horſes back beneath a HUN,
Clap a few weeds or ſo, perhaps a thiſtle,
(The rider operating as a pulic ;)
Rode out a mile or two, the thing was done.

Thou *a la ſavage* every part,
" For nature ſeldom wears the dreſs of art ;"
Without a rag ſave in tranquility ;
Or far from noiſy buſy town,
Groping acroſs ſome Egypt den,
Meaſuring thy ſteps in taciturnity,
Caſt only *ever* hungarin eyes ;
No trouble grieves thee and no cares annoy ;
No cuſtid ſorrow hinder dare intrude,
Nothing is like the power of ſolitude.

Could we Lady live with thee,
Oh how happy were our lot ;
Prouder wo'd thy menial be
Than three monarchs or *what not.*

If o'er *Nubia* plains you weird
Thither we thy ſteps attend,
Driving with a gentle thwack
Each mokketto from thy back.

Art thou hungry ? ſoon would we
Twitch thee up by ſavage weed ;
Thirſty ? water thou ſhould'ſt ſee
Quickly, very quick indeed.

Thus our hours ſhould fleet away,
Doing all ſuch little choſe ;
And when evening ſhuts the day,
If you with we'd do the more.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

SAY, where can peace of mind be found ?
If not where truth and honor dwell,
Where reaſon darts her rays around
The miſts of error to diſpel.

But oft our paſſions take the lead,
And honeſty trink'd ruſhes legs behind ;
If ſpotleſs honours doom'd to bleed,
Ah ! then adieu to peace of mind.

Tho' reaſon *ſail*, and honor die,
Truth ! awful truth ! an light array'd,
Holds her bright Mirror to the eye,
And ſhews the victim vice has made.

We ſtart and turn our loathing eyes
From the fad view, the change we mourn ;
Vain, vain, regret ! when Virtue flies,
Alas ! Peace never can return.

LYDIA.

From the *New Muſeum's Magazine*, Vol. 6. April, 1796. London, G. Cawthorn, *Britiſh Library*, in the Strand.

THE MASON'S PRAYER.

PARENT of all ! Omnipotent,
In Heaven and Earth below ;
Thro' all Creations bounds unſpent,
Whoſe ſtreams of Goodneſs flow.

Teach me to know from whence I roſe,
And unto what deſign'd ;
No private aims, let me propoſe,
Save link'd with human kind.

But chief to hear fair *virtue's* voice,
May all my cho'ce incline ;
'Tis Reaſon's law, *'tis wiſdom's* choice,
'Tis Nature's call and DIVINE.

Me from our ſacred order's cauſe,
Let nothing e'er divide ;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applauſe,
Nor friendſhip falſe miſguide.

Teach me to feel a Brother's grief,
To do in all what's beſt ;
To ſuffering man to give relief,
And bleſſings, to be bleſt.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING—Nov. 25, 1802.

THIS DAY is our Annual Feſtival of PRAYER, and of PRAISE. Our PIOUS ANCESTORS, arrived in a waſte wilderneſs, inhabited only by ſavage, wolf and bear—and by *man in a ſtate of ſtill ſavage*. In ſuch a ſtate of danger and deſtitution, the *conſcious imbecility* of his nature, led his thoughts to HIM, who is alone able to ſupport and protect him. In ſuch a ſtate, his heart, ameliorated by adverſity, and rendered humble by its continual ſenſe of dependence, was filled with the livelieſt emotions of gratitude and joy, for thoſe mercies which the bounteous hand of Providence he unſparingly ſcatters abroad. Thus circumſtanced, and with ſuch ſenſations, the FOREFATHERS were particularly attentive to the eſtabliſhment of their annual FASTS and THANKSGIVINGS. The pious cuſtom ſtill remains, but it will not be thought among the *leaſt* of the bleſſings derived from it, for us to conſider, with unfeigned ſincerity, whether we have not too ſoon forgotten the *days of danger* and *diſtreſs* ; and whether proſperity, and a luſt after Strange Gods, have not hardened our hearts—rendered us inſenſible of our dependence on the DEITY—and ungrateful for the bleſſings that we are conſtantly receiving at his hands. It was on *this* day that one of our VENERABLE ANCESTORS, with humility and thankfulneſs of ſpirit worthy of imitation, *returned thanks* to Heaven, that it was given them to " eat of the RICHES of the deep, and to ſuck of the TREASURES hid in the ſands."* Let not PRIDE *look down* on the ſimplicity of this example—nor vanity and falſe refinement deride it as trite. The pure ſpirit of pious reſignation which breathes through the humble, contented, and thankful heart which *ſpires* it—form reflections, in a well diſpoſed mind, ſtrikingly *pleaſing*, as well as *profitable*. " *Go then and do likewiſe.*" [Salem Gaz.

* They had dined on clams.

SECOND EDITION.

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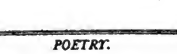
POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THANKSGIVING.

AUTUMN receding throws afide,
Her robe of many a varied dye;
And WINTER in majeftic pride,
Advances in the low'ring sky.
The lab'rer in his grain'ry ftores
The golden fheaves all fafe from fpoil;
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treafures to reward his toil.
To folemn temples let us now repair,
And bow in grateful adoration there;
Bid the full ftrain in hallelujahs rife;
To waft the facred incenfe to the fkies.

Now the hofpitable board,
Groans beneath the rich repaft;
All that lov'ry can afford,
Grateful to the eye or tafte.
While the orchards fparkling juice,
And the vintage join their powers;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous Heaven bids be ours.
Let us give thanks; yes, yes, be fure,
Send for the widow and the orphan poor;
Give them wherewith to purchafe cloaths and food;
'Tis the beft way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light,
Wit and genius now afpire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight;
Now the viols fprightly ply,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, fport and play,
Maife the long or lead the dance.
Come fportive love and fcorn forbidden, come,
Help us to celebrate our harveft home;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours
Unlefs you grace the feene and lead the laughing hours.

E. M.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

From the fhop of ELIPHALET DACTYL, ZEPHANIAH SPONDEE and JEHOSHEPHAT TROCHEE, No. 11, 586, *Poet's Corner*, CAMBRIDGE.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

LADY of ftern unblifted eye,
Dear Student of Aftrology:
Rolling your life upon the higheft rocks;
Liftening afar the tuneful owl,
Or echo of the tyger's howl;
Gurning Gaming, kindred of old hawks,
Gazing around in curious podtry eft,
Like a rancat confin'd in a ftrange loft.
Whether you tune to folemn thought the ftrain,
Rathaling all the world by *iron grate*,
Or in that blcft retirement tho. " *blood hole*,"
Be well adapted for a mind relate,
For you and your fair family receive
This kind of wifdom's *mite*, all we can give!

Oh! I admire thy filent mode of life,
(That daffening in opinion from each wife)
It feems the way for every living creature;
They bed of ftraw, indulged finger nails;
They dunghing hair, like graceful long rats tails;
And then thy diet too, fo true to nature,
Much like the Hinds thofe gentlemen of yore,
Whofe fimple mode of cooking was no more
Than on a hurdle back burnish a Hen,
Clip a few weeds or fo, perhaps a fhilfe,
(Tho rider operating as a pifle)
Rode out a mile or two, the thing was done.

Thou *a la fauvage* every part,
" For nature kidom wears the cloth of art!"
Without a rag ranges in unequality;
Or fur from nafty buff mein,
Grooping across fame Egypt dun,
Mocking thy fhape and taciturnity,
Caft only *real* happinefs enjoy;
No crowbie grievus thee and no cares annoy;
No curfed *fermon* bother thee intrudes,
Nothing is like the power of fafhion.

Could we Lady live with thee,
Oh how happy were our lot!
Provided only thou'd be
Than three monarchs or *what not.*

If o'er *Nitrian* plains you ftrid
Thither we thy ftegs attend,
Driving with a gentle dwack
Each molletto from the back.

Art thou hungry? foon would we
Twitch thee up thy favorite weed;
Thirfty? and we thou'd fee
Quickly, very quick indeed.

Thus our hours fhould fleet away,
Doing all fuch little chofe;
And when earth and heaven fhuts the day,
If you wifh we'd do the more.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

SAY, where can peace of mind be found?
If not where truth and honor dwell,
Where reafon darts her rays around
The mifts of error to difpel.

But oft our paffions take the lead,
And hood-wink'd reafon lags behind;
If fpotlefs honours doom'd to bleed,
Ah! then adieu to peace of mind.

Tho' reafon fail, and honor die,
Truth! ceeful truth! in light array'd,
Holds her bright Mirror to the eye,
And fhews the vifion vice has made.

We ftart and turn our loathing eyes
From the foul view, the while we mourn;
Vain, vain, regret! when Virtue flies,
Alas! Peace never can return.

LYDIA.

From the *Free Mafon's Magazine*, Vol. 6 April, 1796. London, G. Cawthorn, Britifh Library, in the ftrand.

THE MASON'S PRAYER.

PARENT of all! Omnipotent,
In Heaven and Earth below!
Thro' all Creations bounds unfpent,
Whofe ftreams of Goodnefs flow.

Teach me to know from whence I rofe,
And unto what defign'd;
No private aim, let me propofe,
Since link'd with human kind.

But chief to hear fair *virtue's* voice,
May all my thu's incline:
'Tis *Reafon's* law, 'tis *Nature's* choice,
'Tis *Nature's* call and THINE.

Me from our facred order's caufe,
Let nothing e'er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applaufe,
Nor friendfhip falfe mifguide.

Teach me to feel a Brother's grief,
To do in all what's beft;
To fuffering man to give relief,
And bid hing, to be blefs.

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THIS DAY is our Annual Feftival of PRAYER, and of PRAISE. Our PIOUS ANCESTORS, arrived in a wafte wilderefs, inhabited only by the favage, wolf and bear—and by *man* in a *ftate* fcarce *lefs favage*. In fuch a ftate of danger and deftitution, the *confcious indebtedne* of his nature, tended his thoughts to HIM, who is alone able to fupport and proteft him. In fuch a ftate, too, the heart, ameliorated by adverfity, and rend'red humble by its continual *fenfe* of dependence, fwelled with the livelieft emotions of gratitude and joy, for thofe mercies which the bounteous hand of Providence fo unfparingly fcatters abroad.—Thus circumftanced, and with fuch fenfations, our FOREFATHERS were particularly attentive to the eftablifhment of their annual FAST and THANKSGIVING. The pious cuftom ftill remains. And it will not be thought among the *leaft ufes* to be derived from it, for us to conider, with unfeigned fincerity, whether we have not too foon forgotten the *days of danger and diftrefs*; and whether Luxury, Profperity, and a luft after Strange Gods, have not hardened our hearts—rendered us too inienfible of our dependence on the DEITY—and ungrateful for the bleffings that we are conftantly receiving at his hands. It was on *this day*, that one of our VENERABLE ANCESTORS, with a humility and thankfulnefs of fpirit worthy of our imitation, *returned thanks* to Heaven, that it was given them to " eat of the RICHES of the deep, and to fcek of the TREASURES hid dug out of the fands."* Let not PRIDE *lead them* on the fimplicity of this example—nor vanity and falfe refinement deride it as trite. The pure fpirit of pious religination which breathes through it—the humble, contrited, and thankful heart which infpirit it—form reflections, in a well difpofed mind, ftrikingly *pleafing*, as well as *profitable*. " *Go then then and do likewife.*"

[Salem Gaz.]

* They bed dined on clams.

AMUSING.

[Collected from various fources for the Boft Weekly Magazine.]

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

A LAD, only 9 years of age, was asked many queftions by a gentleman, to which he gave very quick and appropriate anfwers. At laft, the gentleman faid, " I will give you an orange, if you will tell me where God is."—" Dear Sir," replied the boy, " I will give you two, if you will tell me where *He is not*."

A CURIOUS HIGH BOARD.

THIS is the road to Dover, this is the way to Boiton; this goes no where: o. o. If you cannot read, as at the blackfmith's fhop.

AN UGLY HUSBAND.

A LADY being afked why fhe married an ugly husband, faid, " gallant ought to be handfome, but husband's God pleafes."

PICTURE ROOM.

AN Irifh gentleman having a little picture room, fev'ral perfons defired to fee it. " Faith, gentlemen," faid he, " if you all go in, it will not hold you."

BOY WANTED.

IN a very hot day, laft fummer, a man, thinly and openly clo-hed, feeling that he was in a ftate of perfpiration, was entreated againft catching cold. " Catch it!" faid he, " my miftreft, — I wifh I could catch it!"

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICON'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——No. VI.

Nec omnia, & summa omnes.

NOTHING is more dangerous or prejudicial to future attainments, than irresolution or a wavering disposition, indulged in the early part of life; almost every person has some innate propensity, some natural bias to a particular walk in life; and that bias followed, that natural talent cultivated with attention, seldom fails of leading the proficient to eminence in the profession he may choose.—I feel at a loss how to address myself to NICEY, on the subject submitted to my opinion, as the letter gives me not the smallest information concerning the young gentleman's age, the rank he may expect to hold in society, either from his family or fortune, what his studies have hitherto been, nor what progress he has made in literary purfuits. I do not think the queftion of "which profeffion is moft likely to yield the greateft emolument?" is of half the importance, as "to which are his talents beft adapted?" It is true, fhould he follow the practice of the law, there are many brilliant Practitioners already in that profeffion, whofe genius and erudition are an honour to their country. But thefe great luminaries would never have rifen to the full meridian fplendor with which they now fhine, had they waited the precious days of youth in determining which they would purfue. A good and wife profeffor of the law, feldom fails of attracting the applaufe and apport of the public. Men of fenfe and judgment will employ him, becaufe they venerate his talents. Thofe who are engaged in doubtful caufes f litigation, where perhaps the future fupport and omfort of a whole family depend on the terminaon of the fuit, will apply to him, becaufe his dgment is found, and his integrity inviolable.—as the young gentleman in queftion, expreffed inclination for intenfe ftudy, has he the deep penetration, ftrong reafoning powers, comprehenfive underftanding, and a ful

* Refolved and ready to its truth,
" Inflexible to all and reafonable juft."

as he all thefe requifites? let him follow the r. His fuccefs is almoft certain; but let him ften to determine.—Are we not all fenfible that our daily avocations an hour loft in the morn-; can hardly be redeemed by the moft arduous plication through the whole day; fo a fhort ftud fuffered to pafs in inactivity, in the morning life, will too often impede the advancement of individual to the hieft period of exiftence.

I am intimately acquainted with a Lady, who is ays in a hurry, always full of bufinefs, and yet ays nothing to pafs. Vifit her of an evening, the will tell you what an idle day fhe has fpent, but aftures you the means to make it up to-morrow. Morrow comes, fhe rifes, takes out a multiplicity of work, lays it on every chair and table in her parlour; juft ther recollects fhe has a letter to write, or fome houfehold accounts to look after, fhe quits the parlour, goes to her own room, opens her efcritore, and in a few moments her chamber will be as littered with books and papers, as her parlour is with work. But before any thing is accomplifhed that the had intended, a vifit which fhe had engaged to make in the afternoon, croffes her mind, her wardrobe is then opened, her various dreffes difplayed on every fcreen or pin in the apartment, and before fhe has decided which fhe fhall wear, the fervant will inform her that it is time to lay the cloth for dinner, and enquire of her what the muft do with all the things in the parlour. Hurry and confufion enfues, after dinner fhe has no time for any thing, but dreffing for her vifit, and at the conclufion of the day fhe is juft where fhe was at it commenced.

It is juft fo with thofe irrefolute undecided characters, who, unable to fix their attention to any one point, run from Law to Phyfic, from Phyfic to Divinity, from Divinity to Mercantile concerns; and then perhaps back again to the learned profeffions, until their attic ftory is in as great confufion as the poor lady's apartments. When the meridian of life arrives, they are perhaps obliged to throw the whole ufelefs jumble away and attend to fomething entirely unconnected with their early ftudies in order to procure the means of fubfiftence and when the night of old age comes on, they find they are not richer than at their firft letting out, though they have gained a portion of wifdom which ferves to embitter their remnant of life; for they have learnt the value of that time fo thoughtlefsly fquandered, when it is too late to redeem even the fmalleft portion of it.

That the ftudy of Divinity does not lead to affluence, I readily grant. But what have the decifples of HIM who was "meek and lowly," and "had not where to lay his head," to do with affluence? Should not moderation, temperance, humility, felf-denial, be their characteriftics?—Their falaries are, it is true, very inadequate to the fupplying a wife and family with the elegancies of life, but in general are fuch as will furnith all the comforts and conveniencies, which are of more real value. And where the Miniiter is beloved and refpected, how often is their income augmented by the moft liberal prefents from their affectionate and grateful parifhioners. When I afk what have the Maiters of the Gofpel to do with affluence? it is by no means meant to infinuate that they were not worthy. No, on the contrary, I think when conicientioufly difcharging their duties, they are the moft honorable, moft deferving clafs of men in the world. And to enable them to employ their talents to the advantage of their flock, they fhould have incomes fufficient to fecure them from worldly anxieties, and allow them leifure for fully inveftigating the facred fubject which it is their bufinefs to explain and recommend to the attention of others.—Has the young Gentleman we are fpeaking of, a ferious reflective mind? Are his paffions under the government of reafon? Are his wifhes moderate? Is he patient, meek, careful to avoid offence himfelf, and ready to forgive and overlook the faults of others? Does he feel the importance of the facred truft that will be committed to his charge? Is he cheerful (at proper feafons) without levity? Serious without aufterity? In fhort, is he inclined to make his Divine Maifters precepts and example the rule by which moft fcrupulouily to regulate his own conduct.—Is that his character? Then let him preach the word of truth. He cannot fail of being beloved, reverenced, fupported, even to the utmoft extent of his wifhes. Happy are the flock over whom he may be placed. Happy the woman who fhall call him huiband, and fuperlatively happy the children of fuch a father. He will find a mine of inexhauftible wealth in the love of his people, and the treafures of the eaftern world comprized in the happinefs of his virtuous family.

Perhaps the young man's mind may incline to the ftudy of Phyfic, and this I am almoft inclined to think, for though the two other profeffions were mentioned, and objections made to the purfuit of them, the leading art was entirely omitted. This profeffion requires deep ftudy, intenfe application, and I fhould imagine a large portion of natural genius, but of this as I before obferved, his friends muft confequently be better judges than I can poffibly be. In either of thefe profeffions, a man may render himfelf eminently ufeful, and the bulk of mankind are forced to be content with being ufeful, without arriving at fuperlative excellence, or raifing for themfelves a fplendid fortune.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No. III.

" Surft thou a man wife in his own conceit—there is
" More hope of a fool, than of him." SOLOMON"

"HE is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry," fays Dr. JOHNSON, "who, when he has made himfelf matter of fome abftrufe and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and difcoveries, upon thofe whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and fhun whom, as he conceives in contradiction, he cannot properly expect applaufe."

Pedantry is not peculiar to men bred in Colleges, nor to thofe who profefs an acquaintance with the Arts and Sciences. The merchant, the mechanic, the feaman, and the foldier, all profeffions, and all ranks in Society, are fubject to the unfortiunfeit of its influence. The foldier will tell of furmounting difficulties, which he never encountered, and of performing exploits, in which he never had a part. He, who has feen diftant countries, will relate occurrences which never happened, deicribe things, which never had exiftence, and by diftortion and exaggeration, render marvellous and aftonifhing, what, in the plain dreis of truth, would neither excite intereft, nor create furprife.

But wherever this paffion for fhining, this affectation of fuperior knowledge is difcovered, it univerfally excites difguft and contempt. No perfon is pleafed with the conviction of his own ignorance or inferiority; and thofe who pompoufly attempt to difplay higher attainments, and more ex-

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true or fictitious, the tale may operate as a severe lesson for others not to deviate from the paths of rectitude and moral goodness.]

THE PENITENT RESTORED.

DURING the warm season, after the fatigue occasioned by the neceſſary attendance to worldly buſineſs, I have frequently indulged myſelf for an hour or two on the Battery. The cheerful ſociety which I generally had the happineſs to meet with in my perambulations, ſerved to heighten and afford a peculiar ſatisfaction to the paſt employment of the day; from the variety of buſineſs, from the noiſe and buſtle of the town, ſocial converſation on various topics, formed the contraſt, and rendered the pleaſure mutual.

Returning alone, rather late one evening; I was accoſted by a female voice, who bade me "good night." Unuſed to a ſalutation ſo uncommon in ſuch a place, curioſity prompted me to return and enquire by whom I was known. "I had you good night," ſaid the unknown, "hoping that you would be induced to return, and afford at leaſt your pity, if not your aſſiſtance, to the vericſt wretch that ever fought alleviation of complicated miſery." "You appear indeed unwell," ſaid I, "at leaſt your dreſs beſpeaks you ſo." "Not alone externally," ſaid ſhe, "indeed that appearance I could with eaſe ſupport; but my mind torn with remorſe and ſhame, knows no ceſſation of its pain. Thoſe tedious wretched years have I lived in the haunts of vice and intemperance—I am now reduced to the laſt extremity—— If you can aſſiſt me relief, I pray you do——

. . . . . .

That power who gave me being, gave me gratitude," ſhe continued, "and until this poor but almoſt worn-out thread of life is quite extinct, I ſhall hold in grateful remembrance the undeſerving attention you have offered me." I pauſed in obſervance of her tears.—"I ſhall ſtill further aſſiſt the wretched, I might yet return to ſociety—an outcaſt as I am might once again be happy—might know a releaſement from the ſufferings which now preſs on this lacerated heart."

I was ſilent.

"I have a father," continued the unfortunate girl, "a reputable merchant in the metropolis of Maſſachuſetts—His paternal regards I have forfeited. The indulgence of a too fond affection proved my ruin. My father forbade me his preſence. Without home, without friends, and poſſeſſing too much pride to ſubject myſelf to the continued ſcoffs of connections whoſe pity would be cruelty, I fled to this city—Alas! the remaining part of my ſtory you may eaſily conjecture,—I cannot relate it."

"ſhould a reconciliation with your father take place," ſaid I, "would you be content to renounce the follies of this world?"

"The poor gaſſey have, chained, and ſubject to the laſh of ſome unfeeling mercenary tyrant, ſhould be, by the unexpected events, be reſtored from captivity, and permitted once again to embrace an affectionate family—he would not feel ſenſations more joyful than would my boſom entertain, could I once more be with the ſmiles of an injured and juſtly offended parent."

"Then I will exert my utmoſt," ſaid I, "to procure you happineſs. Return to your home, and in twelve days from this call upon me."

In the interim I wrote to the Father of the unfortunate GERTRUDE. A draft of a conſiderable amount accompanied his reply. Neceſſaries for the unhappy girl were procured, and ſhe was returned to the arms of parental forgiveneſs—Information of her preſent happy ſituation has reached me; and I adore the goodneſs of Omnipotence in enabling me to aſſiſt the return of a fellow being to the path of rectitude.

New-York, Sept. 18, 1802.

ANECDOTES.—LONDON WITS.

A GRINNING MATCH lately took place at Fowey. The prize a roll of tobacco. A cobler and a tailor entered the liſts; *Snob* was three grins a head, when a fellow, who had betted deeply on *Snip*, contrived to *tread* on one of his *corns*, which had ſuch an effect upon his countenance, that he inſtantly *gained the prize!*

M. Blanchard has announced, in the Paris papers, that he ſhall ſet off for America, in a Balloon, by means of which he expects to croſs the Atlantic in 7 or 8 days.

In a map-engravers catalogue, is the following article: "A new Map of France, *ſome few* at that of *Europe*."

SUICIDE.—In one of the country papers, we find that *Fox, Hare*, and *Partridge*, have taken out certificates for *killing game!*

A gentleman being informed that *Comels* had been found in ſome parts of America, aſked a Scotch gentleman who had juſt returned from that country, whether he had really ſeen any *Comels*, while he was there—" Oh! yes, (ſaid the Caledonian, in pure ſimplicity) plenty of *Campbells*."

A man was a few days ago, convicted at the ſeſſions for ſtealing a *rope*. This ſeems to be an article which theives ought to avoid ſtealing, as they may come *honeſtly* by it at laſt!

The following curious inſtructions for a ſign-board, were ſent to a painter in *Shrewſbury*, under date, Auguſt 13, 1802: "You are to draw the Shrewſbury coach with ſix men on the roop, and two on the box—and chaiſe with two horſes after the coach—alſo my name—ſpirits, porter and ale —alſo I intend entertain a man and a horſe—alſo my buſineſs weh as follow—that is farring (farriery)—pleaſe to draw the flames and lancets and that I ſhall nick and crop—and water for horſes—I beg you to do it as you think proper yourſelf—and do it as I mentioned above."

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 4, 1802.

A Medical Monument, is to be erected by Subſcription, at Brattleborough, in Vermont, to commemorate the noble exertions of the honourable SAMUEL STRONES, phyſician and doctor, of the canon and civil laws. Dr. S. has compiled and publiſhed an *American Herbal*, which exhibits the virtues, uſes, and doſes of American productions, ſo far as they are known. He has alſo compiled an *American Diſpenſary*, and a *Syſtem of Phyſic and Surgery*, containing an account of theſe things which have ſtood the teſt of ages, in the cure of diſeaſes, with the new medical diſcoveries and improvements. Theſe works have coſt the Doctor 18 years labor. They are now ready for the preſs.

A Monument is about to be erected at Zurich, to the memory of LAVATER.

An Encyclopedia, in 8 volumes, quarto, is about to be publiſhed by a ſociety of gentlemen, in Connecticut.

A new Law Book, has been publiſhed by Mr. Macanulty, of Salem, entitled "American Precedents of Declarations, collected chiefly from the manuſcripts of accomplished pleaders." The work has been approved by the former and preſent ornaments of the bench or bar.

A Mr. Woodward, an American Philoſopher, has lately propoſed a "*Theory of the Sun!*" in which he affirms that lumicary to be a ſphere of electrical fluid.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty thouſand perſons are ſaid to be at preſent employed in *Great Britain*, in the lead, iron, copper, tin, and coal mines. One hundred thouſand more, are employed in managing the products of theſe mines.

CURIOSITIES.

In demoliſhing lately the Church of the Prieſt of Mont-Valerien, in France, the body of the founder of the Inſtitution, *Hubert Charpentier*, who died in 1650, aged 89, was taken from his tomb. The body was found entire and without any ſigns of putrefaction. The features of the face were ſtill to be diſtinguiſhed.

A wild boy, twelve years old, was with much difficulty caught a ſecond time in the Wood of Lacaune, in France. He cannot ſpeak, was naked, healthy, and animated, eats nothing but potatoes, and has made ſeveral efforts to again eſcape to the woods and mountains.

A female, 17 years old, and remarkable for her great ſize and corpulency, at her birth, and for two years after, is at preſent exhibited at Berlin as a dwarf, being one larger than a child of ſeven years old, and diſtinguiſhed for her ſymmetry, and the brilliancy of her Wit.

READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Goſſip*," holds a nervous and muſterly pen. The number given this week, as well as the preceding ones exhibit an ingenious diſplay of talents, erudition, and criticiſm. Such writers, while they amuſe the *mind*, improves the *heed*, and amend the *heart*.

Since our laſt, the Editors have received many Communications from their numerous Correſpondents, and beg leave to requeſt the favors of *Demetrius*, in a plain and candid manner, without (they hope) giving umbrage to any.

"*The Traveller*, No. I."—We are ſorry he cannot, at preſent, be admitted to preſence he wiſhes; but hope if he will have a little patience, we will make a few excurſions with him at ſome future period with pleaſure.

"*The Spectator*, No. I."—This is very indifferent language, and no writing for a ſpectator.

"*Tim! dun Not!*—Although the author has favored us with his "*Preface*," it is impoſſible to judge of its point or merits. We wiſh to peruſe the ſecond number, before we can preſent it to the public.

"*Success!*" the moſt *ſanguine* ſignature you could have ſelected!

"*The Inquirer*," is on file for inſertion as ſoon as room will admit.

The "*Phantom*," deſerves a local habitation and a name," and ſhould occaſion call it, will certainly appear. We think however the ſtile too much pointed, which in part muſt be omitted, as it is our aim to avoid *perſonalities* altogether.

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

On the 5th Sept. a moſt melancholy cataſtrophe happened at Madeira. The Aurora, a Portuguefe ſhip of 53 tons, having 40 caſks of powder on board, blew up: but only one poor fellow eſcaped of 13 found on board.—"The ſcene during the night, was awful, but at day-light, it was truly horrid. The poor ſouls were lying in every poſition on board the wreck; ſome without legs, arms, and others actually roaſted on the flames.—18 bodies only were found. It is the prevalent opinion, that the act was deliberately perpetrated by one of the ſailors, who had ſworn vengeance againſt the Captain, for having confined him for miſ-practices. The wretch was ſufficiently deſperate, to ſacrifice his own life with his ſhip-mates, from motives of private reſentment." The ſhip and cargo was eſtimated at £60,000 ſt.

A Scotch paper informs, that "a woman was lately attacked with a fit of Epilepſey, at Boutdeaux, and by forcing ſome grains of rough ſalt into her mouth, her convulſions were at once put a ſtop to, and her ſpeech reſtored.—This remedy has been applied with wonderful ſucceſs at Madagaſcar."

DEATHS.

In Boſton, Mrs. Mary Spooner, Æt. 39, conſort of Dr. Wm. Spooner—Mrs. Ann Coffin, Æt. 61, wife of Mr. Charles Coffin—Mrs. Sarah Loud; Capt. Duggan, Æt. 68 —Miſs Ebbet Speer, Æt. 16—Miſs Sarah Pearſon, Æt. 25—Mary Ann Snowden, Æt. 2 years 3 months.—A ſon of Mr. William T. Clap, Æt. 2 years; a child of Deacon Daniel Wild, Æt. 2 years; and two other children: total for this week, ending yeſterday, 6. [illegible]

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Occasioned by the much opposed departure of a Friend, upon a long and hazardous voyage.

IF is gone, he is fled from my view,
O'er you rolling surges to bound,
Yet still my fole wishes pursue,
And still will be hovering around.
My hair the dear wanderer withdraw,
Though tenderness plead on my side,
Refolv'd, and inflexibly good,
For reason was ever his guide.

And now I am left on the shore I
Riddled with sorrow and pain !
Reflection exhls to deplore,
Joy shall not revisit again !
My prospects all barren appear,
The wintry blasts are abroad,
No hand to protect me is near,
And hope it is well nigh destroy'd !

At midnight when all are at reft,
My pillow is wet with my tears ;
Anxiety tortures my breaft,
And yields me a figh to my fears :
Now friends with fas violent sway,
All pallid arranges as bones,
While every pale man sobs,
And none its dread influence withstands.

Then pirates the ship may invade,
With slaughter and vengeance crown'd,
How many the scene thrill,
How ready for tiatrest to wound :
The murderous cutlets may prove,
Accustom'd to daggers to brave,
A fpark, and the ship is in flames !
They wherin in a watery grave !

And this to complete the dread scene,
My fears are roals with despair,
The rocks and the lonely intervene,
Temptations waves in the rear ;
A fmy-wreck ; how dreadful the sound !
'Tis heaven alone can establish,
The billows in roaring around,
And the sky no redemption can yield !

How fearful the cries which refound,
What different paffions affail ;
No hope of relief can be found,
And every fuccour muft fail !
I fhun, and think I can bear
The bellowing winds in fury rife,
In every danger I share,
And I meet the loud blafts with my figh.

And if when o'ercharged with grief,
I yield to the pulfure of fleep,
So far from obtaining relief,
In dreams I forget not to weep :
Dark fpectres still haunt my repofe,
I wake, trop, I'd and feverish all,
My lids I reluctantly clofe,
At nature's imperious call.

O ! had I the wings of the morn,
Or could I be borne on a thought,
No more by anxiety torn,
With fear and inquietude fraught.
With the lightning's swift speed I would fly,
Tho' watery world to explore,
Then breath of sweet friendship the figh,
Sweet friendship which pasies can reftore.

And in my my Philanthropos gone,
And left me his abfence to mourn,
No hope then my bolom remain,
Nor abfence again intervene.

Then joy fhall fuffufe my wan cheek,
And mantling pleafures fhall flow,
O goodness divine, I will fpeak,
With rapture my breaft it fhall glow :
For amity focial and pure,
And love as its author teach'd,
In paradife which fhall endure,
The bands of our union fhall bind.

Our holy days too fhall abound,
The fabbath of reft fhall approach,
Devotion enkindle around,
Nor ought on its vigils encroach :
The circling crowds fhall collect
Redemption the theme we will chouse,
With gratitude glowing refpect,
'Till none fhall its blefings refufe.

Religion with reafon thus crown'd,
With wreaths of benevolence twin'd,
Its pleafures fhall diffuse around,
And bands of contentment fhall bind.
Fair liberty building on truth
Shall rule on the eve of our days,
'Till death with perenial youth,
We dwell the long tribute of praife.

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

WHY, Mortals, complain,
Each day's full of pain,
And each lonely night fpent in grief :
'T your folly you owe,
Each heart piercing woe,
And from fighs, in vain look relief.

Since, L****'s is mine,
Cares, go to the wind,
I fmile at anxiety's chere ;
No forrow I'll tafte,
Life's day will foon waffe,
Blithe joy every hour fhall adorn.

Come, care-away lords,
Chafe counting your beads,
Join innocent merriments throng ;
The morn out of forrow
Put off 'till to-morrow,
To day's for mild mirth's cheering fong.

JOHN JOLLY.

A MAXIM.

TWO eafy things will fatisfy mankind,
An *eafy* FORTUNE, and an *eafy* MIND :
But the one thing, that gives a man content,
In a *good* CONSCIENCE from a *life well fpent.*

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.——No. V.

"IT is a circumftance not fo morel, nor fo much to be wondered at, as it is unreconsonable, and to be lamented, that while men are fo blind and partial to their own faults and errors, they can, at the fame time fo clearly and readily difcover thofe of others, and are fo prone to cenfure and reprove them. Human nature is fraught with innumerable frailties and errors, from which no perfon is exempted; and perhaps this fcrt partiality, which inclines us to veil in the dark duty, or, (when that cannot be done,) at leaft to extenuate and leffen the degree of our own errors, may be, not unjuftly, allued to the catalogue. Vicious principles and dispofitions arife from the infirmity of our nature, from inadvertancy, and from the growth of habit, which to reftrain and regulate thofe unconfiderate and erroneous impulfes of our imperfect nature. He therefore, who deliberately indulges and purfues the cruel and unfriendly practice of criticism and censure, cannot forever hinfelf with the fpecious pretence of being impelled by degenerate nature, but muft, by every liberal heart, be accountable. He who is muft inclined to cenfure others, is generally hinfelf, more deferving of cenfure, and leaft apt to difcover his own crimes. He does not conlider that expoling and expatiating upon the conduft of others, is oftener a greater crime than that conduct which he is malignantly ridiculing.

The practice of defamation is not only culpable, but derogatory to the character and intereft of man. The recollection of paft follies and vices is unpleafant, and occafions disagreeable fenfations. He, therefore, is naturally the object of our averfion, who takes upon himfelf the part of publickly and confcriously reproving us: But he, who with fecret pity, and in generous silence, difcovers my faults, and will in private entertain, and in a friendly manner, difclofe to me my errors, merits my warmeft thanks and sincere gratitude ; and if I have a good heart, fecures them. To cultivate harmony and happiness in society, in numerable inftances of mifconduct, which rigid criticism fhould condemn, muft be fecreed with the veil of candor, and overlooked with an eye of friendly pity and forgiveness. It is alfo a fymptom of a depraved heart, and an unimproved mind, when a perfon, for his own and others amufement, has recourfe to the illiberal and unfriendly practice of fcandal and detraction.

Defamation and flander are the fource of much difturbance and unhappinefs in fociety, and ought never to be countenanced by the leaft appearance of attention ; much lefs encouraged by a fmile of approbation. He who can laugh at, and repeat the foibles of his neighbors, deferves himfelf to be ridiculed. The faults of others fhould be conferved without being exposed, and heard without being recapitulated. Mean is the office and contemptible he who hits at, of difcloling and publifhing the mifconduct of one's neighbors. He who watches the conduct of his neighbors but to observe their errors, who liftens, with eagerness, to the tale of infamy, only that he may increafe his ftores of malevolent reftitude, by copying the unfortunate, merits the fevereft reproaches, and moft contemptuous treatment. Every perfon has faults of his own, which may be a more profitable fource of contemplation than thofe of others.—Every one, therefore, fhould endeavour as a reformation of his own errors ; but no one may make thofe of another the fource of his amufement or diverfion, without incurring blame and reproach upon himfelf."

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Occasioned by the much opposed departure of a Friend, upon a long and hazardous voyage.

HE is gone, he is fled from my view,
O'er you rolling surges to bound,
Yet still my soft wishes pursue,
And still will be hovering around.
My fear the dear wand'rer withstood,
Though tenderness plead on my side,
Resolv'd, and inflexibly good,
For reason was ever his guide.

And now I am left on the shore!
Enclosed with sorrow and pain!
Reflection exists to deplore,
Joy flash not revisit again!
My pulpitals all barren appear,
The watery blasts are abroad,
No hand to protect me is near,
And hope it is well nigh destroy'd!

At midnight, when all are at rest,
My pillow is wet with my tears;
Anxiety tortures my breast,
And yet this one p-y-r is my fears:
Now sickness with prevalent sway,
All pallid arranges its bands,
While every pulse mail obey,
And none its dread influence withstands.

Then pirates the ship may invade,
With slaughter and violence crown'd,
How many the ocean inherit,
How ready for triumph to wound!
The mariners careless may prove,
Accustom'd all dangers to brave,
A spark, and the ship is in flames!
They whelm in a watery grave!

And full to complete the dread scene,
My soul to transits with delight,
The rocks and the sands threaten,
Tempestuous waves in the rear;
A ship-wreck! how dreadful the sound!
'Tis heaven alone can enfold it,
The billows are foaming around,
And the sky no redemption can yield!

How fearful the cries which refound,
What different pallions affail!
No hope of relief can be found,
And every succour must fail!
I listen, and think I can hear
The billows my winds as they ride,
In every danger I share,
And I swell the loud blasts with my sighs.

And if when o'ercharged with grief,
I yield to the pressure of sleep,
So far from obtaining relief,
In dreams I forget not to weep:
Dark spectres still haunt my repose,
'Tis a distemper'd and feverish all,
My lids I reluctantly close,
At nature's imperious call.

O! had I the wings of the morn,
Or could I be borne on a thought,
No more by anxiety torn,
With fear and inquietude fraught.
With the lightnings I'm swift speed I would fly,
The watery world to explore,
Then breathe of fewer friendship the sigh,
Sweet friendship which peace can restore.

And in my my Philanthropos gone,
And left me his absence to mourn,
And will not my Exile return,
On wings of complacency borne!
Oh cease ye rude tempests to beat,
Blow soft I conjure you ye winds,
Ye surges with danger replete,
My happiness on you depends.

Arise ye soft gales of the West,
Favonian breezes which swell,
The voyage of six horrors divest,
And gently the vessel impel:
And when in the Albion shore,
My friend is in safety convey'd,
Then may he with transport explore,
Those haunts which his fancy pourtray'd.

The Matron in youth f- rever'd,
O may he with poverty prefs,
The hand which his infancy rear'd,
Determin'd to succour and bless;
But when in his own native sod,
His foul hath dilated awhile,
With dutetous rapture replete,
The fortows of age to beguile.

May tender remembrance arise,
HONORA defeeted to his view,
Emotions which friendship supplies,
And virtue delights to purfue.
Then fpend him a-yer you sailing deep,
Ye zephyrs unfurl the white fail,
Give flgems in the caverns to fleep,
And whifper the fweet vernal gale.

Celeftiah who watch the blue waves,
Propitious regard my foft prayer,
'Tis Mercy, fweet Deity, fawns,
Then make the lov'd Wand'rer thy care.
Reftore him to friendship again,
Once more to illumine the fcene,
So hope fhall my bofom inflate,
Nor abfence again intervene.

Then joy fhall fuffofe my wan cheek,
And mantling pleafures fhall flow,
Of goodnefs divine, I will fpeak,
With rapture my breaft it fhall glow;
For amity facial and pure,
And love as its author refin'd,
In paradife which fhall endure,
The bands of our union fhall bind.

Our holy days too fhall abound,
The fabbath of reft fhall approach,
Devotion exhaufte around,
Her wings from us virgin fhall encroach:
The circling crouds fhall collect
Redemption the theme we will chooſe,
With gratitude glowing the heart,
"I'll none but the Lamb's blefſings refuſe.

Religion with reafon thus crown'd,
With wreaths of benevolence twin'd,
Its pleafures fhall chafter around,
And hands of concord eftablifh fhall bind.
Fair liberty budding on truth
Shall fmile on the eve of our days,
Till chriſtian with chriſtian fhall clafh,
We fwell the long tribute of praiſe.

HONORA MARTESIA.

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Each day's fall of pain,
And each lonely night fpent in grief:
'T your folly you owe,
Each heart piercing woe,
And from fighs, in vain feek relief.

Since L***** is mine,
Cares, go to the wind,
I fmile at anxiety's ſtorm;
No forrow I'll take,
Life's day will ſoon wake,
Bliſs joy every hour ſhall adorn.

Come, care-crazy heads,
Ceaſe counting your beads,
Join innocent merriments throng;
The moment of ſorrow
I'll put off 'till to-morrow,
To day's for mild mirth's cheering ſong.

JOHN JOLLY.

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TWO only things will ſatisfy mankind,
An *eaſy* FORTUNE, and an *eaſy* MIND:
But the one thing, that gives a man contents,
Is a *good* CONSCIENCE from a *life well ſpent.*

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The practice of defamation is not only culpable, but degrogatory to the character and intereſt of man. The recollection of paſt follies and vices is unpleaſant, and occaſions diſagreeable ſenſations. He, therefore, is naturally the object of our eſteem, who takes upon himſelf the part of publickly and cenſoriouſly reproving us: but he, who with ſecret pay, and in generous silence, diſcovers my faults, and will in private retirement, and in a friendly manner, diſcloſe to me my errors, merits my warmeſt thanks and ſincereſt gratitude; and if I have a good heart, ſecures them. To cultivate harmony and happineſs in ſociety, is naturally the inſtance of mifconduct, which rigid criticiſm ſhould conſemn, muſt be ſcreened with the veil of candor, and overlooked with an eye of friendly pity and forgetfulneſs. It is alſo a ſymptom of a depraved heart, and an unimproved mind, when a perſon, for his own and others amuſement, has recourſe to the illiberal and unfriendly practice of ſcandal and detraction.

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EUSEBIUS.

SECOND EDITION.

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☞ PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.—ORDERS ſolicited.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To four aids on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring:
Call every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. VII.

Levius fit patientia,
Quicquid corrigere cst nefas.

is a common adage, that "*man is born to mifand* it is a meral truth, that human nature in fome degree or other, at times, experiinisfortune; but this adage is too often mifved, and mifapplied. The charming Poet, whofe works I have taken my motto, tells , that "however painful the diſpenſations Gods, if borne with patience they become eaſy," and this by way of conſoling, or aſhim to ſubmit to the death of Quintilius, it repining. And applied to the unavoidails of life, it is certainly a very valuable and maxim. But I am often diverted to obſerve ll on the moſt trivial occaſions. I was a time ſince, invited to dine with a friend who s few miles from Boſton, to meet a large with whom I had a kind of univerſal acance. The weather was dreary, it had twenty four hours previous to the day aped, but as I make it a rule never to accept itation I am not pleaſed with, ſo when on I, nothing but ill health prevents my fulfilly engagements. At the time appointed, ore, I repaired to my friend's houſe. The was not ſo large as expected, and I found vere determined to wait dinner for a faſhionouple, who had poſitively declared no weathould prevent their coming. Accordingly afo'clock, (and dinner was to have been ſervat half paſt 2) Mr. and Mrs. VENUSTUS up to the door in a phaeton, drawn by a f bay geldings, decorated with a flowy plaarneſs, but the carriage itſelf looked in a vetattered condition; and when the lady ap- l in the drawing room, it was plainly perde that ſome accident had befallen them.— dear madam," ſaid the miſtreſs of the houſe, ar you have been overturned?"—"Overturn- leed, my dear," replied her viſitor, "juſt as d got over the neck, we met a drove of catour horſes are very ſpirited; blood, madam, Venustus imported them, I would not part them for.——. Well, they took fright at acking of the dogs which accompanied the , and ſet out upon the full run: I was in ; they would have brought us ſafe to your but about a quarter of a mile from hence, g a team without a driver, it ran againſt us, ore west, and you ſee what a figure I am."— nat a mercy" ſaid Mrs. ——, my friends "what a mercy it was your limbs were not m." "Oh, it was a great mercy," continued VENUSTUS, "that my beautiful bandeau of d and blond beads, and which coſt me five dollars yeſterday, was not totally ruined. To be ſure my pink ſatin gown is quite ſpoiled; I can never wear it again; but *misfortune is the lot of all, and we muſt bear it as patiently as we can.*"

We dined, and things went on very ſmoothly until tea time, when lo! the plumb cake was very heavy. This called forth a diſſertation from the lady of the houſe, on the art of cake making and baking; and concluded with this moral reflection: "I am ſure I weighed every article, beat it a full hour, and baked it by rule, and if it is not good, it is not my fault; we are all liable to diſappointments, ſo I muſt be patient, 'tis of no uſe fretting now." During the courſe of the evening, a little girl run into the room with a large waxen doll in her hand, the face of which was dreadfully mutilated by a fall. "Oh! mamma look," cried ſhe, ſobbing, "my doll, my pretty doll, I let it fall, and ſee how it is broke." "Well child," ſaid her father, "don't make a noiſe, that won't mend it." The child continued crying, when one of the company calling her, ſaid, "don't cry love, it was very pretty to be ſure, but waxen dolls will break, and little ladies muſt learn to be patient." "Patience," continued ſhe, kiſſing the child, "is a cure for all evils."—The rain continued all the evening, moſt of the company ſtayed all night.— The ſucceeding morning broke very fine, and a late evening inclined the family to make a late morning. I roſe before the reſt of the party were ſtirring, and walked into a meadow adjoining the garden, through which a foot path led to a cottage, very ſmall and miſerably out of repair; I was juſt oppoſite the door, when a young woman came out and gathering up a few ſticks which were ſcattered about the entrance, was returning into the houſe, (for it ſcarce deſerved a better name.) I looked in her face, and ſaw the tears trickle down her cheeks; her countenance was not handſome, but it was intereſting; there was nothing of elegance or refinement about her, yet ſhe appeared above the common vulgar. When my feelings are awakened, I ſeldom take long for reflection. I ſtepped forward, and pulling her by the gown as ſhe was entering the door, ſaid, "poor girl, you ſeem unhappy, can I do any thing to make you more cheerful? take this trifle," (offering her a dollar.) "I thank you" ſaid ſhe, modeſtly putting aſide my hand, "I thank you, but we are not in great neceſſity, we have all the neceſſaries of life, you judge right in ſuppoſing me not happy—I am not ſo, indeed, I never ſhall be ſo again." I had followed her into the room; in one corner was a bed, on which lay the emaciated figure of a girl, not more than nineteen years old; a bible it lay a woman in appearance near fifty, a child lay on her lap, and the eyes of the poor wretch on the bed were fixed upon its face. I ſaw ſurpriſe and ſome expreſſion of anger on the elderly perſons face, and haſtened to obviate it.— "Madam" ſaid I, "do not ſuppoſe an impertinent curioſity has prompted this intruſion, I ſaw your diſtreſs at the door, I beheld her weep, I was affected, I wiſhed to relieve."—"You are very good" ſhe replied, lifting her eyes to my face as ſhe ſpoke, with a look ſo mild, and uncomplaining, that a ſavage only, could have beheld it unmoved. "You are very good, but our ſorrows admit not of relief; that young woman who has intereſted you is my niece, this poor creature is my daughter. She once was innocent—ſhe is no longer ſo; a monſter in the ſemblance of a gentleman, robbed her of virtue, and me of almoſt the whole of my ſupport, by borrowing what ready money I could command, and decoying the loan. But this I could have borne, had he not robbed my poor child of what might have ſupported her under accumulated miſery, and ſmoothed her paſſage to another world; I mean her truſt in God. He poiſoned her mind, perverted her underſtanding, which was naturally good, and ſhe is now ſtuddering on the brink of eternity, without one hope to enliven the dark and gloomy ſcene." "But we have not loſt our confidence in God," ſaid the young woman who had at firſt attracted my attention. "We know that he is as merciful as juſt; and never afflicts but for wiſe and good purpoſes." "True; my dear, true!" ſaid the reſpectable matron, "and I praiſe him daily, that amidſt the load of affliction it has pleaſed him to lay upon me, by inſpiring me with patience and ſtrength to bear it, he has made the burthen light."

Good Heaven, ſaid I mentally, as I turned to quit the cottage, that a ſentiment ſo ſoothing!—ſo beautiful—ſo capable of ſupporting the unhappy, ſhould be diſgraced, by being applied to ſuch trifling accidents as the ſpoiling a gown, making heavy cake, or breaking a waxen doll.

At my return, I enquired about this intereſting family, and learnt a ſtory, which at ſome future time I may preſent to my readers.

N. B. *A letter from three young ladies, forty miles from Boſton, on the road to Cape-Cod, is received.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CENSOR——No. III.

So very kind, ſo *modeſtly* polite,
They hurt my hearing, and offend my ſight.

THERE is no greater *rudeneſs* that can be under heaven, than what ſome people denominate "*politeneſs*;" they ſeem to think it conſiſts wholly in vexing a man to death with their attention: if they meet a friend in the ſtreet, they *inſiſt* upon his going home with them; in vain may he excuſe himſelf—it is of no avail. Should he come to their houſe, whether he wiſhes or not, he muſt *eat or drink*; and after he has been tormented almoſt into fits, it is, "*don't go, do ſtay a little longer, why you have not been here a minute,*" &c. and what renders it ten times worſe, is, that all this *is not real*, but forced, in order to ſhow, "POLITENESS AND CIVILITY!" heaven preſerve me from this rude politeneſs!

I never go to ſee my maiden couſins in the country, but I experience ſomething of this ſort; they are ſo very *kind*, ſo *terribly* polite, ſo cruelly attentive, that I have ſeveral times been very near ſuffocating under five blankets, and choak'd to death with all manner of cordials! As ſoon as I get to the houſe, they all fly out to meet me, one hold of one arm and another of the other; they

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wonder why I had not come before; *"I can't think how glad they are to see me;"* and with ten thousand such benevolent *"can't thinks,"* I am led into the house; a fire big enough to roast an ox is immediately made in the best room, and the great easy chair placed before it, in which I am compelled to sit; though I *had rather sit further off*, they all insist on my drawing nearer, for they would not have me take cold: for all I was or Patty I here perhaps I will not indulge myself by keeping my boots on; but oh, no, they are hauled off by half a dozen servants, and a little tight pair of slippers stuck on in their stead. Whatever I say is concluded into something more than I intended. I happened one day, I recollect, to say something about the *fat* baying before me on the hearth, and before I knew it, there were all the cats and kittens in the house thrown into my lap; when one of them disliking such treatment, as I did myself, gave me to understand a scratch that I am not well off to this day. If I speak or hem, they think I have taken cold, and their expressions of fear are generally the prelude to some drops on sugar, or a glass of bitters; if I take it, why, I certainly must like it, and a servant is immediately dispatched, pell mell, to the nearest apothecary for *more*, that it may be fresh and in season, and ready at a *moments warning*. If I am so unwise as to refuse—this is *modesty*, and with ten million exhortations from them all, it generally amounts to the same thing at last—so down it goes. At supper, I choose tea perhaps, but coffee *is as good at the last at any*, and I must take coffee. I always prefer it without sugar or cream, but the dear sweet souls take care to make syrup of it, *"for they know how to take care of their cousin when he comes to see them."* By this time I wish to go to bed; for this purpose, an exhorted by the *whole family*, with *strong waters, diabolic, sugar, teas, perfumes, lemon water*, and many other kinds of *water*! two warming pans are generally in the bed at once, and the last time I was there, one of them was broken, and I thought my cousin Deborah would have actually swooned for her *one* bed pan would not positively take the air out of the sheets!—a very good fixed table for dining half a dozen people, is usually placed by my bed side, with the drops, &c. so that if I should wake up in the night, *here* is such a thing, and *there* is such a thing, and directions for using them, (which however I never trouble myself about) generally takes up twenty or thirty minutes.

It is with the utmost difficulty I can make my escape the next morning—the servants having received orders to hide my boots, fay my horse is lame, or bade in the pasture and declare they can't catch him; or else my cousin themselves conceal my hat and cloak, and all such queer tricks, and precaution to prolong my stay, they think the most eligible way of showing how *fond* they are of me, and how they *long* to have me stay. I cannot conclude this, without mentioning how very fat they carried their goodnefs to lengthen one of my late visits:—While I was sleeping with my door locked, they found means to get all my clothes into their possession, by sending a servant *into the window* in the night by a ladder, so that the next morning it was impossible for me to get away. I was finally obliged to promise to stay two days longer before my clothes were delivered to me.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BALD EAGLE.

Falco leucocephalus.

THE body of the bald eagle is brown; the head, neck and tail white, and the upper part of the legs brown. It is a native of many parts of North America, and is remarkable for habits peculiar to itself. They breed all the year round. As soon as the young are covered with down, the *old eagle* lays again, and leaves the eggs to be hatched by their warmth; the flight of one brood always making way for the next. These birds fly heavily, and commonly overtake their prey like the reft of their tribe; they therefore watch the fowlers in the winter, and when any birds are wounded, if they escape the fowler, they are sure to seize them. It is said, they will steal young pigs, and carry them alive to their nest, which is made of twigs, sticks and rubbish, and generally almoft full of bones and putrid flesh.

The following curious particulars refpecting thefe birds, are extracted from a recent French publication. *(Voyage dans la haute Pensylvanie et dans l'etat de Newyork etc.)*

As foon as the fea bafs quits the ocean to enter the river Hudfon, the Fifhing Hawk comes to inhabit the neighboring eminences. After refting to an immenfe height, the better to diftinguifh his prey, he precipitates himfelf like lightning into the water, and returns with one of thofe enormous fifh in his claws—the weight and convulfive motions of which, renders his flight flow and difficult. Left he has a formidable enemy in his neighborhood, the Bald Eagle—who is very fond of fifh, without the power of taking it: and whom the fcarcity of grain in this feafon, obliges to quit the mountains. As foon as he fees the Fifhing Hawk arrived to the height of his noft, this monarch of birds quits his hiding place, where he had been watching his motions—follows him with outfpread wings, 'till, convinced of his inferiority, the hawk abandons his prey. Then his haughty antagonift with folded wings, darts like an arrow with an inconceivable addrefs, feizes the fifh before it reaches the water. As the Corfair, from whom an enemy has taken his prize, in fight of his deftined Port, undertakes a new cruife, in hopes of being more fuccefsful—the Fifhing Hawk rifes again into the air—foon feizes a new prey, which he at laft preferves from the violence of his enemy. When the Bafs quit the river, the Eagle returns to the mountains; the Hawk to the fhores of the ocean, where he has no more tribute to pay.

The Fifhing Hawk (Falco pifcatorius) is large, flies high and rapid; his wings are long and pointed. He lives only on the fifh he takes himfelf—difclaiming thofe the fea throws upon its fhores.

GIANT CLAM.

Chama Gigas.

THIS is the largeft of all the teftaceous animals. Only one fhell, in Mr. Purrell's Cabinet, weighs upwards of 400lbs.; upon a moderate calculation, the animal which it contained, would afford a meal for a hundred men. It is a native of the fhores of the Indian Ocean, where it is faid at low water, the Tiger comes down to feek for food, he puts his paw into the fhell to get at the animal, when the fhell clofes and holds him fo faft that he either lofes his paw, or is drowned by the rifing tide.

Another fpecimen in Mr. Purrell's Cabinet, weighs one hundred weight.

ANTIQUITY.

Meffrs. Gilbert & Dean,

IN perufing a London Magazine for September, 1776, I find the following curious article which if you think will amufe your readers, you may publifh in your "Bofton Weekly Magazine." P.

ANTIQUE MONUMENT IN CHINA.

"THE learned have fuppofed that fome hiftoric documents of very diftant nations, tended to prove, that "*Chriftianity had been once known in thofe countries, although the memory of the doctrine through length of time and other conforting circumftances, had been effaced.*" There is fo much darknefs fhrouded over rem ote antiquity, that what are termed difcoveries, feldom feem to enlighten us in the leaft of truth. There is a certain point, beyond which it is conjecture, little reliance is to be placed upon as they are fo often fpurious, little confequence is to be placed in manufcripts, they are fo often forged, even ftone Monuments, when faid to have been dug up, fcarcely deferve any credit. I am led to this train (fays the author of this article) by reading an a certain monument faid to have been dug up at *Sanefoan*, a village in China. The ftone is thus related from a great author.

"A fquare ftone of about ten fpans long was difcovered by fome perfons who were digging in another purpofe than that of finding relicts. On the upper part of the ftone was the figure of a Croix, under this crofs was an infeription in characters, which brought into latin, is thus read in Engliih. "This ftone was erected to the praife and eternal remembrance of the law of Chriſt. Truth, brought from Judea and promulged to China."—From which only the title of the Monument, the body of it contained a relation how the Gospel of Chriſt Jefus was brought out of Judea into Oto Peps, and propogated in China—The tranfaction is fuppofed to have happened about fix hundred years after the death of Chriſt. Confidering the hiftory of this whole affair, Otto Peps, the firſt promulgator of Chriſtianity in China was introduced to the court of the Emperor here he underwent the neceſſary examinations and the Emperor was fo fatisfied both with the truth of the man, and the excellence of his doctrine that he readily gave permiſſion to be inſtructed in his tenets, which ſpeaks of the doctrine taught by Otto Peps in the following ſtrains of panegyric:

"Having examined the fundamental principles of this doctrine, we find it excellent beyond deſcription; it is fo full of truth, and fo perfectly free from all falſehood or bubble, it claims right from the foundation of the world.

"The Emperor thus applauded the doctrine, and heartily recommended it to the inhabitants of China; ſome the favourers of Chriſt unity.

"If the worſhip of the Devil was adopted by the firſt of the Chriſtian converts, to imitate the ceremonies of bad, that not be in the fashion.

"After Oto Peps's demiſe, Chriſtianity fo ſoon ſpread in China, as that the recollection of it was loſt even in the ſame, would not have been believed, but for the ancient which ended this ſtone to be dug up."

The following remark is added to the above account.

"If the relation is genuine, and ſuch a ſtory well acknowledged by the Chineſe hiſtorians, then it is plain that the doctrines of Chriſtianity have been propogated in the remoteſt regions as generally ſuppoſed. If the like many relicts of antiquity be ſpurious, and the moſt of its diſcovery altogether fabulous, it would ſeem a meaſure to be thus proved by ſome learned pundit of the age.

THE LADIES VINDICATED.

THE critics of the fair ſex tell us, that vain, fabulous, ignorant, coquettiſh, capricious is what not. Unjuſt that we are!—it is the fault of the Lion and the Man; but ſince the lion cannot have become authors, they can take their revenge; were they not too generous for ſuch a puſillanimous

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vigour, to lengthen the sleeves of their chemises, as also to add cuffs to the sleeves of their gowns? I left their naked elbows, being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, should occasion that very incommodious complaint—a lumbago—which could not fail most sensibly, to interrupt their pleasurable enjoyments.

A PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 11, 1802.

In the English Monthly Magazine, for July, 1802, we notice the following curious article, taken from the "Port folio of a man of Letters."

In relating a severe battle between the Swifs and Auftrians, the writer obferves, "that the Auftrian Duke feeing his banner in danger of the enemy, and hearing the ftandard-bearer call for affiftance, threw himfelf into the thickeft of the battle, ran to the banner, and perifhed in its defence.—The ftandard-bearer, was alfo found dead, *with part of the flag ftill in his mouth; he had fwallowed the reft to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.*"

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

On the 19th ult. an extremely melancholy occurrence happened at Cedar Creek, in New-Jerfey. A fon of Mr. Daniel Williams, aged 14 years, went out in the morning to his rabbit traps, fome diftance from the houfe, and being abfent longer than ufual, his mother became uneafy, and fent in fearch of him, when he was found in a little thicket, murdered! An axe with which he was murdered, was laying by him. A coroner's inqueft brought in their verdict, *wilful murder.*—It is faid a perfon (who was one of the inqueft) has fince been apprehended on fufpicion.

A murder of a dreadful defcription, attended by circumftances of the moft fhocking cruelty, was yefterday committed at Morlake. A man named SILLWELL, who kept a public houfe, known by the fign of the Jolly Gardners, in that village, rofe, as was his cuftom, yefterday morning at five o'clock, and whilft he was dreffing, having fome words with his wife, towards whom he had always manifefted great conjugal affection, the unhappy man was fo hurried away by the violence of paffion, that fetching a horfe piftol, loaded with eight flugs, he prefented it at his wife, and pulled the trigger! Fortunately, the ftrat being worn out, the fatal difcharge was prevented, but even this providential interpofition had no effect in calming the fury of the enraged husband, for with a vengeance truly diabolical, he rufhed upon the wretched woman, and with the but end of the piftol beat her about the head with fuch unrelenting ferocity, that, on the neighbours entering the room, alarmed at the uproar, they difcovered the body of Mrs. Sillwell lying on the bed, her head literally beat to pieces, and her brains fcattered about the room. The author of this inhuman act retained the barrel of the piftol in his hand, for he had ftruck with fuch force, that the ftock was entirely demolifhed. The alarm of a country village at a circumftance of this nature, may be eafily conceived; but as foon as the conftable had fubfided, Sillwell was taken into cuftody, and the offence being committed in Surry, was conveyed before the Magiftrates at Guilford Hall.

(London Paper.)

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

GRATEFUL for the many original Communications with which we have been favoured fince the commencement of our *Magazine*, we feel ourfelves impelled to exprefs the fenfations with which the liberality of our literary friends has inforced us; and to aflure them that when we reject their productions, it is by no means our defign to offend. We formed our plan at firft, of publifhing a weekly paper, on the hope of rendering an eflential fervice to the Fair Sex, by offering them a work in which fhould be united at once, Amufement and Information, and thought it would be peculiarly acceptable to them, as the daily papers are merely vehicles of political controverfy, and party contentions. This being our avowed defign, it behoves us to be particularly careful in what we prefent to their eye.—Delicacy of fentiments, accuracy and elegance of language, and purity of moral tendency, will ever be ftrong recommendations; but we think we fhall merit their patronage, not from the variety with which we may prefent them, but from the intrinfic merit of the whole; and we fhall much rather offer them a good extract from an approved work, than an indifferent original.—When a perfon vifits the market with a defign of purchafing fruit, in order to prefent fome felect friends with a pleafant and grateful collation, he carefully examines all, before he determines which to purchafe, rejects the unripe or unfound, feledulously culling that which is faireft to the eye, and from its bloom and freflinefs promifes to be moft delightful to the palate, yielding a delicious refreflinefs, without endangering the health. Thofe perfons whofe fruit would not bear the teft of a fcrupulous infpection, may be and moft likely are offended at being negledted, but will not the moft cautious who deal in the beft fruit, always endeavour to offer him a firft choice.—So from the fruit of genius fent us by our correfpondents, we feledt the moft wholefome for the *repaft of our friends*; the attributed judgment cannot be visited rafh: may blame us for rejecting fome, but the fenfible, judicious, and difcerning, will, while they commend our caution, ftill generoufly continue to furnifh our readers with a repaft of choice and wholefome delicacies.

We expect from the Mufe of the gentleman whofe fignature is *P. fome Biographical Anecdotes*, and other articles of information and amufement, which when received, we fhall prefent to our readers.

The author of "*Trifles*," is requefted to fend for a letter at this Office, on Monday next.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DR. BARTON is about publifhing at Philadelphia, *Elements of Botany*, in one large 8vo. containing a large number of Plates, by the firft American artifts. From the well known abilities of the author, the lover of Botany may expect to be highly gratified with this work, the firft of the kind that has iffued from the pen of an American Botanift.—We alfo underftand that the Doctor has in the prefs, the fecond part of his *Fragments of the Natural Hiftory of Pennfylvania*, in folio, which has been unavoidably delayed on account of the indifpofition of the author.—We alfo learn that the Doctor intends when his leifure and health will permit, to publifh a collection of Engravings of American Plants, that are ufeful in Medicine or the Arts; the drawings taken from Nature by the firft artifts; to be published in decades of ten plates each.

Meffrs. Mantor and Francis, of this town, have published the firft number of a new edition of *Shakfpear's Plays*, which for neatnefs of execution, exceeds any other American edition, and equals many Englifh, and is one cent cheaper than any other ever published. It is to be compleated in fifteen numbers, at 38 cents each; making eight handfome 12mo volumes each adorned with an elegant vignette title page. It alfo contains the whole Notes and Prefaces of Dr. Johnfon. The vignette title page, engraved by Mr. Gridley, is elegant, and well executed.—They deferve fuccefs in this arduous undertaking.

MARRIAGE.

In this town, Capt. Daniel Sargent, jun. to Miss Mary Frazer.

DEATHS.

In this town, Edward Davis, fon of Mr. William Davis, *Æt.* 2; Miss Abigail Cormon; Thomas Clarke, efq. *Æt.* 32; a Woman from the Almfhoufe, and Lydia Chilcote, making the number of deaths this week four, exclufive of yefterday. 6, P. M.

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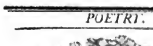
POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BALLAD.

1

AH! why is thy countenance fad, gentle fair?
And why roll the tears from thine eye?
Hath then wonder'd all night thou expos'd to the air,
Beneath this cold wintrely sky?

2

Ah! why dwells thy bofom with ſighs, gentle fair?
And why droops thy head on thy breaſt?
Art thou doom'd the harſh frowns of misfortune to bear,
And haſt thou no home where to reſt?

3

Come tell me the cauſe of thy grief, gentle fair?
Come tell me the cauſe of thy grief;
I'll pity thy ſorrows, I'll lighten thy care;
Art thou poor? I will give thee relief.

4

Yes, oft do I wander all night, friendly ſoul,
And few are my moments of reſt;
But I feel not the chill winds that through the trees howl,
Nor the cold ſtorm that beats on my breaſt.

5

For a ſhade far more dreary than night, friendly ſoul,
Has hid every joy from my view;
And a blaſt that's more piercing than winds round the pole,
Has chill'd my poor heart through and through.

6

More diſtant, kind ſoul, than harſh poverty's frown,
More cold than the winters ſharp treſt;
The boſom I once thought moſt friendly is grown,
The heart I moſt value is loſt.

7

Then aſk not, kind heart, why the ſilent tears roll,
Nor why ſwells my boſom with griefs;
The friend whoſe unkindneſs has fraught my ſoul,
Alone can afford it relief.

LINES

Addreſſed to a young Lady, whoſe Anger had been expreſſed in very ſtrong Terms, in conſequence of a ſervant having broken a favorite Looking-glaſs.

THE Mirror was fragile, and careleſs the maid;
Eliza beheld the ſad ſtroke;
Her paſſions were rouz'd, her reſentment diſplay'd,
And pleaſure aſide in a moment was laid,
As thus in a fury ſhe ſpoke —

"Your always deſtroying whatever I prize;
Thoſe hands are as heavy as lead."
Yet, ah! had ſhe ſeen but the fire of her eyes,
She would rather have vented her anger in ſighs,
Than a word to the ſervant have ſaid.

The mirror was broke, ſo ſhe could not behold
The effect of her anger and ſpleen:
Then let her for once by an old friend be told,
That *it is not in* ſtocking a fight as a field,
Or one to indulge to be ſeen.

And then, let her know that the ſorrows of life
So thick and ſo frequent appear,
That ſhe ſurely the moſt not indulge any ſtrife;
Or elſe ſhe will never become a good wife,
And ſmile, midſt the frowns of her dear.

And let her be taught to controul her deſires,
For anger encourag, d brings ſhame:
And meekneſs in what ſhe does moſt her admires;
So ladies ſhould ſmother thoſe embers and fires
Which paſſion might light into flame.

ON WRITING.

TELL me what ſo wiſe did the art invent,
The lively magic of the mind to paint?
Who firſt the ſecret how to colour found,
And to give ſhape to ſenſes viſibly bound?
With bodies how to clothe ideas taught,
And how to draw the preſence of a thought?
Who taught the hand to ſpeak, the eye to hear?
A diſtinct language, current far and near?
Whoſe ſight more catching ſhod thunder's ſound,
And ſpread as ſwiftly thro' the world's wide round?

Yet with kind ſecrecy ſecurely toll
Whiſpers of abſent friends from pole to pole;
A ſpeech heard by the deaf—ſpoke by the dumb,
Whoſe accents reach along—long time to come;
Which dead men ſpeak as well as thoſe that live,
Tell me what genius did the art contrive?

Sudden thought of a LIBERTINE on paſſing by the Newport Meeting, in time of worſhip.

TRAIN'D in each virtue, moral and divine;
See in the decent cloud, what natural beauties ſhine;
No airs unſeemly, no indecent nod,
Their hearts on heaven, and their ſhot's on God;
Whoſe modeſt garb, and tenets well experis,
That true Religion wears no tinſel dreſs:
Diſtinguiſh'd only but by real good,
By thoſe abandon'd, and by thoſe purſued;
Aſleek, unadorned, with every merit join'd
Lodg'd in the ſoul, and treaſur'd in the mind.

MORALITY.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

In a Speech of Sir JOHN SHORE, to the *Aſiatick Society*, the following appear to have been the ſentiments of the celebrated Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Vide Europ. Mag. for Apr. 1795.

"THE collect of tracts, which we call, from their excellence, the Scriptures, contain, independently of a divine origin, more pure ſublimity, more exquiſite beauty, purer morality, more important hiſtory, and finer ſtrains of both poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the ſame compaſs, from all other books that were ever compoſed in any age, or in any idiom. The two parts, of which the Scriptures conſiſt, are connected by a chain of compoſitions, which bear no reſemblance, in form or ſtyle, to any that can be produced from the ſtores of Grecian, Indian, Perſian, or even Arabian learning: The antiquity of theſe compoſitions no man doubts, and the unrivalled application of them to events, long ſubſequent to their publication, is a ſolid ground of belief, that they were genuine predictions, and conſequently inſpired."

EXTENT OF DURATION.

POPE to ADDISON.

"OUR whole extent of Being, is no more in the eye of Him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours as the naturaliſts aſſure us, are yet as long lived and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with an eye to all ſpace and to all eternity.

"Who knows what plots, what atchievments a *Mite* can perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt within his life of ſome minutes, and of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of Man, in the ſight of that God, who is *from* ever, and *for* ever."

AMUSING.

THE late Mr. Cambridge was one of the chief literary cyrupas of a periodical paper, entitled *The Worlds*. Mr. Mooſes, the conductor of that paper, in any extremity, conſtantly applied to his friend Cambridge, upon whoſe fertile genius and friendly promptitude, he could always rely. It happened, that an application of this kind, was made to Mr. Cambridge on a Sunday, and during the ſervice at Church he appeared ſo much wrapt in thought, that when it was over, he was gently reproved by a lady for ſuffering his mind to wander from the ſolemn purpoſe of the place. "I aſſure you, Madam, (ſaid he) you are miſtaken, for my thoughts were really employed upon the next *World*."

Lond. Pap.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BALLAD.

1

AH! why is thy countenance fad, gentle fair?
And why roll the tears from thine eye?
Hath thou wander'd all night, thinly clad, expos'd to the air,
Beneath this cold wintercly sky?

2

Ah! why fwells thy bofom with figho, gentle fair?
And why droops thy head on thy breaft?
Art thou doom'd the harth frowns of misfortune to bear,
And hall thou no home where to reft?

3

Come tell me the cauſe of thy grief, gentle fair?
Come tell me the cauſe of thy grief;
I'll pity thy ſorrows, I'll lighten thy care;
Art thou poor? I will give thee relief.

4

Yes, oft do I wander all night, friendly ſoul,
And few are my moments of reſt;
But I feel not the chill winds that through the trees howl,
Nor the cold ſtorm that beats on my breaſt.

5

For a ſhade far more dreary than night, friendly ſoul,
Has hid every joy from my view;
And a bluſt that's more ſtirring than winds round the pole,
Has chill'd my poor heart through and through.

6

More diſtant, kind ſoul, than harth poverty's frown,
More cold than the winters ſharp froſt;
The boſom I once thought muſt friendly is grown,
The heart I muſt value is loſt.

7

Then aſk not, kind heart, why the ſtorm tears reſt,
Nor why ſwells my boſom with grief;
The friend whole ſolicitude has ſtouen my ſoul,
Alone can afford it relief.

LINES

Addreſſed to a young Lady, whole Anger had been expreſſed in very ſtrong Terms, in conſequence of a Servant having broken a favorite Looking-glaſs.

THE Mirror was fragile, and cruſhels the maid;
Eliza beheld the fad ſtroke;
Her paſſions were rous'd, her reſentment diſplay'd,
And pleaſure ſlide in a moment was laid,
As thus in a fury ſhe ſpoke:

"Your always deſpiſing what's ever I prize;
Thole hantels are to heavy as lead."
Yet, oh! had the ſcene but the fire of her eyes,
She would ſcarce have retired for anger in ſighs,
Than a word to the ſervant have ſaid.

The mirror was broke, ſo ſhe could not behold
The effect of her anger and grief;
Then let her for once by an old friend be told,
There is not ſo ſhocking a ſight as a ſcold,
Or one ſo unfit to be lov'd.

And then, let her know that the ſorrows of life
Do thick and ſo frequent appear,
That for trifles the muſt not indulge any ſtrife;
Or elſe ſhe will never become a good wife,
And ſmile, midſt the frowns of her dear.

And let her be taught to control her deſires,
Per ſuge extravagance and things ſhame;
And middens is what all the ends his nemeſis;
So ladies ſhould timother thole embers are fires
Which paſſion might light into flame.

ON WRITING.

THIS man whose GENIUS did the art invent,
The lovely images of the mind to paint!
Who firſt the ſecret knew to colour ſounds,
And to give ſhape to reaſon wiſely found?
With bodies how to clothe ideas taught,
And how to ſhow the picture of a thought?
Who taught the hand to ſpeak, the eye to hear
A diſtant language, roving far and near?
Who fo before mens ſwiftleſt hand thought's found,
And ſo made ſure ſucceſſion thro' the world's wide round?
Yet with kind ſecrecy ſolicitly roll
Whiſpers of abſent friends from pole to pole;
A ſpeech heard by the deaf—ſpoke by the dumb,
Whole accents reach along—long time to come;
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By thole abandon'd, and by thole purſued;
Meek, unadorned, with every merit join'd
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Land. Pap.

IT has been very properly remarked, that that, who deſpiſe puns as unworthy of their notice, in the very ſame perſons, who, after a frequency of effort, are unable to attain that amuſing art of playfulneſs. It is recorded in all ages, that the moſt learned men, and the moſt acute wits, have very often relaxed from the fatigues of their moſt grave concerns by this digreſſive art of the fancy. A perſon was once tried before Lord Coke, on a charge of having written a book in *folio*, which contained a number of ſeditious expreſſions, of which, after a long trial, he was acquitted. His Lordſhip obſerved, that the writer had like to have brought himſelf into a ſnare by a folio, but—looking to the twelve jurors—that he eſcaped by a *dodecimo*. - - - *Ibid.*

DAWN'S SON!—*origin of the phraſe*—A few years ago, one David Lloyd, a welchman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living ſow with 6 legs, which occaſioned the reſort of great numbers to his houſe. David had a wife who was much addicted to drunkenneſs, and one day, having taken an extra cup, and dreading the conſequences, went into the yard, opened the ſty door, let out the ſow, and lay down in its place, thinking a ſhort nap would diſpel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, a company arrived to ſee the much talked of animal; and David, upon ſight of his office, ſtirred them to the ſty, exclaiming, "Did any of you ever ſee ſo uncommon a creature before?" "Indeed, Davy," ſaid one of the farmers, "I never before obſerved a ſow ſo very drunk in all my life!" Hence the term—*drunk as Davidd's ſow*. *Ibid.*

A FEW days ſince, a gentleman obſerved two ſailors very buſy in lifting an aſs over the wall of a *yard*, where it was confined. On aſking the reaſon, the tars, with ſome gravity and chearfulneſs, made the following reply:—"Why, hankee, maſter, we ſaw this here animal aground, without colours, d'ye ſee, and ſo by meſſmate and I agreed to cut his cable and give him his liberty, becauſe we have known before now, what it is to be ſhort allowance!" - - - *Ibid.*

A FASHIONABLE young beau, made his addreſſes to a woman, who was well ſtricken in years, and had been remarkably homely in her youth, but was poſſeſſed of the attractions of a large landed property; and as a *counterfeit* part is commonly overdone, eſpecially in courtſhip, the young ſpark was exceedingly profuſe in his profeſſions of attachment. In the mean time, the lover was ſtanding with his back to a bright fire, while they were walking together, arm within arm, one her hands, and after he had been extremely declaring his ardent paſſion, the very ſeriouſly addreſſed him as follows:—"Sir, my glaſs told me, ever when I was young, that my perſon was very plain and forbidding; and old age has added wrinkles to my natural deformity; tho' I wiſh to believe you, I can hardly think it poſſible that ſuch a handſome, accompliſhed young man as you be, ſhould fall in love with an ill looking old woman"—Oh! it is poſſible, it is *real*, replied the Gallant—ſuch is my affection for you, that *I have the very ground you walk upon*."—"*Indeed!*" retorted the old woman, with warmth, "I ſuſpected it before; I thought that my *ground* and not my *perſon* was the object of your affection, and I am now determined that you ſhall poſſeſs neither the one nor the other." - - - *Hudſ. Bal.*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To mar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. VIII.

Stremua nos exercet inertia.

THE following letter, though bearing the signature of three females, I strongly suspect to have been written by a man; and yet it somewhat excites my surprife, that the writer though learned enough to underſtand and apply my ſcrap of latin, ſo it is *elegantly* expreſſed; I had not wiſdom ſufficient to diſcover the falſe ſpelling in the word *rudeſtatus*, but has literally copied it from the Magazine, without noticing ſo glaring an error, and which was typographical. I preſent my readers with the letter, becauſe I chooſe to be impartial, and that muſt plead my excuſe for engaging their attention upon ſo trifling a ſubject. The letter is inſerted verbatim as I received it.

"TO THE GOSSIP.

"As you have publicly invited, all thoſe who labor under grevious burthens, to make known their complaints; and in return you have kindly promiſed your ſage advice, we gladly accept your invitation, and proceed to a ſtatement with as much perſpicuity as poſſible.

"We live about 40 miles from Boſton, on the road to Cape-Cod, and however unſuitable the appearance may be, we do not bluſh, when we aſſure you, that we aſſembled by a circle of young ladies, for the expreſs purpoſe of attempting a redreſs of grievances, through the medium of the *Goſſip*.

"Our companions met within a year paſt, have enjoyed the moſt undeviating attention, from the young gentlemen; no one preſumed to offer a cenſure, for their conduct was without blemiſh. Their ſongs and dance employed all the leiſure time we could ſnatch from domeſtic duties, and ſerved as a ſufficient relaxation for the mind, after reading, &c. It was then we partook of what "ſoul or reaſon, and THAT flow of ſoul," which was without a parallel.

"The above is a picture of the politeneſs offered us by the gentlemen 12 months ago, but alas! how altogether ly have they degenerated. When they appear in company, which is ſeldom, they are either puſſilled with a moroſe diſpoſition, or what is more frequent, and ſtill more wrſe, a horrid ſtupidity, which tends to converſation to puerile, that we cannot expreſs our diſguſt of it in a better manner than by inſerting the ſcrap of latin which we obſerved at the head of your firſt number.

"*Particulant montes, naſcitur ridiculus mus.*"

"It is not our time in ſon that theſe gentlemen will take the trouble to walk with us home, and rather than they ſhould exult at our mortification of trudging alone, we are obliged,

"*Like ſome endangered Spark,*
To ſteal off on tip-toe in the dark."

"A Ball would be almoſt as much of a rarity here as an Elephant.

"And as for ride, you ſee them engaged in none, unleſs it is with ſome mother, a maiden aunt, or an aged grandmam; and perhaps they will enter in a while have what is term'd "a gander party," and go to Quoddy—where alſo Quoddy is we don't know, but ſuppoſe it ſome temple devoted to Bacchus; however, we don't mean to inſinuate by this, that they are knights of the bottle, for notwithſtanding their trivial faults we declare in the ſincerity of our ſouls, we do not know of any vice they carry to excels.

"Thus we have given you a detail of our troubles, and aſk your advice; we doubt not you will aſſiſt us in tendering them ſome admonition, that will be profitable. We do not aſk you to gather *grapes from thiſtles*, becauſe we know that there yet remains in them, a ſacred ſpark of politeneſs, which we hope you will contrive to fan into a flame, and confer an obligation upon

" DELIA,
" EMMELINE, *and*
" ALMIRA."

If theſe complaints are real, I am extremely ſorry the young ladies have expoſed themſelves to the ſneers of their male acquaintance by publicly acknowledging of how much conſequence their attention are to them, and ſuppoſing it reality, (for I muſt do ſo in order to anſwer it as may be expected) I cannot but fear the ladies have cauſe to blame themſelves for the defection of gallantry in the oppoſite ſex, and on thoſe grounds, ſhall proceed to ſtate a few caſes wherein I think *Miſs.* yes even *Gentlemen* may be excuſed for treating ſelf-conſequential and capricious girls with neglect.—There has unfortunately within a few late years, ſprung up a claſs of young women who aſſume airs of ſuperiority, and independence; deſpiſe the opinion of the world, and treat the remonſtrances of prudence with contempt. Theſe kind of *boy girls*, for I am at a loſs by what other epithet to denominate them, talk and laugh loud at public aſſemblies, behave with inſufferable inſolence to their elders and ſuperiors, and ſtare modeſt unaffected ſimplicity out of countenance; boldly and in all companies diſcant upon their rights and privileges, form parties, make excurſions, or patrole the ſtreets at late hours, without any male protector, and foolhilly aiming on all occaſions, to prove they are above being in the leaſt dependent on the other ſex for affiſtance or ſafety, ſink themſelves even beneath their contempt. If my fair complainants are of this orderof beings, I can only ſay I think the gentlemen are perfectly right to leave them to the enjoyment of their fancied independence, and to ride, walk, or dance, by themſelves.

I could not but ſmile at the expreſſion of a "*ſcrap of reaſon, and a flow of ſoul,*" to be enjoyed at a Ball or a Jam.—Why at the very word *Jam*, Reaſon, poor timid dame, takes her flight, the fears ſhould the venture into one, ſhe ſhould be ſo hullied and hooted in the diſſipated croud, that her very exiſtence might afterwards be doubtful; and at a Ball, I fancy the mental faculties are generally in a very dormant ſtate, while the animal ſpirits are in a delightful and exhilirating flutter, and the active powers employed in the innocently pleaſurable amuſement of dancing. Poor girls, if theſe are your ideas of a "ſcrap of reaſon and a flow of ſoul," I cannot wonder that the male part of your Society, are either ſilent in your preſence, or labor to entertain you with trifles. But they prefer the company of your mothers, aunts, and grandmothers to yourſelves. This is lamentable indeed! but know you not that they may with fifty pair every afternoon to theſe ladies, ride with them, dance with them, walk, viſit and chat with them, ſit by them a whole evening, and not be ſuſpected of any deſign farther than the amuſement of the preſent hour. But this is not the caſe with young unmarried women. If a young gentleman dances with a young lady twice, waits on her home as often, rides with her a few times, ſays he thinks her agreeable, and joins her, ſhould he meet her walking alone. Her giddy acquaintance compliment her on her conqueſt, it is reported they are to be immediately married; and when in ſuſt defence, he is obliged to declare he has no ſuch intention.—The ſelf-deluded girl thinks herſelf ill-uſed, and he is raiſed at for an inconſiſtancy of which he is perfectly innocent. Tho being the caſe, can it be ſurprizing that men ſhould prefer a Gander party, or going to Quoddy, or indeed any where elſe, to avoid the eternal din of "when did you ſee Miſs ——— ? Oh we know, we underſtand, you never viſit her of an evening; never take a long walk with her! you do right to be ſure to plead ſignorance."

My fair complainants, if you are free from the faults I have here pointed out, the gentlemen of your ſociety are little better than *Hottentots* to treat you with neglect.—And I heartily with they may ſoon awaken to a ſenſe of politeneſs and good breeding. If your conſcience plead guilty to the charge, take it one yourſelves, ſit inſtantly about a thorough reformation, and by ſo doing, draw them back to their allegiance; an allegiance, which I will venture to affirm no man of ſenſe and feeling ever voluntarily abandoned, unleſs driven from it by folly or impertinence.

☞ *The correſpondent who ſays the* GOSSIP *a compliment at the expence of the Editors, is very obliging*——*and informed the fools he mentions ſhe quality of the paper which the Magazine has been printed? the* GOSSIP *believes to have been at the time unavoidable, and can aſſure him, the Editors in future will avoid giving him, or any other of their Patrons, ſimilar cauſe of complaint.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——*No.* IV.

——Garrit ſcales
Et re fabellas. HORACE.

THE Sun had juſt begun to brighten the eaſtern horizon, when LORELLA, the beautiful daughter of ARIAO, left the dwelling of her parents, and commenced her accuſtomed walk in the adjoining garden. Animated by the beauty and freſhneſs of nature, and cheered by inhaling the unadulterated air of morn, ſhe tripped with nimble feet from path to path, and viſited with haſty ſteps every diviſion of the incloſure; ſhe regaled on the fragrance of the opening roſes, and bruiſhed the ſparkling dews from the moiſt violet. It was the garden of innocence and virtue; no choaking weeds were ſuffered to inſect it, and no poiſonous herb ſprung from its ſoil.

LORELLA had almoſt completed a bouquet for her boſom, when ſhe was ſurpriſed by the approach of a ſtranger. But the modeſty of his aſpect, the ſweetneſs of his accents, and the re-

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peculiarities of his address, silenced her apprehensions, and dispelled every fear. Youth and sensibility glowed in his countenance, and his every motion was grace and activity. They discoursed on the beauties of nature, and the charms of virtue, and arm in arm, visited every tree, and examined the varying tints of every flower.

At length, taking the fair maid gently by the hand, the young stranger shuffled her in the following words: "My charming Laura, you are innocent, you are virtuous, you are contented, and you are happy. You have never passed the limits of these walls; you are ignorant of other flowers, of other fruits, and of other amusements than what you here enjoy; you therefore feel not their want, because you know not their excellencies. But could you be persuaded to accompany me, I would conduct you into these fair gardens of pleasure which surround us; lead you through lofty groves and embowering shades; through walks ever green, and fields ever covered with verdure. You would there gaze with delight on the beauties, and enjoy the grateful fragrance of flowers unknown before; regale yourself with fruits which you have never tasted; and dance to music, whose enchanting sounds have never yet saluted your ears. There labor and care are unknown, and the dream of pleasure flows without alloy, and without end."

LORELLA listened with eagerness and astonishment. "Those fatal gardens," she replied, "have my parents taught me ever to avoid. Their glowing fruits, and variegated blossoms, which at a distance appear so delightful, the lip of parental fondness have said, dilil prefent and exterminate life. The tyger and the deadly adder inhabit their groves, and the friend of misery haunts every dwelling. I dare not go with you; the reiterated warnings of my parents I must heed, and their commands I must obey."

The young virtuant, in reply, represented the account as fabulous, and contended that a short excursion into these happy inclosures would not be attended with any ill consequences, but, on the contrary, be perfectly safe, and productive of inconceivable delight. They even might return if the pleased, before her parents could suspect her being absent. Invitations to pleasure, urged by youthful eloquence, and seconded by the ardor of curiosity, were too potent for the resistance of female fortitude, and she at length consented to accompany him.

They entered the confines of pleasure, and were immediately invited by the company to join in their amusements, and dealt their favors on the profusion of dainties which were spread before them. LORELLA admired their fruits, and tasted freely of their wines. She confided them to be far more delicious than those which her own garden afforded, and after having finished her repast, mingled in the dance. All was gay, all was ravishing, till was delight. She placed herself herself in the garden of paradise, and received her parents of rigour and cruelty, for willing to deprive her of such enchanting pleasures.

Pampered with the fumes of wine at length overcome her, and she sunk into the arms of sleep—Stupified by the pernicious feast, and the delicterious draught, she lost a while remained insensible and ignorant of what was passing around her.—On waking, she found herself deserted and alone, surrounded by horrors, and exposed to every danger. A dreary desert appeared unbounded by human beings, where nothing presented itself but barren rocks, and dismal caverns, and gloomy places threatning destruction; where nothing was heard but the whistling of winds, the howlings of wild beasts, and the screams of birds of prey.

Transfixed with terror, she remained motionless; She knew not whither to proceed for safety, and to remain was death. No friendly hand appeared to conduct her; no friendly voice saluted her:—no propitious power defcended to her relief.—"Alas!" she cried, "where am I now? Is it real, or is it a dream? Nothing appears to me but images of horror and wretchedness: no place of refuge can be found, no way of escape is possible. Gracious Heaven! I have forsaken the dwelling of virtue, and strayed from the garden of innocence; I have despised the warnings of experience, and disobeyed the commands of wisdom; the laws of nature have I broken, and offended the Majesty of Heaven. To thee I dare not look up for assistance, nor fall at thy feet for pardon.—To thofe abodes of misery, hope never comes;—no cheering ray of distant happiness warms the cold bosom of their wretched inhabitant; despair is her only portion, and death her only reprieve. Come then, thou fiend of the infernale; in thy cold embrace will I seek for comfort, and an exemption from my sufferings. This pointed steel shall liberate me from the confines of this dreary abode, and consign me to an eternity, in which my uncertain fate must be irrevocably fixed."

She said, and with the firm hand of defperation, plunged the deadly steel into her bosom.

DEC. 9. H——N.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PREFACE.

HA! ha! ha! I can't refrain from laughing to think I should begin my authorship in such a droll way:—and yet upon my soul, this is my first appearance before you, dear firs.—I assure you, I'm a merry fellow.—Some laughing before you—tell me, are you glad to see me?

——Friend, what are you thinking about me now?—but I can't stop to reason with you. I am in great haste—do tell me however, are you glad of my coming? Why you begin to grow *mad!* (I mean to write a whole page that way)—perhaps you are saying—How should I be glad to see you before I know who you are?—Well then, in order that I may get rid of this teasing curiosity of yours, I will tell you—I am, and always shall be, no more or less than what you have been of me already—serious, silly, and feasible by turns. I shall sometimes favor the Magazine and the public (never thought I was so in public before) with various non-descript productions similar to the present—I don't know whether to send this directly to the press, or let it rest a week and read it over——take it——I tremble——have you found any mistakes of me yet? I suppose not: then I'll tell you what I think of myself—first—you'll be altered my mind—I'll not tell you——O! immortal spirit of STERE! why——I wish to God I could get out of this scrape. I do hate apostrophes—however, I mean to finish mine some time or other. When—how—I can't for the soul of me get a quiet spirit. That (I was just about to say curfed) apostrophe has quite put me out. Oh!—I am out of spirits—I could cry my eyes to-thofe and my heart could grieve itself to dust——And art thou dead!

—oh pure!—gone—gone forever!

A friend of mine had some one day, "would you, were you poffeffed of wit and genius, rack them to the neglect of more worthy concerns?" I happened just then to be in an ill humour; I was thinking on the rafeality of man's character; and I answer'd him very cruftily—But I am (by my pen moves) revolving the question in my head—hear and determine—Remember I have nothing but to think and write. First then—(did ever man think by rule before?)—the humanscript—fudge! fudge! fudge! I am out—Prithee excuse me 'till to-morrow.

YCNAF DAN NUI.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MSS CHRONOLOGY, *&c. of a Citizen of* BOSTON.

NATURAL HISTORY.

No. III.]——A London paper of November 25, 1786, contains the following account of the fecundity of FISH, viz. Mr. Harmer, in his curate Tables, influences the increafe of Herrings, which annually in the month of June, come from the North Sea, and in astonishing shoals visit the coast of Great Britain. A *Herring*, caught the 25th October, weighed two ounces five pennyweights; the weight of the fpawn was four hundred and eighty grains, and the number of its eggs, *thirty fix thousand, nine hundred and fixty*. A *Codfish*, taken in the winter, contained fpawn, the weight of which was twelve thousand five hundred and forty grains, and the number of its eggs, *nine million fix hundred eighty fix thousand four hundred and fixty*. The fecundity of the *Flounder*, Mr. Harmer has also fhewn to be nearly *one million and an half*. The weights Mr. H. ufed, were Avoirdupois, and he reckoned 4874 grains to an ounce.

No. IV.]——The following account is from an officer on the *Ohio*, to his friends in Connecticut, four years paft. "There is an animal in this country which excites the admiration of all who have had an opportunity to view, being amphibious; it refides in the water during the fummer, but at night repairs to the land in quest of prey, which are *Deer*, they lie in the Deer paths undiscovered, and refemble an old ftump, until the unfuspecting deer comes within reach, and never hits. This creature immediately seizes him, and entangling him in his tail (which is 15 feet in length) notwithstanding all the exertions of the Deer to clear himself, draws him to the water, where he drowns and then devours him. One of our party lately discovered one in the morning early with his prey, of which he informed some of the company that were nigh—they soon came up and killed him with clubs; the Deer was dead, and weighed 444 pounds. These animals live in marfhy creeks where we can find no bottom. It has two legs in shape refembling a turtle, and by the Indians called MAHO."

No. V.]——NUMBER OF INHABITANTS ON THE EARTH.

"It is agreed by all nations that this globe is capable of fubfifting *three thousand million* of the human species, but that a third part of that number never actually exifted at one time." The following calculation by an author on the subject of the bills of mortality, fhews, "That Europe contains upwards of 125 millions, Afia, 460 millions, Africa, 150 millions, America, 160 millions, making the whole, eight hundred and eighty five millions: the one third of a million of human beings on earth. If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty three years, in that space of

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million and 300 thousand men will be born and die, and consequently 81,761 will die every day, 3405 every hour, 56 every second, and at the end of 84 years, they are all dead.

"More males born than females, in the proportion of 1050 to 1000; but wars and other accidents bring both sexes to nearly an equalny.

"The children of a country are computed to be one fifth part of the inhabitants.

"Since the christian Æra, there has been between 54 and 55 generations."

SINGULAR EVENTS.

London, October, 13, 1802.

The very singular medical case which occurred lately in the City of Chichester, is strongly authenticated by the following particulars:—On a latter day of Feb. last, a child of Jonathan and Elizabeth White, living at Mrs. Holden's, in the West Pallant, *(Chichester)* having the care of its infant darkling brother, aged six months, whilst in the cradle, put to its mouth a two-bladed knife, with a horne or bone handle (for the present appearance of the evacuated fragments do not warrant either conclusion 1) which the infant swallowed with some pain, but with no consequent dangerous symptoms. It does not appear that medical advice took place, but only that castor oil was recommended and given, alfo poppy water by the mother, as a narcotic. The infant's linen foon affumed the appearance of iron mould, and on May 13th, (three months after the accident) the fhortlt blade was evacuated in a very corroded and tin inifhed ftate, and on June 18, one half or fide of the handle was caft up in a doubled, but not corroded ftate, which upon attempting to ftraiten, broke in two at the civet holes; a piece of iron was at the fame time caft up (probably the living gour), much corroded.—Nothing more appeared each Sunday, July 25, when one of the blades came away, corroded but not much diminifhed.—On Tuefday, on Wednefday, and on 11th inft. the iron neck piece was caft up, in a lefs corroded and diminifhed ftate than the others! this meafured three inches and a half, and is at one end as pointed as a common packing needle. The whole of the inftrument thus appears to have come away at the above four times, except the rivets, which, it is prefumed, are either become diffolved, or efcaped digeftion. The chalybeate property has not only fhewn itfelf upon the infant's linen, but even upon thofe which the feces have touched, have infallibly receive the iron mould ftain. The child is defcribed as having fuffered much pain, particularly near the times of the feveral voidings taking place: it is rather in an emaciated appearance, and has much loathed its food. It has been fuckled ever fince each day fince the accident, but is now more at the breaft, and there is every reafon to expect a full recovery. The above principal points are from the notes of a practitioner, who has occafionally (only) feen the infant, and who is in poffeffion of fome of the above extraordinary veftiges; the mother keeping the remainder. The knife muft have been full three inches long, and was of the fort attached to pocket books.

Bennington, Nov. 29.

On the 17th inft. departed this life, in this town, Daniel Stratton, fon of Mr. Joel Stratton, æt. 20. This youth was feized with what the Phyficians termed the fciatica, in July, 1791, in a dreadful manner, and, at different periods, endured a diflocation of moft of the joints of his body.—For 8 years paft, he never ftepped on his feet; his back was drawn out of joint before he was confined to his bed, and foon afterwards all his joints, one after another, even to his fingers, were diflocated and rendered ufelefs, except the right elbow, which enabled him to move his right hand about an inch or two up or down on his breaft. For fix years he was not turned in his bed, or moved in any way, but by removing the bed-cloaths, and all together. For three years, his jaws were fet, and all his fuftenance adminiftered, fluced fo thin, as to be ftrufl into the orifice, about the eighth of an inch wide; and the diforder affecting his eyes, deprived him of fight for three years. He was afterwards, by the fuccefsful ufe of his diforder, rendered quite deaf of one ear, and received no fenfible benefit from the ufe of a ftraw, for 2 years before his death. What is remarkable in this cafe is, that he retained his fenfes through the whole time, and his power of utterance never failed him. He knew people by the tone of their voices, or their footfteps, as quick as any one in the houfe, while his hearing remained. In his laft moments, he called the houfehold together, and bid them farewell in an affecting manner, and died calm and compofed; a dreadful inftance of the mighty power, and folemn dealing of God, in the difpenfations of his providence, and a facred proof of the operations of his hand exceeding the power of intellectual nature to account for.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 18, 1802.

MASSACHUSETTS MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

On Thurfday laft, the annual choice of Officers, of this large and growing Inftitution, took place. After the choice of Officers, the Society repaired to Fanuiel-Hall, where, with a number of invited guefts, they partook of an excellent Entertainment. After dinner, appropriate toafts and volunteers, were drank, fongs fung, &c.—The officers for the current year are, JONATHAN HENNEWELL, Efq. Prefident, and Maj. BENJAMIN RUSSELL, Vice-Prefident—Dea. FRANCIS WRIGHT, Treafurer; and Mr. WM. ANDREWS, Secretary.—Capt. Daniel Melfinger, Capt. Jonas S. Bafs, Capt. Oliver Johonnot, Capt. James Phillips, Mr. Thomas W. Sumner, Mr. John M. Lane, Capt. Icemiel Gardner, Mr. Jofiah Snelling, and Mr. Samuel Perkins, Truftees.—Among the guefts were, His Honor the Lieut. Governor; the Sheriff of Suffolk; Speaker of the Houfe of Repreferitatives; Prefident and Vice-Prefident of the Chamber of Commerce; feveral of the Rev. Clergy; the Prefident of the Board of Health; and the Selectmen. The Hall was fuitably and appropriately decorated in the following manner:

Weft End, in advance, Two Columns fupporting an Arch (of thirty feet from fide to fide) on which was inferibed "Arts Improve'd Enrich Nations." On the Key Stone of the Arch.—*Attend to Inftruct.*"

On the Back Ground which was *Green*, the appropriate colour of the Aflociation. In the centre, a large unfinifhed Pyramid guarded by the Eye of Providence—over which was a Spread Eagle: under it a recommendatory Certificate, given to young men who have ferved apprenticefhips with any of the Members of the Aflociation, whofe conduct while Mafters was approved.

On the Right—Emblems of Wifdom—with the Prefident's Certificate, and with Certificates of Members—with an explanatory Key. On the Left—Emblems of Providence, with the Vice-Prefident's Certificate, and with Certificates of Members—with an explanatory Key.

Eaft End—Suftended at entrance, a large Green Curtain feftooned: Over it the Arms of the Commonwealth of Maffachufetts; and over that on a Feftoon Curtain—the Motto of the Aflociation—"*Be juft and fear not.*"

From the centre of the ceiling was fufpended a pair of Scales, from a ceiling piece, on watch was inferibed: "*A juft weight and Balance are the Lord's.*"

Sides of the Hall were decorated; the windows with Ever Green; from them were difplayed Flags of the different Profeffions, and on the Pilafters, were *Certificates* of Members.

We copy the following from a late New-York paper:—"On the 16th ult. came on the trial of Nicholas Toncray, at Poughkeepfie, for an affault and battery on an old lady upwards of 80 years of age. He was under the fingular and unhappy delufion to fuppofe her to be a *Witch*, and that by cutting her three times towards the forehead, he fhould feteen himfelf from her forceries. This he actually performed. He was convicted. After which an accommodation was effected between him and the family of the old lady, and he was fined only one dollar and coafts of profecution."

TO *READERS* AND *CORRESPONDENTS.*

We expect to be favored with an Epiftle or of the *Widow Lefter*, in this week's Gazette. The firft number of it will be found in this week's Magazine. In them, the *Chief* as well faid inftruction, and the *Lifeftone* a ftumbling block.

We approve of the "*Print*," provided the manner will permit us to accept no lines of the fecond extract.

Our columns, we fear, are not wide enough for "*Aftrophes.*"

"*Oh, where hes my John Beers?*"—one cannot tell you dear "Juliana,"—but we will fuppofe this Song, for if he fhould ever chance to fee it, *he certainly* will never return to it.

We affure "W. S." we never received the letter he mentions. We will thank him for another tranfcription.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Meffrs Weft and Greenleaf, have in the prefs, an Minor Encyclopædia, or Cabinet of General Knowledge," in a vols. 12mo. compiled from the beft authorities, by the Rev. Thaddeus M. Harris, A. M. & H. S. "This work (fays the compiler in his Prefpectus) is intended to furnifh a general outline of Univerfal Knowledge; and is deemed fo complete as to fuperfede fyftematic works on the various departments of Science here introduced, nor fo minute as to render them a full detail on every topic."—Coming from the pen of a writer of fuch abilities as Mr. H. we have no doubt but that it will be deferving the approbation of the public.

A work has lately been printed at Philadelphia, by J. Hoff, entitled, the "*French Mafter, or Select Comic Stories*" an interefting fubject. This work is very handfomely fpoken of by the reviewers, and is recommended as an ufeful one the hands of young ladies juft entering life. The fame gentleman has alfo juft published the *Show of Paffions, Events of Worcer*, which is intended to contract the tendency of that popular and fafcinating work. All thefe publications may be had of Thomas and Andrews.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. John Watterman, to Mifs Eunice Townfend: Mr. John Richardfon, to Mifs Sally Ewing: Mr. Robert Lamb, jun. to Mifs Rebecca B. Greenleaf: Mr. Wm. Ingalls, to Mifs Lucy M. Hoff: Mr. Ebenezer Knowlton, to Mifs Margaret Ireland: Mr. John Cromwell to Mifs Charlotte Hilling.

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POETRY.

From an ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

Look before you leap.—A poetical Epistle, from SENECTUS to JUVENUS.

OUR immortal Poet* fays, and true I wean,
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the ebb, moſt ſurely leads
To fortune, fame, and honour: all their deeds
Through life are mark'd by an affured ſucceſs:
But when this turn of tide, in hard to guefs,
Say fome. I think what the great Poet ſaid,
Aim'd at the time when men reſolve to wed.
With men and women too, the ills of life
Or good, depends on huſband or on wife,
But tell this mode of reaſoning ſhould fail,
I will exemplify it in a TALE.

CHARLES was a modeſt worthy youth,
His feal the feat of ſteady truth:
Poſſeſſed of wit and ſolid worth,
And ſcorn which ſerv'd to ſet them forth:
And all who knew his merits lov'd.
From Academic toils releas'd,
His knowledge by thoſe toils encreas'd;
His wiſdom far beyond his years,
Yet free from all pedantic airs;
Tardy to give or take offence,
The well-bred poliſhed man of ſenſe.

Such was our hero, to be ſure
He was not rich, nor very poor.
He had a ſmall but clear eſtate,
A mannion elegantly neat;
A handſome nag to take the air,
And one to draw a Cabriolet chair.
He could conveniently afford,
To aſk his friends to grace his board
And bid them welcome without fear
To a plain joint: perhaps in rear,
A pye or pudding—and in fine,
Give them a glaſs of old port wine.

A mind like CHARLES's could not be
Content in inactivity;
For though he had enough of pelf,
To jog on quietly himſelf,
Yet as he thought that man muſt be
More happy with ſociety;
And had a heart form'd to receive
All the delights pure love could give;
He ſtudied hard in hopes to draw,
Future reſources from the law.

Amongſt the nymphs who ſpread with care
The net, our hero to entrance—
Was JULIA; of invidious mien,
Juſt in the bloom of dear eighteen:
Her face by women deem'd not plain,
Was form'd to ſtrike the unwary ſwain:
Her eyes which ſhot a piercing ray,
Were large and full, of darkeſt grey,
Whoſe ſilken laſhes ill could hide
The ſtuff of rage or wakened pride.
Her mouth was large—but then her teeth
Were white and even: her ſweet breath
Like wiſe—and her lips the hue
Of cherries bathed in morning dew.
Both JULIA was: her form and face
Diſclos'd youth with blooming love and grace:
And when ſhroud the deſign'd to roam,
She ſeem'd an Angel;—but at home,
'Twas different far: dark frown'd her brow—
Her words plain wunt, and will, yes! no!
Her neck'lac fiſters, ſnapp'd her brother;
Nay, at was ſaid, would ſtrike her mother:
They knew her faults, but they deemed them,
Per loving her, they ſtrove to hide them.

CHARLES ſaw the nymph, and he admired:
Her wit admired—her beauty ſir'd;

He thought how bleſt would be his life,
Could he obtain her for a wife.

HORATIUS his tried faithful friend,
Who knew how this purſuit muſt end;
Cried, prithee CHARLES, conſider well,
She's fair I own—but break the ſpell;
You will not have one happy hour,
If once your peace is in her power:
Truſt me ſhe'll make your future life
All uproar and domeſtic ſtrife:
Not that ſhe'll rave, or ſwear or curſe,
But ſhe will be ſulky, ſullen as worſe;
Fling things about, and bang the doors;
Look black, our ſpeak perhaps for hours.

CHARLES heard—but love both deaf and blind,
Found an excuſe juſt to his mind.
HORATIUS thus my choice reproves,
Becauſe himſelf the maiden loves:
'Tis true, her temper's warm, I knew it,
But ſhe has reaſon to ſubdue it;
And it will be my pride to prove
Its conquell, by all powerful love.

LYDIA, who bore him warm eſteem,
Strove to atone him from his dream;
Cried, look around, and you will ſee
Fifty as fair and good as ſhe;
Who add to beauty, wit and youth,
A ſoftneſs every care to ſooth.
Think well—for ſhould you JULIA wed
Few joys will blels your nuptial bed;
Continued pain, perpetual gloom,
Will make your home a dreary tomb.

Eaſily LYDIA's aim was known;
LYDIA has daughters of her own
Thought CHARLES, and it muſt be confeſs'd
She ought to love her own the beſt;
Thus away in the female ſcull,
Does every fheer fatile contrive!
But JULIA's mind no envy knows,
And ſhe ſhall triumph o'er her foes.

Thus deaf to all his reaſoning friends,
CHARLES perſevered, obtain his ends:
To church fair Katty's he leads—
But mark the many that ſucceeds.
Scarce had the mouse begun to wane,
Since holy church made one of twain,
Ere poor CHARLES found himſelf a henpeck'd bride,
Poſſeſs'd of nature, ſpite and pride.
To him awhile ſhe play'd the ſiirt,
But his damſelhes made contraſt,
Madam was wondrous hard to pleaſe,
And they could get but little eaſe;
They were continually to leave,
So good a maſter, and ſhe ſo grave;
But yet they muſt expect permiſſion,
To quit his ſervice with ſubmiſſion.
CHARLES wonder'd, and indulged no thought
That his dear JULIA was in fault.
He chang'd, and chang'd, who was to blame
He could not find—all the ſame:
The men were bold and would not ſtay,
The maids fell ſick and went away.

At length, reſolv'd to know the cauſe—
One eve, his chair he ſlowly draws
To JULIA's ſide, in ſoothing ſtrain
Begins—" My dear, it gives me pain,
" To find my ſervants diſcontented:
" Could needful changes be prevented?"
" Sir!" cried the haughty damſel, and threw
A glance which ſtruck our hero through:
" Do you preſume to interfere
" With things that are not in your ſphere?
" Go to your office, ſir, and draw
" Up bonds and deeds; ſtudy the law;
" Or if my province you'll intrude,
" Chooſe your own cook and dairy maid;
" Direct the kitchen and the table—
" Perhaps you think my place the Stable."

" Ah! dear!" cried CHARLES, and look'd aghaſt,
But lo! the Babylon tide was paſt;
The will was rent, and to his view
Appear'd no late the dreaded ſhrew.
Whate'er he fourbed, her wrath grew higher,
And ſilence only ſat'd the fire:
Did he retort, ſobb's choak'd her breath,
She vow'd ſhe meant to be her death;
And tears and fits ſtill up the ſcene,

With Murder! Tyrant! Wretch! between.
Sometimes ſhe'd take unreaſon offence,
And act with unmatch'd inſolence—
Break all his pipes; lock up the wine,
Go out when he had friends to dine:
In ſhort, the led him ſuch a life,
That CHARLES wiſh'd the devil had his wife.

Diſpoil'd of all domeſtic peace;
His patience loſt—heart ill at eaſe—
Off to the tavern he'd repair,
And in full bumpers drown his care.
Or to ſome friends who had the pow'r
To ſoothe and cheer the paſſing hour;
Sometimes for comfort would he roam,
To hide the thoughts of wife and home;
Till bankrupt both in wealth and fame,
Rob'd of both fortune and good name.
He who by nature was deſign'd
The pride and honour of his kind;
Whoſe virtues were by all conſeſs'd
Whom the wiſe hono'd and cares'd;
By paſſion blinded and betray'd,
From the erroneous choice he made,
His powers cramp'd forbad to ſhine,
Became a ſot, rake, themian,
And form'd to ornament the higheſt ſtation,
Sunk to the loweſt depth of degradation.
Self cruſ'd, ſelf rendered he wanted'd forth,
Regretted! Pitied! Lov'd! by all who knew
[his worth.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.
No. I.

LUKE XIX. 40.

And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that if theſe ſhould hold their peace, the ſtones would immediately cry out.

THIS is to be underſtood as a proverbial kind of ex-
preſſion, ſignifying the certainty of Chriſt's meſſiah-ſhip.
The deprecial phariſees, ſerious of ſtarping the joy in
quenching the zeal, of thoſe pious jews, who glorified God
for *viſiting and redeeming his people*, requeſted Jeſus to reſtrain
his extravagant diſciples, and teach them moderation.
" By no means, he replies. " Their rejoicing is at the
higheſt degree reaſonable and decorous. " Than is the laſt
joyous day ever known in Judea. It is the happy day
which your prophets foretold, and your pſalms
ſung. In their predictions, you boaſt a future Prince
of peace, and exult in the expected privileges of his reign.
That Prince hath come, and his reign is commenced.
His works and triumphs inconteſtibly prove it. *The lame receive their ſight, and the lame walk; the lepers are clean-ed and the deaf hear; the dead are raiſed up, and the poor have the goſpel preached to them.* Shall this ſame " Prince of
vition only; but you ſee them literally; it was their
enjoy them in more preſpect; it is you's to take and re-
hae them—why could ſay, *Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, for thy king* COMETH; but far more bleſſed are
your eyes, which behold this king ALREADY COME, a-
tually depending at the feaſt, and his doctrine and the honors
of his ſalvation. Amidſt theſe brilliant proofs of the Mi-
ſiah's advent, it is evidence of your ſtupidity to deny his
divine miſſion, and of your envy and malice to attempt to
preſſing the rejoices of his followers. For, if his entrance
into your city, on this remarkable occaſion, ſhould ceaſe
no acclamations of the people, inanimate nature would ſo-
ciate them of inſenſibility and ingratitude, and the very
ſtones in the ſtreet become the organs of his praiſe.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To roses dipt in NANCY's wine,
And bathe in HELICONA's *spring;*
Call every flower such as of heart,
And strew them o'er our watered land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——№. IX.

——Mistress pá decare, pocest as
Cyad pave tranquillo.

MARY HARDWICK, was the wife of a respectable mechanic, who by industry and integrity, had maintained herself, a wife, one child, and an orphan niece, not only in plenty and ease, but enabled them to enjoy every innocent pleasure the metropolis afforded, and was yearly laying up something for the support of them, when it should please God to terminate his usefulness. He gave his niece, *Ruth Osborn*, a good useful education, the wrote a fair hand, understood accounts in a masterly manner, and though but fifteen years old at the time her uncle was taken from them, she had been well grounded in the principles of the christian religion, that neither time or change of circumstances had the power to shake her belief of, or reliance on a God of infinite wisdom, mercy and justice, who forgives unkinds and directs the great events of life, and by his power upholds the universe. A sudden attack of a bilious fever, snatched *Mr. Hardwick*, from this subsistuary State, just as his daughter *Sarah* had reached her eleventh year. Mrs. *Hardwick*, who did not marry very early in life, was turned of forty when this misfortune befel her took place, she was a woman of an early disposition, and good natural sense, but had not flability of character or strength of mind, to resolve that forlorn widow'd situation, which she had been most bitterly attached to her husband, and the grief she experienced at his loss was indulged until it became almost a habit. All the affection she had left for him was now transferred to her daughter, to whom from the moment of his father's decease, she only object of her mother's fanciful solicitude. *Hardwick* had not left his wife in early circumstances, though he was by no means wealthy. Anxious to preserve the little property she possessed unimpaired for her dear *Sarah*, *Mrs. Hardwick* determined to take a few genteel boarders; and the mixed society which naturally exist to a boarding-house, should contaminate her manners, *Sarah* was placed at a respectable boarding-school. *Ruth* remained at home to shift her mistress domestic affairs. Every thing wore a smiling aspect until *Sarah* reached her fifteenth year. She had regularly come home twice a year for a fortnight's holiday, and though the very evident improvements in her person, manners, &c. were constant topics of conversation with the boarders and visitors who frequented her mother's house. Her form was uncommonly fine, her face not quite beautiful, for every feature spoke sensibility, every variation revealed the emotions of her ingenuous soul. But *Sarah* was vain, the pofflessed a lively imagination, a spirit of sportfulness, quick and forcible mode of expression, which pafled for wit and penetration; though in reality it was only the effect of a retentive memory, strongly impregnated with that wild sentiment and morality, of the innumerable novels she had been allowed by her imprudent indulgent mother, indiscriminately to perufe. Mrs *Hardwick* had also permitted her daughter to learn music: and though her talent was not great in that department, nor her application or attention sufficient to make her a brilliant performer, she had a good voice and had the moll fashionable or interesting songs felected for her, she was much applauded when she played, and courted in all companies to sing and accompany her voice on the piano. *Ruth*, having the weight of the domestic concerns left to her care, and *Sarah*, wherever the came home, having been only confidered as a *vifitor*, the had reached the age unnoticed without having attained one really ufeful accomplishment. She could flourish on muslin, paint flowers, or work a handicape, write the figures were larger than the books, and the attitude higher than the trees. She could write a tolerable hand, and indite a very fentimental romantic letter—but the art of making household linen, or even making and repairing her own cloaths, the was a total ftranger; her mother did all things for her and what the had not thus employed, *Sarah* was permitted to take the keys of her piano, read novels, or ftroll through the ftreets with girls as idle and thoughtleſs as herſelf, to ſtare at the ſhop-keepers for articles they had no deſign to purchaſe, and pulling millinary, &c. about, with no deſign but to ſee faſhions. *Sarah Hardwick*'s ſociety was courted by perſons far above her own rank in life. She was allowed to emulate girls of independent fortune in her dreſs, and in the parties and balls the gave in return to thoſe ſhe was daily invited to. Mrs. *Hardwick* had neither the power or will to refrain her idol in any thing; and her circumſtances ſoon ſuffered from the extravagance of her daughter; for among other faſhionable follies, *Sarah* had learnt to play cards, and bid high. *Ruth*, with a heavy heart, ſaw the ruinous folly of the daughter, and the paſſive imbecility of the mother, but ſhe ſuffered in ſilence. Have I a right to interfere? ſhe would ſay mentally, ſhall I who owe every thing to the benificence of my uncle dare to arraign the conduct of his widow, or blame her for indulgence to her daughter? would not ſuch conduct have the appearance of ingratitude and envy? Let me by the ſtricteſt attention to her intereſt, and by the moſt rigid economy in managing the family concerns, endeavour to ward off the threatning blow as long as poſſible; and when when I ſee actually takes place, conſult, cheer, and help them to bear their change of circumſtances. About this time, Mrs. Hardwick, a relative of one of the Southern States, whoſe father had in early life, lived in habits of intimacy with *Sarah*'s father, came to the metropolis, for the purpoſe of having her faſhioned between the families, led him to take up his reſidence with Mrs. *Hardwick*. *Lorenzo*, for ſo he ſhall call him, was the only ſon of a very wealthy merchant: he had paſſed ſeveral years in Europe, and to the accompliſhments, air, and manners of a finiſhed gentleman, he had added the principles of *Voltaire*, and the infidelity and ſcepticiſm of a *Gibbon*. Buſineſs for his father had brought him to the Northward, but this he made a ſecondary conſideration; pleaſure became his chief purſuit, and as his expenſes were never limited, he indulged himſelf in every ſportive of it, without reſtraint. The perſon of *Sarah*, caught his attention, her vivacity pleaſed him, but her vanity and frivolity, prevented his encouraging a thought of her, except as of a being who might add to his ſenſual gratifications.

Handſome in his perſon, inſinuating in his manners, ſkilled in the art of flattery, can it be ſurpriſing that *Sarah* liſtened to profeſſions of regard with avidity, was fafcinated with the brilliancy of thoſe he imagined ſhe had made, and carriages, ſervants, town and country houſe, nay, perhaps a voyage to Europe, were continually ſhooting in her fancy.

——"SOMEBODY, *is received, and under conſideration.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——№ V.

"This little life
"Is rounded with a ſleep." SHAK.

THE brevity of human life has often excited the reflections of the philoſopher and the divine; and their obſervations and apothegms are familiar to every grade and every condition of the human ſpecies. The pious and the profane, the virtuous and the abandoned, the learned and the ignorant, the prince and the beggar, all can declare with voluability on the ſhortneſs, the uncertainty, and the vanity of our earthly exiſtence.

Yet exteſively as this truth is known, and univerſally as it is acknowledged, there are but few whoſe principles, purſuits, and general converſation in the world, do not apparently contradict their avowed belief, and whole words and actions do not form a ludicrous, but at the ſame time a melancholy contraſt. What reaſon andnature dictate, and oblige us in the calm of reflection to confeſs, is loſt and diſſipated on the miſts of folly, and the giddy whirls of paſſion.

Of what advantage to us will be the reputation of wealth or the puff of fame, when we are covered with the clods of the valley? The toil of labour, the miſery of fatigue, the waſte of health, are but poorly compenſated by the late acquiſition of riches which we muſt ſoon have behind, or of a reputation which we can never enjoy.

The arm of bending age is employed to the laſt, in accumulating ſuperfluous treaſure. Even while ſtepping on the threſhold of another world, in which wealth will be of no uſe, the hardy ſons of avarice will not abate their ardour, nor open their eyes to the folly of their purſuits. As if this ſtate were immutable, and this life without end, they appear intent on accumulating ſuppliies, which ſucceeding ages of enjoyment and repoſe ſhall not be able to diſſipate. By the continual addition of acre to acre, and of ſtructure to ſtructure, one would be led to imagine them ignorant that life has an end, or that any other preparations are neceſſary for a future ſtate of being, than the puffed ſhow of ſplendid wealth.

Since it is evident to every perſon that he muſt die, and that the longeſt life conſiſts of but a few years, it were natural to ſuppoſe, that a rational being would ſometimes withdraw his attention from thefe fublunary cares, and devote a portion of his time to the contemplation of a ſcene ſo important and intereſting. And eſpecially, if he profeſſed to believe in a future ſtate of exiſtence, eternal and unchangeable, he would think the concerns of this tranſitory life of little moment, when placed in competition with thoſe of another, which ſhall never end. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS OCCASIONED BY THE PRESENT SEASON.

THE anniverſary of the Redeemer's birth approaches——It is the evening immediately preceding Chriſtmas day, and a degree of elevated, and grateful devotion, pervades my ſpirit. The pious Epiſcopalian welcomes the preſent period, with holy joy, and it is truly wonderful, that there ſhould exiſt a ſingle ſect, *denominated* CHRISTIANS, which can neglect to mark, by appropriate honors, an era, undoubtedly the moſt important in their religious Calendar. This auguſt epoch is celebrated as the anniverſary of that eventful morning, upon which our God became a tenant of this lower world, and moſt aſtoniſhingly tabernacled in clay! It was neceſſary the Redeemer ſhould be born, that, in the name of humanity, he might burſt the barriers of the grave, and ariſe, "leading captivity captive" and, triumphing over thoſe combined powers, that had ſet themſelves in array againſt the creature Man——thus receiving gifts for thoſe, whom he had ranſomed from the grave. Upon the return of this natal day, we almoſt unavoidably behold, in the aggregate, the birth, life, ſufferings, and death of the Lord of Univerſal Nature!! But, bleſſed be the Omnipreſent *God Man*, we do not ſtop here. If the Saviour of ſinners had not ariſen from the dead, his birth, life, ſufferings and

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death, would have been inadequate to the benign purpose, for which his abode in mortality was designed, he might have been venerated as a Man, but he could not have been adored as a God; nor would his virtue, nor his sufferings, have operated as the procuring cause of imputed rectitude, nor actual redemption. The Episcopalians, among other marks of their religious, and cheerful dependence, upon that God in whom they so largely inherit, distinguish Christmas day, by taking, with every possible demonstration of devout and solemn gratitude, the sacramental bread and wine, and they enjoin every defcription of Communicants not to pass this memorable era, without a thankful reception, and faithful observation of the consecrated symbols—and, I am free to own, that although I am not a member of their church, I most cheerfully honour the propriety of their arrangements in this, and many other particulars. Speaking of the Eucharift, I am irresistably impelled to pursue a theme, so fraught with consolation to the children of humanity.

With body seal its mysteries! trace,
Seraphick Emblems, fraught with truth, and grace:
In allegoric Majesty it stands,
And, its broad influence o'er the world expands.

Deeply impressed, from the first dawn of reason, with a veneration for religious ordinances, and urged, by a sense of duty to a public observation thereof, I early took my seat at the table of the Lord—but the fear, that I was thus accumulating upon my own head, a weight of evil, both frequently raised in my bosom the most distressing conflicts, piercing my soul with many sorrows. A number of years, however, have now elapsed, since I have experienced an entire emancipation, from thefe fears—and gratitude bending at the altar of propriety, exults to acknowledge the Mifericordia, who hath thus liberated my mind. Unwearied in his endeavours to difpenfe the light of life, he hath nobly dared to ftem the torrent of tradition, of popular prejudice, and of zeal clad inperfidition, and by invariably continues to mark the path of peace, while the benedictions of amity reft upon his head, and God himfelf hath ftamped with reality, that heaven he fo well delineates. Once I was taught to believe that the holy Saviour inftituted the ufe of bread and wine, in his church, as figurative of the fufferings he endured, to redeem from among the children of men, an elect number; that, from before the foundation of the world, he had purpofed to endow with efpecial grace, to exempt from the penalties of tranfgreffion, and to receive into his beatified prefence. Thefe diftinguifhed children of the Moft High, I imagined, were the only perfons qualified to partake of the fymbolic feaft, and the extreme danger of arrogating this high lineage, and thus augmenting my own condemnation, has, as I have before obferved, too often exhibitered an act, which I have yet been confirained to regard as a duty, incumbent upon every profeffor of Chriftianity.—But the night of inconfiftencies is paft, and the morning of inveftigation, hath more than dawned upon my underftanding. My attention hath been turned to the facred volume, and to thofe in whofe bofoms, the evidences of the divine authority of revelation obtain credence, its truths are replete with confolation.

If Chriftians, of every denomination, would lay afide thofe prejudices, that have fo long mifguided reafon, and calmly examine for themfelves, I am perfuaded they would acknowledge it in an incontrguity, to hold up the *broken* bread, as a figure of the *unbroken* body of the Lord Jefus. It appears that the bread and wine, does not now was originally intended to give an idea of thofe pangs, which he endured, when he, " *by himfelf*, once offered a full, perfect, and fufficient propitiation, and fatisfaction, for the fins of the whole world." Affuredly not, for at this tremendous period, when he trod the wine prefs alone, of the people, there were none with him—yea, verily, the illuftrious, the divine fufferer, when wbelmed beneath the accumulated weight of man's tranfgreffion, fuftained in that progreffal, important and decifive moment, as a general head, the *fingular* character—and it is evident that his expiatory agonies, and atoning death, are exhibited to human view, in that abundantly more ftriking, and expreffive figure, the paffchal Lamb, which he and thofe with his difciples, a few hours previous to his death. Under the Mofaic difpenfation, which our Lord came to fulfil, the paffchal Lamb was a " red freeftem blemifh. John calls upon us to behold the Lamb of God, laying down his life as a complete facrifice for the tranfgreffions of mankind—The paffchal Lamb was roafted with fire, and feel when in the garden of Gethfemaine, the flames of divine vengeance, fearfully operated upon the Lamb of God. The Lord Jefus was our Paffover, ftain for us, and fo intenfe were the agonies, which the Redeemer endured, that the purple ftream, oozing from every expanded pore, defcended as big drops of blood to the ground! But the Paffover was eaten with bitter herbs and when on Calvary's bloody brow, our Gracious Lord, impelled by agonies, that no tongue can defcribe nor pencil conceive, meekly complained, " I thirft," they gave him vinegar mingled with gall! The difciples partook the paffchal Lamb in haftc, and when the multitude laid hold on the Lamb of God, he tenderly expoftulated—" If me ye feek, let thefe go their way." The difciples were attired as fupper with their loins girt about, and their ftaff in their hands, as if on the wing to depart, and behold, in a moment of the deepeft anguifh, the Lamb of God ftandeth alone! The difciples are all fled! Every man to his own home, and the Redeemer of the world appeareth a fubltary Being! The frame of the paffchal Lamb was preferved entire, not a bone of it broken, and the breathlefs body of the Lamb of God continued unmutilated—the legs of the Malefactors who fuff. ed with our bleffed Lord were broken—but they broke not his legs, that the fcripture might be fulfilled—a bone of him fhall not be broken." Thus it is humbly conceived, that the paffchal Lamb ftands as a complete figure of the one fuffering Saviour. But when the Redeemer would teach his difciples to rejoice in his death in confideration of that glorious emancipation to which they were thereby entitled, he took the bread, and when he had given thanks, not for the bread only, but for the grace of it, as a figure contained, he directed them to view it as his body. This is my Body, given for you, furrendered up to the claims of divine juftice, that the veracity of Deity may be eftablifhed, that the guilty may by no means be cleared—and, faid the Saviour of finners, " When I am lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me"—nor can we doubt, that this declaration pointed to the aftonifhing event upon Mount Calvary, when we attend to the fubfequent remark. *This fpake he, fignifying what death he fhould die.* That his death was not the death of *one, but the death of the many.* One member of the body may die, and the others ftill continue to live—but if the *head dies*, all the members ceafe to exift. This bread faid the Redeemer, is my body, you behold in this bread a gathering together of an innumerable multitude of grains, that while progreffing in a ftate of nature, were alike tinct, the production not only of different fields and foils, but growing in feperate ftalks, and every fingle grain, as chiefly enveloped in its own ear of chaff—but in harveft they are all cut down. The chaff, difunited from the grain, becomes fuel for the flames, while its invaluable enclofures, collected together, are together ground, and thus affimilated, and feperated upon, by the fell fangs of cefs, are produced from one common receptacle, its *allegoric*, the *facramental bread.* " This," faid the God Man, " *is my body,*" *my Lady is not a fingle grain*, but the united harveft. It pleafed the Deity when planning as the Almighty Father, that his humanity fhould be a *manifeftation of himfelf*, a *Son, all fullnefs* fhould dwell. Thus the fullnefs our nature was in Jefus and as the collected grain of wheat prefent the confecrated bread, fo the collected children of men, prefent *one Son* of many bodies one *body*, and as the grains of wheat, however circumftanced, when growing in a natural ftate, partake in the bread the fame condition, Man in the aggregate, in the *facond Adam*, partaketh of one life, and one righteoufnefs—and looking with a fingle eye upon the fubftance of the body, we fee the collected grain of wheat *fully fet* while joining iffue with the infpired penman, we gratefully repeat—" ye were fometimes darkne but now are ye light in the Lord." All diftinctions are abolifhed in the appropriated emblem, we cannot fay this grain was large, fmall, good or bad—but all are alike in the facred typing of the grace exemplified in the figure, to the *fecond* Adam, we obferve to our great confolation, that in what ever involves their redemption, and fanctification, we can trace neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Barbarian, Bond nor Free, Male nor Female, but they are all one in Chrift Jefus, who is the common Lead of every Man. In this view, it is impoffible that I can lightly eftcem my fellow men, I cannot fay hand off, for I am befor thus thou, and I am reduced to the neceffity of meafuring the fame meafure to others that I meafure to myfelf. In this *Man honouring* contemplation, I attain that perfection of character divine juftice demands, I love my *neighbour* as *myfelf*, confidering him as one with the holy Redeemer.—Here too, if one member fuffers, all fuffer, and if one member rejoices, all rejoice—yea, our bodies will be fafhioned, like unto the glorious body of the fon of God, who may be confidered as an earneft of our future inheritance.

But as his *body* includes the individuals comprehended in the firft Adam, fo his blood, that *another lefs final*, which was exceeding forrowful, even unto death, included all fouls. This, in the emblematic cup, is ftrikingly pointed out. And he took the cup, and gave thanks as before, and faid, " this is my blood," &c. For as the many grapes being preffed together after they are all gathered into one vat, make one cup of wine; fo thofe immortal emanations, from the grand fource of exiftence, which have animated and endowed with intelligence, the individuals of the lapfed race, all collected, in the divine eftimation, into one, is what the Redeemer calls *his foul*, and contemplating this figurative cup, we fully comprehend the Apoftle when he informs us, that God hath made of one *blood* all the nations of men who are on the face of the earth.—Grapes, in their naturfl ftate, exhibit various degrees of excellence—the rich pulpy, the ripened growth, and mellonated flavour, which diftinguifh the full cluftered vine, is often ftrikingly contrafted by the ftinted growth, and barren ap-

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sponsor of a neighbouring plant, but where call *our eyes* upon the symbolick cup, or upon the comprehensive emblem of this figure—the human intelligence of the Lord Jesus—all distinctions vanish: precisely as to the bread or body. Thus the Apostle: "What is the bread we break, is it not the Communion of the body of Christ? What is the cup we drink, is it not the Communion of the blood of Christ?" and if a communion be gathered together, the Apostle teaches us, that as the bread we eat is the gathering together of a multitude of grains, and as the cup we drink, is the gathering together of the multitude of grapes, so the blood of the Saviour of sinners, was the gathering together of the many who were lost by the transgression of the first federal head, and by this wonderful, and god honouring way, reclosed in the second Adam, whom, with holy gratitude, and fervent devotion, we hail as the Lord from Heaven, as the God of universal nature. Jesus exhibits indubitable proof that the bodies and souls, of the erring children of mortality, were viewed in his body, who condescended to the death of the cross, to redeem them from apostacy, when he emphatically said of them, to drink of that Cup which typified the blood that for the remission of sins, and it is in this view, that all precedence, and self elevation is exploded. When the Apostle saw some of the first professors of christianity, arrogantly affirming that kind of superiority, which the Lord Jesus had mortified not, penetrated with admonishment, at the early appearance of innovation, he suppressed not his indignation and with bold and well timed energy he expressed his disapprobation. "Ye eat and drink unworthily," said he, "*not discerning the Lord's body.*" No verily, for had they discerned the mystery of that sacred, and blameless humanity, they would have recognized those whom they excluded: they would have acknowledged their equal claims, and they would, with that glowing attachment, which is the property of genuine fraternity, have embraced, in the arms of their affection, their fellow members, their fellow men. If indeed a brother had walked disorderly, they would have withdrawn themselves from his society for a time, that for they might have furnished an added inducement, for his return to the path of rectitude, and that the spirit, might have been saved in the day of the Lord. But instead of viewing the God Man, as that complete Redeemer, which these expressive emblems denote, are there not some disciples of our Lord who make use of it as a badge, or mark of distinction—and do they not, when about to take the consecrated Eucharist, in effect say, to the rest of the world—to that world which God so loved, as to give them his son, who suffered, for the expiation of their transgressions, the ignominious death of the cross—"Stand off, come not near unto us, we have claims to which you are strangers, we are distinguished by the approbation of our God, but you are not," and is not this eating and drinking damnation, or condemnation to themselves? Inasmuch as they are verily guilty after the same manner of their brethren, inasmuch as they evince that *they* have not comprehended the figures, which are manifest exhibition of the *gathering together*, not the *pulling away*, and thus as they stand upon the same ground, they incur the same condemnation. From this spirit of self-elevation, the origin of every species of persecution, and in not, what Jesus ordained out as an emblem of grace, mercy, and peace, to them who are nigh and to them who are afar off, thus strangely, I had almost said *impiously* converted into an institution, circumscribed, and limited, by bounds as narrow, as those which marked the *rabbic* ceremonies, previous to the abolition of the middle wall of partition. It is impossible for a disciple of the Redeemer, while receiving to those fundamental principles, which are the source of his eternal felicity, to behold this comprehensive bread, without experiencing devotional gratitude, to the adorable substance of a figure so expressive.

With joyful complacency he contemplates the eternal union of the many scattered individuals of the human harvest, who although clothed with a temporary body of transgression, are clothed in their federal head, in the Man Christ Jesus of every *error, created sin*, and consecrated by Him, in whose sight the heavens are not pure, even as Emmanuel is. In this view the illustrious antitype of the figures, bears all the glory—and, in his miraculous conception, birth, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection, he is considered in the eye of Deity as a complete aggregate of the sons and daughters of humanity.

But if the Christian Man, immersed in the cares unavoidably consequent upon his mortal existence, should not, as often as he beholds the memorials, advert to the grace exhibited therein, they nevertheless *continue standing figures*, nor can they be used without throwing forth the Lord's death in that complex character, in which he received the name Emmanuel and the disciple of Jesus, while under the operation of his meek holy faith, yields a merciful obedience to the loving request of his Redeemer. He receives with sacred transport the memorials of his condescending, and omnipotent goodness. It is his privilege, and principal solace to confider the death of the Saviour, as the death of the fall nature, and he beholds in the resurrection of the Lord, as the complete reboration of those wanderers, who, with everlasting joy upon their heads, will one day be brought home to their Father, God. At every time, and in every place, the Christian is felicitous to be found looking unto "The Child born, the Son given, the wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, as the Author, and finisher of his Faith." He is fond of regularity, and it gladdens his heart, to behold around the table of the Lord, those assembled communicants, who are like interred in, and dependant upon redeeming grace. In such circumstances whether standing, sitting, or kneeling, his felicity receives immeasurable augmentation. Nor can his energetic devotion, glow with additional ardour, until in the kingdom of his God, he shall gaze at that fountain, which shall banish from his memory every vestige of sorrow.

HONORA MARTESIA.

BOSTON;

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 25, 1802.

EVERGREENS.

The usual custom of Epifcopalians adorning their churches at Christmas. Respecting this custom, a writer has given the following account: "It has sometimes been reprefented that it arofe from a defire to perpetuate the circumstance of the people cutting down Palm Trees and ftrewing them in the way, crying, "*Hofanna to the Son of David.*"

Others have viewed it fimply an indication of feftivity and gladnefs.

As the primitive Chriftians originated at a period when the ancient Pagan Mythology prevailed, it is obferved, that in fome inftances there is an evident fimilitude between their external ceremonies. Apollo, the emblem of the Sun, who is reprefented as enjoying perpetual youth and immortality, had the undying laurel dedicated to Hiften p.—When the *Sun of righteoufnefs arofe, with healing in his wings*, his votaries and difciples fubftituted by every method to teftify their admiration of the Divine character, always celebrated the anniverfary of his birth by a cheerful difplay of *Evergreens* during that dreary feafon, a fymbol of him "whofe leaf never withers," and as an evident token of their belief of his unchanging glory, and immortality.

A new born infant was lately found drowned in Philadelphia. "This innocent was a fine boy not in the leaft deformed, and of handfome ftature." It was found wrapped in a piece of old coarfe linen. This is a poor way to violate the laws of nature, and fcreen the deed from human knowledge; but the horrors of a guilty conficence, is a never failing monitor.

The Selectmen of Reading, in Connecticut, have published, that about four years fince, a delirious perfon came into the town, and has ever fince been fupported. He calls himfelf *Jona. Burr*, is about five feet five inches high, thick fet, and well built, about 42 years old. This is published for the information of his friends.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Meffrs. T. & J. Swords, of Newyork, have lately published a new and improved edition of *Quincy's Medical Lexicon*, price 5 dlls. 50 cents.

Thomas and Andrews, have now in the preft, an edition of *Darwin's Zoonomia*, from the laft Englifh edition, printed juft before the author's death. Subfcriptions for this work, which will be completed in about two months, are received by the publishers.

They have alfo in the preft, a new edition of *Adams's Latin Grammar*, which the Univerfity at Cambridge, have recommended to be ufed by all Students intended for that College.

The Phyficians of this town, have unanimoufly agreed, from thorough experiments on 19 children, that "the *cow-pox* is a complete fecurity againft the *fmall-pox*."

The *Eaftern Inftructor*, of this town, have undertaken to inoculate the poor with the *cow-pox, gratis*.

An "*American Linnean Society*," is forming at Philadelphia, for the promotion of Natural Hiftory.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

To the author of "TRAVAIL, *An Ode*," we can only reiterate what we originally declared, and have again and again repeated, that political allufions, and animadverfions on perfons of characters, either of our own or foreign countries, are *ftrictly* excluded from this paper. We are pleafed with this author's paffion and energy, and particularly admire the animated apoftrophe in the latter part of his laft communication. We have no objection to infert his friendfhips but cannot facrifice our honor and *canon* of refolutions.

"*The Alcheriad Paragraph*," may be an affecting ftory; but the language in which the part here in is drefsed, is too rag-ged for admiffion.

"*Poetic thirft abroad*."—Very true, it cannot be helped. This part is in mind of a *fhort* ftory!

MARRIAGES.

In Boftan, Mr. Enoch Jones, to Mrs. Mehitable Clark; Mr. Thomas Parker, to Mifs Betty Green Foffer; Mr. Samuel Bulkley, to Mifs Hannah Fowler: Mr. Jed. Foot, to Mifs Sally Cheefman; Mr. John French, to Mifs Mary Richardson.

DEATHS.

In Boftan, Mrs. Joanna Peirce, wife of Mr. Mace Peirce—Mr. Erafmus Jacobs, Æt 31—Mr. Nathan Park, Æt 32—Mr. Stephen Winter, Æt 62—Capt. Jubal Hovingtan, Æt 76—Mifs Ann Wilde, Æt 67—Mifs Charlotte Tuttle, Æt 20, daughter of Mr. Daniel Tuttle—Chriftopher C. Jones, youngeft child of the Hon. John C. Jones—George French, 3d fon of Mr. Zedock French; Mrs. Wild, Æt 56; and 3 Children. Total 16 in each, 32.

A furious event lately took place at Abbington. Two brothers, D. and E. Pool, were in purfuit of quails in the field, in company with Mr. M. Curtis. David firft difcharged his piece, which wounded Curtis, and killed his brother! *A dreadful warning to fportfmen.*

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1802.

HAIL Christian era—Day auspicious hail!
Rich is thy promise, as the healthful gale;
Which sudden sweeps along the burning lands,
Where desolation trains her murderous bands—
Fanning to life with renovating breath,
The trembling victims of difeafe and death.

The luftrous ftar, thy beamy harbinger,
The fhepherds watching round their fleecy care,
The choral angels in bleft fymphony,
Hymning their God with pious extacy—
Thefe pointed out, and holy homage paid,
To HIM by whom unecounted worlds were made.

How broke the fplendors of that purple morn,
On which to earth the God of heaven was born,
Piercing the dun obfcure, fublime it rofe,
Bearing a fovereign balm for mighty woes;
Ordain'd to usher goodnefs, peace and truth,
Eternal funfhine, and eternal youth.

Surely a day fraught with fuch genial pow'rs,
Was wafted onward by the facred hours,
In bright'ning progrefs bearing influence ftrong,
Whilft fiends affrighted to their caverns fled:
And hallow'd fongs fhould mark its annual path,
The loud hofannas of the good Man's faith.

Where is the epoch pregnant with fuch claims?
How ftinks the honours of the proudeft names:
Vifit each nation, kindred, every clime,
Search the broad annals of recording time;
No natal day will e'er like this be found,
With fuch imperifhable trophies crown'd:
Nor can celeftial regifters difclofe,
Another birth from which fuch bleffings flows.

Bending with reverential awe—I trace,
Compaffed Deity to Bethlehem place!
Sudden the nations burft the bars of death!
Springing to life—receive returning breath—
The Child, the Son, the Almighty Father borne,
The obfcuring veil from radiant mercy torn,
The Prince of Peace to fallen mortal given!
Emphatic union!—kindred earth and heaven!!
Auguft event—the fhadows flee away—
It is thy dawn interminable day.

And fee the unwearied race of Man,
Form'd to new being on a nobler plan,
Affume the honours of their fpotlefs head,
By wifdom luminous—and goodnefs led.
Lo! Government upon his fhoulders laid,
In robes of facred Majefty array'd,
In counfel wonderful—and ftrong to fave,
Potent to ranfom from the fpoiler's grave;
He binds the fpoiler in eternal chains,
Where dark infuriate malice always reigns.

REDEMPTION! REGENERATION! Mafterlefs themes!
Wide o'er the world's fubjected glory booms;
Once more the virtues lead their whole rob'd train,
And peace and innocence unite again;
The angel Reftitude, with lifted eye,
Compaffeth lands from yonder opening fky,
Crimes pafs away—Truth ope's her portals wide,
Clothing multitude-piles on every fide;
No chang'd forms illimitable fpace,
All tears are wip'd away from every face,
And forrow fhrouded in oblivion's fhade
The viewlefs fetus from MEMORY fhall fade.

Such confequences fhall attend the day,
That wrapt the Deity in humble clay;
Juft confummation—by high heaven decreed,
When Man from all tranfgreffion fhall be freed!
Which fainted, and feraphs fhall unite to praife,
And countlefs beings endlefs paeans raife.

RONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ODE FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

AWAKE my foul, the day's begun,
In which our LORD to ranfom man,
Forfook the realms of blifs;
Let grauitude each thought infpire,
What can enough admire, admire,
Such wondrous love as his.

MERCY from her throne defcending,
PEACE her olive branch extending,
Mus'ring angels round attending;
Tune their golden harps and fing,
Glory to the eternal King.

Within a manger laid,
Behold the Lord of heav'n!
In humble weeds array'd,
Amongft the oxen driven,
Though impious man denied,
A birth place for the LORD!
For us he meekly died,
For us his blood he pour'd.

Come worfhip at the INFANT's feet,
With joy the heavenly ftranger meet,
Salvation now is nigh:
Hark from the heavenly choir what hymns,
Come mortals join the prayer and praife,
Glory to God moft high.

To HIM who was e'er time began,
To HIM who died to ranfom man,
And holy SPIRIT one in three,
All glory be eternally.

The vaft creation, earth, air, fea and fky,
Join the exalted theme and ever cry
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Now again the angelic hoft
To FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST
Give Glory! Glory! Glory!

S. R.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. II.

LUKE x. 30—37.

And Jefus anfwering, faid, A certain man, &c.

IT is to no purpofe, that we are fometimes affected, Have there been fewer wars among nations, or feuds between individuals than there were before, the introduction of chriftianity? The queftion is not, What is the conduct of nominal chriftians? but, What is the genuine fpirit of the religion they profefs? Every one knows, that it is a fpirit of TOLERATION, PEACE, and CHARITY. And every one acknowledges that, were this fpirit univerfally imbibed, *nation would no longer lift up fword againft nation, nor Jews* abominate *Samaritans*, nor papifts proteftants, nor theefe diffcuters. In the grand article of UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPY, the gofpel infinitely exceeds all the fyftems of morality, that ever appeared in the world. It evidently defigns to lay the enmity fubfifting between different peoples, and kindreds, and fects, to unite them into one family under a common head, and to infpire them with a reciprocal and active BENEVOLENCE.

It is our joy to believe, that this divine purpofe of our religion is by no meansdefeated. Ifthe gofpel has not ended, it has greatly mitigated, the horrors of war; and calmed, if not quelled, the rage of private malice, envy, and revenge. It has enlightened and quickened the moral fenfe of mankind; refined the public opinion; founded beneficent inftitutions; induced gentle manners; and made the morals of men as much better, as their lights are ftronger, than were thofe of the ancients. *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day, which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Glory to God in the highefl; on earth* PEACE; GOOD WILL *toward men. For unto us a child is born, unto us a fon is given, and he is* juftly *called—The Prince of* PEACE.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS *of a* CITIZEN *of* BOSTON.

No. 6.—EFFECTS OF COLD.—On the extreme cold in Hudfon's-Bay, between the 57th and 61st° N. Latitude, an author remarks, viz. That one effect of it is, of turning thofe animals white, which are naturally brown, or grey. Inftead of fterility of nature, here extends itfelf to every thing. The human race are few in number, and ftature not above four feet high. We fee nothing here but the effects of weak organization, and of cold that contracts and reftrains the fprings of growth, not fatal in the progrefs of animal and vegetable life.

No. 7.—AMERICAN SAVAGES.—Baron Raynall, a French author alks, whether the American Savages, are a race of men, originally diftinct from thofe that cover the face of the earth?—The origin of the population of America, this author fays, is imagined to be from Greenland or Kamtchatka. That the inhabitants of the old world muft have gone over to the new, as it is by the two countries, that the two continents are connected, or at leaft approach nearefl to each other.—But how can we conceive that in America the vegetable race fhould be peopled from one of the fmalleft? Population will indeed fpread from North to South; but it muft naturally have begun under the equator, where life is cherifhed by warmth.

No. 8.—WORKS OF ART.—A London paper fays, "There is no much thread fpun in a day at Derby (Weft, in Flintfhire, as will turn round the globe at the equator. A pound of cotton being generally fpun into the length of 150 miles; but with particular care, Mr. Atherton's new machine will fpin out the pound, fetn the length of 80 miles and upwards! but the 1ft fpin thread machine is difcovered in the filk manufactory at Derby, where one machine, turned by a fmall water wheel, actuates no lefs than 97,746 fmall wheels, &c. Erected by Sir Thomas Lombe, a model of which he brought from Italy.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To wast aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring?
Call on the power with careful hand,
And drew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. X.

Reverere Deo.

IT has been already remarked, that Sarah Hardwick wanted of reading, and that novels were her favourite, indeed her only study; yet flimsy as the materials such a study could furnish for argument, she would frequently engage the little with men of learning, who, though men of fe, were too polite to suffer a pretty woman to plead in n, and would pretend conviction, at the very moment y were most mally smiling at the futility of her arguments. as flattered into a very high opinion of her own argumentative powers, the frequently engaged with Lorenzo the subject of religion. She had read their books, inffected a general, but not very deep knowledge of the Christian system; but though her ideas were not correct, nor principles extremely rigid, yet for would shudder th horror at the free opinions Lorenzo advanced, for obtained them with all her power, and in order to enable half to do it more forcibly, for read with avidity all the els avowedly written in opposition to the philosophic and too fashionable infidelity of the day; but theh principles evidently grounded with a laudable diligence ornamately had a direct contrary effect. She embraced, on the mind of Sarah: They ridiculed it as true, at the same time they referred the reader to all the celebrated and most plausible arguments in favour of the fashionable system; this awakened her curiosity; the feared them, read them, their poisonous effects took hold of a diseased temperament, impressing it forever, the insinuating sophistry of Lorenzo, aiding in connection with them, from attempting to make a convert, became one herself. Her religious principles destroyed, her scruples of conscience entirely silenced.

barriers of honour were soon broken down, and without much trouble being taken on his part. Mrs. Hardwick had not the most brilliant talents, but unfortunate ich had beliefon her; for few with delight the attention Lorenzo paid her daughter; especially when they received a family journal, in a large and extended projection, was always distant and formal, a conduct which had occasioned many petty quarrels between the lovers, but he exhad the art to excuse his unpolished behaviour, and alged such plausible reasons for it that Sarah was easily to pardon even the most pointed insturations. Nor is it surprising, when it is remembered that the fond him in her whole heart; that the object of her birth, her faith, full of human beings, and implicitly believed every word uttered. Ruth saw more than the thought right — perceived too plainly that her confin's mard was perfect; but h r gentle remonstrances were lost on Mrs. Hardwick, who painfully embarrassed in her circumstances, a wealthy blige to his errors, looked forward to her ughter's union with Lorenzo as to an event almost certa, and which would place her side in ease and affluence for life. For herself, she would have been content to live the humble life fame, in the meanest habitation, if her dear ruth could enjoy the elegancies of life. And as to the ridiculous Ruth, the thought little of her, and when did, it was only to fay," Ruth has always been accustomed to work; she will always make her way in the world; she will be a treasure to some poor man; but if Sarah marries well, Ruth will live with her, and manage r family, for poor child, she knows very little about wildly economy, she was always to fond of her books and r muſic."

But while the fond mother was indulging herſelf in thele day dreams of felicity, ſhe was ſuddenly awakened to a ſenſe of real miſery. The houſe ſhe lived in, had been for ſometime mortgaged to the full extent of its value, to ſupply prefent exigencies, by ſmall, with a few articles of plate, and a ſmall farm a few miles from town, was the whole of Sarah's fortune; and it was enough to have ſecured her independance and reſpectability through life, had her mother educated her accordingly, and confined her ideas to the walk in life which Providence had deemed to mark out for her. Mrs. Hardwick had borrowed money beſides the mortgaging her houſe, (ſhe had never in any emergency applied to Lorenzo, if ſhe had, the mask would have dropped) for Lorenzo was profligal in dreſs, ſhew, the pleaſures of the table, his wines, his horſes muſt be the beſt—But no one could ever ſay Lorenzo was generous; She had alſo many debts to tradeſ-people, her butcher, her baker, the perſon who ſupplied her fuel; the long gathering ſtorm was now ariſen to its height, and burſt at once upon her head. An execution came into her houſe—her farm was attached. It was about ſix o'clock in the evening, Lorenzo was not arriſen, an unuſual buſtle below awakened him, he came down incited by curioſity—He met Sarah on the ſtairs, for ſhe knew not whither to fly, and threw herſelf into his arms in an agony of terror. "What is the matter?" ſaid he compoſedly putting her aſide as he deſcended. The cauſe was ſoon explained. Lorenzo "was ſorry, but what could he do, eyes, hands, no commiſſion, nobody minded them. Mrs. Hardwick was a woman of too much ſenſe to let them affect her ſpirits, he would adviſe her to retire to a lodging from the ſcene of confuſion which muſt enſue, and if a little ready cash was neceſſary, he had fifty or a hundred dollars at her ſervice." And he actually would have had the baſeneſs to pay his cloathes, he went again up ſtairs to ſee that his name was affixed to a few articles of elegant furniture, which he had ordered for his own convenience in his own apartment. "Contemptible wretch," ſaid Ruth, as he left the room.

Mrs. Hardwick was obliged literally to follow his advice. Without a ſhilling in her pocket, the furniture ſeized after all were ſatisfied, and on this ſhe determined to live, ſtill hoping Lorenzo would marry Sarah, and all would again be well. But theſe viſions were ſoon diſpelled as proofs made; though he ſtill continued to viſit them—Lorenzo's father had never limited his ſon's expenſes; but of late he had played very high, and his demands became ſo exorbitant, and often repeated, that the old gentleman wrote him an angry letter, and threatened not to honor his drafts. He was incorrigible, a bet for five hundred dollars was made and laid, he had often repeated, that he ſhould live as fifteen days, it was accepted; he drew on his father for the money, the bill was returned. Had it been a debt for food, or cloathing, the old gentleman would have cared a ſtraw how long the poor artificer or viduaiſer had waited, but it was a debt of honour. Stung almoſt to madneſs by the inſupportable reproach, he ſwore by heaven, that he would be a mortal ſlab to his credit, he flew to Mrs. Hardwick's, and uttered the moſt bitter complaints againſt his father's parſimony and cruelty.

Sarah knew her mother had the ſum required, and a little more in her poſſeſſion. "Lend it him, my dear mother," ſaid ſhe. "No, child, no" ſaid Mrs. Hardwick, "he was deaf to our miſery." "He had not the power to relieve it," ſaid Sarah. "He had not the will," ſaid Ruth, emphatically. "Oh! my mother! my mother! can you refuſe your child?" cried Sarah, weeping violently, and throwing herſelf on her mother. Mrs. Hardwick could not. She gave her the money, and the baſely loſt Sarah received when the gave him the note, was the laſt ſhe ever received; for it was the laſt time he ever ſaw her. He paid his debt, and left ***** immediately. What, without taking leave of the tender conſoling Sarah? Yes, and for three months more never wrote to her. During that period ſhe wrote, but mother diſcovered that Sarah had made a greater ſacrifice than ſhe had imagined, and that a living wiſhes of her fully was likely to appear. She wrote to Lorenzo, and to his father. The firſt did not notice her letter—the latter enclofed a bill for a hundred dollars, and ſaid his ſon remembered ſomething of the foolish tranſaction with the daughter, but denied having ever borrowed the money—The agony, the diſtraction of Sarah cannot be conceived by the innocent and happy. The miſery of the doating diſappointed mother, every mother can fully comprehend. As ſoon as they poſſibly could, they removed from the prying eye of ſuſpicion, from the taunting ſneer of malignity, to the wretched retreat where I met with them; and where anguiſh of hearts and agony of ſtomach almoſt diſcriminate, accelerated the birth of the infant I law in the lap of the unfortunate Mrs. Hardwick.

Theſe particulars I gained from the wife of my friend, with whom I had been dining, as mentioned in my ſeventh number. In the evening of that day we all ſtrolled to the poor hut. Mrs. ——, and myſelf entered; the reſt of the party had feelings too fine to allow their perſonal attention to a ſcene of woe. The clergyman of the place had been firſt ſent for, and was endeavouring to awaken the dying Sarah, to a belief in, and reliance on, a merciful Saviour. "I am afraid to believe," ſaid the trembling penitent, "I have ſinned paſt hope of pardon." "No! no!" ſaid Ruth, who was on her knees by the bedſide, "only believe and repent."—"Repent," ſaid Sarah, "oh how earneſtly do I pray that my repentance were worthy acceptance."—"The ſaviour of the world died for ſinners," ſaid the clergyman, in a tone of benevolence. "He died! he died!" cried ſhe, raiſing herſelf forcibly in the bed, "he pardoned the thief upon the croſs!" Then ſtretching her hands and eyes, with an unexpreſſible energy, ſhe exclaimed, "God of mercy, pity! pardon!"—She ſunk back upon her mother's arms, her ſoul had fled with the laſt word.—"She is not loſt," ſaid Ruth, and burſt into a convulſive agony of tears.

The funeral rites were decently performed, and Ruth, with her afflicted mother, removed by the kindneſs of my friend, to a better habitation. I am intereſted in the fate of that young woman, and ſhould any thing take place to her advantage hereafter, I ſhall communicate it to my readers.

The compliant of SOMEBODY, *about his ſiſter's teething, muſhing in mlong, &c. is a very ſerious concern. I ſhall devote my next paper to that ſubject.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No. VI.

"Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to foſter retired ſolitude,
Where, with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and let grow her wings;
Which in the vigorous air of leiſure,
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd."
MILTON.

THE praiſe of ſolitude has employed the pen of almoſt every writer, in every age. Poets have celebrated her charms in all the melody of verſe—Philoſophy has pronounced her eulogy; and Religion has cherriſhed her as the friend of devotion.

"There is a time
For thoſe who wiſdom and whom nature charm,
To ſteal them wholes from the gay private crowd,
And fear above this little haunt of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace,
And woo ſome quiet in her ſilent walks."
THOMSON.

"O ſoft virtue, hail to manly thought,
Left to the noiſe ruſhes of the ſoul,
Who think it ſolitude to be alone.
Communion ſweet; communion large and high;
Our realm, guardian angel, and our God!"
YOUNG.

He that can amuſe himſelf in ſolitude, and take.

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delight in reading or reflection, poſſeſſes a ſource of felicity, far more permanent than he, who depends on others for amuſement, and expects happineſs from an intercourſe with the world. The ſhafts of envy and of malice, the miſtakes and the infidelity of friendſhip, and the inſolence of pride and preſumption, wound the peace of ſocial intercourſe, and diſturb the happineſs of ſociety.—From theſe evils retirement is exempted. We chooſe our companions from the ancients, or from the moderns; from philoſophy, or from poetry; from hiſtory, or from romance. We diſmiſs and recall them, at pleaſure, without ceremony, and without fear of giving offence.

The great and the good have always been lovers of ſolitude, and have devoted a portion of their time to lonely quiet and contemplation. It is here they have cherriſhed thoſe talents and virtues, which have bleſſed the world, and immortalized their names.

On the contrary, the giddy and the vicious are generally enemies to ſeclusion, and ſoon become weary of only the company of themſelves. Their own ideas are dull and diſagreeable aſſociates;—and they haſten for relief to confuſion and noiſe, and ſeek to forget themſelves in the "various buſtle of reſort."

Thoſe who are fond of ſolitude and poetry, will read with pleaſure a little American poem, on the "POWER OF SOLITUDE," which has, in my opinion, other claims to notice, than merely its being a production of our own country.

"O ſy, thou WRETCH! for know, SECLUSION'S reign
With deadlier tortures frights the guilty brain;
Seek the buſy crowd, where boſoms look diſtain
To ſhun ſo baſe—to penetrate thine.
And there purchaſe may drown the mental ſtrife,
Gorg'd mid the riot of the maniac's life."

"Yet let not VIRTUE fear time's ſecret rage;
Her's are delights, which every pain aſſuage;
Which ſtill, while declines, with nothing claims,
Its rigours lofen, and its pangs diſarm.
For her, RETIREMENT decks her fragrant bowers,
Calls freſheſt flowers, and wakes ſweeteſt hours;
For her, I thought weaves the balmy wreath of peace,
Stills the quick pulſe, and lulls to ſuffering eaſe;
While meek Religion points, with rapt'rous eyes,
Where rapture triumphs, and miſfortune dies."

POW. OF SOL.

Dec. 29. H.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the PALLADIUM.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE REV. DR. THACHER.

UNDER the moſt melancholy diſpenſations of Divine Providence, it becomes rational creatures, with a due reſignation of heart, to humble themſelves before the Throne of Omnipotence.

WHEN the pious, the uſeful, the benevolent man dies, our tears flow for the living, who are deprived of the bleſſings of his labours, and the advantages of his ſociety, and who live to feel, and deplore his loſs.

On the 16th of December ult. died, at Savannah, in Georgia, the Reverend PETER THACHER, Doctor in Divinity, and Paſtor of the Church in Brattle-Street, in Boſton. He was born in Boſton in *March*, 1752; deſcended from an antient family in New-England. His great Grand Father was removed from England to this Country, as Miniſter of the Goſpel, ſoon after the country was ſettled; and officiated in that character for a conſiderable number of years, eſteemed for his piety, and highly reſpected for his learning.—The immediate anceſtor of Doctor THACHER was a lawyer of eminence, very exemplary in his principles and conduct, and much reſpected for the correctneſs of his manners. He died whilſt the Doctor was very young.

Dr. THACHER, having received an education at Harvard College, and having reſolved to devote himſelf to the Goſpel Miniſtry, accepted a call at Malden, before he was nineteen years old.—He continued there, to the great acceptance of his Church and People, until the year 1785; when on the death of Dr. COOPER, he was invited to Boſton; and, by the conſent of his Church and Pariſh, with a view to increaſe his uſefulneſs, was removed to the Church in Brattle-Street. As Miniſter of that Society, he continued, beloved, and eſteemed, until He, who had committed to him, very uncommon and extraordinary talents, few ſit to call him to an account; and, as we truſt, to beſtow upon him the reward of a good and faithful ſervant, who had been faithful over them, and who was prepared to enter into the joys of his Lord.

In the courſe of thirty-two years Miniſtry, he was, by that God to whom he had, while he was very young, devoted his life, enabled to appear in his place, without interruption from want of health, until the fall now paſt, when he was ſeized with a complaint in his breaſt, that finally put a period to his life. In this long uninterrupted courſe of Goſpel Miniſtry, his piety and goodneſs were ſeen, and his uſefulneſs every where acknowledged.—In the pulpit, he was animated with a zealous energy, ſuited to the magnitude of the work he had engaged in. When the *holy light of the Scriptures* had poured conviction upon the heart melted with ſorrow, and rent with repentance, Doctor THACHER was eminently qualified to adminiſter the healing balm found in the promiſes of redeeming love.

By the ſide of the couch groaning with pain and terror, his voice, his prayers and tears, were received as conſolations, commiſſioned by him, who died to redeem a loſt world, and who has all power now in his hand. His approaches to the bed of death, were like the ſteps of an angel of comfort: With the words, and under the influence of the ſpirit of his Maſter, he was, very often happy enough to ſtrooth the pillow, where the King of Terrors had planted his arrows, and irrecoverably eſtabliſhed his claim.

In the adminiſtration of the *chriſtian ordinances*, he was ſerious, pathetic, and affecting; but more eſpecially at the *ſacrament*, his ſpirit was fervent, devout, and ſolemn; his ſentiments were filled with the benevolence of the ſcene in which the ordinance originated. He rarely, perhaps never, on that occaſion, prayed for himſelf, omitted to pray that his life and uſefulneſs might be terminated together. This prayer was heard by his heavenly Father, who continued him in his labours, until a few weeks before his exit.

ENDOWED with ſuch ſingular advantages, and under the impreſſions of ſuch an habitual love to that religion, which is all benevolence and good will to man, Doctor Thacher could not fail to exhibit the character of the faithful friend, the endearing companion, the rational patriot, the accompliſhed gentleman, the faithful huſband, the tender parent, and the uſeful and valuable citizen.

THE notice conſtantly taken of him by the government in his ſacred office, the occaſional conſultations of his pen, and the uniform impreſſion of his character, are permanent witneſſes of the greateſt of his mind and the goodneſs of his heart. He was long employed as Chaplain to the General Court; while his diſtinguiſhed talents on occaſional public matters were recollected. Among other talents which he poſſeſſed, a remarkably uncommonly pleaſing eloquence ſeemed on ordinary calls to be deſignated as the dreſs of his ſentiments, peculiarly and remarkably fitted for the ſubject in exigency.

RESPECTED by his brethren, the Reverend Clergy, he was ſeen and admired by them, as a very active and efficient member of nearly all the ſocieties, formed into corporations, for the purpoſe of promoting uſeful knowledge, of propagating religion and morals, and diſſeminating charity and benevolence.

WHEN his complaints were ſo heavy upon him that he was obliged to withdraw himſelf from his miniſterial duties, the anxiety of his people, ample teſtimony of the ſentiments of their hearts towards him.—They made generous provision to defray the expences of a voyage to which they fondly hoped would be the means to reſtore health; but God, in whoſe hands are the lives of all men, and whoſe judgments cannot err, has ſeen fit to deprive them of him, and to leave them to lament moſt of all, that they ſhall ſee his face no more.

Yeſterday afternoon, agreeable to a vote of the Society, the funeral rites of the deceaſed took place. A large and reſpectable Proceſſion moved from the houſe of the deceaſed, to the Church in Brattle-Street, where, after a pathetic prayer by the Rev. Dr. Howard, a funeral eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Emerſon, to a very crowded audience. It repreſented a ſhining character in the deceaſed, drawn with genius, candor and truth, for he was truly, "*a burning and a ſhining light*" The obſequies were cloſed in a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop.

☞ The remains of Dr. THACHER, have been depoſited at the Vineyard, from Savannah, in the ſchooner Diſpatch.

SELECTED EXTRACTS.

From the MANUSCRIPTS *of a Citizen of* BOSTON.

EFFECTS OF SNOW.

No. IX.]—It is remarked by ſome writers, That the Egyptians *dread the melting of the ſnow*, for they eſteem Snow to be a preſervative againſt the ravages of the Plague, Cholic, Pleuriſie, &c. The efficacy of Snow has been manifeſted in preſerving dead bodies from putrefaction, for ſome ſun beams have diſſolved it upon the *Alps*, and bodies have been diſcovered entirely uncorrupted.

CURIOUS INFORMATION.

No. X.]—The late Lord Lyttleton, who was in Wales, is ſaid to have tranſmitted to a friend of his, the following information, viz. "That a farmer died there, aged 105 years; by his firſt wife he had 30 children, by his ſecond 12, by the third 4, by two concubines 7, making *ſeventy-ſix* any children. His youngeſt ſon was 81 years younger than the eldeſt; and that *eight hundred* perſons who deſcended from him, attended his funeral."

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To the above we add another extraordinary instance of fertility in a female of our own country. At Plymouth County, in this State, fince the year of '83, a woman, in the space of *forty-nine* months, who was rather in low circumftances, was the mother of *seven* children. She had three pair of twins fuccefsively, alive and likely to do well.

NATIONAL DEBT OF ENGLAND.

No. XI.] This debt, at the peace of 1783, mounted to *two hundred and seventy two million ounds sterling*. We may form fome idea how immenfe it is, by the following calculation, taken from an Englifh paper :—If it were laid down in guineas, in a line, it would extend upwards of 13,000 miles in length. If paid in fhillings, it would extend three times and a half round the globe ; and if paid in folid filver, it would require 60,400 horfes to draw it, at the rate of 15 cwt. to each horfe. [☞ I may difpute the accuracy of the above calculation, he may fatisfy himfelf, if he is an adept in figures, and cannot more profitably improve his time.]

A NEGRO BOY MADE AN AFRICAN PRINCE.

No. XII.]——A Dublin paper in the year 1786, contains this article. "A young negro boy, who was fervant to a late member of the Irifh Parliament, was recalled to his native land, and by virtue of fucceffion, was exalted to a throne, (in his own country) having had a mark of his birth and dignity on his back, by which he was known by his countrymen."

LONGEVITY.

No. XIII.]——In a bill publifhed in England, in 1786, of three perfons remarkable for long life, the name of *William Morton*, of Dalzell river, Renfhire, Scotland, is inferted. He died in the year 1714, aged 179 years, (he was 15 years older than Henry Jenkins, the Engliftman, who died in 1670) and is probably the oldeft man that has lived in Great-Britain, that any record mentions.

WEST-GREENLAND.

No. XIV.]——WEST-GREENLAND, (fays an European paper of Auguft 1786) after 143 years, was re-difcovered by the crews of fome *Danifh* veffels. The winter of 1643, was fo fevere, that a famine enfued, and very many thoufands perfons perifhed, befides domeftic cattle with all the animals that were there, though it was once a fertile fpot. It was fo furrounded with ice, that it could not be again difcovered until the period of 1786.

TEA INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 30. 1786.

No. XV.]——It is now, (fays the article from which I get the information) precifely a century, fince the matter of a veffel from China, brought with him, as an adventure, three quarters of an hundred weight of Green Tea, being the firft ever feen in England ; he gave it to a fhip boy, to be difpofed of, who after carrying it up and down the city of London for a long time, at length fold it to the then matter of Lloyd's Coffee-Houfe, in which the firft cup of Tea was drank, that made its appearance in England. [☞ *It would be a matter of curious fpeculation, to trace the annual confumption from that, to the prefent time.*]

MAXIMS.

Crimes (indulged) make a thoufand times more victims, than well timed punifhments.

THE old Teftament is full of examples of Juftice, and they are commanded by God himfelf, who furely cannot be accufed of cruelty.

BOSTON:
SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 1, 1803.

☞ The EDITOR profits to their PATRONS, the ufual Compliments of the Seafon.

It is with extreme regret we have to mention, that on Sunday morning laft, the town of *Portfmouth*, experienced a very fevere and deftructive fire, which deftroyed about 400 buildings, and the lofs of property by it, has been eftimated at the immenfe fum of 600,000 Dollars. The fire originated in a building appropriated to the New-Hampfhire Bank, and is fuppofed to be the work of fome infernal incendiary. The *Boflon Gazette*, fays, "the fate fire at Portfmouth, is perhaps a calamity that has fpread more general deftruction, and created more univerfal diftrefs, than has been experienced by the inhabitants of any city, of no greater extent in the United States, fince the firft fettlement of the country." May the hand of charity be liberally extended to their immediate relief.

The Philadelphia Female Affociation, have reported, that they have received, for two years, 540 women, and 273 children under their care—of thefe, 30 were above 60 years of age, 2 above 70, 10 above 80, 1 of 90, and 1 above a hundred years of age. Receipts of the firft year were 3970 dollars. Befides liberal fupplies—of the fecond year, 4384 dollars. Spinning has been introduced.

On the 18th Dec. at Windfor, Vermont, the Thermometer was 2 degrees lower than it was ever known to have been there before.

Capt. Hutchins in his paffage from South-Carolina, to that port, caught a Shark, with 44 young ones, all alive.—

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very pretty Sonnet, from *Chaunfax*, fhall have an early infertion.

We alfo thank "*Zama*" for the "*Dying Indian*."

A Fragment, figned "*Julia*" is a pretty imitation of an affecting incident related in a beautifully fimple Ballad, which appeared in the *Boflon Gazette*, fometime laft autumn.

"*Fire*" &c. had better avoid going into company, if he is refolved never to attend another Lady Dance.

"*Bridaly*," has received, but we fhall be hard been more attentive to his punctuation as the want of proper ftops, renders the ftile obfcure.

"*The Traveller*" muft excufe us, if his travels extend no farther than the Theatre, Julien's, or a vifit to an old acquaintance lady, if we fhould decline giving him any further trouble.

The ftanzas of "*Lauretton*," has a poliftical allufion.

Lines on "*Winter*," we think the fubject might have produced better.

"*Bob Morris*," a *Sapfuream* would be more appropriate.

We would hint to the author of "*A fcrap at* ****" Society," that when fatire, from the circumftances to extravagant, the intent is entirely baffled. In the prefent day, when common information is fo eafily attained, it is not poffible any one fhould be fo ignorant as to miftake the Mofes of *Worcefter*, for a feries of hiftorical facts, or fuppofe that *Bob Morris* was the author ; or could fuppofe *Charles* Sprung with *Pilgrim's Progrefs* ; or affert *Brad* was in *Succefs*, or that *Charles* reigned before the birth of *Chrift*.

Satire fhould, like the rotunda whofe, the bent ;
This wounds for it is feeft, it is for us alm to fpare.

We have received the note of "*Timothy Nofe*," on the fubject of his forward communication. We affure him that we were deficrous in forming our opinion of the nature and tendency of his piece ; and cannot conceive that he has urged any new reafons, fufficient to induce us to alter our determination, as expreffed in our laft. Allowing the force of this gentleman's obfervations on the character in queftion, he ought to conffder, that there are many foreigners in this country, who won'd be difgufted at obferving a mifcellany, profeffedly devoted to literature, attacking a ftranger, who holds fo high a rank in the eftimation of his countrymen. Our correfpondent miftakes us entirely, if he fuppofes we do not fully appreciate his talents. We thank him for his candid avowal in the clofe of his laft note ; and doubt not, that on other fubjects he might difplay his abilities, to the great advantage of himfelf and the amufement of the public.—We ftill always be happy to hear from him, but to preferve any appearance of confiftency, we muft be allowed the right of judging in the laft refort.

☞ Our Correfpondents in town, are informed, that their Communications can be received through the medium of the Poft-Office, free of expence.

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

(Selected from recent European Publications.)

THE court of Madrid is about to fend two fcientific gentlemen to the interior of Africa, viz. Don Badia it Leiie, for Geography, and S. de Norhas Clairmete, for Natural Hiftory. They are expected in England for the purpofe of purchafing mathematical and aftronomical inftruments ; as likewife, to confer with Mungo Park, and the members of the African Society. Don Badia will likewife go at the requeft of the Spanifh government, on a voyage to South America, attended by his learned pupil Zea. They will vifit feveral parts of the Spanifh poffeffions in that quarter of the globe, at prefent but little known ; and the moft fanguine hopes are entertained of the refult of their philofophical labours.

PROFESSOR Wallis, of Sever, has given an account of a Water-fpout, which paffed immediately over him, the effect of which he was fenfible in the gufh of Finland. It appeared to be 24 feet in diameter, conffting of drops about the fize of a cherry ; the air was agitated round its bafe, through a fpace of 150 feet in diameter.

THE Venus de Medicis, the maffer-piece of ancient Sculpture, is on its way to Paris, to enrich the National Mufeum. The Firft Conful obtained it from the King of Etruria, on condition that he fhould receive for him the objects carried away by the Neapolitans during the war. Paris will then poffefs the two firft Statues in the world, the *Venus de Medicis*, and the *Apollo of Belvidere*.

THE orbit of the new Planet, difcovered by Dr. Alberf, of Bremen, on the 28th of March) has been calculated by C. Burchardt, who, after long and laborious calculations, has found the elements of this Planet's motion to agree within a few feconds with the obfervations fince made by Meffrs. Meffier and Mechain, fo that this new Planet may be conffdered as already well known. Its revolution is 1760 days, or 4 years, 8 months and a half.—That of Pattai's Planet (difcovered on the 18 of Jan. 1801) is 4 years, 7 month, and 10 days—but their diftances are different, on account of the difference of their eccentricities. The Planet of Olbers, varies from 25, to 36 ; that of Piazzi, from 27, to 28, the diftance of the Sun from the earth being 20.

THE School of Medicine at Paris has publifhed, in its tranfactions, fome interefting obfervations of Citizen Dalcus-Deffontaines, Phyfician at St. Germain, on a living infect which was found in the ftomach of the body of a man, who died at the age of 33, of a diforder in the ftomach and bowels. It is a worm belonging to a genus hitherto unknown ; it is about the fize of a full grown fillworm, and of a brownifh caft. The body moves by means of rings, regularly articulated, each articulation being marked with a white point furmounted by a hair of fome texture, and extremely coarfe. The head of the worm is armed with a fpecies of horn, and the lower extremity of the body is terminated in a manner fimilar to that of a lobfter.

MARRIAGES.

In Boffon, Mr. James Adams, to Mrs. Sally Dill ; John Williams, Efq. to Miff Eunice Woodbridge, both of Dorchefter ; Mr. Wm. Blake, to Miff Lucretia Bacon, to Miff Sarah Hart ; Mr. Jonas Bowers, to Miff Rebecca Sargent.

DEATHS.

In Boffon, Mr. Thos. Vofligtine, *Æt.* 68 ; Mr. Cornelius Parks, *Æt.* 57 ; Mr. Samuel M'Cleary, *Æt.* 37 —Mr. Ebenezer Topliff, *Æt.* 21 ; Mrs. Experience Ingerfoll, *Æt.* 86 ; Mrs. Ruthy Barnes, *Æt.* 56, wife of Mr. Benj. R.—Caroline Parry, *Æt.* 3, daughter of James Parry, Efq. of Norfolk—and three children ; total, the week, *ten*, ending yefterday.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

NEW YEAR's DAY—1803.

WHAT then ! another year is gone, and mark'd,
In passing, on my brow one furrow more.
Well ! passe a moment, let me now inquire
What have I done within the last twelve months,
What mortal well of man ?—And from my God
Should awful rebuke fiercely passe the feale,
What would be my award ?—Alas ! alas !
Where is the human foul could flatter the teft !
And mine of all the human race the leaft,
The worft prepar'd—'Tis a new year, what then ?
Another and another year fucceeds,
And ftill we cry, near year I will be wife.
Fair riding year, I welcome thee—Welcome !
Art thou then welcome to the haplefs wretch
Who in a dungeon, counts the tardy hours
And wifhes time and peace annihilated,
'Till he again beholds the light of day,
Yet knows not that lifeft hour will e'er arrive ?
For crime, black crime has feal'd his prifon door,
And bade him wear the weary hours in folitude.
Or tyranny has fixged an iron chain,
And for opinion's take he fuffers the bondage.
Or art thou, John, welcome to the wife
Whofe early vows were plighted to a wretch ;
Whofe every rising year is mark'd by woe,
Whofe pillow nightly bathesn drench'd in tears ?
Who bids thee welcome with affured good will ?
Is it you beggar clothed in rags ? Your frail
Unhappy fate one, covered o'er with fhame,
Purchasing bitter bread with infamy ?
Or that poor ftarving mifer, join'd with red,
And ftarv'd with hunger untold heaps of gold ?
Is it that widow in yon little hut
Whofe crying babes are clamorous for bread,
She has no means to purchafe ? No ! no ! no !
Thefe welcome not the feafon—for to thefe
Days, hours and years are alike forlorn,
Joylefs and fad. Come, let me change the fcene—
Happy New Year, thou doft fweet greetings bring,
To the expecting lover who received
A promife that this year fhould end his cares,
And give his faithful fair one to his arms.
Yes, many bid thee welcome. FRIENDSHIP comes
With fmiling lip, and in his fpeaking eye
A thoufa- nothed for bleffings feems unwind,
For the high valued partners of his heart.
CHARITY too, with fweet benignant look
Scanning her bounty—to the helpleis poor,
Welcomes the rising year with ineenfe
Pour'd, fit for the Lord of all, the King of Kings ;—
With her right hand fhe raifes up the fallen,
And with her left, the naked orphan clothes ;
Breaks the poor debtors bonds, and heals the ficle,
Or feeds the deftitute unnefked ftranger.
Domeftic love too, has a welcome for thee ;
Yon group of fmiling children, juft deck'd out
In all their Sunday finery ; for, they run,
Hang on the door—Grandfather, Grandmother,
Happy new year, to ye !"—Now, their little mouths,
And eager hands, all cleaned ftrive
To earth the firft fcene, or ere all fhake,
While from the parlour comes the happy fon,
Takes off his fath r's coat, his lovely wife
Good humour beaming o'er her charming face,
Her youngeft dailing hanging at her breaft,
Softens it with her left hand, while her right
Preps to unlock the mother of the man
Moft lov'd, moft honour'd, moft efteemed by her.
Inchanting pifture ! thefe to the new year
Can bid a welcome with delighted voice,
And hurries on that hour in unifon.
Then let me join the happy fcene, and give
My wifhes fcope, bid my warm prayers afcend,
That this new riding year may ever bring
Joy, pleafure, plenty, peace ! to all I love,
Whether from filial piety arife
The ardent wifh, or from fraternal love ;
Or whether friendfhip waft it to the throne
Of the Great SIRE of all. But chiefly Thou
Whom in my heart of hearts I treafure up ;
Who by example more than precept teach
The beauty, force, and majefty of virtue ;
To thee may this new year bring every health,
And peace of mind fuch as thy worth deferves ;
May every wifh thou breath'ft be gratified,
For fure I am, no wifh did'ft e'er arife
From the pure temple of thy foul, but heaven
Would approve, and facred honour fanctify.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE OFFICE, *Jan.* 1, 1803.

ADDRESS OF THE CARRIERS.

" Dignum praftabo me etiam pro laude merentibi."—Hor.

THO' 'tis not ours to count of fervice o'er,
And vaunt the hardships that for you we bore,
How near we came in fight of "DAVY's LOCKER,"
To put a *Newfpaper* beneath your knocker !
Tell how we trod thro' ftorms and alarms ;
Or give an *Almanack* of laft years ftorms ;
Thro' which we ran, *moft miferably* clad,
A better loaft is ourn—e'en WE AND DAD :
And future years fhall find us to the laft
Steady, and punctual, as the two months paft !
While hope infpires the heart to run or ran,
Shall end in favour as with fmiles begun ;
Let not the horrors of a gloomy day,
Sucetted the morning you have defir'd fo gay.
Too long has Science found a cruel doom,
Nip'd by the froft of factaun in its bloom,
But by your culture fhall its branches fpread,
And our own *Eagle* yet refl upon its head :
While with no longer boaft beneath our zone,
Tho' fad was made for Pelides alone.
Now, when the ftorm of grief winter wakes,
The voice of friendfhip as the morning breaks,
'TIS OURS TO WEEP—oh may each favour given,
Be tenfold yours, with every fmile of heaven ;
May every hour with joy be led away,
Mild as the evening of a fummer's day ;
May every bleffing, which the *Lord* e'er knew,
Defcend like fhowers, on the gentle dew ;
When the great AUTHOR fhall at laft command,
To recollect the *fabric* of his hand,
When at he fhall light the *Lamp* of endlefs age,
May each return a pure unfullied *page* ;
Nor one unworthy in its parts be found,
A NEW EDITION—TO BE NEATLY BOUND.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To *****.

1

SAY, why doft thou forfake the grove,
Where fmiles of joy did ever greet thee ;
Where friendfhip and fraternal love
With heartfelt pleafure flow to meet thee ?
The trees have loft their lively green,
The air is cold, the warbler chearly ;
But let thy prefence grace the fcene,
And time will paft on light and cheerly.

2

At eve I trim my little fire,
Sweep up the hearth compact and neatly ;
But then thy converfe I require,
To chafe the evening hours fweetly.
Correct, inftruct, or entertain ;
It ftill is my delight to hear ye ;
Prithee good ***** come again,
And time again will paft on cheerly.

3

Others more outward marks may fhew,
Of friendfhip, fome perhaps be kin'der ;
But one more heedful, one more true,
Truft me it would be hard to find her.
For be thou grave, or be thou gay,
I of thy converfe ne'er am weary ;
Why fhould ft thou fcarry thus away,
To make Time lag fad, flow and dreary.

[The following lines are written on the window of PALMER's *Tavern in* LYNN.]

" APOLOGY FOR WRITING NAMES AT AN INN."

OH FAME ! how potent are thy charms,
Thou can'ft with power fupreme controul !
A love for thee each bofom warms,
Thy reign extends o'er every foul.

To gain thy fmiles amid the fight,
The warrior every danger braves ;
Moft ftormy be the ftormieft night,
Th' *adventurous feamen* dared the waves,

All feek fome road that leads to thee ;
All wifh to leave a living name ;
I'm from the ground-floor to the eave,
The proudeft bend to thee, Oh FAME !

And HEAC, (while journeying on) the names you find,
Which each afpiring traveller left behind.

EPIGRAM—ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

OFFICIOUS are ! how could'ft thou e'er invent
The arte of wifs ! which furely muft be meant
To hide deformity, and not to fcreen
The face where elegance itfelf is feen.
Ye fair, whoare fo lucky to poffefs
The charms of beauty in its native dreft,
Give up your unfit veils to thofe poor creatures,
Whom NATURE hath not grac'd with handfome features.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. III.

PSALM XXXIX. 4.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the mea- ure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how fraail I am.

" THE meafure of our days in its feveral periods is vary ity. *Childhood and youth are nothing.* Our childhood is fpent in trifling pleafures, which become the fcorn of our own after-thoughts. Youth is a flower that foon withereth. A bloffom that quickly falls off, and ere we are aware is paft, and we are in middle age, encompaffed with a thick cloud of cares; and find ourfelves loaden with grieving thorns of difficulties. And fo comes on old age, attended with its own train of *infirmities, labor and forrow*, and we are down unto dust to the grave. In a word, every ftage of perfon in life, is vanity. *Man at his beft eftate is altogether vanity.* Death carries off fome in the bud of childhood, others in the bloffom of youth, and others when they come to their prime ; few are left ftanding, till, like ripe corn, they fall take the grave.

Our days are not only vanity, but a ftort lifed vanity. The life of man in the fcripture was fometimes reached by hundreds of years, now hundreds are brought down to *fcarce : three fcore and ten or fourfcore*, is its utmoft length. Yet, as if years were too big a word for the life of man we find it counted by months. *The number of his months are with thee ;* our courfe is like that of the moon. But frequently it is reckoned by days, and thefe not few : *This that is here of a man, is only fome days.* Nay, it is meaured but one day ; *Till he fhall accomplifh as an hireling his day.* Yea, the fcripture brings it down to the fhorteft fpace of time, *a moment, our light affliction.* Nay, the Pfalmift carries it to the loweft pitch, *Mine age is as nothing before thee.* Agreeable to this, *Solomon* tells us, There is a time to be born, and a time to die ; but makes no mention of a time to live."

[The firft edition of this number, contained eight pages in this, the Editors have converted the extended press which leaves a void of four pages.]

SECOND EDITION.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To vast aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower, wash ev'ry bank,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——№. XI.

Cave, cave: namque in malos asperrimos
Parata tollo cornua.

I NEVER knew any perſon whether male or female, who was addicted to perpetual prating, but what was a miſchief maker and a liar. Their deſire of talking is ſo powerful, that rather than be ſilent, they will exert their inventive faculties, and do not often ſtay to conſider the miſeries their folly may bring upon others. Perſons of this deſcription are not always aſſuated by bad hearts; but they have in general very weak heads. They are always impertinently curious, will aſk the moſt mean and deſpicable arts to obtain a knowledge of the private tranſactions of families, or individuals; and in retailing the anecdotes they thus fraudulently pick up, they make additions of their own, or may perhaps omit circumſtances which would give the tranſaction quite a different appearance; and by ſo doing, while they gratify their own abſurd or malignant propenſity, involve ſociety in broils and diſputes, ſow diſſentions between intimate connections, plant daggers in the boſom of innocence, and rob thoſe of reputation, whoſe good name was perhaps their all. I do not know any fault which parents ſhould make it their duty to correct with more rigour in their children, than tale bearing—and yet it is, I much fear, a melancholy truth, that inſtead of correcting, they encourage it, by enquiries of what was ſaid or done among the ſervants at ſuch or ſuch times; what is ſaid or done in the ſchools they attend; what was ſaid by Mrs. or Miſs ſuch a one, at any viſit they have been making. The child finds there is an expectation of ſome tale wherever he or ſhe returns home, or comes from the kitchen; that ſuch tales are always liſtened to with ſmiles; and to procure thoſe ſmiles, will make a ſtory, rather than not have one to relate. Beſides, children at a very early age have more cunning and penetration, than they are ſuppoſed to poſſeſs; they ſoon make the diſcovery of what kind of tale will beſt pleaſe their interrogators; they learn that ſome perſons are more obnoxious than others; that any ſtory to their diſadvantage is ever acceptable; and that others being great favourites, any ſtory being they have ſaid, or any good action they have done, when repeated, is heard with delight and rapture. A child of tolerably acute abilities having made this diſcovery, will never be at a loſs for ſomething to tell an inquiſitive mother, aunt, ſiſter or couſin. Nay, the other ſex are not free from this inquiſitive fully. I have ſeen a man liſten with as much avidity to the tattle of goſſiping children, as ever was evinced by a cenſorious old maid. Thus in early life, the ſpirit of tale bearing is imbibed; and it gains further ſtrength as they advance from the foolish habit which young perſons of both ſexes fall into, of telling each other an in confidence, every trifling occurrence that takes place. I have ſeen two girls at meeting, ſcarcely waiting for the uſual forms of ceremony to paſs, before they will mutually exclaim, "Oh, I have ſomething to tell you!" then they withdraw from the company, either by quitting the room, or ſeating themſelves in ſome remote corner, where they fit whiſpering, tittering, and now and then making an exclamation aloud, to the great annoyance of the ſenſible or well bred part of the company. Young men too, will often deſcend to the ſame puerile frivolity. But all this may be deemed folly; and did it reſt there, the evil would not be very great.—I have ſaid, that tattlers had always weak heads, and it too often happens they have alſo malignant, envious, cruel hearts; and this I ſuſpect to be the caſe with the ſiſter of my correſpondent "SOMEBODY," for he ſays, "many are the diſſentions the has occaſioned in families, and between friends." She has, I underſtand, perſonal attractions and accompliſhments, ſufficient to gain ſerious *admirers*; but her unbridled tongue unbinds the chain before the links are too cloſely drawn to be broken. What proſpect can this young woman have of happineſs in this world; or what kind of preparation is ſuch a conduct for another? Has the once reflected that the time will arrive, (and how ſoon no one can tell) when ſhe muſt give a ſtrict account of every idle word, and if of every idle, too ſurely of every falſe and malicious one. Poor girl! ſhould her life be a long one, and this dreadful propenſity continue, how wretched, how forlorn a being will the find herſelf; her ſociety will be ſhunned like a peſtilence, her very name deteſted, for we loath a *ſlanderer* as we do a viper. She will live deſpiſed and unlov'd, and will ſink unpitied into the grave, the prey and victim of her own malice. What can be ſaid to wean her from a vice (for I will not give it a gentler term) ſo horrid, ſo dreadful in its conſequences? Religion, Honour, Moral Redtitude, all combine to brand the liar and ſlanderer with infamy. And I think it is a great pity that the law has not power to puniſh offenders in this way; to ſilence the falſe tongue, and ſeal the lying lips. The thief, the murderer, are puniſhed with death, and yet what are they to theſe who do, compared with what may be done by a calumniator? The thief may depoſit us of our property; an aſſaſſin may take our life—but the calumniator can rob us of fame; hand our names with crimes to which our hearts are ſtrangers; and handing their malicious ſlanders down to poſterity, perpetuate the injury to the latelt period of time.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EUPOLIAD.

IT is unqueſtionably a fact, that every thing is eſtimated more valuable, in proportion to its antiquity. And the very quill I now write with, had it been pluck'd from the wing of one of the geeſe that ſaved the ROMAN CAPITOL, would aſſuredly be rated higher, than all the feathers which have been ſince that time. When HOMER wrote, *Poetry* firſt ſpoke plain; before this, ſhe had only liſped; the novelty of the thing ſoon captivated the ears of his countrymen; and at no one for a conſiderable laple of time furpaſſed him, his writings conſequently became the model and ſtandard of perfection. The intervening ſpace before his *aſpiring* rival came upon the ſtage, was ſhort had been ſufficient to rank HOMER among the auticats; and the merit he deſerved, added to the antiquity of his date, even at this day, make him the PRINCE OF POETS. But let the admirers of HOMER ſtill worſhip their idol;—in my opinion, there are many now alive, greatly his ſuperiors. He took his flight above the regions of common comprehenſion, and by dreſſing out his ideas in a too delicate and glittering manner, they were conſequently loſt to a multitude; but the wiſer poets of the *living age*, happily adapted their compoſitions to the underſtanding of *all*—ſtriet as well to the learned man as to the man who it only able to read—to the ſcholar as the mechanic; and when we conſider this ingenious adjuſtment, we cannot too much praiſe the foreſight of their authors, who were ſkilled in human nature, eaſily ſaw the high might deſcend to the low; but the low could never attain to their eminence.—For examples of this *univerſal poetry*, whoſe meaning is as eaſily conſtrued by the ſchoolboy, as the able man of letters—I take the liberty to ſubjoin the following:

"Conglomerating glooms in contradictions colorific bright."

Who does not readily ſee the "*congruous felicity*" of this happy alluſion?

"O'er the low bark his level tube defends."

No one can doubt this to be a centinel like that in the "Virtues of Society" directing his gun at a boat.

"Nature's confeſſioner,
Whoſe fackets are moſt alchymy:
The full of his reſining gold
Minting the garden into gold."

Certainly this is a BAR gathering honey in a garden!

"Little ſyren of the ſtage,
Empty warbler breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful nothing, void of ſenſe."

Unqueſtionably you perceive, only from reading, the two firſt lines, this was *a lady ſinging!*

I now will give you a ſpecimen of *rhyme*, by which we greatly excell the *antients*:

"Here the holy-hawk ſtands ſo graceful and tall,
And there the *aſparagus* creeps over the wall:
The globe amaranthus perpetual *flowers*,
Arranged in pots frith heavens *odours*."

Here you are not only charmed with a melodious ſelection of *words*—"arranged in pots," but "*tall*" rhymes with "*wall*" and "*flowers*" with "*diſcover*:"—"arranged" is very artfully introduced.—being wholly proſaic—you *almoſt* ſy*ſyllo*, reap a double advantage.

To give any more ſelections, would be an inſult to the underſtanding of my readers.—I think they will all conjoin with me, when I declare our country in this reſpect, no longer JULIUS *haud inſcia paſſilus*, but ÆNEAS *bimſilyl*: with the largeſt ſtrides—happy too for poſterity, who, while they admire their proficiency, can with accurate preci-

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their authors and nativity—but happier for us who have anticipated the laurel which time alone could bestow; fame only smiled upon the tombs of antient writers, and glory came but in the gales of death; but we, by a comparison (if this can be for a moment tolerated) are already crown'd with glory, and if profit is withheld, it is but kindness to our modesty.

NATURAL HISTORY.

COMMON PORCUPINE.

Hystrix Cristata. LIN.

THE singular appearance of the Porcupine, so different from that of the generality of quadrupeds, must in the earliest ages have attracted the attention even of the most incurious; the variegated spines or quills with which it is covered, naturally suggesting the idea of a fierce and formidable animal. It is, however, of a humble nature, and the quills are merely defensive weapons, which, when disturbed or attacked, the animal erects, and thus endeavours to repel its adversary.

The general length of the Porcupine is about two feet from head to tail, and that of the tail about four inches.—The upper parts of the animal are covered with long, hard, and sharp quills—those towards the middle and hind part of the body being longer than the rest, and measuring from nine or ten to twelve or fifteen inches in length; they are very sharp pointed, and are variegated with several alternate black and white rings:—the root, or point of attachment, is small: the head, belly, and legs, are covered with strong duffy bristles, intermixed with softer hairs: on the top of the head the hairs are very long, and curved backwards in the manner of a ruff or cresh:—the ears are short and rounded: the nose blunt:—the upper lip divided by a strongly-marked furrow: the two fore teeth, both above and below, extremely large and strong: the fore feet have four toes; the hind feet five; all armed with strong crooked claws: the tail is covered with short and rather flattish quills, which are often abrupt or truncated, rather than pointed at the extremities. This animal is a native of Africa, India, and the Indian islands; it is also found in some of the warmer parts of Europe, and is said to be not very uncommon in Italy and Sicily:—but is supposed to have been originally imported into those parts of Europe from other regions.—Mr. Brydone, in his tour through Sicily, informs us, that in the district about Bage, the Porcupine is frequently seen; and that in a shooting party on the Monte Barbaro he and his companions killed several, but that the novelty of the amusement was its chief merit, and that he would not at any time give "a day's partridge-shooting for a month's porcupine-shooting." He adds, that the party dined on porcupine that day, but that it is "extremely luscious, and soon palls upon the appetite."

The power of darting its quills with great violence, and to a considerable distance, is confidently ascribed to the Porcupine by the writers of antiquity, as well as by some of the moderns, seems now pretty generally exploded: it perhaps originated from an accidental circumstance; and it is surely not improbable that the Porcupine pallefing like other quadrupeds, the power of extricating or shaking the general skin of its body, may sometimes by this motion cast off a few of its loose quills to some distance, and thus slightly wound any animal that may happen to stand in its way; and this may have given rise to the popular idea of its darting them at pleasure against its enemies.—That it really does cast them off occasionally with some degree of violence there is no reason to doubt.

Some authors have gone so far as to assert that the Porcupine can dart his quills with such force as to penetrate a plank of considerable thickness. It is agreed on all hands, however, that the animal, conscious of the power of his armour, generally pushes against his adversary when assaulted, and can thus sometimes wound pretty smartly with its spines; and this is said to be particularly the case with a small species found in North America, and known by the name of Urson, or Canada Porcupine.

Dr. Patrick Brown, in his Natural History of Jamaica, speaking of the common Porcupine, which he says is sometimes brought into that island from the coast of Guinea in the African ships, observes, that "the force and mechanism with which this animal darts its long thorns at its enemy, when it engages, is really admirable: nor are the instantly small fetæ there are beset with less remarkable, by which they stick in the flesh with more obstinacy than a simple body of the same form would do. These little fetæ are very observable to the touch; for, on holding a thorn in your hands, and endeavouring to pull equally with both, you will find the thickest end to glide with much more ease through your fingers than the other."

The Porcupine feeds principally on roots, fruits, barks, and other vegetable substances: it inhabits holes or subterraneous retreats, which it is said to form into several compartments or divisions, leaving only a single hole or entrance.—It sleeps much by day, and makes its excursions for food during the night. The female produces two young at a birth, and these, if taken early, are said to be easily tamed.

The Porcupine admits of considerable variety as to the length and portion of the quills in different specimens and from different countries;—the long crested birdlike on the back of the head, in particular, are much more conspicuous in some than in others.

SHAW'S GENERAL ZOOLOGY,

a work now publishing in London, with accurate and superb plates.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. BENJAMIN LEAR.

THE "Portsmouth Oracle," of Tuesday, 28th ult. contains the following:—

"On Friday, the 17th Dec. died at Sagamore Creek, Mr. Benjamin Lear, Æt. 82, and was interred, the following day, on his own land.

"It is presumed no man ever died within the limits of Portsmouth, who deserved the name of hermit, more than Mr. Lear.

"The farm, on which he lived, and which he owned, was of sufficient extent and fertility to have supported a large family; but he had long imbibed the idea that he should live to need and spend the whole.

"For more than twenty years he dwelt entirely alone in a hut, which scarcely any one would have deemed decent for a barn. He made his own garments which were in a fashion peculiar to himself. He tilled his land, milked his cows, and made his butter and cheese; but subsisted principally upon potatoes and milk. Owing no doubt to his simple and temperate mode of living, he exhibited at the age of eighty two, a face freer from wrinkles, than is generally seen in those of fifty.

"He always spoke of the town, where he made his appearance once or twice a year, under the name of the Bank.*

"His mother lived to be more than a hundred years of age. When she was 102, some people visited her on a certain day, and, while they were with her, the bell was heard to toll for a funeral. The old lady burst out in tears and said, "when will the bell toll for me? It seems to me that the bell will never toll for me. I am afraid that I shall never die."

"Mr. Lear although repeatedly invited and urged to repair to some of the neighbours to spend the winter, where he might be comfortable, absolutely declined, alledging that he had every thing he wanted. He would not suffer any one to spend a night in his house, to take care of him during his last illness. For several weeks before his death, he was in a feeble state of health, but with those comfortable accommodations, which were abundantly in his power, he might perhaps have lived to the age of his mother.

"On Thursday night, last week, the cold was so extreme that the mercury fell in Farmbett's thermometer, to four degrees below nought.—In the evening he was so well as to be laying out his business for the ensuing spring, but in the morning, he was unable to rise. He had his senses, but soon expired. Almost any one else would, in similar circumstances, have been totally frozen before morning. According to his usual custom, he was without a shirt to his back, but was clad in an old tattered cloth garb, and his only covering for the night, besides, was a small ragged blanket, and his bed was a parcel of straw!

"He was of an inoffensive disposition towards his fellow creatures, but with the means in his hands, he denied himself almost every comfort of life.

"The place of his abode has often been visited out of curiosity. The waters of Sagamore creek, irregular hills and vallies, a decent orchard, an intervale for tillage, towering pines, and craggy rocks, appear in variegated directions from the ancient, lowly out, which forms the hermitage, and exhibits a romantic scene."

* The ancient name of Portsmouth, was Strawberry Bank.

THE NOVELIST.

THE RELIGIEUSE AND HER SON.

THE following is an extract of a letter from Vichy, (says a late London paper) in the department of *Allier*, dated Sept. 15, 1802, and is authentic:

A few days ago I found, about eight o'clock in the evening, an unfortunate man, blind, houseless, and homeless, and perishing with hunger.—He was going to lay himself down, upon a stone near his dog. I knocked at several cottage doors, and at length found one that consented to receive him. The boy said that he had only been blind a few days, from lightning. He told me he lived on roots, herbs, and raw flesh, and that he had almost always dwelt in the woods; that death induced me to inquire into his history, which is as follows:

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BOSTON:
SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8, 1803.

The following were the decorations of *Concert-Hall*, at the installation of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, being the Festival of St. John, on the 27th ult.

EAST END—in the centre a coal yard of Paradise, in full plunge; on its right, emblems of Widows; on its left, emblems of Providence—over it, in a large Echoan curtain this motto. "*Let brotherly love continue.*"

WEST END—in the centre, an elegant bust of Dr. Franklin in white marble; reflected by a pyramid of blush; on the right, a handsome portrait of the immortal Warren; on the left, a most excellent portrait of the never to be forgotten Washington; over these, were our large arch, with this inscription, "*Behold! see the dust which lies in the Lord, for they rest from their labours*"—and on a small arch under, "*And their works do follow them.*"

SOUTH SIDE—which contains five windows; in the centre, was Hope, on its right Faith, on its left Charity; these were in transparent letters; under them the emblems of their virtues; on the right of Faith, was an emblem of Belief, on the left of Charity was an emblem of Truth.

NORTH SIDE—over the door, a large figure of Eagle; on the right and left, the temple of Solomon in large gold frames; the Gallery over the door, was covered with large transparent letters—fellows with blue—interspersed, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN." The whole being a complete allemblage of the designs and duties of the pleasing institution.

The Fall-India Marine Society, of Salem, on Wednesday last, celebrated the festival of their institution. "The conduct of this Society has been highly honorable to them, having paid a constant attention to the object of their institution. They have collected the journals of the voyages which have been performed since their establishment, and have provided a library for the pursuits of mercantile and nautical information; also a very valuable collection in Natural History, besides coins, &c.

EDUCATION.—Mr. Bigelow's pupils, at Salem, in a late examination, without grammar, displayed their knowledge in various branches, particularly in grammar. Mr. B. "not teaching, nor wholly governed by, precedents, in the plan of education, has introduced into the improvements as his experience has suggested;" and his efforts are rewarded with a well-filled school.

Yesterday, an Examination of the Public Schools, took place in this town.

FIRE.]—Last night, between the hours of 11 and one o'clock, a fire was out on the Wharf, near below Rhode's shipyard, which destroyed a joiner's and two cooper's shops.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The very beautiful Poem of *Genevowa*, felected by "*Agnes*," shall appear next week. The author possesses has rather taste, genius, or facility, muft be charmed with it.

"*Lelia Cordial*," is informed, that his compound is of fo infipid a nature, that the printer thinks his readers and deders would willingly take one gills, and they are certain no perfon would ever call for a fecond.

"*Lunacy*," has a pretty turn for lyric verfe, but we think experience will amend her poetry. We fhall give her hers a place in our Magazine, and have no doubt but at fome period, not very remote, we fhall be favored with fomething from her pen more elegant, accurate, and poetical.

The pious SEAMAN's from an unknown hand, we have no doubt proceeded from a devout heart, but they are wanting an poetical and grammatical accuracy. If they proceed from the pen of a very young poet, there may be hope of future perfection, but we muft advife the Author—and the author, not to be premature in publifhing the rbullitions of juvenile genius.

We fhall feel honored and delighted, to hear often from "*Hesperus Matifolia.*"

We thank "*K*" for the handfome Solution of the Rebus, in laft Monday's Gazette. A continuation of his favors are fofolicited.

"*Cincola*," has our thanks for the renewal of his favors, after an abfence of feveral weeks.

The feveral poetical pieces fhall receive due attention.

☞ The Editors feel grateful to a refpectable friend, for the loan of a file of *Rotterdam* papers, printed in *English*. Such favors will ever be acceptable.

BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES.

BIRTHS.

In SHOREHAM—DEA. Kingsbury, of Jeffry, (N. H.) Æt 70, has been prefented with a pair of twins, and three others, with mother alive; his wife is 50 years old.—At Nicholas, of Thompfon, (Con.) Æt 81, has alfo been prefented, by his third wife, Æt 31, with an offspring.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Addrefs pronounced before the Grand Lodge of Maffachufetts, on the laft Feftival of St. John, by JOHN W. OGDEN, Efq. is now in the prefs and will be publifhed in the courfe of the enfuing week. From the cummendations beftowed upon it by thofe who were prefent at its delivery, much pleafure is anticipated in the perufal. The author's defcriptions of the ruins of *Jerufalem*, and his eulogium upon Wafhington and Warren, were delineated in the firft ftile of excellence.

Meffrs. Bioren and Francis, have juft put to prefs, the fecond Number of *Shakefpeare's Works*, which has been delayed, to ascertain the number of fubfcribers. The work is wonderfully, and correctly printed.

In the Spring, Meffrs. W. P. & L. Blake, of this town, intend to publifh, a neat edition of Dr. Johnfon's Dictionary in Miniature, on a new pearl type, expreſsly caſt for the purpofe.

Mr. Trumbull, of Norwich, has iffued propofals for publifhing the Teftaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, the fons of Jacob." "A volume worth mines of *gold*, and jewels of *filver*."

Mr. Thomas, jr. of Worceſter, has now in the preſs, a valuable family book, called "Karricles of Piety; or Meditations on the principal Duties and Bleſſings of Religion." Abridged, corrected, and recommended, by the Rev. Thaddeus M. Harris, of Dorchefter.

☞ Printing has been introduced in this country; and the importation of Books will ſoon become uſeleſs, unleſs for the purpoſe of republication. Moſt of the valuable copyrights of England, are now republiſhed in America.

☞ *The Magazine would be profitable both for the publication of Literary Advertiſements, Schools, Academies, &c. and advertiſers would find their account in finding them.*

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL and MISCELLANEOUS.
[Collected from diverſe Publications.]

A PERSON of the name of Roberts, of Portſmouth, (Eng.) has lately contrived a new method to prevent the accidents frequently occaſioned by horſes running away with carriages. It conſiſts in diſengaging the horſes inſtantaneouſly from the carriage, without their harneſs, either entirely or ſo far as to be under the reins of the head; and at the ſame time, enabling, either the driver, or a perſon in the inſide, or behind, to block the hinder wheels, or to direct the courſe of the carriage.

A COMPOSITION fit for tinging Oak, or Pear-wood of a mahogany colour, is made by boiling together Brazilwood and Roman alum; before it is applied to the wood little pearlaſh is to be added to it.

ON the 18th of Auguſt laſt, at ſea, in the evening, a new Comet was diſcovered by C. Mechain, in the conſtellation of Sagittarius. It was then ſituated towards the north pole, following the right aſcenſion of Arcturus and the oppoſite fide of Hercules. It was near enough to be diſcerned by the naked eye. On the 2d of September C. Mechain tranſmitted to the National Inſtitute, a report on the Comet. The elements he aſſigned to it are as follow:

Mean time,	94°	24′	6″
Right aſcenſion,	249°	18	
South declination,	0	11	32

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

A packet was ſailed the 16th ult. in the Delaware; on board of which were five paſſengers, male and female, who were all drowned. Among them was Miſs Whetſton, who had been at Philad. with her father, to make preparations for her intended marriage in a few days.

A large wooden ſhore, near Peckſkip, New-York, grew very the 27th ult. to the diſtance of three. It contained 300 barrels of flour; moſt of which is ſaid, is damaged.

A murder was lately committed at Laft-Greenwich, in Rhode-Iſland, by one Anthony Spencer, on the body of Mr. Thomas Straik. The former was cutting wood on land, by leave from his neighbor, when he was ordered off by Spencer, and refuſal, threw back brick, procured a knife, traverſed, and ſtruck it through the body of Straik which ſoon terminated his exiſtence.

Robberies are frequent in the New-York Laſt week were, Mr. Henry Watkies, was ſtopped at the upper end of Broadway, by a foot pad, who preſented a piſtol to his breaſt, robbed him of his watch, a bank bill, and 3 guineas. —Several ſtores have alſo been broken open.

ORDAINED,
At Haverhill, (N. H.) Rev. John Smith.

MARRIAGES.
In Coventry, Mr. Ebenezer Peirce, to Miſs Eunice Kingbury. In Reading, Mr. Edward Stone, to Miſs Mary Lyon. In Cranſton, (R. I.) Capt. Sylveſter Rhodes, to Miſs Harriet Knight; Capt. Daniel Rhodes, to Miſs Sally Tanner. In Wolpert, Capt. Daniel Anthony of New-Bedford, to Miſs Audrey Davis. In Groton, (C.) Mr. Ralph Bolddington, to Miſs Eſther Jones. In New-London, Mr. Jeremiah Potts, to Miſs Hannah Griffing. In Cornish, Mr. Barnabas Thiel, to Miſs Mrs. Wright. In Portland, Capt. Robert Morley, to Miſs Nancy Hilaſh. In Half-Southampton, Mr. Joſhua Randall, to Miſs Elizabeth Breese. In Charlestown, Mr. Gideon Tenney, merchant, of Boſton, to Miſs Ruth W. Barrell, daughter of Joſeph Barrell, Eſq. in Providence, Mr. Joſeph Holmes, jun. to Miſs Lucy Holmes. In Medway, Mr. Andrew C. Dyer, of Boſton, to Miſs Charlotte Hill.

In Boſton, Mr. Samil. H. Walley, merchant, to Miſs Miriam Phillips, daughter of Wm. Phillips, jun. Eſq.—Mr. Calvin Beals, to Miſs Hannah Jacobs.

DEATHS.

In Hartford, John Lawrence, Eſq. Æt 84. In Hebron, Mr. Daniel Hosford, Æt 90. In Cambridge, Mrs. Mary North, Æt 56. In Bridgewater, (N. H.) Mr. Wm. Pingry. He was digging for gravel into a hill, when a body of earth fell on him, which put a period to his life. In Hopkinton, (N. H.) Mr. Neh. Colby. In New Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Æt 82. In Springfield, Mrs. Thos. Wallace, Æt 79. In Rutland, Mrs. Betſy Savage, of Princeton. In Worceſter, Mr. Joſ. Hallings, Æt 77; Mrs. Sarah Paterſon, Æt 86. In Pomfret, Mr. Peter Taylor, Æt 81, a member of the Society of Friends. In Springfield, Mrs. Ann Peyſchon, Æt 78. In Warren, (R. I.) Mr. John Hall, Æt 18. In Attleborough, Dea. Eliſha Richardſon, Æt 83. In Newburyport, Miſs Polly Sweetſer, Æt 18. In Smithfield, Mr. Anthony Steere, Æt 86. In Providence, Mr. Ruſhl. Pearce, Æt 19. In Rehoboth, Mr. Ezra Ward, Æt 43. In Sturbridge, Capt. Samil. Ellis, Æt 76.—In Rome, (N. Y.) Mrs. Welton, wife of Mr. Oliver W. in Little Compton, Mrs. Lydia Gidford, Æt 84, a reputable member of the Society of Friends. In New-London, Mrs. Lucy Palmer, Æt 81. In Portſmouth, Mrs. John Evans; Mrs. Phebe Mahony. In Portſmouth, Mrs. Sarah Cheſhire, Æt 26. In Falmouth, (M.) Mr. Adam Merrill, Æt 76. In York, Madam Elizabeth Langdon, Æt 83. In Hampton, Dea. Wm. Lane, Æt 82. In Newport, Mr. John Holt. He was riding with a young lady to whom he was on the eve of marriage; was thrown off, and received a blow which ſo fractured his ſkull, that he died in a few hours. In London, for the year 1802, were 19,354.—For 1802, in the ſame London, 28; for 1801, in Salem, 21;—in Andover, Mr. Nicholas Upton, Æt 89. In Portland, Mrs. Elizabeth Mrs. Abigail Moore, Æt 82. In Dorcheſter, Mr. James Blake, Æt 86. In Wallen, of the hydrophobia, Mr. John Hobbs, Æt 31. On board the Ship Ann laſt, he was bitterly wounded by the teeth of his dog, but not ſo as to create any ſerious apprehenſions at the time, as the wound ſeemed healed. The animal was likewiſe bit by a cat, and died, obſerving a fly to light on it, ſnapped at it. Nothing more appeared until the 13th inſt. when it was thought to be diſtreſſed in the throat. Their complaints increaſed immediately until the 15th, when, not helping what his ſituation was, he went on board, and ordered the dog to be put to his mouth, was inſtantly ſeized with a violent fpaſm. He repeated the trial ſeveral times; but each ſucceeding attempt produced a more violent effect. Until a few minutes, he could not endure the ſight of the cup. The ſight, or thought of the ſmalleſt quantity of liquid feverely agitated him, though extremely thirſty. A ſpeechleſs agony appeared like an ocean that muſt inſtantly drown him, and filled him with the greateſt inexpreſſible terror. In his delirium the moſt horrid of his dreams was, that he never, even thought greatly to refemble the actions and barking of the dog. In about 32 hours from the commencement of the hydrophobia, he expired in great diſtreſs. And for fix hours his tongue was out of his mouth, and the ſaliva dropping from it.—In Beverly, Mr. Henry Raymond,—in Bath, Mr. Jof. Beals, Æt 80.—In Lynn, Mrs. Mary Rea. Phineas Wright, Æt 26, and 18th of his miniſtry.

In Boſton, Mr. John Scollins, Æt 83; Mr. Conrad Reif, Æt 60; Mrs. Mary Thomas, Æt 69; Mrs. Lydia Trafk, Æt 81; Mrs. Hannah Farnar, Æt 29, wife of Mr. Jeſſe Farnar; Miſs Nancy May, Æt 11; Sophia Matilda Blake, Æt 2, daughter of Mr. Nath. Blake; Mr. Michael Devine, Æt 47: four children 2 two perſons from the Alms Houſe, and two men of reduce. Total number of deaths for this week, ending 31ſt inſt. 27. Sixteen.

CLOSE AT HAND!

ON the 17th inſt. the 2d clafs of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, will commence drawing in Boſton, and will be completed with the ufual expedition. A few tickets at D$ 30, for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. ☞ Four tickets fhould remain unſold, on the 17th, the price will rife to 40 dollars.

Jan. 8

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"When I began to walk and ſpeak, I was in a wood where I ſucked a goat that never quitted me, and I ſaw no one elſe but a woman who careſſed me with great fondneſs, but who left me frequently. She told me afterwards that ſhe was a religieuſe, that ſhe had eſcaped from her convent to bring me into the world; and being unable to ſuckle me herſelf, ſhe had procured the goat who had ſuckled me. My mother told me that ſhe left the foreſt only to procure food for herſelf. I ſaw her daily. One evening ſhe came not, and ſome time elapſed before I ſaw her. At length,

A leove's a retreat where wantons the breeze;
I vy's a fond plant that in groves can be found,
N ight's the time when vice ſtalks with importance around,
E urope, a country where learning and ſcience abound.

Take the firſt of the words of each line and you'll find,
THOMAS PAINE* is your poet of delicate mind.

* *of Boſton.* R.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 8, 1803.

The following were the decorations of *Concert-Hall*, at the Inſtallation of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Maſſachuſetts, being the Feſtival of St. John, on the 27th ult.

EAST END—in the centre a real bird of Paradiſe, in full plumage; on its right, emblems of Wiſdom; on its left, emblems of Providence—over it, in a large feſtoon curtain this motto, "*Let brotherly love continue.*"

WEST END—in the centre, an elegant buſt of Dr. Franklin in white marble; relieved by a pyramid of black; on the right, a finiſhed portrait of the immortal Warren; on the left, a moſt excellent portrait of the never to be forgotten Waſhington; over theſe, were one large arch, with this inſcription, "*Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they reſt from their labours*"—and on a ſmall arch under, "*And their works do follow them.*"

SOUTH SIDE—which contains five windows; in the centre was Hope, on its right Faith, on its left Charity; theſe were in tranſparent letters; under them the emblems of theſe virtues; on the right of Faith, was an emblem of Relief, on the left of Charity was an emblem of Truth.

NORTH SIDE, over the door, a large ſpread Eagle; on the right and left, the temple of Solomon in large gold frames; the Gallery over the door, was covered with large tranſparent letters—feſtoon with blue—inſcription, "*Peace on Earth, good will to Men.*" The whole being a compleat aſſemblage of the deſigns and duties of the pleaſing anniverſary.

The Eaſt-India Marine Society, of Salem, on Wedneſday laſt, celebrated the feſtival of their inſtitution. "The conduct of this Society has been highly honorable to them, having paid a conſtant attention to the object of their inſtitution. They have collected the Journals of the voyages which have been performed ſince their eſtabliſhment, and have provided a library for the purpoſe of mercantile and nautical information; alſo a very valuable collection in Natural Hiſtory, beſides coins," &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The very beautiful Poem of *Genevieve*, ſelected by "*Agnes*," ſhall appear next week. Every perſon who has either taſte, genius, or ſenſibility, muſt be charmed with it.

"*Caleb Cornfield*," is informed, that his compound is of ſo inſipid a nature, that the Editors do not think their readers would willingly take one plate, and they are certain no perſon would ever call for a ſecond.

"*Laura*" has a pretty turn for lyric verſe, but we think experience will amend her poetry. We ſhall give her lines a place in our Magazine, and have no doubt but at ſome period, not very remote, we ſhall be favoured with ſomething from her pen more elegant, accurate, and poetical.

The pious Stanza's from an unknown hand, we have no doubt proceeded from a devout heart, but they are wanting in poetical and grammatical accuracy. If they proceed from the pen of a very young poet, there may be hope of future perfection, but we would adviſe the friends of the author, not to be premature in publiſhing the effuſions of juvenile genius.

We ſhould feel honored and delighted, to hear often from "*Houra Morteſia.*"

We thank "*R.*" for the handſome Solution of the Rebus, in laſt Monday's Gazette. A continuation of his favors are ſolicited.—"*Comrade,*" has our thanks for the renewal of his favors, after an abſence of ſeveral weeks.

Several poetical pieces ſhall receive due attention.

☞ The Editors feel grateful to a reſpectable friend, for the loan of a file of *Rotterdam* papers, printed in Engliſh. Such favors will be ever acceptable.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Addreſs pronounced before the Grand Lodge of Maſſachuſetts, on the late Feſtival of St. John, by JOHN W GUNLEY, Eſq is now in the preſs, and will be publiſhed in the courſe of the enſuing week. From the commendations beſtowed upon it by thoſe who were preſent at its delivery, much pleaſure is anticipated in the peruſal. The author's deſcription of the *cabin of poverty*, and his eulogium upon Waſhington and Warren, were delineated in the firſt ſtile of excellence.

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL and MISCELLANEOUS.

(Selected from recent European Publications.)

A PERSON of the name of Roberts, of Portſmouth, (Eng) has lately contrived a new method to prevent the accidents frequently occaſioned by horſes running away with carriages. It conſiſts in diſengaging the horſes inſtantaneously from the carriage, without their harneſs, either entirely or ſo as to be retained only by the head;—and at the ſame time, enabling, either the driver, or a perſon in the inſide, or behind, to block the hinder wheels, or to direct the courſe of the carriage.

A COMPOSITION fit for tinging Oak, or Pear-wood of a mahogany colour, is made by boiling together Brazil-wood and Roman allum; before it is applied to the wood, a little pot-aſh is to be added to it.

ON the 28th Auguſt laſt, at nine in the evening, a new Comet was diſcovered by C. Mechain, in the conſtellation of Serpentarius. It was riſing rapidly towards the north pole, following the right ſide of Serpentarius and the oppoſite ſide of Hercules. It was near enough to be diſtinguiſhed by the naked eye. On the 3d of September C. Mechain tranſmitted to the National Inſtitute, a report on this Comet. The elements he aſſigned it were as follow:

Mean time,	94 hours	24 min. 6 ſec.
Right aſcenſion,	249 deg.	18 min.
South declination,	6 deg.	11 min. 31 ſec.

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

A packet was upſet the 16th ult. in the Delaware; on board of which were five paſſengers, male and female, who were all drowned. Among them was Miſs Wharton, who had been at Philadelphia, with her father, to make preparations for her intended marriage in a few days.

A large wooden ſtore, near Peek-ſkip, New-York, gave way the 25th ult. and fell into the river. It contained 2500 barrels of flour; moſt of which is loſt or damaged.

ORDAINED.

At Haverhill, (N. H.) Rev. John Smith.

MARRIAGES.

In Boſton, Mr. Samuel H. Walley, merchant, to Miſs Miriam Phillips, daughter of Wm. Phillips, jun. Eſq.—Mr. Caſwell Beals, to Miſs Hannah Jacobs.

DEATHS.

In Boſton, Mr. John Rouliſtone, Æt. 61; Mr Conrad Ree, Æt. 79; Mr. Elias Thomas, Æt. 67; Mrs. Lydia Traſk, Æt. 81; Mrs. Hannah Farmer, Æt. 29, wife of Mr. Joſſe Farmer; Miſs Nancy May, Æt. 11; Sophia Matilda Blake, Æt. 5, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Blake; Mr. Michael Dwine, Æt. 47;—four children;—two perſons from the Alms Houſe, and two men of colour.——Total number of deaths for this week, ending yeſterday, 6 P. M. Sixteen.

...ſtle ſcenes are tightly connected and told,
A poet of delicate mind they'll unfold. S.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOLUTION.

T HOMPSON's the name of your poet whoſe numbers are mild,
H ealth's a blythe charming goddeſs, joy's roſeate child;
O liver's a tree whoſe ſweet foliage does penſively wave;
M iſanthrop, a being whoſe haunts are the cave;
A utumn, a ſeaſon when nature ſtrews plenty around;
S wain, the ruſtic, the firſt of a name may be found.
P oliteneſs, a quality that ne'er fails to pleaſe;

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MIRANDA.

BE health, content and length of days
Belov'd MIRANDA's fate,
As every virtue, every grace,
Upon her footsteps wait.

Comfort, may this young season bear,
On its expanded wings;
And pleasure, free from pain and care,
Gush a none a thousand springs.

Bright as the robe that wraps the field.
May the white moments rise;
And Fate, as Time his scythe would wield,
Arrest him as he flies.

May he, MIRANDA, thine abode
Still pass unheeded by;
Nor may old Care thy bosom corrode,
Nor tear bedim thine eye.

Long be thou spar'd to blefs our earth,
And ever may'ft thou find,
Happiness equal to thy worth,
Expanded as thy mind.

CONRADE.

Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

WHEN winter chills with frosts the ground,
And snow-drifts spread the fields around,
While fiercely blows the northern wind,
I heed not frosts, I heed not flows,
Nor the rough storm which round me blows,
While in my cottage ADELINE is kind.

Her smiles can calm the raging storm,
Her love can make ev'n winter warm;
And when black clouds o'erspread the skies,
What tho' the Sun no lustre shed,
A brighter ray is round me spread,
By radiant beams from ADELINE's fair eyes.

Dec. 22, 1802. CLEANTHUS.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HUE AND CRY.

"O YES! my good people draw near;
My story surpasses belief:
Yet deign, for a moment to hear,
And allift me to catch a fray thief.

How you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
Adorn'd, like an angel of light,
In a robe, that flowed down to her feet,
No. snow on the mountains so white?

Silver flowers befpangled her shoe:
Amber locks on her shoulders were spread;
Her waist had a girdle of blue;
And a beaver-plume's hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadows so soon;
Her smiles are like autumn's clear eve,
And her looks as serene as his moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitful and mark as the deer;
But there lives not a thief of such fame
She has pillag'd all below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day;
Her neck has ardour the lily to wing;
Her breath has the odours of May;
And her eye has the dew of the spring.

She has rob'd of its crimson the rose;
She has dar'd the carnation to strip;
The bee, who has plunder'd them knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stole, for her forehead so even
All beauty by sea and by land;
She has all the fine azure of heaven
In the veine of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ransack'd above,
And beggar'd both nature and art;
She has got all we plunder and love,
And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friend, bring her home,
And let her down safe at my door;
Let her once my compassion become,
And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward,
Whole value can never be told;
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than an house full of gold:—

A reward, such as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would miss;
O yes, I would give you, for once,
From the charmer, you bring me—A KISS."

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Bachelor, whose life
Was stain'd with vice, and four'd with strife;
Happy, had o'er his *Sins* been read,
"Friends, *here a Bachelor has dead.*

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS *of a* CITIZEN *of* BOSTON.

DUC D'ORLEANS.

No. 16.]—LOUIS Duc d'Orleans, died in France, Nov. 14, 1786. He was first Prince of the blood royal of France. By the event of his death, his son, the Duc de Chartres, became the richest subject in the world. His income amounted to one hundred and forty-seven thousand Pounds sterling per annum.

A MEDICAL AND BALSMATIC SPRING.

No. 17.]—The following account is from a gentleman at a considerable distance from Massachusetts, and we understand originates with the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, a very respectable Missionary among the Indians. The gentleman writes thus:—"The Rev. Mr. Kirkland informed me, that there had lately been discovered, somewhere near his habitation in the Indian Country, a Spring, the waters of which, though perfectly clear, taste like rotten eggs;—that it produced it taken internally, violent vomitings, (and we suppose answers the purposes of an emetic) and has proved vastly efficacious in healing old inveterate sores and ulcers." Notwithstanding its *Medicinal* and *Balsamic* qualities, it is added to the above account, "That no toad or frog can live within many rods of the Spring where its waters overflowed."

WOMEN.

No. 18.]—The Foreign Spectator thus observes with respect to them: "They are very commonly decent and genteel, according to the degrees of fashion or education; and have a prevailing inclination to (fashionable) dress—but the charms of many a wealthy country girl, are like those of wild nature about her. The magnetia and thus much mingle their boughs, and the garlick grows among the flowers of Spring. It is how ever a just compliment to the Sex in America, that from a noble spirit of liberty; they can throw themselves to better advantage than many of their fellows in some other countries, where an illiberal poverty of rank throws a veil of bashfulness over modest graces. They are superior to men in manners and politeness."

ORIGIN OF PLAYING CARDS.

No. 19.]—About the year 1300, (as the account is handed down to us) *Cards were invented* to divert Charles VI. of France, who was then in a melancholy state. The invention propofed by the four different sorts, as Hearts, Spades, Diamonds, and Clubs, was to represent the four different claffes of men in France:—*Hearts* represented the Ecclesiastics, and as Spade received the game from France, *they*, instead of *Hearts*, have put chalices or cups.—*Spades* represents the Nobility or prime military part of the Kingdom, and what in England is called Spades, is the head of a baton.—Spain has two—*Diamonds* represents citizens, merchants and mechanics—*Clubs*, are trefoil or clover grass, and represents husbandmen and peasants.—The *Four Kings* are David, Alexander Cæsar, and Charles. These respectable names typified the four celebrated monarchies of Jews, Greeks, Romans and Franks.—The *Four Queens* are Argine, Ester, Judith and Pallas, typical of birth, or Queens by defcent, and of forth piety, fortitude, and wisdom.—The *Knaves* or Servants, the names of two only are known, who were Mons Knights at the time Cards were invented, Hector and Lahire."

SECOND EDITION.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MIRANDA.

BE health, content and length of days
Below'd MIRANDA's fate,
As every virtue, every grace,
Upon her footsteps wait.

Comfort, may this young season bear,
On its expanded wings;
And pleasure, free from pain or care,
Gush from a thousand springs.

Bright as the robe that wraps the field,
May the white moments rife;
And Fate, as Time his scythe would wield,
Arreft him as he flies.

May he, MIRANDA, thine abode
Still pafs unheeded by;
No, may old Care thy bread corrode,
Nor tear bedim thine eye.

Long be thou fpar'd to blefs our earth,
And ever mayft thou find,
Happinefs equal to thy worth,
Expanded as thy mind. CONRADE.

Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

WHEN winter chills with frofts the ground,
And fnow-drifts fpread the fields around,
While ftrifily blows the northern wind,
I heed not frofts, I heed not fnow,
Nor the rough ftorm which round me blows,
Whilft in my cottage ADELINE is kind.

Her fmiles can calm the raging ftorm,
Her love can make ev'n winter warm;
And when black clouds o'erfpread the fkies,
What tho' the Sun no lufire fhed,
A brighter ray is round me fpread,
By radiant beams from ADELINE's fair eyes.
Dec. 22, 1802. CLEANTHUS.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HUE AND CRY.

" O YES! my good people draw near;
My ftory furpaffes belief:
Yet deign, for a moment to hear,
And affift me to catch a ftray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair ftranger to meet,
Adorn'd, like an angel of light,
In a robe, that flowed down to her feet,
No fnow on the mountains fo white?

Silver flowers befpangled her fhoe;
Amber locks on her fhoulders were ftrewn;
Her waift had a girdle of blue;
And a heaven-plan'd hat had her head.

Her ftepa an impreffion fcarce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadows fo fwift;
Her fmiles are like autumn's clear eve,
And her looks as ferene as his noon.

She ferms to have nothing to blame,
Deceitful and mock as the fhore;
But there lives not a thief of fuch fame
She has pilfer'd all bofoms before.

Her cheek has the blufhes of May;
Her neck has undone the fwan's wing;
Her breath has the odours of May;
And her eye has the dew of the fpring.

She has robb'd of its crimfon the rofe;
She has dar'd the carnation to ftrip;
The bee, who has plunder'd them, knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She is fickle, for fhe furcheed fo even
All beauty by fea and by land;
She has all the fine graces of heaven,
In the votes of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, fhe has ranfack'd above,
And begge'd both nature and art;
She has got all we honour and love,
And from me fhe has pilf'd my heart.

Bring her home, honeft friend, bring her home,
And fet her down fafe at my door;
Let her once my companion become,
And I fwear fhe fhall wander no more.

Bring her home, and i'll give a reward,
Whofe value can never be told;
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than an unfold bill of gold *yet*.

A reward, fuch as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would mifs;
O yes, I would give, for once,
From the charmer, you bring me—A KISS."

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Bachelor, whofe life
Was ftain'd with vice, and four'd with ftrife;
Happy, had'n he *lies* been read,
Friends, here a bachelor lies dead.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, *of a* CITIZEN *of* BOSTON.

DUC D'ORLEANS.

No. 16.——LOUIS Duc d'Orleans, died in France, Nov. 24, 1785. He was firft Prince of the blood royal of France. By the event of his death, his fon, the Duc de Chartres, became the richeft fubject in the world. His income amounted to one hundred and forty-feven thoufand Pounds ferling per annum.

No. 17.——A MEDICINAL AND BALSAMIC SPRING.—The following account is from a gentleman at a conſiderable diſtance from Maſſachuſetts, and we underſtand originates with the Rev. Mr. *Kirkland*, a very reſpectable Miſſionary among the Indians. The gentleman writes thus :—" The Rev. Mr. *Kirkland* informed me, that there had lately been diſcovered, ſomewhere near his habitation in the Indian Country, a Spring, the waters of which, though not ſo hot as boiling, will moſten eggs : that it produces it taken internally, violent vomiting, (and we ſuppoſe anſwers the purpoſe of an emetic) and has proved vaſtly efficacious in healing old inveterate ſores and ulcers." Notwithſtanding its *Medicinal* and *Balſamic* qualities, it is added to the above account, " That no toad or frog can live within many rods of the Spring where its waters overflowed."

No. 18.——WOMEN.—The Foreign Spectator thus obſerves with reſpect to them : " They are very commonly decent and genteel, according to the degrees of ſtation or education ; and have a prevailing inclination to (faſhionable) dreſs ; but the charms of many a wealthy country girl, are like thoſe of wild nature about her. The magnetiſm and ſhamrach mingle their boughs, and the garlick grows among the flowers of Spring. It is however a juſt compliment to the Sex in *America*, that from a noble ſpirit of liberty, they can ſhow themſelves to better advantage than many of their ſiſters in ſome other countries, where an illiberal diſparity of rank throws a veil of baſhfulneſs over modeſt graces. They are ſuperior to men in manners and politeneſs."

No. 19.——ORIGIN OF PLAYING CARDS.—About the year 1300, (as the account is handed down to us) *Cards were invented* to divert Charles VI of France, who was then in a melancholy ſtate. The invention propoſed by the four different ſorts,as Hearts, Spades, Diamonds, and Clubs, was to repreſent the four different claſſes of men in France : —" *Hearts* repreſented the Eccleſiaſtics, and as Spain received the game from France, *they*, inſtead of Hearts, have put chalices or cups.—*Spades* repreſents the Nobility or prime military part of the Nation, and what in England is called Spades, is the head of a lance—Spain has a ſword.—*Diamonds* repreſents citizens, merchants and mechanics.—*Clubs*, are trefoil or clover grafs, and repreſents huſbandmen and peaſants.—The *four Kings* are David, Alexander, *Cæſar*, and Charles. Theſe reſpectable names repreſent the four celebrated monarchies of Jews, Greeks, Romans and Franks. —The *four Queens* are *Argine*, Eſther, Judith, and Pallas, typical of birth, or Queen by deſcent, and bold forth piety, fortitude, and wiſdom to *Kings*. Their ſervants, or the names of two only are known, who were famous Knights at the time Cards were invented, Hogier and Lahire."

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

[*From the Cornet,* " Cobler."]

DURING the violence of a ſtorm, a traveller implored relief from Jupiter, and intreated him to aſſuage the tempeſt. But Jupiter lent a deaf ear to his intreaty. Inſtead of the ſubſiding fury of the whirlwind, ſent it far from thither, he grew peeviſh and diſcontented. "Is then, ſaid he, the globe, to whom our ſacrifices are daily, heedleſs of our welfare, and unmoved with our ſighs, make an oſtentatious parade of their omnipotence? At length, approaching the ſeat of a ſtorm, " here, ſaid I, I ſhall find that ſucceour and protection, which him, either unable or unwilling to aid me, hath refuſed." In as he advanced, a robber roſe ſuddenly from a bank, aſſ our traveller, impelled by inſtant terror and the preſſing great danger, betook himſelf to flight, expoſing himſ the tempeſt, of which he had ſo bitterly complained. S enemy, mean while, fitting an arrow to his bow, took ex aim ; but the bowſtring being relaxed with the moiſt the deadly weapon fell ſhort of its mark, and the travel eſcaped uninjured. As he continued his journey, s iſſued awful from the clouds : "Meditate on the Provide as well as on the power of heaven. The ſtorm which ju deprecated for his ſalvation-ſafety, both been the means of ſu preſervation. Had not the bow ſtring of your enemy b rendered uſeleſs by rain and dew, you had fallen a prey to his violence."

TRIFLES:

From the moſt recent London Papers.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCHMAN.—About the year 16 a Dutch ſeaman was condemned to death for a capital miſtake at ſea ; but his puniſhment was altered changed, and he was ordered to be left at an uninhabited iſland of the Indies. This unhappy perſon reſenting to himſelf the horror of his ſituation much leſs what it really was, felt only a deſpair that made him mo his miſerable ſelf-deſtruction ever was heard of. The ſhi left there had been buried an officer of the ſhip at the iſland. This ſeaman took up the body out of the coffin having made a hole at the bottom of the upper board, ver himſelf to fit in it. He then ſcrewed decently the lid a ſo great a calm, that the ſhip lay as it were immoveable in a league and a half of the iſland : but as he advanced compaſſion to the ſhip, and a yawl of a boat floating at water, imagined they ſaw a ſpectre, and were not a ſhot killed at the reſolution of a man who durſt haveſt himſ on that element, in the form of a new coffin, and ſwiftly nailed together, which a ſmall wave might eaſily have overturned, though he had no confidence to be weavi boats who had ſo long ſported himſelf with death ; accordi ly it was put to queſtion, whether he ſhould be recom pos, and ſome would have the ſentence put in execut but laſt they reſolved to ſpare his life, and as he was taken board, and came afterwards to Holland, where he lent the town of Horn, and related to many how miraculo eſcaped his dreadful fate.

COOK, the celebrated Circumnavigator, when a was apprenticed in the ſmall town of Steers, in Yorkſh to which he is ſaid to be a ſtranger. In happened day, that a young woman purchaſed an article at the ſh and in payment offered a new ſhilling. The maſter of ſhop, having ſeen the girl give a new ſhilling, and finding it among the caſh in the till, accuſed young C of purloining his property. Our young hero, indignant this charge upon his probity, ſaid it was falſe ; that the ſhilling entruſted to his poſſeſſion, but that he had rejec it by another. Unable, however to brook his maſter's calumny, he next day ran away, went to ſea, and in ſhort time became the world is indebted to his geni coveries as a navigator.

THE writers of the preſent time are very whimſical their choice of ſubjects for their works. We noticed a days ago a work that was called *Animate Biography, or Sketches of Animals* ; and now a medical man is ſaid to come forward with a work, entitled, " *Dr. Syntax's Tour*, a book he is laſtory of the *Famous man*, who ate all he hapt, *and* to a certain degree, however wide they may be themſelves.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. XXIV.

Magnum Sol arcumvolvitur annum,
Et glacialis hyems Aquilonibus asperat undas.

WINTER, is in general called a gloomy season, and indeed, as far as regards the weather, it must be acknowledged that, heavy skies, drifting snows, or beating rain, does not inspire very cheerful ideas; but yet in my opinion, a winter evening is a season for social pleasure. Boy, go shut the window shutters, bring a fresh log, pile the wood higher, it is a cold night, light the candles; that is right, pour out the tea, the toast looks good—hark, a gentle tap at the parlour door;—welcome good friend, throw off your outer garment, sit down; partake our meal—what news abroad to night? Now the fire blazes cheerfully, the tea cups removed, all quietly seated round the table; the females ply the needle or netting pins, their male companions chat or read, and now and then a song, or lively air upon the piano, diversifies the scene. In an evening like this, my soul dilates itself and springs spontaneous to my lips, making its escape in a thousand gay ebullitions. No matter whether all we talk about, and laugh at, be sense or no; it is the height of wisdom sometimes to let folly take the reins, at least that innocent kind of folly, that flits sportively round a good humoured family circle, defying old Care to enter; that prompts the sprightly jest, the song, the dance; nay, sometimes to a game of hot cockles, or hunt the whistle.—But chiefly winter evenings are delightful, when, with a loved and chosen companion, we can range through the historic page, or wander in the delightful wilds of poesy: gather knowledge from the fields of literature, and at once receiving and imparting that mental delight which exhilerates without intoxicating the spirits; dream not that time has wings, until some chiming monitor telling the hour, forces the unwilling words, good night, from our reluctant lips.—I am a great admirer of the appearance of winter, when she puts on her white robe and decorates herself with gems of glittering hue; to see the boys just broke from school, laughing aloud, and in wanton mood pelting each other with the snow; the girls more timid, stepping fearfully upon the glassy path, and if perchance, a snow ball strikes one, with her face half smiles, half tears, threatning to tell her master; or one more bold, gathering a little ball with her rosy fingers, awkwardly throws it in the face of the saucy offender. See yon group of little fellows labouring up the slippery steep, dragging their sleds; now at the summit, they mount their lowly vehicles, and he's the bravest who goes swiftest down. Blest days of boyish amusement; never will ye be again so happy; but every season has its delights, and what makes the boy almost wild with pleasure, would be indifferent to the youth, and perfectly uninteresting to the man. Imagination is often gratified in retracing scenes of juvenile pleasure; but, could those scenes be recalled, they would be tasteless and vapid. Now winter comes with her noisy sleigh bells, inviting the young and happy to partake the amusement of sleighing—take care you wrap yourselves well from the biting air, and do not leave the house too soon after dancing. But hold, my pen has run away with me; seated here in my little corner, I had forgotten that the storm which patters against the window is rain, not snow; bless me, there will be no sleighing this winter, and I had but one ride last winter!—well, patience, we must be content with other amusements.

Winter has its terrors too. The merchant listens to the howling blast, and trembles for his property, trusted to the mercy of the ocean.—The wife, the parent, the child bears death in every gust that shakes the house, and mourns some dear relative who is at that period buffetting the waves, and in their terrified imagination suffering the horrors of shipwreck. The poor who are scantily supplied with the fuel, necessary for comfort in this pinching season, dreads its approach, and shudders, as the shortened days portend its advances. But this is another source of delight to the benevolent, who are in possession of the means of alleviating their sufferings.

For my own part, I have not much to give, but the little surplus I have, often purchases such heartfelt satisfaction as will compose my spirits in a painful or mortified hour, by mere retrospection. A few days since, I saw a boy and girl in Boston streets, their garments were coarse, but whole; but I observed the boy had no shoe. Why do you go barefoot my brave lad, (said I,) this cold weather? Because mammy can't afford to buy me any shoes, (he replied.) Have you no father? (I asked.) No, daddy died last summer. Where does your mother live? In a little room at north end. Have you any more brothers or sisters? Yes, three. What does your mother do for a living? Go out to washing. Well, come with me, I will buy you a pair of shoes. Peggy wants a pair more than I does, cause she's a girl; I can go barefoot very well. I took the children into a shoe shop, and bid the girl sit herself with a pair: she burst out a crying. What is the matter child? (said I.) Pray, pray don't buy me any shoes, (said the child,) do give me the money to buy some wood for mammy. I did buy some wood, for mammy; nor did the poor children go home barefoot. And I think the remembrance of the delight their little innocent countenances expressed, as they ran off, hardly staying to thank me, will help to keep me warm during the whole winter.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RESPONSE.

HONORA MARTESIA, takes leave to observe to the very respectable, and able writer of the EUPOLIAD, that as the lines to which he adverts, were put into the mouth of an infant, a familiar style was purposely adopted.

She has been accustomed to suppose, that her language and manner should be appropriate to her subject, but she is free to own, that she has much to learn. Until reading the EUPOLIAD, she was not informed that the word *arranged*, was, in every possible situation, "*unduly prosaic.*" Had she trusted to her own ideas, they would have taught her to fear that the Invitation contained many words abundantly more objectionable; but she feels no disposition to appeal from the judgment of THE *upright and genuine Critic.*

HONORA MARTESIA contends not for the legitimacy of her rhymes, but if even an appearance of defence, against a writer armed by nature, and erudition did not partake too much of temerity, she would submissively say, that she could produce a number of respectable precedents, for the licence which, in the little defaltory production in question she has so reprehensibly indulged. She pretends not to designate with such precision as the writer of the EUPOLIAD; she cannot *positively* "*trace its author, or its nativity,*" but she imagines she recognises an *old adversary*—and, severely smarting from the discipline of *learned pens*, she must be indeed incorrigible, if she does not aim at reformation. *Byfield, Jan.* 10 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

"Beauty, thou art a flow'r, but fading flower,
The tender prey of every-storming hour.
In youth thou stand'st like art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone.
Unpunish'd thou no few woes ever given,
Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heaven."

BEAUTY is considered as the most ardent wish of every female: and there are not wanting men who have so wretched an idea of the sex, as to suppose that a compliment to their person would be acceptable, though it were paid at the expense of their modesty.

It is however, a little problematical, whether beauty possesses that influence over the hearts of beholders, that is sometimes imagined. With men of sentiment, it certainly does not: while its professed votaries, often bestow on it a kind of applause, not the most respectful or pleasing, to the female of delicacy.

There are disadvantages attending the possession of beauty, which would induce a considerate female, to regard it rather as an object of fear than desire. She, who with a large share of it, escapes the imputation of vanity and coquetry, will owe much to her prudence, and more to her good fortune.

It certainly requires some strength of mind, when nature has been liberal, to appear unconscious of the favor? Yet perhaps, it is not always the most beautiful, who are the most vain. Do we not often see the fool of her fancied with conceit, who cannot bring her charms to apologize for her folly? And is beauty never found unaffected and unassuming? But there are many who seem to think that beauty and vanity are inseparable; impressed with this unjust idea, they construe every action and expression, into an indication that the lady thinks herself irresistable.

Nor is this the only unfavourable judgment to which its possessor is liable. She may be aware of the danger of encouraging a crowd of admirers; and this consideration may have all due influence on her conduct. She will notwithstanding have reputed lovers whom she never saw. favorites that she scarcely knows; and it may be, that the world will form an opinion of her character, the most unfavorable and the most unjust.

What considerate female then, would not tremble at a distinction so dangerous? Whose presumption would not be chastised by the reflection, that their on whose encomiums her vanity is founded, have, of all others, the least consideration for that weakness their flattery would excite? AMANDA.

January, 1803.

NATURAL HISTORY.

PREHENSILE PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Prehensilis.* LIN.

THIS is an American species, and is found in

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many of the hotter parts of that continent; particularly in Brafil, where it inhabits woods, and climbs trees; clinging occaſionally to the branches by its tail, in the manner of ſome of the Opoſſums and Monkies. It is ſaid to feed not only on fruits of various kinds, but alſo on birds. It keeps during the greater part of the day, concealing itſelf in the hollows of trees, or beneath their roots. Its voice reſembles the grunting of a pig. Its general length is about a foot, and its tail eighteen inches. The whole animal, except on the belly and inſide of the limbs, is covered with ſhort, ſtrong, and very ſharp ſpines, of which the longeſt meaſures three inches, and are white, barred towards the points with black.

MEXICAN PORCUPINE.

Hyſtrix Mexicana.

The Mexican Porcupine, which is placed as a variety of the Hyſtrix prehenſilis in the Gmelinian edition of the Syſtema Naturæ, ſeems to be juſtly conſidered by Mr. Pennant as a diſtinct ſpecies.—This animal inhabits the hilly parts of Mexico, reſiding in woods, and feeding, like the former, on fruits, &c. It is ſaid to be eaſily tamed. The Indians apply the quills to the forehead in caſes of head ach; they are ſaid to adhere till they are filled with blood, and then to fall off; thus relieving the complaint in the moſt efficacious manner.

IRIDESCENT PORCUPINE.

Hyſtrix Macroura. Lin.

The Irideſcent Porcupine is an animal of a very extraordinary appearance. It is of a very thick form, and is coated with ſhort, ſtiff, needle-like briſtles, or ſmall ſpines, which, according to the different directions of the light, exhibit changeable colours, appearing either of a gilded green, or of a reddiſh tinge. The tail is very long, and covered with ſhort ſpiny hair, like that on the body, except at the extremity, which is tufted with a thick bruſh of quills of an extraordinary form, conſiſting each of a long ſlender ſtem, ſwelling out at intervals into knots reſembling grains of rice, and tipped with a ſimilar knot: this tufted extremity of the tail is of a ſilvery white colour, and the quills which compoſe it are of different lengths. It inhabits the iſlands of the Indian Archipelago, and reſides in woods. If we except the gilded or Cape Mole, it ſeems to be almoſt the only quadruped yet known with changeable coloured hair.

BRUSH-TAILED PORCUPINE.

Hyſtrix Faſciculata.

This animal is a native of Malacca. It differs from the common Porcupine in ſeveral particulars, and eſpecially in the form and length of its tail, which is naked, ſcaly, about the third of the length of the body, and terminated by a tuft of long flat hairs, or rather ſmall white, lamine, reſembling ſtrips of parchment. The body meaſures fifteen or ſixteen inches. This ſpecies, like others of its genus (which nature ſeems to have provided with defenſive weapons only) poſſeſſes a kind of inſtinctive fierceneſs: when approached, it ſtamps with its feet, and appears to inflate itſelf, raiſing and ſhaking its quills. It ſleeps much by day, and is active only by night. It eats in a ſitting poſture; holding apples and other fruits between its paws, peeling them with its teeth; it is particularly pleaſed with ſtone fruits, and eſpecially with melons, and is never obſerved to drink.

CANADA PORCUPINE.

Hyſtrix Dorſata. Lin.

This ſpecies is a native of the northern parts of America, and is not uncommon in Canada.—It is a ſhort thick-bodied animal, approaching ſomewhat to the form of a Beaver, and is remarkable for the length and fulneſs of its fur, which is ſoft, of a duſky brown colour, and intermixed with longer and coarſer hairs, with whitiſh tips: the head is ſhort; the noſe blunt, the ears ſmall and rounded, the teeth very ſtrong, the limbs ſhort, the feet armed with ſtrong, crooked, ſharp-pointed claws, hollowed or channeled beneath: on the fore feet are four toes, and on the hind five: the general length, from noſe to tail, is about a foot and half: of the tail ſix inches. The ſpines are nearly hid in the fur, and are only viſible on a cloſe inſpection: they are ſituated on the head and upper parts, as well as on the tail: the longeſt are thoſe on the back, which meaſure about three inches, while thoſe on other parts are proportionally ſhorter: they are ſtrong and ſharp-pointed, and ſo formed as to appear, when examined with a magnifier, as if barbed at the tips with numerous, ſmall reverſed points or prickles, are ſo ſlightly attached to the ſkin as to be looſened with great eaſe: and the animal will purpoſely bruſh againſt the legs of thoſe who diſturb it, leaving ſeveral of the ſpines ſticking in the ſkin. It is ſaid to feed principally on the bark of the juniper tree. It drinks by lapping in the manner of a dog. It reſides in holes under the roots of trees, on which, like ſome others of this genus, it often climbs, and is thus killed by the American Indians, who conſider it as a uſeful article of food: they alſo uſe the quills by way of fringes, and for the purpoſe of ornamenting their boxes &c. Though the natural or genuine colour of this animal is brown, yet it is ſometimes found perfectly white, or cream colored.

SHAW's ZOOLOGY.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS *of a* Citizen *of* Boston.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Pope's Exterior.

No. 20.]——ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq. is almoſt univerſally celebrated and known, as one of the *firſt* of *Poets*, but the form and figure of his perſon is not ſo well known. His eminence as an author excites a curioſity to know ſomething of his perſon, and this (Dr. S. Johnſon ſays,) "was not formed by the neceſt model.—Pope has in his account of "the Little Club" in the Guardian, compared himſelf to a ſpider, and is deſcribed as protuberant behind and before—he is ſaid to have been beautiful in his infancy, but of a conſtitution feeble and weak, and as bodies of a tender frame are eaſily diſtorted, his deformity was probably the effect of his application. His ſtature was ſo low, as to bring him to a level with common tables; it was neceſſary to raiſe his ſeat, but his face was not diſpleaſing, and his eyes were animated and vivid—his habitual diſorder was the head-ach—one of his ſides was contracted—he was very ſuſceptible of cold—his legs ſo ſlender as to be enlarged with three pair of ſtockings—his hair had fallen almoſt all away, and he uſed to dine ſometimes with Lord Oxford in a velvet cap—his dreſs of ceremony, was black with a tye wig, and a little ſword.—When he wanted to ſleep he nodded, and is ſaid to have ſlumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of Poetry.—His invitations were many, but he was a troubleſome inmate; he had ſo many wants, that a numerous attendance was ſcarcely able to ſupply them, one of his conſtant demands was the want of coffee in the night—he loved meats highly ſeaſoned and of ſtrong taſte, and indulged his appetite. In familiar or convivial converſation, it does not appear that he excelled, and like Dryden, was not diſtinguiſhed by vivacity in company."

Such is the portrait given of this *great little* Man. We add, he was born in England, of popiſh parents, and died in the catholic faith, on the 30th of May 1744, at the age of 56 years.

SUPERSTITION.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

The following inſtance of the Superſtition of the natives of Bengal, is taken from the journal of a gentleman of Boſton, who ſaw the ceremony performed.

AMONG the many ſuperſtitious ceremonies practiſed by the natives of the Eaſt Indies, the manner in which an Hindoo expiates his crimes is perhaps the moſt aſtoniſhingly ſingular.

When any ſerious misfortune happens to an Hindoo, it is ſuppoſed to be in conſequence of his having offended his God, and it is cuſtomary for him to make application to a Bramin, to know the will of the Deity, and in what manner he can appeaſe his wrath. If his crimes have been very heinous, and he is not able to atone for them, by paying a certain ſum of money for the ſupport of the Pagoda, the Bramin tells him, that the God requires he ſhould do penance, by inflicting puniſhment upon himſelf, according to the rules of the church. This poor innocent deluded wretch, believes the order of the Bramin, to be the oracle from heaven, and accepts of the terms of reconciliation with his Maker, with the utmoſt effuſions of joy. He ardently ſolicits the aſſiſtance of the Bramin to perform the ceremony, and gives him every fannan he is worth, for the kind interceſſion he has made. Matters being thus far ſettled, he prepares himſelf for the ſacrifice he is about to make, by retiring to a Pagoda, where for eight days he has no other nouriſhment than a quart of Rice—during this time he has no intercourſe with the world, his ſole employment is counting his beads.

At the expiration of the eight days, he is ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently cleanſed to appear before the mighty Bruma——he is then led out following his God, who is carried on a litter, attended by the Bramin and Muſicians. The proceſſion moves ſlowly on with ſolemn pomp, to the place where the puniſhment is to be inflicted, which is always where four principal ſtreets meet. The litter is here ſet down, and in front of the God a ſtage is erected, in which is fixed a large poſt—to this poſt a ſpar is attached, which by the help of braces is moved in any direction. The criminal aſcends on the top of the ſtage—the ſpar is lowered down, and two large iron hooks are fixed in to his back; the hooks are made faſt to the ſpar by ſtrong cords; he then takes a baſket of flowers in his hand, and at a ſignal given, he is hoiſted forty feet in the air—the trumpets now ſound

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—the tam tam beats, and the heavens re-echo with the cries of the multitude—in this manner, hanging by the flesh of his back, he remains for fifteen minutes—during all this time, there was not the least appearance of fear pictured in his countenance, or the least visible sign of pain—he seemed to exult in his sufferings, and like the martyrs of old, bled for the glory of God—his penance was in the presence of his Deity, and his offerings were the flowers from his basket. As these fell to the ground, the multitude with enthusiastic madness, fought to gather them. The time of his penance being elapsed, he is let down, the hooks are taken out of his back, a little ekinam is put in the wound, and he is led home amidst the acclamations of his friends.

He has now made his peace with his Maker, and is taught to believe he is going to enjoy uninterrupted felicity.

LEVITY.

"These delights, if thou canst give
Fun, with thee I wish to live."

IN every grave and metaphysical essay, which I have ever perused, on wit and ludicrous composition, all the tribe of reasoners, from John Locke, to Dr. Beattie and Dr. Campbell, seem in the main to agree, that wit lies in putting ideas together, wherein can be found any *resemblance* or *congruity*. A more modern metaphysician, acutely adds, by way of comment, that the resemblance must be pointed out between things, usually esteemed the *most dissordant*, and which contemplated separately, would lead the mind into the most opposite trains of thinking: for the quick transition of thought is what causes your merriment. Whatever may be thought of the solidity, or the ingenuity of the above theories, the following article from a foreign miscellany, provokes a smile, in despite of its violation of all rules, and even of common sense.—*P. Polio.*

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

At the world's end, the Fifth side of Grovesend,
To be sold by Auction, by W. NEVERSELL;
On Monday the 32d instant, the sale to begin at ten o'clock, in the afternoon.

LOT 1. A copper cart saddle, a leather handsaw, two woolen frying-pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

LOT 2. Three pair of pea straw breeches. A china quart cart, and two glass bedsteads, with copper hangings.

LOT 3. One deal coal grate, with paper smoke jack;—a mahogany poker, and a pair of gauze bellows.

LOT 4. One leather tea-kettle; an iron feather bed, six pair of brass boots, and a steel night cap. Also, one pewter waistcoat, and three flint wigs, a bell metal sieve, and a calamanco hog trough, a buckskin warming pan, and a pewter looking glass, a japan beetle, and a leather wedge, three silk hog-yokes, and a pinch beck swill tub; four three pt skin milk pails, and a wheat straw trammel, a lambskin grindstone, and a muslin hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding bags, and a canvas gridiron, a dimity coal scuttle, and three saffron chamber pots, a wooden timber chain, and a brass cart rope.

THE following laughable description is from a translator of Bulow's travels in America, in the Port Folio of November 6, speaking of the Blue Mountain in Pennsylvania, he says—"These woods were very desolate: not a *bird* was to be seen; still *less* to be heard, tho' it was the singing season of the year. Nothing but the *screaming* of *jays* interrupted the solemn *stillness* of the woods, and the hollow *whistling* of the wind in the tops of the firs: of *murmuring* brooks there was plenty."—Thus—there was not a *bird* to be seen, though there were *jays*—there was *less* than a bird to be *heard*, though these jays *screamed*—there was a solemn *stillness*, but there was also a *screaming*, and *whistling* and *murmuring*—Poh.— [*Anti Demo.*

A LATE auctioneer, not well versed in classics, was selling a lot of Books, and among others, an Encyclopedia; on handing it out, he said "Gentlemen, I now offer you a *learned* book, on the arts and sciences, it is written by one *Eufyus Cladpole*; I don't know who he is, but suppose him to be a French officer."

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIENDSHIP ESTEEMS AS VALUABLE, EVEN THE MOST DISTANT LIKENESS OF A FRIEND

THE ingenious Mr. John I. Hawkins, has presented to C. W. Peale's Museum, an invention of a physiognotrace, of so simple a construction, that any person without the aid of another, can in less than a minute take their own likeness in profile. This curious machine, perhaps, gives the truest outline of any heretofore invented, and is placed in the Museum for the visitors who may desire to take the likeness of themselves or friends.

Philad. Paper.

EFFICACY OF THE KINE-POX.

THE following extract of a letter from a Surgeon at Wolkendam, in Germany, is copied from the Philosophical Magazine, for October, 1802, and is a new proof of the efficacy of the Kine-pox.

"In the course of the present month, I was called in by an inhabitant of this place, who had the misfortune to loose two of his children by a confluent Small-pox, of the most malignant kind, and the third, the only one remaining, was exceedingly ill of the same disorder. Convinced that no injury could arise to the patient, I applied the Vaccine, being provided with a lancet armed with good matter, and had the happiness to find, the second day after the vaccination, that the symptoms of the Small-pox were much mitigated:—but on the eighth, and particularly on the ninth day after the vaccine inoculation, the pustules of the natural pox, died up and fell off. In the mean time, the vaccine continued to separate, and the following day, the child was perceptibly better, and no bad consequence ensued. If you think this simple case worthy of insertion in your journal, as a further proof of the utility of the vaccine, it will give me great pleasure, especially if it shall benefit the public, and excite the attention of others."

From late London Papers.

SWINDLING.

A GENTLEMAN in Canterbury-place last week bespoke a pair of boots, which were sent home on Saturday, and the gentleman being then out, the shop-boy left them with the maid. In a few moments afterwards a man knocked at the door, and asked if a pair of boots had not been sent there from Mr. ———'s shop, and the maid answering in the affirmative, he said—"Oh! those boots are not your master's, but have been sent by mistake. I am Foreman, and come to take them to the Gentleman they were made for, and will afterwards bring your master's boots, in about a quarter of an hour." The maid, without any suspicion, returned him the *boots*, when the fellow thanked her, and very deliberately walked away with his *booty*.

ON Monday evening, about 7 o'clock, a most daring robbery was committed in a haberdasher's shop in Bishopsgate-street. The shop-keeper (a female) had just received three parcels of goods, value thirty pounds, from a wholesale house, incautiously left on the counter. A man came in to buy some hair ribband; and whilst the woman was serving him, another man came into the shop, with a knife in his right hand, and took away one of the parcels. The woman, extremely agitated, was unable to speak. The stranger, noticing her confusion, asked if she did not know the man?—She said no. He then asked if her husband was not at home? She replied, there is no person in the house but myself. On this information he marched off with the other two parcels, and left the poor woman in strong hysterics.

A REMARKABLE and providential escape was experienced at Mr. Davidson's, an eminent pawnbroker in the Borough, on Friday last. One of the servants, after the family were in bed got up and opened a closet, which he had not been in the habit of looking into, and discovered a person asleep, with a pistol in each hand: he had the precaution to raise the family, and fortunately secured the fellow, who confessed that at three in the morning he was to admit five ruffians, who were to plunder the house and murder the inhabitants. They were all secured.

BOSTON:
SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 15, 1803.

GENEROUS DONATIONS.

The liberal sum of 40,000 dollars, has been left by Mr. Chambers Wharton, (a respectable member of the Society of Friends, lately deceased at Philadelphia) for several benevolent purposes, among which we notice the following—8000 dollars for the education of poor children at Philadelphia; 3000 for the education of poor Friends—400 to the young women's Manufactory Society—200 for the young women's poor school—4000 to a Charity School—1000 to the Abolition Society—1000 to Friends in Upper Canada.

On the 16th ult. two Wolves were killed at Lempster, in Vermont. They had previously committed depredations on some sheep, which caused an assemblage of about 200 men, from different towns, who soon discovered these depredators.

A negro girl has been committed to goal, in New-York, for setting fire to a barn at Staten Island. She confessed the fact.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope the classical and instructing writer of "*The Itinerant*," has not yet "finished his course."

"*Amanda*," will oblige us by a continuance of her favours.

We are sorry to omit the Poem of *Genevieve*, until our next.—It is in type.

We thank R******, for the extract from *Dennis*, and shall give it a place as soon as prior engagements will admit.

We are pleased in hearing from "*Claudius*."—The "*Song*," shall be inserted.

Lines addressed *To Poesy*, are not from the pen of an inspired Bard.

A. R's Stanzas upon the Nightingale, are not remarkable for the harmony of their style, or melody of their numbers.

"*An Old Fellow*"—so it seems!

MARRIAGES.

In Boston, Mr. John Swett, to Miss Hannah Fracker.—Mr. Ezra Tucker, to Miss Margaret F. Hill; Capt. Samuel Jamieson, of Freeport, to Miss Ann Hitchborn.

DEATHS.

In Boston, Mr. Edward Hall, Æt. 32; Mrs. Diana Adams, Æt. 58; Mr. Daniel Rea, Æt. 60; Mr. Richard Salter, Æt. 65; Mrs. Elizabeth Hall; Mr. J. Pearson, Æt. 30;—and three others. Total this week, Nine, ending yesterday.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Inscribed to an amiable, and affectionate Mother, upon the Death of her eldest Son, who fell a victim to the yellow fever.

INSATIATE death! how vaft is thy domain!
What defolating horrors fwell thy train!
Famine, and war, and peftilence combine!
While ftill to point the barbed fhaft is thine!

The bud of life, by vernal zephyr fann'd,
Fades at thy glance—and falls beneath thy hand;
Thy icy touch the pulfe of youth arrefts,
Infidious all the fprings of health infefts;
In the ftrong veins the purple ftream congeals,
And Man in vain againft thy pow'r appeals!
Born to fubmit to thy imperious fway,
Thy gloomy mandates fated to obey,
Proftrate humanity thy fpoil decreed,
Nature's beft gifts can no exemption plead!

Yet VIRTUE braves thy moft envenom'd dart,
VIRTUE, impervious to thy morbid art,
Victorious VIRTUE, foars above the grave,
Around its paths triumphant banners wave,
Such VIRTUE as the bleft Redeemer crown'd,
When hell's dark Monarch aim'd a fatal wound.
And, as the fragrant breath of life was giv'n,
By Jefus, Sire of Men—and God of heav'n,
No miffive fhafts its vital parts can find,
Imperifhable wreaths its altars bind.

Th' reflucnt flutterer the combat meets,
Urges defence—and oft the foe defeats—
But when the fiend with fearching ken invades,
And rofy health beneath his progrefs fades
When his red lance the Citadel aflails,
And burning ruin every where prevails—
When the frail poft untenable appears,
And the laft blow the fell deftroyee rears!
Then the glad fpirit new plum'd pinions tries,
Illudes the mifchief—gains its native fkies—
And each tranfcendant excellence poffefs'd,
By pow'r divine indelibly impreis'd,
Scap'd from the wreck—yon deftin'd heav'n attain's
And there immortal as its fource remains—
VIRTUE—to nerve humanity defign'd,
Bleft emanation of the Eternal Mind,
Earneft of future bliis bequeath'd to Man,
Whofe refteration marks the general plan—
Twin'd in cloie concord with the vital breath,
From the lern tenement deipeil'd by death,
Mounts upwards to the realms of endleis day,
Shaping to other worlds its lucid way.

Can bounteous heav'n a richer ibiace give,
Than that which whifpers—*Friend's departed love!*
Affuafive charm, with conibiation fraught,
Pale ferrow, by thy horied accents taught,
Lifts from the tomb its anguifh fwol'n eye,
Forgets to weep; forgets the murm'ring figh;
Ith penfive melancholy wakes to joy,
While reaion, hope, and faith their pow'rs employ,
To facred rapture elevate the ioul,
The paibons bearing to their juft control.

Go then, bleft truth, and with thy ieraph voice,
Bid the lov'd friends of SALTONSTALL rejoice;
Say how he bounded from this icene of woe,
To where ineceiiive pleaiures ever flow—
Juft as ibme priioner quits the hoftile ftrand,
Spreads his white iails, and ieeks his native land,
So the freed ipirit to Elyiium flew,
To realms that brooding ibrrow never knew.

By education to religion train'd,
The ioul its direful weight of ills ibitain'd!
And faiths with broad, and ever piercing eye,
Pointed its paiiage to the opening iky.

Ceaie to lament—beloved kindred ceaie—
Let truth and reaion huih your woes to peace,
Nor VIRTUE—no—nor SALTONSTALL are dead,
Aiociates ftill, expanfive wings they ipread,
While fame exults her echoing notes to fwell,
And memory on the paft delights to dwell.

True—tender friendihip drops th' embalming tear,
And ibcial circles clad in weeds appear,
Yet time, like gathering mifts ihall pais away,
And they ihall join him in unclouded day:
The rays of heaven ihall pierce the vaulted tomb
And death no more tyrannic iway aiiume;
True—cluftering virtues gem'd his ardent mind,
By honor form'd, for reftitude drifgu'd;
By talents, and by erudition bleft,
Of elegance and dignity poiiefs'd;
The graces with integrity entwin'd,
Poliih'd his manners, and his heart refin'd,
While iweet his converie, as the breathing ipring,
When vernal nature ipreads her broider'd wing;
Evincing goodneis, wiidom, ieience, truth,
The fruits of age upon the ftem of youth.
By many a tongue his merit was confeis'd,
Lov'd, and admir'd, applauded, and careis'd.

Rich was the promiie of his future years,
As the full harveft to the view appears,
When fertile ihow'rs, and mellowing funs combine,
To iwell the pulp, and ihape the circling rind.
The cherub hope his early worth enhanc'd,
And every hour his righteous claims advanc'd;
While on the tablets of his gen'rous breaft,
Philanthropy her high wrote code impreis'd.
True—thus exalted was his young career,
VIRTUE his guide, his goal, his radiant ipher:
And hence perhaps his paiiport was obtain'd,
His ieat, in paradiie thus early gain'd—

Probation paii'd—The ordeal expir'd—
The curtain drops—and heaven its own requir'd—
As erft the youths who merited ib well,
Whoie names celebrious, ftoried records tell,
From inftantaneous fate their exit found,
In life's gay morn with full plum'd victory crown'd,
Mounting the pinions of eternal day,
With the iwift light'ning wing'd their azure way;
So SALTONSTALL—the deftin'd voyage complete—
A parent Deity prepar'd to meet—
And as he iweeps wide o'er the ethereal plain,
Attending angels iwell the plauiive ftrain.

Melodion ibunds—'rapt fancy wafts the notes—
On zephyr's wing aerial muiic floats—
Soft may it vibrate on pale ibrrow's ear,
And from the cheek of woe wipe off the tear.
May weeping kindred the bleft ihade puriue,
And as they plaintive breathe the fond adieu,
Submiiiive bend to that auguft decree,
Which will from every ill the ipirit free:
The ion, the brother, and the friend reftore,
Where fevers blaft, and Demons vex no more.

The Almighty bids the throbbing pulfe furceaie,
Thefe frames enfolding in the ihades of peace:
But from the couch of unrelenting death,
Obedient ieraphs fnatch the ling'ring breath,
Triumphant bear it to a Saviour God,
The purchas'd trophy of redeeming blood.
Thus God deftroy'd but to make alive,
And Man, in bliis immortal, ihall ibrvive.

HONORIA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE SQUIRREL.

AT two in the morn Bun was iportive and gay,
And lightly leapt over my head;
But mark the tranfition—at eight he lay dead;
For the tyrant had fnatch'd him away.

'Tis in vain that I weep or I figh!
Confinement to him was the greateft annoy:
And life the poor captive did never enjoy.
Ah! Squirrels and mortals muft die.

He loved to run over the hill,
Or eat the low hanging berry;
He was wont to be cheerful and merry,
But never again will he viiit the rill.

LAURA.

FAME.

FAME, like the phantom on the vernal ece,
Allures th' unweary traveller from his way;
Its gaiiih luftre ihines but to deceive,
And brightens nearer only to betray.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE

FRIENDSHIP,

AN ALLEGORY.

LOVE, as 'tis faid, of Beauty tir'd,
Of courfe no longer blind;
Beheld and ardently admir'd,
A grave plain nymph, called MIND

He won her; from this marriage iprung,
As poets fondly deem,
A little maid, whoie praiie they'e ibng,
Y'clip'd by them ESTEEM.

REASON admir'd in early youth,
This lovely maidens charms;
'Twas REASON woo'd, ihe led by TRUTH,
Soon yielded to his arms.

A beauteous child their union bleft,
Of muft ethereal make;
Of neither ex as it liked beft,
Ite either form could take.

Its father's penetrating eye,
Its mother's ardent ioul;
Its voice afflictions tear could dry,
Or paiiions rage control.

The VIRTUES triumph'd in its birth,
Even WISDOM imiling came,
Bade it defcend to bleis the earth,
And FRIENDSHIP call'd its name.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. IV.

HEB. iv. 9.

There remaineth—a reft to the people of God.

TO the jew tired of his travels in Arabian deierts, and of wars with favage idolaters, a proipect of repoie in the land of Canaan was extremely grateful. To the chriitian wearied with toils, and ick of the amuiements and flatteries of the week, how welcome the return of a day, which is graced with the name of his lord! Yet neither of their refts is permanent or ibtisfactory. The man of faith and righteouineis aipires to an happier country, than was ever found on the banks on Jordan, and after a more quiet and glorious ibbbath, than chriftendom affords. And bleiied be God he does not ieek in vain. For him there is reierved a ftate, in which there will be no labour but that of love, and no buiineis but that of praiie; a day ibcceeded by no night; an eternal round of pleaiures unmixed with pain; an age of peace, virtue, and conibiation;—where ignorance will give place to knowledge, the ilumbers of ileth to perpetual wakefulneis and activity, the pangs of remorie to the approbation of angels, the malice of enemies to the ibpports of friendihip, and the diitreiiful apprehenfions of poverty and death, to the poiiefiion of an imperiihable inheritance and an interminable life.

The certainty of ibch a ftate is manifeft from various appearances in the natural world, from ancient tradition, the longing deiires of every boiom, the preient inicrutable government of an impartial Deity, and eipecially from his expreis revelations concerning it by Jeius Chriit, WHEREOF HE HATH GIVEN ASSURANCE UNTO ALL MEN, IN THAT HE HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD.

SECOND EDITION.

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☞ PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.—ORDERS iblicited.

*** *Letters poft paid, will receive immediate attention.*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To rest aloft on FANCY'S *wing,*
And bathe in HELICONIA'S *spring;*
Call every flower with colorful hand,
And fresh them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XIII.

Fitta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

OF all the gratifications of which the human mind is susceptible, perhaps there is none more varied, diffusive, and seducing, than what arises from reading. The active and enquiring mind, which may from circumstances be prevented from gleaning knowledge, by studying the world at large, seizes with avidity the information which books afford. Those who mix in the active scenes of life, who, from their situation and pursuits, have daily an opportunity of reading men and manners, in the great volume of society, will resort to the advice and example of the wise and good of former ages, transmitted to posterity in the volumes of able writers. The pleasures arising from an attentive perusal of well chosen books, is of the most rational, exalted kind; it keeps the mental faculties in that state of activity, which is as necessary to the sanity of the mind, as walking, riding, &c. is to the health of the body. But though the pleasures and advantages arising from reading are very great and numerous, yet when attention is not paid to a judicious selection of authors, when every book is indiscriminately perused without regard to matter or style, instead of improving the understanding, it serves only to confuse and weaken it. Multitudes of half formed incongruous ideas will float on the surface of the imagination, without enabling the possessor to adduce one sound argument in defence of any sentiment, or thesis which they may wish to defend. Perhaps there is nothing of more essential consequence to the next generation, than the kind of reading the youth of both sexes are allowed to indulge in, in this. It is much to be lamented, that every arrival from Europe brings an importation of folly, impertinence, vice, immorality and impiety, into every metropolis throughout the union, under the specious name of works of imagination, works of amusement, commonly called *Novels*; and from our metropolis make their way into the country towns, and even into the houses of our farmers and labouring husbandmen. These works are particularly fascinating to young persons of ardent imaginations: they contain accounts of what was said and done by great personages on all occasions; the untutored country maid is delighted to hear how *my lord talked*, and how *my lady* fainted; how dreadfully Miss was in love, how her cruel father forbid her lover the house, locked her up, to prevent her throwing herself into the arms of a libertine, and how charmingly she outwitted her anxious parents, and run away with him; and how, after giving every possible proof of want of filial duty, want of moral and religious principle; in short, want of every quality that can render a human being respectable, the hero and heroine are made very rich, and immensely happy, every body that had opposed their perverse inclinations being killed out of the way.—And these delectable farrágos are too often replete with scenes, and language, which the female ear should never be profaned by listening to, or the eye of chastity ever suffered to glance upon; and with opinions, which, operating on the young flexible mind, strikes at the very root of the christian religion; frequently ridiculing all religion as absurd, and pretending to elevate human nature, in effect degrades it almost to a level with brutes. What can be expected from men and women, who in early life imbibe such pernicious principles.—How my heart aches when I see lovely girls just emerged from childhood, nay sometimes not more than ten or twelve years of age, allowed to have free access to the circulating libraries, and suffered to read whatever book, chance or fashion may put into their hands; for their are fashionable novels, as well as fashionable head-dresses, and the young ladies of the present day, would be as much ashamed of not having the inside of their heads decorated with the tinsel of sentiment, philosophical discriminations to prove wrong, right, and the wisdom of our forefathers folly, with which the fashionable works abound: as they would to appear in public, without having the outside adorned by an auburn or yellow *Coelicil* or *Elastic*. However, they have some excuse for the latter, as auburn or yellow tresses are undoubtedly *classical beauties*.—I wish it was thought of consequence enough by parents in general, unanimously to agree, and seek some judicious well educated sensible person, of good moral character, religious without enthusiasm, having clear ideas of right and wrong, yet free from formality and rigour—let such a person be appointed, for a genteel compensation, to be raised by subscription, to read every new work that comes into a town, and never suffer their children to peruse them, until the opinion of this literary CENSOR is publicly announced.

I would not be thought in this to condemn all NOVELS indiscriminately—far from it; I have read Novels, and those from female pens, from which both pleasure and instruction might be gleaned; but of the multitudinous throng which crowd the libraries, perhaps not one in twenty could be ranked in this class. Far be it from me to range the works of Miss *Burney*, Miss *Lee*, or Mrs. *Brooke*, among the pernicious productions of imagination. There are some Novels also from the pen of a lady, whom I know not how to term with propriety either European or American, (Mrs. *Rowson*,) which might be read with advantage, especially by females; but even her works are not without dangerous tendency, and perhaps of all her numerous productions, there are not more than three which could by an impartial Censor be recommended. *Reuben and Rachel*, an historical romance is the best; *Charlotte*, and the *Inquisitor*, have a considerable degree of merit. *Evelina, Cecilia, Camilla*, from the pen of Miss *Burney*; *Julia Mandeville*, &c. from Mrs *Brooke*, who was the author of the beautifully simple, musical entertainments of *Rosina* and *Marian*; The *Recess*, from the pen of Miss *Lee*, are unexceptionable.—There are a multiplicity of books from the elegant pens of other Novelists worthy attention, but their greatest merit is, that they represent human nature as it is. The first beauty of works of fancy is, to keep as near truth as possible. To paint men and manners, so as not to mislead the inexperienced heart, or vitiate the yet untutored judgment, yet not to draw the curtain from before scenes which displayed, may corrupt, but cannot amend the morals.

> Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo
> Hic meret æra liber Sosiis, hic et mare transit,
> Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
> HOR. "Art of Poetry."

which may be thus translated.

"By mixing usefulness with what is amusing, we charm all, improve and delight at the same time. These are the volumes which *ought to* enrich booksellers, be transported across the ocean with applause, and bring immortal fame to the authors."—I have inserted the words *ought to*, for I am well convinced they do not always have that effect.

It may be thought a person fitted for the office of literary Censor, would be hard to find.—Perhaps so; but surely parents themselves might occasionally join the task. Mothers who read a new novel, should ask themselves, should I like my daughter to think, speak and act as the heroine, or some prominent character there represented does? If conscious propriety answers, no! then forbid them to read it; not by the positive command of "you must not," and "shall not," but by the milder adjuration of, "I think it will not pay you for your trouble. It is inconsistent, immoral, and unworthy attention. You may employ your time to more advantage."—I am persuaded was such a plan put in execution, it would obviate much of the dangerous consequences of immoral writings, and tend at once to the happiness and rationality of Society in general.

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP:

A SWEDISH TALE.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief minister, the masque of the fairest of his subjects fell off, and she broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly; for, although Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had secreted her far from court, and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unseen and unfulled.

The king felt himself instantly struck with a respectful and humbling sense of inferiority before her: for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty, and the bold, the haughty, and even the savage, grow tame and depressed, as in

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the preſence of the immediate repreſentative of divinity.

Adelaide, in a hurry, caught up her maſque, and haſtened to cover the perils of her countenance; but the deed was already done, and her image was impreſſed on the heart of the monarch, as idelibly, as tho' it had been fixed by the machinery of ſome engine.

He inſtantly drew his favourite, Valvaiſe, aſide, and whiſpering gave a precipitate order, that he ſhould diſcover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaiſe zealouſly obeyed the injunction of his royal patron: he brought him word, that ſhe was a maid of illuſtrious birth, but little koown; and, where knowo, admired as a phænomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaiſe had been preferred to favor, by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus in the chaſe of a ſtag, had out-ridden his attendants. Being thirſty and fatigued, he turned towards a neat hamlet, that was pleaſantly ſituated at the entrance of a foreſt. He tied his ſteed to a tree; and, drawing near, beheld a young ſwain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth roſe at his approach; and having gracefully ſaluted him, led him into the houſe, where he hoſpitably regaled him with the home-brewed juice of the berry.

Pray, what were you reading? demanded the prince.—A late treatiſe, ſir, on friendſhip, anſwered the ſtudent.—And what think you of it?—As cold, as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla.—I preſume, then, that your own ſentiments on the ſubject are warmer?—As the difference, replied the youth, between the Torrid and the Frigid Zones.——You love your friends well, then? I ſhould, ſir, had I any: but I dare not truſt myſelf with ſuch a connection; all the men I ever knew would certainly over-reach me; I ſhould go twice the lengths for them that they would go for me.—Such a one as you, would make a friend for a king. But then I ſhould never make a friend of a king. I am told, that all, who would pleaſe the great, muſt be flatterers; but the true province of friendſhip is, to remind us of our faults.—For that very purpoſe I engage you, ſaid Adolphus; I am your king!

The youth, all abaſhed, fell precipitately at his feet; but the monarch as haſtily raiſed him and took him to his embrace.

From that day, Valvaiſe became the favourite, and boſom confident of his royal maſter. He had not, indeed, the burden of the ſtate laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied truſts; all thoſe he declined, wholly ſatisfied, and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the boſom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaiſe had given to Adolphus the deſired intelligence concerning Adelaide, you muſt go then, my friend, ſaid the king, and woo this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle roanners, and winning addreſs;—you cannot fail of prevailing in a cauſe, where your heart will be ſo warmly intereſted in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly, in the preſence of her mother, and a few other witneſſes in whom we may confide; but, that this muſt be kept private, at leaſt for a time, for fear of provoking the diſcontents of my people, as they expect I ſhould ſtrengthen my kingdom, by ſome foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaiſe! my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my ſoul; I know your worth to be impregnable, impaſſible, unaſſailable.

Valvaiſe, all tranſport, all ardour, by his emotions and glowing countenance, pathetically, tho' ſilently, aſſured his maſter of a zealous and faithful executioo of his commiſſion; and inſtantly retired without further promiſe.

On the following day, he applied himſelf to Adelaide, and flufhed her with the ambition and eager deſire of ſeeing her darling offspring exalted to royalty, to happineſs conſummate. But Adelaide, during a number of viſits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her ſentiments under the ſemblance of bafhful maidenhood and modeſt reſerve.

At length Valvaiſe grew importunate, and ſet forth the advantages of his propoſal in the moſt ſtriking lights. He held up to her imagination the perſonal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and diſpoſition that ever informed humanity. And, finally, obſerved to her, that Adolphus was more ſuperior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in a public ſtation, he urged her aſſent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep fetched ſigh, then raiſing her head, and giving a ſide-glance, that entered the heart of the orator. Tell me Valvaiſe, ſaid ſhe, lives there a man upon earth, in whoſe ſuit you would plead ſo warmly as in that of Adolphus?——No, madam, not in the univerſe.———And yet, ſhe bluſhingly and heſitatingly returned, there lives a certain perſon, in whoſe ſuit you might plead with much better ſucceſs.

Alas, ſhe continued, what is Adolphus to me? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty; it loves the littleneſs and lowneſs, the ſweet vales and deſcents of life; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows, and groves, and ſeeks not, neither can find any kind joy, ſave in the affections of its ſpecies and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaiſe, as I am told, are not of haughty deſcent; your manners are ſweetly mild, your perſon is comformable, and it is the moſt ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companioo wholly ſuitable to yourſelf.

Ah! exclaimed Valvaiſe, whither, whither, wouldſt thou lead me, thou perilous beauty?—Alas, I was already but too prone to follow the ſight of the Syren; and wanted not the additional enchantment of her voice, to ſink and ſeduce me into a deeper perdition. But honour, virtue, gratitude, will ſtand by my ſide; they ſhall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herſelf ſhall not be able to looſe. No! though heaven were opened, and all the powers, glories, and bleſſedneſs thereof, conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at a coſt of my friend's happineſs, or of my own reaſon. It could not be a heaven to me upon ſuch conditions; through eternity I ſhould be wretched, in the condemnation of myſelf.

Unhappy Adelaide, cried the fair one! what a peculiar feverity there is in thy fate—to be excluded from all poſſibility of hope, by the very virtues which ſerve to increaſe thy paſſion! Be it ſo, then, my friend; let us be nobly, let us be willingly miſerable; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyment! perilh Adelaide, ſo the faith of my Valvaiſe live renowned through ages!

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a ſacrifice I make you at this inſtant! Yes thou bright perfection, I muſt bid a haſty adieu, while there is will, while ſtrength is left to tear myſelf away! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu, for—For ever, is it not ſo, cried Adelaide? and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaiſe; you muſt not debar me of one ſhort farewell, the memory of which may ſerve, through life and in death, to be my conſolation. It is an expreſſion of the eſteem which I owe to your honour.

So ſaying, ſhe broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch inſtantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flaſh of aſcending lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, ſeized her hand, preſſed it ſilently to his boſom, haſtily roſe, and retired.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Communicated for the Boſton Weekly Magazine.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IT has long been a queſtion who was meant by the Beaſt mentioned in Revelation, and I believe never ſatisfactorily determined. If you think the following worthy a place in your Magazine, you may inſert it.

When St. John wrote the Revelation, figures were not known—numeral letters were uſed for Numbers. The title of the Pope is VICAVS FILII DEI. Now if we count the numbers contained in his title, we ſhall find they amount to ſix hundred three ſcore and ſix.

V I Car I Vs fil L I I Del.

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Here is wiſdom—Let him that hath underſtanding count the number of the Beaſt, for it is the number of a man, and his number is ſix hundred three ſcore and ſix. *Rev. chap.* 13, *ver.* 18.

ANACHARSIS.

THE Philadelphia Repoſitory, of the 8th inſt. has the following article:—"Sir, In page 407, of your uſeful Repoſitory, I obſerve a paragraph from the Boſton Weekly Magazine, ſtating that, "a Mr. Woodward, an American Philoſopher, has lately propoſed a Theory of the Sun, in which he affirms that luminary to be a ſphere of electric fluid." This hypotheſis, ſir, is by no means new.—Mr. C. W. Peale, in his Lectures on Natural Hiſtory, delivered in Philadelphia in the year 1800, propoſed a theory of the Univerſe, founded on this hypotheſis, communicated to him by his ſon Raphael, who had a long time before arranged his ideas on the ſubject;—and on this principle, clearly accounted for the great age of the antediluvians, the deluge, and various other phenomena recorded in ſacred writ, irreconcileable with the Newtonian Syſtem.

H."

A MAN, plagued with an ill tempered wife, threw himſelf into the water, determined, by drowning, to avoid the miſeries of being daily ſubjected to her ſcolding tongue.—When he was taken up, the following lines, expreſſive of his feelings, were found in his pocket:—

"Let lightning flath—let thunders roll along,
Let hideous night fiends join in awful ſong,
Let earthquakes ſhake the earth from pole to pole,
And hell ſtand gaping for my ſinning ſoul,
Let elements contend in endleſs ſtrife,
All are not equal to a *ſcolding wife.*"

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(Selected from recent European Publications.)

THERE is in the Library of St. Mark, at Venice, a curious Marine Chart, of the American seas, by Bianchi, finished before the voyages or discovery of Americus Vesputius, and on which the Antilles are marked. This chart which proves beyond all question, that the Europeans had some knowledge of America, before the discovery by Vesputius, will be published shortly by Morelli the Librarian.

Mr. ARCHARD, has a manufactory in Silesia, capable of furnishing every day, during six months, 400 lbs. of Sugar, made from the Beet-root. This manufactory is likewise carried on in Russia, and is patronized by his Imperial majesty.

M. KAULUGIN, a citizen of Moscow, has discovered a process, by which Woolen stuffs may be dyed a beautiful and permanent green, with the juice of nettles only, for which he has been rewarded by his Imperial Majesty, with 500 rubles, and a lucrative situation.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 22, 1803.

On Wednesday last, a new and elegant Brick Church, was consecrated to the purposes of divine worship by the Society of congregational christians in the town of Malden. Their pastor, the Rev. Aaron Green, delivered a discourse on the occasion, from II. Chron. ii. 4. *Behold I build an house to the name of the Lord my God, to dedicate it to him.* It contained a number of historical notices, and is, we learn with pleasure, to be committed to the press. The Rev. Dr. Osgood made the dedicatory prayer, and the introductory and closing prayers, and the reading of the scriptures, were performed by the Rev. Mr. Tuckerman. Sacred music was had at proper intervals, and every part of the service executed with great solemnity and order. It is said, that the utmost regularity and concord have attended the founding, progress, and completion of the edifice, which is ornamented with a bell, presented by Timothy Dexter, Esq. of Newburyport, and internally with one of Willard's beautiful patent clocks, the gift of Mr. Harris, of Charlestown.

The Rev. Wm. Emerson, has been chosen Chaplain of the Senate of this State, vice Rev. Dr. Thacher, deceased.

On Tuesday morning last, about 10 o'clock, a shock of an earthquake was felt at Salem. Its duration was short. On Wednesday evening, another shock was felt.

The Boston Franklin Association, held their second Anniversary, on Monday last, at Julien's Hotel. After the choice of Officers and other business, the Society sat down to an elegant and sumptuous feast—and drank seventeen *technical* toasts.

To READERS and CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lines on the Eye, by "J." have merit.

In the Theatrical Communication, we recognise the hand-writing of a valuable correspondent. The productions of his pen will be happily received on any subject, politics excepted.

"*Birth-day Reflections*," write ideas, *style* prose run mad.

"*Philetus*," must visit Parnassus in the spring, and dip his pen in the waves of Helicon, before his "*Wreath*," will be worthy insertion.

We thank "*P. R.*" for the plan of an improvement.—The subject had been previously contemplated, and was found to embrace more room, than our limits would admit.

We acknowledge the receipt of several Communications, which shall be attended to in our next.

FIRES—in Boston.

Since our last Magazine, the citizens of this town, have been called to witness three conflagrations, in different parts, viz.

On Saturday evening, a little before 7 o'clock, Mr. Bowen's Museum was discovered to be enveloped in flames, which in a short time destroyed this valuable source of rational amusement, and all the contiguous buildings. The sufferers are, the Widow Pollard, Mr. Daniel Bowen, Mr. Wm. Doyle, (keeper of the Museum) Maj. Thomas Bumstead, and Othello Pollard. All the buildings destroyed, excepting the Museum, were the property of Mr. Bumstead. The loss has been estimated at 50,000 dollars. It was occasioned by accident. ☞ The fire was observed at Beverly, and a Marblehead engine proceeded as far as Lynn, to our assistance.

We are desired, by Mr. Doyle, to relate the following particulars, relative to the above unfortunate event. About a quarter before 6 o'clock, four gentlemen called, being very solicitous to see the Museum that evening, as they intended to go out of town in the morning; they were made acquainted of the established rule, not to open it on that evening, but after many urgent entreaties, were permitted to go in, the Museum not being lighted as usual. Soon after, a noise was heard, resembling something on fire. Mr. D. opened the Museum door, and to his great surprise found it wrapped in flames. In a state of amazement, he ran and shut the chamber door, in which was Mrs. D. and before she could extricate herself therefrom, the smoke and fire had made its way through: her hair considerably burnt, and nearly suffocated with smoake. By the assistance of some friends, the furniture in the parlour was saved—and some young gentlemen, risking their lives, obtained a bureau from the chamber.—Mr. D. cannot tell how, nor when, the visitants got out of the Museum, but he has no reason whatever to attach any blame to them.—During the confusion, Mr. Doyle burnt his hand very much, and was obliged to retreat from the scene of desolation, and was kindly received at his house, (which is partly paid for) in the improvement of Mr. Adams, whose kindness and attention he shall ever remember.—At about 9 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Bowen waited on Mr. Doyle, and with a moderation and complacency so congenial to him, forgetting even his own misfortune, endeavoured to comfort and console him.—Mr. Doyle's loss is about 1000 dollars, exclusive of some jewelry which he had for sale on commission. ☞ He tenders his grateful acknowledgements and thanks, to his friends and the public, for their great exertions to wrest his property from the flames, on the above occasion.

On the same evening, at half past 11, the second fire broke out on Burditt's Wharf, which consumed a carpenter's shop, lime-store and barn. The sufferers are Mrs. Burdit, and Mr. Elijah Loring, the former of whom was the owner of the buildings.

On Monday evening, at about the same hour, the third conflagration took place, in a hay-store, at *Winnisimit-ferry*, which is destroyed, together with a large two-story store, belonging to the United States, and the timber sheds adjoining, and a dwelling-house, occupied by Messrs. Libbey, Hayden, Hall, and Mrs. Edwards, who lost chief of their effects.

We most sincerely condole with the sufferers on these events.—Mr. Bowen, is, we learn, determined to re-establish the Museum, on a more secure and extensive plan. We wish him every possible success.

To add to these distressing scenes, we have the most unequivocal evidences of some infernal incendiaries lurking about us. On Tuesday morning, about day light, Mr. John D. Howard, discovered a tub filled with combustible materials, consisting of matches, tarred canvas, &c. at the north part of the town, in a shed improved by Messrs. Starr and Washburn; and had it not been for this providential discovery, in five minutes more, the fire must have communicated to the shed, and adjoining buildings.

Yesterday forenoon, a fourth conflagration (since Saturday last) was about to take place in the office of Mr. Sumner, in Court-street, owing to the inattention of the boy. It was however providentially discovered, and extinguished without material injury. Mr. S. was out of town.

A CARD.—Mr. Turell, returns thanks to his fellow-citizens, for their attention, in preserving his Museum from fire yesterday forenoon.—It is open as usual.

At the town-meeting yesterday, it was *voted*, to petition for a law, that all buildings, erected in future, above 20 feet high, shall be built wholly of brick or stone. One person in each Ward was chosen, to consider the most expedient measure, for the safety of the town by night. A vote of thanks and support to the Firewards, passed.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

MRS. DARLEY'S ATHANASIA.

ON the evenings of Monday and Wednesday, was presented at the Theatre, the favorite drama of Benyowski. The character of *Athanasia* was admirably supported by the fascinating Mrs. Darley. This part is perfectly well suited to her talents, and, it is presumed, could not have been better filled by any actress in America or in Europe. In representing the lovely simplicity, and the unsuspecting innocence of youth, Mrs. D. is unrivalled. Her person and countenance, as well as the powers of her mind, are eminently adapted to the exhibition of this species of character. Her every action is pure nature, and commands our interest and attention; and, in some scenes, it is unsafe not to be on our guard. In the more lofty and dignified characters of woman, Mrs. D. would doubtless be less excellent; but she would be an ornament to any stage—and on *ours*, contributes as much as any one to our entertainment.

H.

MARRIAGES.

In Boston, Capt. Elphalet Caswell, to Miss Elizabeth Draper; Mr. Samuel B. Fulton, to Miss Mary Barton.—Mr. Nathl. Parker, mer. to Miss Francis Hancock.

DEATHS.

In Boston, Mrs. Christen Andrews, Æt. 56, wife of Capt. William Andrews; Mrs. Polly Sumner, wife of Mr. John Sumner; Mr. Peter Vose, Æt. 36; Mrs. Hannah Greenough, Æt. 52, wife of Mr. Nathl. Greenough; Mr. John Coburn, Æt. 78; Mrs. Johnson, Æt. 19 two from Arms-House, and 3 others. Total, 11, for this week ending yesterday.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following eminently beautiful Lines, from Wordsworth's Poems, will delight even those bosoms which have not felt the magic influence of the passion they describe. If you admit them to a place in your useful Miscellany, I may hereafter transmit others.

AGNES.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear GENEVIEVE!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listen'd to my harp
Amid the ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my GENEVIEVE!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight, that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd. And, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace,
And she forgave me that I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometime flaring up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and look'd him in the face,
An Angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land.

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nurs'd him in a cave;
And that his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words——but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My fault'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless GENEVIEVE,
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepp'd—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my GENEVIEVE,
My bright and beauteous bride!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

WHEN I rise, altho' gay is the morn,
And the larks sweetly warble and sing,
All the flow'rets the fields which adorn,
To my bosom no pleasure can bring;
No charm has the meadow, no music the spray,
No lustre the sun, *for my love is away.*

In the noon-tide, whene'er I repair
O'er meads green and fragrant to roam,
I heed not the flow'ret-scented air
And the roses for me have no bloom:
All nature is smiling, blythe, jocund and gay
Yet still I am sad, *for my love is away.*

When at twilight I seek the dark groves,
Where the purling streams, smooth winds along,
Where the nightingales warble their loves,
And to the pale moon chant their song;
Eve pleases no more my sad mind, than the day,
And the Groves cannot charm, *for my love is away.*

CLEANTHUS.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1803.

ON MAN.

THE following paragraph is extracted from REID, on the intellectual powers of Man:—

"The author of nature, in the distribution of agreeable and painful feelings, hath wisely and benevolently consulted the good of the human species, and hath even shewn us, by the same means, what tenour of conduct we ought to hold. For, *first*: the painful sensations of the animal kind are admonitions to avoid what would hurt us; and the agreeable sensations of this kind invite us to those actions, that are necessary to the preservation of the individual, or of the kind. *Secondly*: by the same means, nature invites to moderate bodily exercise, and admonishes us to avoid idleness and inactivity on the one hand, and excessive labour and fatigue on the other. *Thirdly*: the moderate exercise of all our rational powers gives pleasure. *Fourthly*: every species of beauty is beheld with pleasure, and every species of deformity with disgust; and we shall find all we call beautiful to be something estimable or useful in itself, or a sign of something that is useful or estimable. *Fifthly*: the benevolent affections are all accompanied with an agreeable feeling, the malevolent with the contrary. And, *sixthly*: the highest, the noblest, and most durable pleasure, is that of doing well, and acting a part that becomes us; and the most bitter and painful sentiment, the anguish and remorse of a guilty conscience."

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. V.

1. COR. xv. 53.

This mortal must *put on immortality.*

THIS to be sure is a very extraordinary prophecy, and one which severely exercises the mind of every rational believer. To be told, that the body of man, which is sustained by food, grows to perfection, decays, dies, and corrupts like that of other animals, and hereafter has resuscitated and made a glorious and uncorruptible body; a doctrine so contrarious to present observation, that one's self immediately rejects it. But the marks of authority and truth which it bears, convict him of extreme temerity. At least it merits a vigorous examination. Of its proofs, and these are several, which are brought to its support, the weightiest and brightest is the resurrection of Christ. This argument, which is managed with great force in the context, lies in a small compass, and is easily apprehended. It is principally contained between the twelfth and twentieth verses, and the sum of it is this—If there shall be no resurrection of the virtuous, where is the resurrection of Jesus Christ? If Jesus Christ does not arise from the dead, your faith in the gospel is vain: your faith in the gospel is vain, we apostles are of all men the greatest liars, and of all liars the greatest fools is what do we gain by our false testimony and absurd doctrine? Mockings, scourgings, bonds, and imprisonments. In defence of this system of folly and fanaticism, we have every moment in jeopardy; and we have no reasons to believe, that a firm adherence to our cause will on this we are determined, will finally subject us to the shame, agonies, and death of our master. No, christians. Our cruel sufferings and still more horrid expectations prove the truth of our *testimony*, which proves the truth of the *gospel*, which involves the reality of *Christ's resurrection*, which proves the possibility and certainty of *your*, and is the deep and immoveable foundation of your heavenly hopes.

AMUSEMENT.

MUSICAL PIGS.

THE Abbe de Baignes was a man fertile in inventions, and chief of the Music of Louis XI. This prince, one day demanded of him a concert to be executed by pigs. He believed, by the extravagance of this demand, to reduce the genius of the Abbe, to an impossibility. He notwithstanding undertook it, and even accomplished it to the satisfaction of the King. He selected a number of pigs of different ages, and whose cries consequently produced different tones, he placed them all under a pavilion of magnificent velvet, in the front of which, was a table of wood forming a case like that containing the pipes of an organ. Different needles that he touched, pierced different pigs, and these animals, when spurred, squealed out, which formed a harmony, whose novelty was its greatest merit, but which did not fail to please the king. : : : : : *French Paper.*

WIT.

IN a late Providence paper, a blacksmith advertises a VICE which has been stolen from him—He must be a *vicious* thief that can *steal vice*.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : *Hudson Bal.*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No XIV.

Eripe turpi
Colla jugo; Liber, Liber fum die age. Non gals:

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR MR. GOSSIP,

I HAVE read with great pleasure and satisfaction, your Essays, in the "*Boston Weekly Magazine*," every one of which, will have an extensive influence in "rearing the tender branch," and produce many very beneficial effects on the whole class of your readers.

Permit me to make a few remarks. You hold a bold pen, and I doubt not you will answer to my most sanguine wishes and expectations, the subject of my letter.

It is universally allowed by all, that an union of hearts is the firmest bond of marriage; but how often do we see this solemn ceremony take place without such an union? The harmony of souls, which constitutes the felicity of wedded life, cannot be too anxiously sought after; it should be more sought than wealth or beauty; for the misery or happiness of life solely depend in forming our connections, which is a circumstance of the greatest importance of any that can take place in the whole course of a person's life.

I find you are so candid as to treat all your correspondents with equal impartiality; therefore to the point.—I have a Sister who has been married about a year, to a person *in tolerable circumstances*: She is tenderly attached to her husband, and does all in her power to please him;—but he is of a morose temper, which causes a vast deal of trouble; and how it will terminate or end, God only knows—besides, he stays out late in the evening, his mind is inconstant and his heart depraved; and many other faults which are improper to be mentioned here. My Sister bears all these heart-rending troubles with great patience and fortitude, and it is well she does.

I know you cannot remedy this evil; my chief object of addressing you is to request you to bestow your wholesome and instructing advice on the numerous class of your *female* readers, who have not yet entered the bands of matrimony; it will, I doubt not, leave a lasting impression on their minds: By your advice, they will "*look before they leap*," and take great care to form such connections as will produce the only real happiness they can enjoy in this world. *Yours,* A SORROWFUL BROTHER.

County of Hampshire, Jan. 1, 1803.

MARRIAGE was instituted by the all wise and bountiful Creator of the Universe, for the benefit and comfort of mankind, and that it is not so, is the fault of his unthinking, ungrateful creatures, who, actuated by almost every impulse but that which should impel to the union, hurry on to repentance, misery, and despair. The life of heart-rending anguish, which this Sorrowful Brother describes, as the fate of an amiable Sister, is too often realized in every rank, every class of mankind; the causes of this failure of expected happiness might be investigated with benefit to society in general, but in the mean time, their effects are much to be regretted, and the unhappy sufferers excite the tenderest commiseration; though it is more than probable that their own blind haste to put on the hymeneal chain, in order to escape from that of the parental, has helped to plunge them into that abyss of misery, from whence there is no hope of being extricated, but by death.

Perhaps there is no situation in life more truly pitiable, than that of a delicate woman, whose understanding is naturally good, whose heart is pure, affectionate, and glowing with the most acute sensibility; who is married to a man of loose morals, weak mind, and morose temper. If there are any sufferings eminently worthy the term martyrdom, such a woman, so mated, daily, hourly, endures it. Her rest is broken by his irregular hours, her delicacy offended by his intemperance, and her mornings rendered loathsome, by the dirty squalid appearance of his person, the disgusting effects of the overnights debauch, and the peevishness of a temper, rendered irritable by a consciousness of his own folly, and a painful conviction of her evident superiority; which though he will not openly confess it, his own reproving conscience obliges him tacitly to allow. If the unfortunate victim loves this wretch, though that is a circumstance of which I can scarcely believe the possibility; for let her once have been ever so fondly attached to him, such a conduct must unavoidably in time alienate her affections; purity cannot long remain in voluntary contact with vice; and however the person may be compelled to submit to this worse than Egyptian bondage, the mind will revolt and disdain to assimilate with a quality so repulsive, so opposed to its natural bias—but if in spite of ill usage, the tenderness which first prompted to that confidence, which entrusted her happiness to his keeping, still pervades the bosom of the unhappy wife, what torture could tyrannic cruelty invent, or hellish fiends inflict, that can bear comparison with the agonies which wring her lacerated heart. And even supposing a sense of unmerited wrong, to have awakened a spirit of resentment, and obliterated every trace of former tenderness; and allowing that a just idea of the respect due to herself, and a strong innate love of virtue and religion, may make her rigid in the performance of her duties, and submissive to the tyrants will; nay, even studious to shew him, on every occasion, the respect due to the master of a family, yet the task is extremely painful; the heart must suffer, the judgment must revolt; and floods of bitter tears will the pour in secret for a fate inevitably fixed—past help! past hope! I have said this much in commiseration of those unfortunate women, who are united to brutal and profligate men; who neglect them, to lavish their time and tenderness on the trifling, unprincipled, and artful of one sex, and whose property is wrested from them by the gamester, the speculator, or parasite of the other, while their innocent wives and helpless offspring are left to pine in poverty and obscurity. But whilst I experience all the compassion such a situation must awaken in a heart alive to the common feelings of humanity, I cannot but remark, that I think a very great portion of the misery they so acutely feel, originate in their own folly. A young woman addressed by a man whose person and manners are pleasing, is solicitously careful to appear always to advantage; and let me hint to my lovely inexperienced fair friends, that many men are pleasing, even to fascination in their manners, who are depraved to the lowest degree of turpitude in their hearts, who when they solicit the love of a beauteous engaging female with all the ardour, submission and flattery of expecting passion, have no other object in view than sensual gratification; however, of this an innocent young woman can have no suspicion; and being pleased with the agreeable exterior of her admirer, she lays herself out to please. Seldom, very seldom do persons during the days of courtship, see any thing of the real characters or dispositions of those with whom they are about to form a connection, which must last for life: the young lady will never be seen in dishabille, or suffer a frown to appear on her face in the presence of the man she means to enchain for a perpetuity; on the other hand, the gentleman will never contradict her opinions however absurd, or oppose any wish she may express, however improper his better reasons may inform him the gratification of these wishes may be. Thus mutually deceived, they enter into the most sacred engagements, he expecting that he has secured partner, all smiles, all neatness, who will make his home a paradise, who will never appear but as if attired by the hands of the graces, and never speak but in the harmonious accents of good humour. She in the delightful hope, or rather certainty of having every wish gratified, of living in a constant round of dissipation and fashionable amusement; and being allowed to purchase and wear the most splendid habiliments. The ceremony passed, the rotine of visits over, and happiness being now dependent only on themselves, that hateful fiend *Ennui* soon makes its appearance—but more of this another time. I have so high an opinion of the honorable state of matrimony, am so well aware that once entered into, it must be Heaven or Hell; that I would if possible point out to inexperienced mariners, the rocks and quicksands on which so many have been wrecked who have embarked on the hazardous voyage, and I could wish for a pen of fire to awaken in the minds of the youth of both sexes, a love of those virtues which alone can render it felicitous. Yes, feeble as my powers are, I will say more on the subject another time.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No VII.

"*Almighty* VANITY! *to thee they offer*
"*Their gift of pleasure, and their balm of woe!*"

YOUNG.

THE salutary influence of vanity on our motives of action, has, perhaps, been justly appreciated by few. While the divine, the philosopher, and the satirist, have been unsparing in their censures, and indefatigable in their exertions to destroy its existence in the human breast, they have been blind to the good it has done in the world, and unmindful of the many and serious calamities which its total extinction would produce. It stimulates to great and virtuous actions. It rouses our sleeping energies; and has produced unnumbered deeds of heroism and philanthropy, which have been ascribed to a nobler and purer source. To a laudable vanity, and a relish of refined praise, are we indebted for those inimitable labours of genius and taste, which have commanded the admiration of the world, in every age since the period of their existence.

The secluded scholar sits by his dim taper, and turns over the antique page, till Apollo tinges the cafteo fky with his rays; loads his brain with grammars, lexicons, and rusty commentaries; or rummages the mouldering ruins of ancient magnificence; urged solely by the vanity of erudition, and the hope of extorting the momentary praise of beings like himself.

The youthful poet, stimulated by similar motives, reclines over the unsullied sheet, and with "eyes fixed on vacancy," gnaws the extremity of his idle pen, or repeatedly applies it to the sable fluid, without tracing a character on his paper; invokes the powers of fancy and fiction; and ransacks his confused brain for rhymes, till his unceasing efforts have produced a vertigo—while he dreams of unrivalled fame, and paints in poetic perspective, the discerning and unprejudiced, in succeeding ages, dwelling with rapture on the now-neglected page, and heaping encomiums on its author, as the peculiar favourite of Heaven!

How many have been led to affix their names to a subscription-paper, and thus have given encouragement and support to works of genius, which they never read, induced by an extra article in the conditions, "that a list of the subscribers shall be published at the end of the work!" Vain of being thought admirers and patrons of literature, they take this popular method to establish their reputation, and thus promote science, and do good to the world.

How many splendid edifices—how many famed seats of Science—how many charitable and other excellent institutions, owe their origin to all-powerful *Vanity!* Their founders, possessing wealth, and desirous of fame, knew in what estimation those characters are held, who have devoted their property and their services to the establishment of institutions such as these. And grateful to a good and generous mind, must be the incense of public praise, arising from the performance of noble and praise-worthy actions.—They coveted praise such as this; and, in order to obtain it, they directed their efforts to deserve it. A noble vanity, indeed, which excites men to philanthropy! to the performance of deeds, worthy of men and of Christians!

This passion for praise, when properly directed, is productive of the most excellent effects. Let none, then, endeavour to destroy it, or damp its ardour. Let them first inquire, where would have been public spirit, and patriotism, and heroism, and every philanthropic virtue, had this passion been early extinguished? Let them consider, that the present day would have been worse than the times of Gothic ignorance and Vandal barbarity; and let them forbear to eradicate, or weaken the force of a passion, which has been productive of more public good, than all their studied maxims, their wire-drawn disquisitions, and all the boasted precepts of their refined philosophy. H.

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For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

YOU will oblige a Customer by inserting in your entertaining Magazine, the following

MAXIMS.

WE frequently suffer pain from reports of events relating to us;—which were we permitted to explain, would redound to our credit.

Honor and Delicacy, often oblige us to conceal secrets, the disclosure of which would punish our enemies, and relieve our own feelings. There is magnanimity in such silence.

It is better to permit Duplicity and Treachery to punish themselves by their inevitable consequences, than to inflict punishment on them at the expense of honor and confidence.

Cunning never yet promoted the lasting happiness of its possessor; however its successful exercise may have given a momentary pain to the open and unsuspecting breast of sensibility.

Of one thing let man and woman be assured—Duplicity and Treachery will not escape punishment.

The injured feel much more happiness on reflection than the injurers.

We ought to forgive those who are made the unwilling dupes of Treachery—and who act wrong from force rather than from inclination. [*To be continued.*]

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

HOW monstrous provoking it is, that I did not see your seventh number, (which contained that impotent piece addressed to the Fair Sex,) until this morning! How much trouble it would have saved me! But papa will not take it, because he says there is no politics in it; but, for my part, I like it the better for it, and sincerely wish all the Printers would adopt the same plan, and not say a word about politics. La! how delightful it would be to take up a paper in the morning, and instead of political intelligence, see nothing but theatrical advertisements, or an account of some funny marriage, or splendid ball—fashions, and robberies, and murders, like the English Newspapers. But I have digressed from my subject, which was to tell you, that since I read your piece, I dare not wear one of my fashionable gowns, for the fear of having indelicate remarks made upon my elbows. Only think how provoking! No longer than last week, I had a beautiful black Muslin made, and trimmed elegantly with mazarine blue, and now I shall never dare wear it, because the sleeves are full half way up to my shoulders. To tell you the truth, Messrs. Printers, I don't think it was very polite in you, to publish such stuff about wigs, and chemises.—Fine times, to be sure, that the ladies can't make their cloaths as they please! I dont think any young lady will come to you, sirs, to know how to put on her wig. For my part, I am sure I shan't, but shall wear it entirely over my face, if I chuse, and if I should, I know of more than one gentleman, that would be glad to see me unmasked again. As for piecing down the sleeves of our chemises, as the gentleman was pleased to term them, I am sure we shall do as we please about it. We shall go without any sleeves at all, if we please; and so you may tell Mr. Saunce-Box.

Jan. 1803. MARY ANN SMARTLY.

THEATRICAL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

ON Wednesday evening last, I visited the Theatre, to see and admire the favorite comedy of *Management*. The parts were well fitted and ably supported. The part of Miss, and Worry, by Messrs. *Baker* and *Dickinson*, were well calculated to please a gay audience; those of Sir Hervey Sutherland, and Juliana, by Mr. *Harper*, and Mrs. *Darley*, to interest the serious. The whole comedy was well received by a respectable, though not very numerous audience.

I am persuaded, should Mr. *Powell* bring forward Shakespeare's favorite play of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, he would be rewarded with a full audience. S.

REMARK.—It was remarked *as a caution against going to law*, by a gentleman of the law, "he that would go to law must have a good cause, a heavy purse, a skilful attorney, an able advocate, good evidences, an intelligent jury, an upright and patient judge; and having all these, unless he has very good luck, he will stand a small chance of succeeding in his suit."

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, *of a* CITIZEN *of* BOSTON.

No. 22.]—YANKEE—This is the name given sometimes by way of derision, and at other times only of simple pleasantry to the inhabitants of the four New England States. It is thought by some to derive from a savage people who formerly occupied this country, the Connecticut river and Massachusetts; the name of *Bashaw* is given in the same manner to the inhabitants of Virginia, because their ancestors were hunters, and sold buck or rather deer skins—for there are no roebucks in Virginia.

In a marginal note in hand writing in the same page of Chastelleux Travels, from which I transcribed the above, is the following:—"The appellation of *Yankee*, originated in the town of Stern. Ann Hastings, who lived there, always used this term to mean *Excellent*; the peculiarity of it was remarked, and became known quite through New-England." Another account says, it derived from the word *Yankoo*, which signified "Conqueror," and was the name of a nation of Indians in New England, who were never conquered.

No. 23.]—THE TOWER OF LONDON—This Tower was anciently a Royal Palace, where the British Kings, with their courts, have often lodged, but at present is made use of for the following purposes, viz.—As a citadel to defend or command the city—As an armoury for warlike articles—as a Treasury for the Jewelry and ornaments of the crown—as a Royal Mint, or only place of coinage for all England—as a great archive to preserve the ancient Records of the Courts of Westminster—and as a chief Prison of State to which the nobility and persons of note are committed, when charged with dangerous offences.

It is a very spacious building, containing within the walls upwards of twelve acres of ground, and in compass on outside of the ditch, it measures 3156 feet.

NATURAL HISTORY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Natural Curiosities in TURELL'S *Cabinet*—*No.* I.

GENUS AMPHISBÆNA—*RINGED SNAKE.*

GENERIC CHARACTER.

Body cylindric equal, annular Incisions, both on the body and tail.

Species I—A Alba—White Ringed Snake.
Shaw's Zoology, vol. 3d. page 591, plate 134.

THIS remarkable genus is very readily distinguished from the other Serpents by the manner in which the skin is marked, with numerous circles or rings completely surrounding the body, and divided in a longitudinal direction, by numerous straight lines, thus forming so many square or parallelogrammic scales. Only two species have yet been discovered, of which the present is the largest, measuring from fifteen inches to two feet or more in length; and of a considerable thickness, in proportion: Its form is equally cylindric throughout; the head, which is covered with large scales, being of scarce greater diameter than the body, and the tail, which is very short, terminating in a rounded extremity. The colour of this species is white, but in some specimens tinged with pale rose colour; while in others, the head and back incline, to a pale yellowish or brownish cast (as in Mr. Turell's Specimen). The usual number of circles or rings is observed to be about 223 on the body, and 16 on the tail. It is a native of South America, where it is found in woods, preying on insects, worms, &c. It is a harmless animal, but it is said that on handling it for some time, the skin becomes affected with a slight itching, accompanied by small pustules owing to an acrimonious moisture, exuding from the animal.

Species 2d—A fuliginosa—Sooty ringed Snake,
Shaw's Zoology, vol. 3d, page 593, pl. 135.

This which seems rarely to equal the preceding in size, is at all times readily distinguished by its colours;—the general cast being a purplish or blackish brown, variegated in an irregular manner on all sides by scattered and broken patches of yellowish white, the outlines or divisions of each variegation being always rectangular; the general form is the same as in the preceding species, but the head is rather longer in proportion; on the divisions both of the rings and scales are very strongly marked; it often varies in its colour—sometimes exhibiting pretty vivid variegations of yellow on a purple or a violet ground colour, at other times an equally remarkable contrast of black and white. It is by no means uncommon in many parts of South America, in its manners resembling the former species and being equally inoffensive.—The skin of both species is remarkably strong and tenacious, and of a smooth glossy surface, and it is probable that they are enabled to great facility to perforate the ground, somewhat in the manner of earth worms, in order to obtain occasional supplies of food.

The foregoing descriptions taken principally from Dr. Shaw's Zoology, will be found to agree exactly with the Specimens in Mr. Turell's Cabinet, which were brought from Surinam.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1803.

It is said, that a considerable part of the *Table Mount* (Cape-of-Good-Hope) has fallen from its summit, with terrible noise. The weight of the enormous mass of Rock that has fallen, is estimated at 250,000 tons.

A Bridge has been erected over the *James river*, from Richmond to Manchester. It passes over three islands and is raised upon 32 piers.

The Rev. B. Allifton, of New-Jersey, and Mr. John Hawkins, have made a discovery of making Paper from the *husks of Indian Corn*—and it is said they have obtained a patent for the invention.

Capt. *Benjamin Crowninshield*, of the Prudent, brought from the Isle of France to Jamaica, a very valuable plant, the properties of which have lately been discovered. It is said to be an effectual antidote to poisons generally, as venereal virus, as well as the hydrophobia, is said to yield to this remedy. Capt. C. fearful that the plant would not in coming upon this coast in the winter, presented it to the botanic garden in Jamaica, the Intendant of which (it being a new article) has given it the name of Crowninshield.—50

FIRES.

On the 16th inst. about 2 o'clock in the morning, the house of Mr. Abijah Hunt, at Williamsburg. Some of the family were considerably burnt in making their escape—loss 1500 dollars.——On the 20th inst. at Dublin, (N. H.) a large commodious house, owned by Mr. Joel Wright.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The *eighth volume* of the Collections of the *Massachusetts Historical Society*, is just published, from the press of Melin Monroe and Francis. The industry and zeal of this respectable society, is evidenced by their *frequent and valuable* publications. Our readers may form some idea of the entertainment and instruction that may be derived from a perusal of the present volume, from the *Table of Contents*, which we subjoin. We indulge a hope, that we shall soon be furnished with an Analysis of the principal papers in this interesting volume. The contents are:—"Remarks upon Remarks on the History of Salem; Historical account of John Elliot, the first minister of the Church in Roxbury. Gov. Dudley's Letters to the Countess of Lincoln, 1631. Historical Sketch of the Life and Character of Col. Ephraim Williams, and of Williams College; Topographical and Historical account of Marblehead; Bill of Mortality of Middleborough; Biographical Notices of Marston Watson, Esq; Sketch of the Life and Character of Thomas Bernard, Esq; Notice of Ezekiel Price, Esq; Character of the Hon. George Richards Minot, Esq; Description of the Eastern Coast of the County of Barnstable; Description of Sandwich; Note on Falmouth; Description of Dennis; Note on the South parts of Yarmouth and Barnstable; on the South Precinct of Harwich; Description of Chatham; Description and History of Eastham; Description of Orleans; Note on Wellfleet; Description of Provincetown; State of the Cod and Whale Fisheries in Massachusetts, 1763; Mourt's Journal of a Plantation settled at Plymouth, 1620; Edward Winslow's Relation of things remarkable in Plymouth, 1623; Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Thacher."

The "Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton," a novel founded on fact, by a lady of Massachusetts, is just published, and for sale by E. Larkin, Cornhill—the rapid sale of the first edition, is a proof of its estimation by the moral, instructive and entertaining reader.

No. 6, of "Cheap Repository Tracts; entertaining, moral and religious"—is just published and for sale by E. Lincoln, Water-street.

The "Philad. Company of Booksellers," have in the press, Walker's Dictionary, 8vo. Pocket Bible, on pearl type, with other books.

Mr. Morse, of New-Haven, proposes publishing, "A companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England, with Collects and Prayers for each solemnity; by Robert Nelson."

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Mr. Woodward, of Philadelphia, is preparing for the press, and will shortly publish, Philosophical and Critical enquiries concerning christianity, by Charles Bonnet, F.R.S. in a neat 12mo volume, with a frontispiece. This author is celebrated for his many Philosophical, Theological, and other writings—and the present work is written in a style of elegance, which it is proper to expect from so celebrated a author.

D. Longworth, of New-York, has just published, the Ladies and Gentleman's Belles Letres Repository, for 1803. This little work is finished in a most superb style. Its graphic and typographic execution, is equal to any thing of the kind, we have ever seen from an American press—and the selections are worthy of the execution.

In the press at Walpole, N. H. an original work, upon the universal benevolence of the Deity, by the Rev. Dr. Foster; a new system of Geography for schools, by John Hubbard, Esq. of Deerfield; and in course of the winter and spring, will be published, Tomlin's Digest of the Term Reports—containing a concise statement of all the points of law determined in the court of King's Bench, from 1785 to 1793, inclusive.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the authors of the "*Gossip*," and "*Itinerant*," the Editors tender their most grateful acknowledgements; and hope long to be honored with their productions. Our readers will find the seventh number of the *Itinerant*, in this week's Magazine.

We have received a beautiful parody on the *Marseillez Hymn*, but as its allusions are *political*, it is inadmissible in our Magazine.

"*Amanda*," may rely on an honorable secrecy. We are sorry her "*Advertisment for a Lover*," was not received in season for this week.

"*Laura*," seems anxious to be useful. Her communication shall have an early insertion.

Stephen's Verses shall be published. We shall take the liberty to give them a little correction.

Lines by "*Lindorf, to Caroline of Bolton*," do in no wise concern, and we assure the author, will not interest any body, except *himself* or *Caroline*.

Enigmatical list of the Young Ladies of *Boston*, is received, but inadmissible—the Editors intending the *Magazine* for more laudable purposes, than puzzling the brain, without the possibility of informing the understanding.

The *extract* by "*A Correspondent*," shall be attended to.

We are sorry it is out of our power to comply with the wishes of a *Mercantile* friend.

We have been unable to obtain, at present, the information requested by "*A Subscriber*."

Lines on the "*Rock of Killarney*," trifling, puerile, and incorrect.

A letter and some poetry on "*Winter*," signed "*Fernando*," are received. We shall give the author no answer, but select a part of each, that our candid readers may form their own opinion of the author's merit, and the justice of our rejection. "*If you think them worth your attention you may please to put them in if not you need not Blackguard me for them as you have done to others*" "*please to correct the Spelling*" &c

"*The fields with Blighted herbage brown*
The Skies no longer blue"

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL and MISCELLANEOUS.

SHENEL, a celebrated German Artist, has invented an Instrument, that he calls an *Aneuvoride*, which imitates as exactly as possible, the *sounds* of the human voice.

IT has been found in the course of a number of curious and interesting experiments, made by M. Holdebrant, that ammoniac, diluted with water, does not dissolve copper in its metallic state, without the contact of vital or atmospherical air, and does not receive from it the slightest shade of colour; nor, if united with carbonic acid, will exhibit any stronger signs of attacking that metal.

AN experiment is now making at Paris on the method employed in Egypt of white washing walls. The process consists in the addition of a few handfuls of marine salt to a quintal of lime, mixed for use. It possesses the advantage of being attended with very little expence, of killing insects, and destroying the miasmata, which penetrate walls frequently to a great depth.

☞ The whole number of deaths in the town of *Plymouth*, the last year, (whose population is 3524,) was 149.—12 of which were over 70 years of age; 40 between 21 and 70; 6 between 5 and twelve; 91 under 5 years of age. Upwards of ninety of which were in the months of *September* and *October*.

SINGULARITY.—A late Newark (New-Jersey) paper, says—"A short time since a foetus of a very novel and curious construction was taken from a cow belonging to Mr. Jotham Baldy, of this town. It has two pair of ears and but one eye, which shuts horizontally, and is placed in the middle of the forehead. The head, ears, and neck, in shape resemble that of an elephant. From the top of the skull projects a horn, in a horizontal direction, overhanging the eye. Another horn, but shorter, projects from the upper jaw; and the end of the lower jaw somewhat resembles the chin of a human being. The hoofs are cloven, but turn up at the ends as if seared by fire. The body and legs, are those of a hog. This extraordinary production is now in the possession of Mr. William Gardner."

SEA OTTER.

THE following singular occurrence may be depended on as a fact, viz.—A few days ago as a gentleman was fishing on Totnes river, he perceived an Otter swimming towards him, which on approaching nearer, he wounded it on the head with a stone, and caused the animal instantly to dive out of sight; but, to his no little surprise, within a quarter of an hour it appeared again, attended with three more of the same species, who commenced an attack upon him with undaunted resolution; the gentleman defended himself with great spirit, armed with the spike affixed to his rod, notwithstanding his legs were furnished with a pair of strong water boots, they presently made dreadful havoc, and breached through every part of them; and in the assault so terribly mangled his legs, that he was forced to abandon the combat and retreat, leaving the enemy complete masters of the field of battle, with his rod and fishing materials behind, and with difficulty he escaped home, where he no sooner arrived than he fell down and fainted away.—*L. P.*

TO THE LADIES.

THE following are humbly recommended as necessary requisites for a Lady's Toilet:—A fine eye-water, *bearoolace*.—Best white paint, *innocence*—A mixture, giving sweetness to the voice, *mildness and truth*—A wash to prevent wrinkles, *contentment*—Best rouge, *modesty*—A pair of the most valuable ear-rings, *attention*—An universal beautifier, *good humour*—A lip-salve, *clean plaught*.

TO PARENTS.

Letter from a boy at School, to his too indulgent Father.—"Dear Father, I write this on *Monday*, to go by the post "to-morrow (*Tuesday*) and it will reach you on *Wednesday*, "—I expect you will send me money on *Thursday*, so that "I may receive it on *Friday*: if not, I shall set out on *Saturday*, and be with you on *Sunday*."

INGENUITY OF A BLIND MAN.

A blind man had five hundred crowns, which he hid in a corner of his garden; but a neighbour, who perceived him, dug them up, and carried them away. The blind man not finding his money, suspecting who it was that had robbed him, took the following method to recover his treasure. He went to his neighbour, and told him he had come to ask his advice; that he had a thousand crowns, of which half were hid in a secure place, and he knew not whether he ought to put the rest with them. His neighbour advised him to do it, and hasted to return the five hundred crowns, in hopes of soon gaining the thousand; but the blind man, having again found his money, seized it, and calling his neighbour, said to him, "My friend, the blind has seen clearer than he who has two eyes." [*Recueil pap.*]

"GOLD! yellow, glittering, precious GOLD!"

A Valuable chance for obtaining *ten thousand dollars*, still presents in Hadley Lottery. A few warranted undrawn Tickets, at D. 5 50, for sale by GILBERT and DEAN.

☞ A correct list of all the prizes and blanks may be seen as above—the great expence and trouble which attend keeping it, compels a tax of two cents on each number examined.—Prizes taken in pay for tickets. Jan. 29.

SCHOOL FOR RATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

Mr. J. HOSMER, we understand, begins a new quarter for teaching young ladies and misses, in the genteel and rational amusement of Dancing, on Tuesday Evening next, at the Green Dragon. His experience and regularity of conduct, prompts us to say, that parents may depend on a strict attention being paid to the pupils put under his care.

THEATRE.

Next Monday, will be presented, for the last time this season, COMUS, or *America Delivered*;—to conclude with the farce of the SPOIL'D CHILD.

MARRIAGES.

In Newark, Mr. Daniel Oakey, of London, to Miss Sarah C. Forbes. In Windsor, (V.) Mr. Seth Salisbury, of Roxbury, to Miss Betsy Cody. In Portsmouth, Mr. William Damrell, to Miss Catharine Shapley; Mr. Samuel Nutting, printer, to Miss Catharine Gookin. In Providence, Mr. Thomas Walton, to Miss Mary Hicks. In Gloucester, Mr. Moses Gilbert, to Miss Lucy Rust. In Salem, Mr. William Stickney, to Miss Elizabeth Dyrne; Mr. Christopher Beals, to Miss Nancy Cranston. In Pittsfield, Mr. Wells Fowler, to Miss Sally Hubbard.

In Boston, Mr. William Frazer, to Mrs. Mary Duggan; Capt. Constans, Hopkins, to Miss Margaret Clough; Mr. Samuel Cutler, of Charlestown, to Miss Hannah Dunklee; Dr. Abraham Moore, of Bolton, to Miss Betsy Wales; Mr. Nathan Phelps, of Hollis, to Miss Mary Miller.

DEATHS.

In Beverly, Mrs. Betsy Dodge, Æt. 23. In Burlington, Mrs. Abigail Johnson, Æt. 62. In Hingham, Capt. William Cowell, late of Boston, Æt. 57. In Canton, Mr. Adam Blackman, Æt. 73. In Stoneham, Miss Mary Richardson, Æt. 21. At sea, Mr. Eben Smith, of Boston, Æt. 21. In Baltimore, Mr. John Gower, late of Boston. In Milton river, (drowned) by the breaking of the ice, while he was skating, a son of Mr. Daniel Briggs, Æt. 12. Three other lads fell in but were extricated in season.—Mr. Ennis, (a midshipman) and three men, belonging to the U. S. sch. *Enterprize*, were drowned off Leghorn, on the night of the 15th of Oct. by the overturning of the boat.—On Friday evening, 21st inst. a child of Mr. Stevens, at Marblehead, was burnt so that it expired in a few hours. Some fire had fallen on a cat, which immediately run under the bed upon which the child was. Mrs. Stevens had driven the cat out, but did not observe she had left any fire. Returning to the room, after a few moments absence, she found the bed on fire, and the child burnt as above mentioned. At his seat in Barrington, 17th inst. Matthew Watson, Esq. aged *one hundred and seven years*. He has enjoyed his health and mental faculties, except being blind, until within two years of his death. "He has lived in three centuries, and died in a good old age full of days, riches and honor."—In Warren, (R. I.) Mr. Henry Luther, Æt. 23; Miss Mary Mason, Æt. 41. In Bristol, (R. I.) Mrs. Catharine Wardwell, Æt. 51. In Ipswich, (M.) Capt. Jabez Treadwell, Æt. 63. In Salem, Mrs. Jane Ward, Æt. 36. In Weathersfield, (C.) Mrs. Abigail Butler, Æt. 27. In Woodstock, on the evening of the 7th inst. Abner Cobb, Æt. 5. He was found in a wood lot mortally wounded on the head, and expired soon after. A sheep was discovered in the morning, to have on its horns and wool, marks of blood, and is thought must have been the destroyer of the child.—In Saybrook, (C.) Mrs. Buckingham, Æt. 80, wife of Mr. John B. She had been left but a few moments, when she was heard to cry out; on entering the kitchen, where she had been trying some tallow, she was found standing with her clothes in flames; she appeared in full strength of her reason, but could not tell how they were caught. She expired in about four hours after, in great distress, notwithstanding medical aid was soon procured.—In Tiverton, Mr. Philip Sandford, of Westport. He expired in a few hours after receiving a fall from his horse.—In Plympton, Ignatius Loring, Esq. Æt. 73. In Claremdon, (V.) Mr. Benj. Foster, Æt. 89. In Portsmouth, Mrs. Doig; Mrs. Mehitable Wentol, Æt. 88; Mrs. Phebe Neil, Æt. 69; Mrs. Mary Shores, Æt. 65. In Newbury, Mr. Johna Noyes, Æt. 96. In Newburyport, Miss Elizabeth Prichard, Æt. 21. In Weston, Mrs. Sarah Conant, Æt. 65. In Billerica, Mr. Richard Braden, Æt. 38. In Roxbury on Saturday last, Nancy Shaw Boston, Æt. 4, daughter of Maj. Wm. B. In Lunenburg, Mrs. Relief Whitney, Æt. 55, formerly of Watertown. In Princeton, Mrs. Dorothy Mirick, Æt. 66. In Holden, Mrs. Katy Rice, Æt. 30. In Lewistown, Mr. Ezekiel Hacker, Æt. 62. In New-London, Mr. James Patterson, Æt. 32. In Dover, (N. H.) Dea. Dunk. Ham, Æt. 92. In New-York, Mr. Jacob Driskell.

In Boston, Mrs. Lydia Clark, Æt. 55; Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, Æt. 66; Mrs. Shaw, wife of Mr. Elias S. Æt. 46.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LUCY's *Answer to* SELIM's *Complaint.*

WHEN night extends her sable wings,
To wrap the world in soft repose;
When Morpheus' leaden sceptre brings,
Cessation to life's varied woes,
Ah! then how oft does LUCY's mind,
From the world's busy trifles free;
Mourn her sad fate, and tho' resign'd,
Yet SELIM breathes one sigh for thee.

SELIM, were worlds in LUCY's pow'r,
And were she free the boon to give,
With thee she'd share the splendid dow'r;
For thee alone would LUCY live.
But since hard fate forbids my mind,
To cherish one sad thought of thee;
Tho' to that fate I bow resign'd,
Oh! SELIM give one sigh to me.

Oft in the silent hour of night,
When ev'ry thought would rise sublime,
Thou dost arrest them in their flight;
I think perhaps at the same time,
Thou may'st yon fretted vault admire,
May send one vagrant thought tow'rd me;
Ah! then each with that I respire,
Oh! SELIM, blessings asks for thee.

On thee may that benignant power,
Whose word whole systems can controul;
Its best its choicest blessings shower,
May full content possess thy soul.
And may some highly favoured one,
More happy than thy LUCY be;
And whilst thy heart is hers alone,
Oh! SELIM, give one sigh to me.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

On seeing a Monument painted by a young Lady, *to the memory of Miss* C. T. *and presented to her Mother.*

THIS picture fair by friendship trac'd,
And drawn with elegance and taste
"The memory to perpetuate,"
A daughter lov'd by all so late;
Will consolation kind impart,
And soothe a mother's wounded heart.
For SOPHIA holds within her breast
The place by CHARLOTTA late possest.
To friends 'twill kind remembrance keep,
When for their loss they cease to weep,
And gratitude will grief erase,
To hold in every heart its place—
* * * * * * * * *
Here as we gaze with soften'd eye,
And think how true that all must die,
Tho' hard to bear, perhaps 'tis best
That she should soon be sent to rest.
Yet all regret that when in youth,
A lovely child of worth and truth,
Not old enough to go astray,
And learn mankind's corrupted way,
Is call'd to leave a world behind
So very bad we often find;
For sure this truth we all must know,
"There's little happiness below!"
How glad sure then ought we to be
To see a child from misery flee,
To go to rest which ne'er will cease,
And dwell in everlasting peace. T. S.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

POND FREDERIC TO FANNY FALSEFAIR.

AN ALLITERATIVE ADDRESS.

THE sweetest Seraph's softest smile,
The gorgeous gems of gentle grace,
The slippery serpent's stealthful stile,
Frequent false *Fanny's* flattering face.

Headstrong with hazy halcyon hope,
I follow fond the fickle fair;
Nor shun the sudden, stunning stroke,
Which drives me deep in dark despair.

The golden, glorious, glowing globe,
Which splendid *Sol* sublimely shews,
Nor night's nocturnal nimbose mode,
Distilling diuretic dews,

Her eulogy can't e'en express,
When cherub *Cupids* cheer her charms;
When bounteous beauty's bent to bless,
Her aw'd adorer's amorous arms.

Nor systems, suns, nor sparkling stars,
In confus'd chaos countervolv'd,
Could ape the ambling of her airs,
When random ruin she resolv'd.

Fair *Fanny's* fame shall flourish far,
Till ceased time, shall, toiling, tire;
And, *Daphne, Delos, Dorcas* dear,
Shall fail to fan fierce *Fanny's* fire.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

BY the insertion of the following Latin verse, in your literary and useful paper, you will oblige a friend and correspondent. ALCANDER.

On a girl and boy, both beautiful, except that each had but one eye.

Dulce puero, luminis quid habent, concede Sororem,
Sic tu cœcum amor, sic erant illum VENUS.

☞ A translation is requested.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPIGRAM,

OF a modern Latin Poet, on the Princess of EBOLI, mistress of PHILIP 2d. King of Spain, and on the young favorite——both blind of one eye:

Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ;
Sic tu cœcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

☞ A poetical translation is requested.

AGRICULTURE.

ON THE APHIS.

[*From* FORSYTH, *on the culture and management of Fruit Trees.*]

☞ A few copies of this valuable work, may be had at the Bookstore of *West & Greenleaf*, Cornhill.

APHIDES, or Plant-Lice, are a very numerous and destructive tribe of insects. Entomologists enumerate 75 species of them, but probably three are many more, as every tree infested by them has a distinct species; and Linnæus names them from the different trees they live upon; as the Currant Aphis, the Plumb Aphis, the Cherry Aphis, &c. The males, which are very few in comparison of the females, have wings; but the females are apterous, or without wings.

Aphides are devoured by the larva of the Myrmeleon Formicarius, or ant-eater, of Linnæus. Ants are likewise very fond of them, on account of a sweet liquor which they eject from the anus. Aphides are extremely common.

Fruit-trees are frequently very much infested with different species of the aphis; the plum, in particular, suffers greatly by them. Those which I have most frequently found on plums are, the brown, the green, and the light sea-green aphis; but, as before observed, different sorts of trees generally have different species of aphides. Great care should be taken to destroy these pernicious insects at as early a period of their growth as possible; otherwise they will consume the leaves and fruit for that season. The best method that I have found for this purpose is, to take some fine wood-ashes mixed with one third part fine unslacked lime, and throw it on with a common dredging-box, till you have covered the undersides of all the leaves where you find the insects: This should be done in the morning early while the dew is on the leaves, which will cause the powder to adhere to them; letting them remain so covered with the powdered lime for three or four days. Then mix unslacked lime and soft water, or water that has been exposed to the sun a week at least, at the rate of half a peck to thirty two gallons, and stir it well two or three times a day for three or four days. If you have many trees that are infected with insects, mix up a large quantity in the same proportion as the above. I generally mix as much at once as will fill a cistern* about seven feet long, by three and an half broad, and three feet deep, and that contains about 550 gallons, which, according to the foregoing proportion, requires about two bushels and half a peck of lime. With this liquid, after the lime has subsided, give the trees a good watering, observing to throw a considerable part of it under the leaves, by a barrow engine; this should be repeated once a day, for six days, which will destroy all the aphides.

If you find the insects begin to make their appearance again, apply the powder as before directed, and repeat the watering.

* *If it be a lenden cistern, a little loam, enough to cover the bottom, must be thrown in, and then trod down, before the lime or water are put in: The loam will prevent the lime from corroding the metal.*

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE return of a new year, while it excites the gay and thoughtless to festivity and mirth, awakens in the mind of the serious man, the most salutary reflections. It is the duty of the latter to let no period of time, however brief, escape unimproved. It is natural therefore, for him, at the close of an era, which forms a considerable fraction of his existence, to pause, and institute a *full* scrutiny—to retrace in his mind the events of the expiring year, and to balance, with rigorous impartiality, the good and the evil thereof. The man of industry and virtue, upon these occasions, always finds time his debtor.—Whereas the votaries of indolence and vice are hurrying every reviving hour, to a guilty bankruptcy.

AMUSEMENT.

THE LAWYER AND TAYLOR.

THE following, from a London paper, exhibits no small degree of ingenuity. It appears that the Taylor had committed some law business into the hands of his Attorney for which he had *well charged*—and in return, to make him a suit of cloaths, the Taylor sent him the subsequent bill:

To measuring, and taking orders for a suit of cloaths,	6 d
Warrant and instructions to my foreman, for executing the same,	6 d
Going three times to the Woolen Draper's,	10 0
Fees to the Woolen Draper,	4 4
Cutting out the cloth,	6 d
Materials for working,	2 2 0
Trying the suit,	6 d
Alterations and amendments,	8 0
Entering it in my day-book,	2 6
Posting it in my Ledger,	6 d
Engrossing the same,	2 4
Writing to the Button-merchant,	6 d
Filling his declaration, 16 sheets,	16 0
Fees to Button-merchant,	2 12 0
Removing the suit from my house to Gray's Inn,	2 2 0
Removing it by certiorari from Gray's Inn to Surrey, (at your country house)	2 2 0
Writing out a receipt with a stamp,	12 0
Filling the same,	6 d
Service of the same, 5s. do. eight times more, 2£.	2 1 0
	£20 5 6

Which balanced the Lawyer's bill, and the Taylor generously gave in Tape, Tuffe, Buckram, and other small articles.

A WAG, observing a fellow steal a fish, at Billingsgate, and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, whispered the purloiner, in future, either to wear a *longer* jacket, or steal a *shorter* fish.—*P. Folio.*

A Grocer, with the very appropriate name of *Phelps*, advertises, in a late Albany Paper,—cognine brandy, holland gin, and hebert's brown strout porter.—*Mr. Phelps*, (as we may judge from his name) will not only *fill up* good measure to his customers, but will occasionally be a good customer to himself.—*N. Ægis.*

THE Gentleman who lately purchased Mr. Jeanson's famous horse, *Sir Solomon*, for a *Thousand Guineas*, is not likely to come within the meaning of that sarcasm, which says, that "a fool and his money are soon parted;" for if not possessed of much *wisdom* himself, he at least shews that he does not spare expense in order to acquire it.—*L. Pap.*

BOSTON:
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Two Dolls. per ann.—One half paid in advance.
☞ PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.—ORDERS followed.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——N° XV.

Ducite ad urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.

I SAID, "I would renew the subject of matrimonial unhappiness." Oh! that it were in my power to remove the various causes. Much of it, as I have before remarked, arises from the precipitancy with which young people rush to the fane of Hymen, without consulting their hearts, with that scrutinizing enquiry which would enable them to ascertain, whether they have affection or prudence sufficient to bear without repining, all the caprices, ill humours, and even faults of their companion; and this forbearing affection should be mutual. Man has no more right to be so with impunity than woman. He has no more right to tax the patience, and long suffering tenderness of a wife, than she has to irritate, provoke or dishonour him. It is *certainly* of infinite consequence that mature deliberation should precede the solemn, the sacred league of marriage. Women, from their retired situations, from their education and habits, have not the opportunity of investigating characters, and forming opinions on men and manners, with that discriminating accuracy, which the opposite sex enjoy; they should therefore be extremely cautious how they cloud their partners, and suffer not a pleasing exterior to blind them to the errors, of either head or heart. But with all their superiority of sense, situation, education and sex, which, (whether fancied or real) custom in all climes, all nations, has agreed to allow to men; they are in this momentous concern, as liable to be imposed on, as women. They are the slaves of personal attraction—women of flattery: Men fall victims to the charms of their fair enslavers—women to the homage paid to their own attractions. But I mean not a general farcasm, honor' honesty! gratitude! forbid—there are men who can discover and venerate sense and virtue, under the plainest form, and like Bassanio,* seek and find the jewel of intrinsic worth, in the unpolished casket; and women who can love even to adoration the man who sees, and strives to remedy their defects, whether of principle, education or understanding; but such characters, are like comets, which appear only once in a long revolution of time, and tho' when apparent, fill us at once with surprize, wonder, and delight, are so transient, that we can assign them no certain place on the globe, either amongst the common fixed stars, which are visible every fine evening, or even amongst the planets, which disappear at certain periods, and then break upon us again with renewed lustre. It must be acknowledged, that women suffer much from the inconstancy, unkindness, and aristocracy, (if I may be allowed the term) of men. I can clearly comprehend the feelings of a Brother, who, conscious of a Sister's merit, and convinced of her tenderness for her unworthy tyrant, sees her neglected, and treated with unkindness and contempt. I feel for, and from my soul do commiserate the woman, who loves the wretch that tramples on every moral obligation; and at the shrine of vice, intemperance, ignorance, or obstinacy, sacrifices his own health, and property, and the peace of *Her*, whom before God he had sworn to love and protect. But shall I not be called illiberal and unjust, if I tell the lovely sufferers, their own misconduct often augments their misery. Man from childhood, taught the superiority of his sex, over his female acquaintance and relations, regards with scorn every appearance of controul from beings he thinks so vastly beneath him—Woman cannot shew this superiority, to be only ideal, in a stronger light, than when receiving th ir unthinking husband, with smiles and strewing the roles of peace on the pillow of him whose conduct has twined a wreath of thorns round their temples, which penetrate even to the heart. A young and lovely woman, newly married (perhaps to the man of her choice) feels every contradiction, an unkindness; every omission, a pointed neglect.

* *Merchant of Venice.*

Her husband goes out and forgets to inform her he is engaged for the whole evening; or when questioned where he is going, refuses to tell her. Her ardent imagination immediately pictures a change in his affection; he is supposed no longer to love the woman whom he can leave for so many hours. "*Without a cause assigned, or reason given.*" "Oh!" she exclaims, in bitterness of soul, "I have lost my husband's love, what shall I do? what charm shall I employ to regain, to bring him home, to love, to happiness and me?" shall I tell you, my sorrowing friend? the charm of good humour, and uncomplaining sweetness. Did unavoidable business take him from you, tears, reproaches, and fullenness, will be but a sad welcome, after his anxiety and vexation; did pleasure or a *rival* draw him from home, if, on his return he is received with frowns and reproaches, it will only serve to endear that face to him, which is ever dress in smiles to receive him.

What an everlasting Gossip I am; this correspondent of mine has engaged me on a subject which has awakened every feeling of my soul, and ten to one, but I shall prate and prate, till every creature who listens, is ready to fall asleep; I have now twenty stories apropos to the subject, which I could tell, but I have just heard some news which I am out center hooks till I promulgate, so cannot stay to write another syllable at present.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——N° VIII.

"Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind;
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone,
AND PEACE, O VIRTUE! PEACE IS ALL THY OWN."
POPE.

"THE way of the transgressor is hard," says the sacred poet. The paths of virtue are easier to the traveller's feet, than the rugged and darksome ways of vice. It is true, the devious walks of error, at a distance, appear enchanting; they seem to lead through a charming, romantic country, diversified with rocks and precipices, beautiful streams and wide-expanded lakes, fields of flowers and embowering forests; with hills covered with verdure, and mountains whose awful summits are lost in the clouds—But the deluded traveller, who, unable to resist the fascinating temptation, lets go the hand of Virtue, finds on a nearer approach that the charm vanishes. Rocks, in huge masses, obstruct his passage; the beautiful streams become roaring torrents, and the wide-expanded lakes are blackened with eternal storms;—the forests are infested with poisonous serpents, and the flowers exhale stupefaction and disease.

Let the man who disclaims all principle, and whose actions are circumscribed by no moral laws, let him boast of his liberty, and the extended circle of his enjoyments. Let him expatiate on what he falsly calls pleasure, to the pursuit of which he criminally devotes his contracted, miserable life. He is an object worthy of pity, not of envy. While he insults your understanding with his tale of happiness, and invites you to partake of the pleasures of life, remorse, like the vulture of Prometheus, preys upon his vitals, and discontent sits brooding on his countenance. His senses are palled by excess; every appetite extinguished by luxury, and his body emaciated by every intemperate indulgence. Life is insipid, undesirable, disgusting; and often, from the consciousness of having committed crimes at which his soul recoils, almost insupportable. Suicide is perhaps his last resource; or he is deterred from it only by the "fear of something after death," or from a want of courage sufficient to strike the fatal blow. Melancholy catastrophe!—misery, and disease, and ignominy, and remorse, attend him on this side the grave, and gloomy indeed beyond conception are his prospects of futurity!

The man of virtuous principles, and a conformable life, although his pleasures are less showy, does not envy the libertine his happiness. He feels that his own enjoyments are of a superiour nature: they are harmless and serene, steady and substantial; unattended by guilt, nor succeeded by remorse. The calm reflections of solitude present no images of horror to his mind; they are his delight; they constitute his happiness. A stranger to oppression, injustice, and seduction, he is a friend to the poor, the advocate of the injured, and the protector of the innocent. His, are permanent pleasures; which not only confer happiness in the immediate pursuit, but are equally delightful in the retrospect. They sustain him in adversity, and light up his countenance on the bed of death. His prospects brighten as he leaves the world. He looks with futurity with steadiness and serenity, and approaches an undiscovered country" not only without fear, but with the animating persuasion, that it is the abode of happiness, and the place where virtue shall meet its reward. H.

MRS. *WOLLSTONECRAFT.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT and DEAN,

MUCH has been said lately, concerning the works and character of Mrs. WOLLSTONECRAFT. I do not ask either a faultless character, but I think the following apology, or defence of her, from the pen of an episcopal Clergyman, who was with her during the last months of her existance very frequently, and knew her long deserves some attention from those who are so ready to load her memory with abuse.' CANDID.

From the London "MONTHLY VISITOR."

IN the Memoirs of the late Mrs. Wollstonecraft, Mr. Godwin is anxious to represent her as being *indifferent* to REVELATION. This was perhaps the case; particularly after her neglect of public worship. For we are told that several years previous to her death, she relinquished her attendance on the usual *routine of sermons and prayers*, as her biographer disrespectfully calls them. Let it, however, be remembered, that Mrs. Wollstonecraft has written decidedly in favor of public worship, and against that pernicious species of infidelity which is now to unhappily prevalent. The testimonies borne by this extraordinary woman, at an uncontaminated period of her life, are deserving of attention, and may counteract that part of her Memoirs, where irreligion is openly avowed and defended.—The passages are to be found in a little pamphlet, with the following title, *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters: with Reflections on Female Conduct, in the more important duties of life. By Mary Wollstonecraft.* 1788.

On the observance of Sunday, she remarks, "The institution of keeping the seventh day holy, was wisely ordained by Providence for two purposes: to rest the body, and call off the mind from the too eager pursuits of the business of this life, which I am afraid often obscure the prospect of futurity, and fix our thoughts on earth. A respect for this ordinance is, I am *persuaded*, of the utmost consequence to national religion. The vulgar have such a round of duty, as they term it, going to church and hearing religious, are almost synonimous terms. They are so long in their senses, that if *that* day did not continually remind them, they would soon forget there was a God in the world. *Some forms are necessary to support vital religion, without them it would soon languish, and at last expire.*"

As to dress, her words are still more remarkable and decisive. In her chapter "On the misfortune of fluctuating principle," she observes, "if we look for any consistency in friendship or society, we must associate with those who have *fixed principles with respect to religion*; for without them, reputable experience, convinces me the most shining qualities are unstable, and not to be depended on. It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that so few people examine the tenets of the religion they profess, or undertake it through conviction. They have no compass to steer by, nor any fixed chart to direct them in the doubtful voyage of life. How then can they hope to find the haven of rest? but they think not of it, and cannot be expected to forego present advantages. Noble actions must arise from noble thoughts and views; when they are confined to the world—they must be grovelling.

"Faith, with respect to the promises of eternal happiness, can only enable us to combat with our passions, with the chance of victory. There are many who pay no attention to revelation, and more who have not any fixed belief

in it. The *first word* of comfort is neglected; and how people can *live without it*, I can scarcely conceive. For as the sun renews the face of nature, and chases away darkness from the world, so does this still *greater blessing* have the same effect on the mind, and enlightens and *cheers it, when every thing else fails.*

"A true sense of our infirmities is the way to make us christians in the most extensive sense of the word. A mind depressed with a weight of weakness, can only find comfort in the promises of the gospel: The assistance there offered must raise the humble soul, and the account of the atonement that has been made, gives a rational ground for resting in hope until the toil of virtue is over, and faith has nothing to be exercised on.

"It is the fashion now for young men to be *Deists*, and many a one have improper books sent adrift in a sea of doubts—of which there is no end. This is not a land of certainty; there is no confining the *wandering reason*, and but *one clue* to prevent its being lost in endless researches. Reason is indeed the heaven-lighted lamp in man, and may safely be trusted when not entirely depended upon—but when it pretends to discover what is beyond its ken, it certainly stretches the line too far, and runs into absurdity. Some speculations are idle, and others hurtful, as they raise pride, and turn the thoughts to *subjects that ought to be left unexplored.* With love and awe we should think of the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and not presume to say how he must exist who created us. How unfortunate it is, that man must sink into a brute; or else by *thinking*, grow so proud as often to imagine himself a *superior being.* It is not the doubts of profound thinkers, that I here allude to, but the crude notions which young men sport away, when together, and sometimes in the company of young women, to make them wonder at their superior wisdom! There cannot be any thing more dangerous to a mind not accustomed to think, than doubts delivered in a *ridiculing* way. They never go *deep enough* to solve them—of course they stick by them; and though they might not influence their conduct, if a fear of the world prevents their being guilty of vices—yet their thoughts are not restrained, and they should be observed diligently, *for* 'out of them are the issues of life.' A nice sense of right and wrong to be acquired, and then not only great vices will be avoided, but every little meanness; *truth will spring in the inward parts, and mercy will attend her.*

"I have indeed so much compassion for these young females who are entering into the world without *fixed principles*, that I would fain persuade them to *examine a little into the matter.* For though in the season of gaiety they may not feel the want of them—in that of *distress*, where will they fly for succour? Even with this support, life is a *labour of patience*—a conflict;—and the utmost we gain is a small portion of peace—a kind of watchful tranquility, that is liable to continual interruptions:

Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me the tenderest are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace,
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss—*is only for a* HIGHER STATE."

Should Mr. Godwin's attention be arrested by the passages which I have here transcribed, it may be the means of exciting in his breast some interesting emotions. He will recollect they are the words of one who was most dear to him—whose talents and virtues made an indelible impression on his heart. He will likewise hear in mind, that those were her sentiments at an early and *uncorrupted* period of life. These testimonies indeed, which she bore in favor of public worship, and against modern deism, seem to have been the spontaneous effusions of her soul, which, even at the time the pamphlet was written, was a soul of no ordinary dimentions. In the *twenty-seventh* year of her age, her powers must have been somewhat matured, nor can it be denied, that being in the habit of attending on the ministry of the late *Dr. Price*, she had thought much on religious subjects. These considerations duly weighed, may possibly produce in her biographer some relentings of heart, towards that amiable system of religion which she so powerfully recommended, and which he himself once firmly believed and zealously maintained. And let it not be forgotten, that this same religion which her husband rejects—was *her* chief source of comfort, under accumulated distresses. For in her very last publication*, frequent allusions are made by her to that region beyond the grave, where *the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!*

May the loss which Mr. Godwin has sustained by her decease, induce him to re-examine with seriousness and impartiality, the evidences of the gospel, which *hath brought life and immortality to light!* Then probably in the next edition of *the Memoirs*, he may substitute something more elevated and consolatory than its present concluding paragraph;—"This light was lent me for a very short period, and is now extinguished FOR AYER!!!" I wish not to give offence—no; not even to him, who, in his political works, has given such just occasion of offence, to every serious christian, by his insinuations against the religion of Christ. *To overcome evil with good* is an apostolic precept, which cannot be too sacredly observed. For ability and literature, I entertain a profound veneration. Nothing therefore, affords me more exquisite pleasure than *to see* talents employed in the best of all causes, the defence and illustration of the christian religion, and to *know* that affections, fraught with sensibility, partake under the sorest calamities, of that substantial consolation, derived from a future state of existance, which *the world can neither give nor take away.*

It is indeed to be sincerely regretted, that eccentricity should be the almost inseparable attendant on genius. Hence, meteor-like, whilst it dazzles, it oftentimes confounds every thing within the reach of its influence. "We talk much" (says Mr. Pope in one of his letters,) "of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for *use* and *happiness*, give me a little *common* sense." Had Mrs. Wollstonecraft avoided those singularities by which her character in the latter part of her life stands distinguished, and of which her biographer boasts in a peculiar strain of exultation—she might have passed through the world with a far greater portion of felicity—might have proved eminently useful to the rising generation of her own sex, and her many virtues would have shone forth with an unclouded lustre. This is the opinion of some of her best friends. This is the sentiment entertained by some of her warm, though not undistinguished admirers. But here these few cursory remarks, dictated by an ardent concern for the interests of morality and religion, shall close, being not unmindful of the advice given by *Grey* in these inimitable lines, which with propriety might be inscribed on her tomb:

"No farther seek her merits to disclose,
Or draw her frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of her Father and her God."—

JOHN EVANS.

Hoxton Square, March 12, 1798.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No VI.

MATT. V. 5.

Blessed are *the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.*

LONG had the heathen philosophers perplexed themselves and their scholars, in discussing the subject of the "chief good." Their opinions concerning it were contradictory and endless. One sought it in riches, another in mirth, a third in revenge, a fourth in women, a fifth in conquest, a sixth in liberty, and a seventh in fame. The sage of Nazareth, untutored by Socrates, and unlettered in the lore of Aristotle, exposed the grossness of their errours, and by the radiance of his heavenly wisdom dispelled the clouds and darkness, which enveloped their reasonings. He taught his disciple to look for the sovereign happiness not in the splendour of a court, but in the humble cottage of contentment; not in the dissipations of the gay, but among the pupils of adversity; not at the tables of the luxurious, but in the life of him, who *eats of wisdom's bread, and drinks of the wine which she has mingled;* not in the indulgence of malevolent, but in that of the pacifick dispositions; not, in short, in the emoluments, distinctions, and pleasures of sensual and selfish man, but in patience, humility, and moderation; in the acquisition of that moral purity and that unfeigned benevolence, which constitute the felicity of God.

This doctrine, so astonishing and incredible in the eye of a corrupt and stupid world, carries proof of its divinity and truth to the heart of reflection. How much happier, for example, are the *meek* believers in revelation, than proud infidels, who contemn what they have never examined, and profane what they do not understand! How much happier the *meek* disciples of Christ, who calmly endure affliction, than froward fatalists, who gall themselves with its yoke! How much happier the *meek*, who are slow to anger and candid in construction, than those waspish spirits who make a man *an offender for a word*; the *meek*, who forgive an injury, than the wrathful duellist, who cleanses his honour in the blood of a companion; the *meek*, who quietly enjoy, than the passionate who eagerly contend; the *meek*, who by sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners are always multiplying friends, than the petulant and morose who are always losing them; the *meek*, who prepare for trouble in the present world, which they consider as a passage to a better, than the impetuous and violent foes of ambition, who are continually jostled and bruised in a crowd of rivals, and stung by disappointments, without a ray of consolation or of hope from the light of the gospel!

In the 5th number, 13 lines from the beginning, for "contek," *read* content.

INSTRUCTION.

[☞ The following letter, from Madam *de Maintenon*, cannot be too frequently perused or too much admired. Every young woman destined for the great world, should attentively read it, and it ought to be engraven in letters of gold, in every seminary of female education.]

YOU must not, my young friend, hope for perfect happiness; on our globe it is not to be found, and 'tis exiled at all, in a court, be assured, it could never dwell. The life is replete with cares, but those attendant on greater, are more insupportable than any, connected with other conditions; for in a private station, we make our own troubles; in a court, we must contend for the vexations of other people. When I persuade you to believe that our sex is most particularly exposed to suffering, because we are always in a state of dependance, do not imagine that I would wish to make you displeased at, or ashamed of, what was wisely ordained by a just Providence. When a woman marries, if from proper motives, she will always regard her husband as her best friend, her wisest counsellor, and her only confidant. It has now become your duty to listen to his advice always! and when required freely to give him yours. Your husband and yourself should have but one mind, one heart, and one soul; that is, your sentiments, your feelings, should be always in unison. Human bliss, however, cannot be perfect, and I believe *that* to be the most happy marriages where each suffers in turn with mildness and patience. There is naturally, in every connection, some little contradiction, arising from constitutional humour, from difference of education and opinion. Under such an evil, be tranquil and submissive, for by submission, impossible as it may seem, we can only regret. Make obedience your stedfast principle, require none from your husband, in whom you must not expect to find as much disinterested friendship, as in one of your own *sex*. It is peculiar to our bosoms, and men are less susceptible of it than women. You will be unhappy if you are too nice in this particular.

Offer up your prayers to heaven that you may never be jealous. If unfortunately you have real cause, do not, as you value your own peace, for a moment, think you can recal your husband's affection, either by the *bounds* of complaint, or the bitterness of reproach; your only resource is patience and religion. Impatience aggravates the worst misfortunes, and believe me, if you once descend to reproaches, you will alienate your husband's tenderness. On the other hand, if you suffer in silence you will take the only effectual means of awakening it.

In sacrificing your own will, do not hope to influence that of your husband, for men are by nature more obstinate, and in their education, less accustomed to restraint than women. They are naturally tyrannical, attached to pleasure and liberty, and no reasonable woman will expect them to renounce this inclination. We must not examine if their rights are all just, it is sufficient that custom has so long established them. They are the masters, there is nothing left for us but to obey, and to suffer (if so ordained) with a good grace.

Never confide any thing to a friend which can injure you, if repeated: speak, write, act, as if you had ten thousand witnesses: reflect, that sooner or later all will be known: and before you venture to have a secret correspondent, recollect that the most confidential persons are not always to be trusted, and that there is no situation in life, where you will meet with more indiscretion of the kind than at a court, where all is dissimulation and intrigue.

If you are blest with children, love them with tenderness, be with them often: this is the noblest occupation of a princess or a peasant. Be diligent in cultivating their minds, and reflect that on their education their future virtue and happiness depend. Support, with becoming dignity, the greatness of your condition. Worldly honours should not make you haughty, or they will not make you beloved. In your behaviour, we must neither see vanity nor immodesty. In your conversation, no calumny, exaggeration, offensive raillery, nor any thing which is inconsistent with perfect charity. Select as *your* friends, those persons who are mild and forgetful of injury, but fear and despise those who would wish to excite you against others, under an appearance of zeal for you, by which they conceal their own resentment or serve their own interest. Avoid all intercourse

* *Travels in Norway, Sweden and Denmark.*

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vain, ambitious, vindictive people, their society will always injure you. Never do intentional wrong, and you will never dread discovery. Always give good advice, when you presume to give any. Vindicate the absent, and accuse no one.

Sanctify all your virtues, in allowing their motives to be a desire of pleasing God. In protecting and assisting any one that you know, think if it be not possible that in so doing you may injure some one of greater merit whom you do not know. Do not attach your mind to giddy pleasures; you should learn to abstain, most particular in your present condition, which should be that of restraint and self-denial.

Be on your guard with respect to your relish for wit. Much wit humiliates those who have but little; it will surely make you many enemies, and perhaps make men of sense undervalue your understanding. MAINTENON.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE OF BIRTH, WHEN NOT SUPPORTED BY INTEGRITY OF MIND—EXEMPLIFIED.

A CERTAIN Earl, who, by his licentious way of life had deeply mortgaged his estate, and had still great debts remaining unpaid, was asked by his shoemaker to settle an account which had been long in arrears. His humble creditor shewed no rudeness, but perhaps might weary him with his repeated importunities, as he was nearly brought to ruin for the want of the money due from this nobleman. The Earl was exceedingly enraged, and sent for the shoemaker.

My steward informs me, said his Lordship, in great wrath, that you have even threatened to prosecute a man of my rank. Have I not employed you for many years, and your father before you?

True, please your Lordship, you have employed me, but my work for you has not yet procured me one loaf of bread for my family. The money which I have paid for leather and workmen's wages on your account, please your Lordship, would support my children in meat, drink, and clothing, for years. And if I had not been better paid by my other good customers, I should have died in a jail, and my children would have been put into the parish workhouse. I only ask, please your Lordship, for what is my due, honestly and hardly gained? And how dare you, Sir, replied the Earl, speak with so much freedom in the presence of a man of my birth and noble descent?

Necessity, please your Lordship makes me bold. I must have my money or my family must go to ruin.

Steward, order Thomas to come here, said the Earl, to shew this impudent fellow out of the gate?

Please your Lordship, you need not trouble yourself or your servants, for I shall leave your house immediately, as you shew no inclination to pay me my just demand. But I must first beg leave to tell your Lordship, that my ancestry was noble, and older than yours; for about two hundred years ago, one of my progenitors was an Earl. And what do you think, my Lord, *your* progenitor was at that time? Why, please your Lordship, he was then, what I am now, a poor shoemaker. And if you will not believe me, my Lord, I can convince you of its truth by some receipts signed by your great great grandfather, which testify that my ancestors paid much better than you do.

Now I go, my Lord; you will tomorrow receive a line from my attorney.

FRAGMENT.

HE stood some minutes before the door waiting for admission.—I advanced to lift the latch, and beheld the victim of disease and misfortune. Follow me, Sir, my heart bedews how to pity the miserable. He dragged his palsied limbs into the parlour; and seated himself. Was there an extravagant and dissipated man present, thought I, how great would be the pleasure he might now taste, by relieving this worthy object; superior to all his noisy and enervating joys! How grateful the sensation that follow an act of benevolence! The miserable votary of sensuality knows nothing of it. Well, I saw him depart with satisfaction in his countenance, and a heart of gratitude. When you see a poor wretch in the street, think, that, although fortune now frowns, her capricious whims may render you low, as the object who asks your charity.—*W. Museum.*

IMPROVEMENT.

Mr Launy, watchmaker, of New-York, is said to have discovered an improvement on the *pendulum*, beyond those of Harrison, Le Paute, or any other artist, by which common time pieces may be so regulated as not to vary more than 2 or 3 minutes in twelve months. If this information be correct, America will be honored, while art is benefited, by Mr. Launy's invention.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1803.

The public have been lately favoured with a work, entitled, "*Memoirs of Pious Women.*" It is an interesting performance, executed in a pleasing style, and very proper to be put into the hands of young women. The characters therein delineated, are not only eminent for piety, but for a love of learning; and having received the highest polish of education, are eminently adapted to awaken in the female breast, an emulation to excel in all that is great, good and laudable.

The *Baltimore City Dispensary*, are to have 12 managers, and to choose two attending Physicians annually, who are to be paid for their services. The inoculation for the Kine Pox, is contemplated.

The *Baltimore Female Humane Association*, have lately had a meeting, at which MARY HEDELIUS, was chosen President. They made choice also of female Directors. Twenty three female children had been cleathed, educated, and put in the care of good families—Twenty seven were now under their direction, and general approbation had attended their charity.

The *Providence Female Charitable Society*, are said to have already raised a fund of 1500 dollars.

On Thursday, it was remarkably warm. At the close of the day we had thunder and lightning, with rain.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Amanda's advertisement for a lover, is not exactly what at the first perusal we imagined, as we perceive, though she wants a lover, she does not intend ever to convert him into a husband, as she particularly mentions that he must prefer celibacy. This renders it inadmissible.

Gen. *Warren*'s Letter deserves our thanks, and speedy insertion shall evince them.—The fame of "*Observator*," and "*Fitzwilliam's*" communication.—Poetical Advertisement—the Misanthrope—and the Negro's complaint, all have merit, and in regular course shall appear.

We are happy to find the "*Thursday Letters*," copied into several respectable papers. This is a strong proof of their moral goodness.

Essay, on the beauty and advantage of Religion, very good. We shall hope to hear again from so able a correspondent.

Lines on the death of Mrs. MARY WARREN, shall appear next week.

Albert's "*Wife*," incorrect.—Lines by "*Remus*," the same.—"*Such things were*," have a prettiness about them, but are neither new or striking.

Lines to a Lady, &c. &c. inadmissible.

The soliloquy, on a Lap-dog, is neither instructive or amusing.

LONGEVITY AND ACTIVITY.

Extract from Dr. Belknap's History of New-Hampshire, vol. 3, page 252.—"In Wakefield, Robert Macklin, a native of Scotland, died in 1789, at the age of 115. He lived several years in Portsmouth, and followed the occupation of a baker. He frequently walked from Portsmouth to Boston, 66 miles, in one day, and returned in another.—This journey he performed, the last time, at the age of 80."

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

A MIRACLE.—On the 13th ult. a child of Mr. Tenney, 3 years old, of Abingdon, Maryland, fell into a well, head foremost, 50 feet deep, without sustaining any material injury. The water was only two feet deep!

ROBBERIES.—A most daring attempt to rob the South-Carolina Bank, at Charleston, was discovered the 8th ult. One of the villians had formed a subterraneous passage, 7 feet below the surface of the earth, where he had remained, by his own account, for *three* months!——Robberies are frequent at the southward. About 6 o'clock, in the evening, at New-York, last week, a fellow stole from a house in Water-street, a portable writing desk, containing money and valuable papers.

MARRIAGES.

In Newburyport, Mr. Amos Coffin, jun. to Miss Sally Cook. In Haverhill, (M.) Gen. James Brackett, to Mrs. Abigail Moody; Mr. James Gray, to Miss Hannah Barber; Mr. Joseph Bailey, to Miss Sarah Davis. In Dorchester, Mr. Cyrus Bolkom, to Miss Polly Pope. In Bridgwater, Me. John Packard, to Miss Martha French. In Billerica, Me. Thomas Stevenson, merc. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Clark. In Salem, Mr. James Ireland, to Miss Elizabeth Wells.

In Boston, Mr. Benjamin Robbins, of Carlisle, to Miss Sally Sprague.

DEATHS.

In Johnston, (R. I.) Rev. Samuel Winsor, Æt. 81. A sermon was delivered on the occasion, at the particular request of the deceased.—In Haverhill, (M.) Mrs. Sarah Black, Æt. 63. In Lynn, Rev. Joseph Roby, Æt. 79. In Salem, Mrs. Sarah Chase, Æt. 36; Mrs. Rebecca Jenks, Æt. 76. In Portland, Mr. James Gardner, Æt. 38. In Springfield, Miss Prudah Willey, Æt. 20. In Charlestown, Miss Mary Whittemore, Æt. 21. In Newburyport, Miss Caroline Livermore, daughter of the Hon. St. Loe Livermore; Miss Sally Hunt. In Worcester, Mr. Holmes, Æt 70. He hung himself in his cellar.—In Barre, Mrs. Jane Caldwell, Æt. 87. In Watertown, Mr. Joseph Gardner, Æt. 67. In Windham, (M.) (suicide,) Mr. Spalding. In Barnstable, Mrs. Hannah Hosbrook, Æt. 82.

In Boston, Mrs. Mary S. Palfrey, Æt. 31, wife of Mr. John P. jun.; Mrs. Sarah Rand, Æt. 33, wife of Mr. John R.; Miss Eunice Paine, Æt. 70, after an infirm life of 50 years, during which she frequently endured the most distressing sickness, in expectation of speedy dissolution, and for many of her last years was reduced to painful and helpless decrepitude, till nature was exhausted with violent and incessant struggles, and she was released from her earthly prison.—Master Snelling Powell, Æt. 8, son of Mr. Snelling Powell; Harriot Gibson, daughter of Mr. John Gibson.

AMUSEMENT.

THEATRE.

On Monday, for the 2d time, a play, called the *Point of Honor*, with the comic opera of *Shipwreck*.

COLORS.

AS the signification of colors may not be altogether known to many of our readers, and as the interpretation of them may have a tendency to regulate the mode of dress, particularly in our fair country women, we earnestly recommend them to their notice.

BLACK—signifies wisdom, sobriety and mourning.
RED—justice, virtue and defence.
FLAME COLOR—beauty and desire.
MAIDEN'S BLUSH—envy.
FLESH-COLOR—lasciviousness.
CARNATION—craft, subtilety and deceit.
GREEN—Hope.
GLASS-GREEN—youthfulness and rejoicing.
YELLOW—jealousy.
LEMON-COLOR—jealousy, also.
PERFECT YELLOW—joy, honor and greatness of spirit.
GOLD-COLOR—avarice.
STRAW-COLOR—plenty.
ORANGE-TAWNEY—pride.
BLUE—true faith and continued affection.
AZURE—constancy.
VIOLET-COLOR—a religious mind.
POPPINJAY-GREEN—wantonness.
PURPLE—fortitude.
WHITE—death.
MILK-WHITE—innocency, purity, truth and integrity.

White, black, red and green, are colors held sacred in the church of Rome; and there are various other emblematical significations in regard to colors which are frequently left to the judgment of artists.—*Spectator.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—IN the year '96, the garrison of West Point, consisted, for the most part, of new recruits; one of whom, being put on sentry, was (as is usual,) instructed to let no one pass after tattoo, unless the countersign was given, which was *hasty pudding*. At a late hour, the officer of the day went the grand round; arriving at the post of this centinel, was challenged, but gave no answer, from a policy of trying the soldiers merit. The recruit had received orders to fire, if no answer was given to the third challenge; accordingly, after challenging twice, he exclaimed, "zounds, if you do not say *hasty pudding* quickly, I will blow your brains out."

FORTUNE BIDS THEE ATTEND!

A FEW Tickets at D 6 50, warranted undrawn, in Hadley Lottery, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. A correct list kept as above; prize tickets taken in pay.—All the high prizes are yet in the wheels. ☞ Glorious opportunity, reader, to make a fortune. Feb. 5.

Also, for sale—A general assortment of Commercial Blanks; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philosopher; the Peasant's Fate; Specimens of Republican Institutions; Aphorisms on Man; the Art of Preserving Health, by John Armstrong, M. D; &c. &c.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

On the birth of an Infant; who, by the flatteringly expreſſed ſanction of Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON, received the illuſtrious name of

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DEAR Babe! I hail thy natal day,
Rich flowerets ſtrew its genial way—
The vernal months have twin'd their wreaths,
The morn new invaleſcence breathes,
Its ripening fruits, and cluſt'ring ſweets,
Its vocal powers, and ſhady ſeats,
Its life impelling atmoſphere,
Announce the manhood of the year:
Fit ſeaſon for thy budding worth,
Offspring of love—of wedded truth,
To look abroad, its dues to claim,
A Candidate for future fame.

May loves and graces gild thy hours,
And wake to bliſs thy infant pow'rs,
Around thy cradled beauties bend,
Thy pillow'd innocence attend,
With ſmiling dreams thy ſlumbers bleſs,
And playful images impreſs.

May ſeraphs ſhield thee from thoſe ills,
Which opening life too often kills;
Avert the fell empoiſoned breath,
With miſchief fraught, diſeaſe, and death—
And may their guardian ſway extend,
Where'er thy little footſteps bend;
Point thy firſt onſet—throng thy way—
The luſt'rous charms of truth diſplay,
Their delegated powers employ,
To fill for thee the cup of joy.

May virtue claſp thee to her breaſt,
Of all the ſprings of bliſs poſſeſs'd.
Improvement ope her portals wide,
March with thy hours—thy ſure guide;
And ſcience rich allurements ſpread,
Diffuſing bleſſings on thy head;
While wiſdom yields her treaſur'd ſtore,
Genius and judgment to explore.—
Thoſe latent paths as yet untrod,
Through Nature tracing—Nature's God.—

May honour, rectitude, and truth,
Smile in thy dawn and mark thy youth;
Grow with thy growth—expand thy ſoul,
And each debaſing thought controul.

The name of WASHINGTON is thine,
Unclouded may its ſplendors ſhine,
IT SHOULD POSSESS A POTENT CHARM,
THE RUSSIAN VICES TO DISARM:
Of virtuous deeds the talisman,
Maturing every noble plan.

From heaven immortal Chief deſcend,
Thy ſhield invulnerable bend,
Throw round this child that wond'rous ſpell,
Which ſhall to glorious acts impel.

Sanction'd by her thy heart beſt lov'd
In flattering language who approv'd
Of veteran lineage—he obtains,
A name unrival'd which remains;
Through countleſs years that ſhall endure,
From mould'ring time, and death ſecure:
By venerating love bedew'd,
While mingling recollections flow'd,
The ſacred homage of a mind,
For kindred excellence d ſign'd.

And, I reiterate the prayer,
Mak, him Great God! thy ſpecial care,
Bedew thy purely divine,
O'er his career auſpicious ſhine;
May he ſupport his peerleſs name,
Unſullied as the Hero's fame.

HONORA MARTESIA.

EPIGRAM—SELECTED.

YOU VE ſtol'n my ravish'd *ſoul* away,
MARIA pity my diſtreſs;
Return it to its place, I pray,
Or take my *body* in your eaſe.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

PLEASED with the latin Epigram in your paper of laſt week, on the Miſtreſs and Favourite of Philip the ſecond, of Spain, I have given a very free tranſlation and verſification of it, which if you think deſerving, you may inſert in your next. DICTÆUS.

Fair gentle youth, had bounteous nature given
To lovely ENOLI, thy ſingle eye,
Thou hadſt been LOVE, monarch of earth and heaven;
She, VENUS, mother of the conquering boy.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

IMPROMPTU,

By a Lady, on being aſked, what was the ſtrongeſt proof of a daring mind.

BOLD was the Man whoſe doubt could not reſtrain,
From vent'ring on the unknown weſtern main;
And bold the Hebrew Youth tho' low of birth,
Who made Philiſtia's Champion kiſs the earth.
The Hero bold who led his legions on
To ſave his country, croſs the Rubicon.
Nor was He much inferior who could dare,
In a balloon to ſail through liquid air;
Yet far more bold and daring is the Youth,
Who dares to tell a Woman honeſt truth.
And She gives proof of fortitude and ſenſe,
Who hears the honeſt truth without offence.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

MANY of your readers will, perhaps, find novelty in the following character of CUPID as drawn by his mother VENUS.

HIS ſkin is not white, but the colour of flame;
His eyes are moſt cruel, his heart is the ſame:
His delicate lips with perfuſion are hung;
But, ah! how they differ, his mind and his tongue!
His voice, ſweet as honey; but nought can controul,
Whene'er he's provoked, his implacable ſoul.
He never ſpeaks truth; full of fraud is the boy;
Deep woe is his paſtime, and ſorrow his joy.
His head is embelliſhed with bright curling hair;
He has confident looks, and an inſolent air.
Though his hands are but little, yet darts he can fling
To the regions below, and their terrible king.
His body quite naked to view is revealed;
But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are conceal'd.
Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
He ſkips here and there to the old and the young:
From the men to the maids on a ſudden he ſtrays,
And, hid in their hearts, on their vitals he preys.
The bow which he carries is little and light;
On the nave is an arrow, wing'd ready for flight;
A ſhort little arrow, yet ſwiftly it flies
Through regions of æthers, and pierces the ſkies.
A quiver of gold on his ſhoulders is bound,
Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound.
Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain ſtrive to ſhun
His arrow—ſo fell and ſo cruel my ſon.
His torch is but ſmall, yet ſo ardent its ray,
It ſcorches the ſun, and eating ſurpaſſes day.

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

[*Continued from page 53.*]

ADELAIDE, had an only brother, an officer in the King's guards, whoſe name was Alleran. He came on a viſit of affection to his ſiſter, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaiſe in her arms. He inſtantly laid his hand on his ſword, to waſh away the imagined diſhonor of his family. But, being ſtruck with the reſerved demeanor of Valvaiſe, he deemed it prudent to make no buſtle in the buſineſs, till he had called the ſuppoſed aggreſſor to a ſtrict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent ſearch of the diſturber of his repoſe; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience, and earneſtly beſought a private audience of his majeſty. He caſt himſelf with emotion at the feet of the monarch and aſked, with a reſpectful ardour, if he had authoriſed Valvaiſe in any addreſs to his ſiſter Adelaide?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, ſaid the king? if ſo, I think I may fairly put my confidence in you. Yes, Alleran, I did authoriſe Valvaiſe to addreſs your ſiſter; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his maſter, in order to exalt, and make her the beloved of my boſom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betray'd, moſt baſely betray'd, rejoined Alleran; by all that is ſacred to the ſoul of truth and honour, theſe eyes beheld that Valvaiſe fondly circled and careſſed within the arms of my ſiſter.

There wanted no more. A cloud of ſorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, inſtantly involved the ſpirit and aſpect of the monarch in darkneſs. His Valvaiſe had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting. But jealouſy, diſdain, and the upriſings of rage, at finding himſelf ſo ungratefully, ſo cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into internecine; and he conſoled himſelf with the idea of ſeeing his late favourite expiring in ſlow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He ſent preſſing orders to have him inſtantly ſeized. But being informed that Valvaiſe had abſconded, he iſſued hot and haſty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, purſued, and brought alive to his preſence, for he deemed a ſimple death no adequate ſatisfaction that was due to his injured friendſhip; and, wiſhed for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments. The Adolphus continued in a ſtate that the moſt wretched of vaſſals might not envy; his boſom torn with a thouſand diſtracting and conflicting paſſions; when, on the third day, he received the following letter from his ſiſter, though late, his ſo dearly beloved.

"*SIRE*,

"I AM now fifty leagues removed from your preſence and truſt from to be paſt the juſtice of your reſentment—But no, I cannot fly it.—Would to heaven I had ſtaid, and atoned my crime in part, by ſuffering the puniſhment that was due to my perfidy!—Death would have at laſt, have delivered me from you, from myſelf, from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not within me! that no abſence can mitigate, no diſtance evade!—Yes, Adolphus, your image, your friendſhip, cling faſt to my memory, they continue to load me with inſupportable horrors, and my ſoul groans and ſtruggles under the inexpreſſible oppreſſion.—And is it then poſſible that I ſhould have betrayed you? I can ſcarce think it poſſible. Did I not love you with a love paſſing that of ſelf-preſervation? would I not have bled, have died for you, ſuffered all calamities to bring you any acceſſion of happineſs? Yes, moſt aſſuredly. Alas! how is it then, that my will, againſt my will, has injured you, my maſter? has mortally wounded you in the moſt vital part, *in your love for the moſt amiable*, the too faſcinating Adelaide!—Ah, why did I undertake the perilous taſk enjoined me? While I wiſhed, while I endeavoured and ſtruggled to ſerve you, I felt my own weakneſs; I fell myſelf, a prey to her alluring beauties.—Thus, while I conſtrained my tongue to plead the cauſe of my king, my eyes muſt have pleaded the cauſe of the traitor Valvaiſe. There, there lies the baſe and pith of my tranſgreſſion againſt you. I will not deceive you; I will not conceal from you, that I have wiſhed you of a portion of the affections of your Adelaide—But, I will avenge you, my maſter; I will do you moſt juſtice upon my own head. I tear myſelf away from—No more ſhall my eye beholld the heart cheering ſmile of friendſhip, or the ſeducing face of love. I tear myſelf for ever from Adolphus, from Adelaide, from the two moſt lovely objects within the circling moon, that could caſt a ray of comfort upon my benighted ſpirit. All elſe is a deſert wild, a vale of horrors and deſolation.—O miſery! how I embrace it; my ſoul ſhall brood and dwell upon it, even to the portion, the only portion that I chuſe on this ſide of eternity.

"In the mean time, my lord, be you your own advocate. Appear, in your native attractions, before the eyes of the deluded beauty, and the memory of Valvaiſe will quickly fleet away, as the gleam of a tranſient meteor before the riſing light of the ſun.

"Be happy, O Adolphus, be happy in your Adelaide, be happy above conception!——Would heav'n that prove ſo, a beam of returning joy may once more inſpire the breaſt of

"VALVAISE."

Adolphus, in entering on the firſt part of this letter, was inſtantly ſtung with vexation and diſappointment by the fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaiſe. As he proceeded, however, his heart began to be ſoftened by the condemnation which the criminal denounced againſt himſelf. But again, when he came where Valvaiſe dared to avow his paſſion for Adelaide, and her endeavours to guard the flame of his reſentment rekindled and ſtrove afreſh. Yet this fire was much allayed by the ſubſequent ſentiments; and he found himſelf at the cloſe, inconſiſtently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and oppoſite paſſions.

[*To be continued.*]

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No XVI.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

THE following letter induces a continuation of the subject which has occupied my two last numbers.

TO THE GOSSIP.

THAT'S right, *Mr. Gossip*, that's right; I am glad you are a going to say more on the subject of matrimony; though to tell you the truth, I should be glad to know whether you are a proper person to write on that subject, or, in other words, whether you are a married man yourself or not. If not, let me caution you against meddling with a matter you know nothing of. I should be *sorry* to see any thing come from your pen that was not well managed, because I have pronounced you to be a man of great parts, and of profound erudition. I need not tell you my judgment would be called in question, should you attempt a part you could not well perform.

I will tell you, *Mr. Gossip*, my reason for supposing you have hit upon a subject you know little of. It is because you say you think the matrimonial state *may* be either *Heaven* or *Hell*. Now I don't like the manner you have expressed yourself in, very well; because it is the manner thousands have expressed themselves before you, and because I had flattered myself of seeing nothing but original ideas and expressions, in your productions.

I shall now take the liberty to differ a little in opinion from you. I not only think, but know by sad experience, that two person's may be in the hands of wedlock, without so much as tasting the joys of Heaven (to use your own profane language) or suffering the torments of the Devil—or, in other words, they may be totally indifferent to each other. I know this is a doctrine that has often been disputed. But surely, when I tell you I write from experience, the truth of the assertion will not be doubted. I tell you, *Mr. Gossip*, my spouse and I are a proof of that assertion. Why, Sir, we have not half the affection for each other that I have seen two old women have for each other. I try to please her, that she may find it her interest to please me in return. But as for love, that is, and ever was, entirely out of the question. Neither do I hate her, for she is a clever old piece of household stuff, and I must be an idiot not to know she is a useful one.

You will ask me, perhaps, what induced me to marry a woman *for* whom I had no particular regard? I answer, because I could not get the one for whom I had a particular regard—And yet, the disappointment does not make my situation a *Hell*, neither do I believe, that, had I obtained the object of my wishes, it would have been a *Heaven on Earth*; though I am fully sensible my enjoyments would have been higher, and more refined than they at present are.

Thus much to convince you, that there is in the married state, as in all others, a medium—a kind of Purgatory, if you will allow the expression.

Good bye, Sir, you may take me for an oddity; I assure you I am an uncommon character. Only a little frank and candid, that's all, I assure you.

TIMOTHY DOWNRIGHT.

I THANK Mr. Downright for his good opinion of my talents and understanding, and however he may doubt, I do seriously assure him, I am licensed by full experience, to judge of the bitters and sweets, the pleasures and pains, which may be met with in the hazardous voyage of matrimony. I have, I confess, used a very strong expression to convey my ideas of those pains and pleasures—but metaphorical expressions are always allowable when they are in the smallest degree apposite to the subject; and Mr. Downright should recollect, that persons of lively imaginations, are apt to express their feelings by words expressive of the superlative degree. But I beg his pardon; a man who can declare himself content in the intermediate state of *Purgatory*, can have very little idea, of the joys awaiting a purer, more elevated state, or the agonies attendant on one more degraded, more dark and cheerless. The state of apathy he has described, if equally experienced on both sides, may truly be declared free from pain; but it is equally free from pleasure. It is like a syrup composed of manna and water, sweet in a certain degree, but withal so mawkish, that no one who has the least delicacy or discrimination in the organ of taste, will voluntarily take it for a common beverage.—I will endeavour to convince Mr. Downright that there may be pleasures in the married state, which even sober rational persons will allow, very nearly approach the joys of Paradise—and miseries, which may without exaggeration, be likened to the torments of those who are plunged into the regions of everlasting despair. Let us suppose two persons, whose minds are highly cultivated, whose tastes are in a great degree similar, whose passions are under the controul of reason, who both equally love, fear, and worship in spirit and in truth, the Creator and Redeemer of the universe; who, to the esteem arising from a thorough knowledge of the many excellences each possesses, adds a sentiment more tender, ardent as passion, yet so chastened, as to be ever subordinate to the dictates of religion and purity: let them be of an age capable of reflection, and have penetration sufficient to know that happiness depends more upon themselves than those with whom they live, and that no human being is perfect; under this conviction, each will overlook the faults of their partner, and sedulously study to correct their own. I will not suppose this couple rich, that is by no means a necessary circumstance, I will suppose them in easy circumstances, and that ease arising from their mutual economy and industry: let the woman be neat in her person and house, regular in her domestic economy, mild in her temper, cheerful, and possessing powers to make all who associate with her, (but particularly her husband) forget how the hours pass; let the man be well educated, polite in his manners, rational in conversation, willing to impart his superior knowledge to his wife, and loving her the more, as he beholds her intellectual powers brighten and expand; let both be patient, forbearing, strict in the observance of every moral and religious duty; let their sensibility be exquisite, and yet shew itself in an even tenor of conduct, that evinces a constant desire to promote each others happiness, rather than by words and actions of fondness, which ever appear more like the ebullitions of passion, than the offspring of perfect love.

What say you now, Mr. Downright, cannot you comprehend that matrimony under the circumstances I have described, must afford pleasures similar to the joys of heaven? for, when I speak of heaven, I do not speak of tumultuous transports, or enthusiastic raptures; I speak of that full and perfect happiness which must naturally arise from a constant communication with pure and spiritualized beings, that ineffable serenity and tranquility, which must arise from a conviction of being in the immediate presence, and favoured with the approbation of the Majesty of heaven, the God of infinite wisdom, grace and purity;—and next to living in His presence, and enjoying the society of good men made perfect in heaven, is the living in love and a constant interchange of kind offices, with the most perfect of his creatures on earth.

Now, Sir, to reverse the picture, and it may be reversed different ways, placed in various points of view, and yet in all bear so sombre a shade, that the eye turns from it with disgust, mingled with horror. For instance, a man may marry from motives of *convenience*, a woman to whom his heart is totally indifferent; but that woman may love him with the utmost tenderness. He is not tied by any bond but honour; honour will prompt to respect, politeness, and that general suavity of manner, that will impose on those who judge from exteriors: the world will pronounce the wife, a happy woman; but honour prompts to no act of tenderness, no look of unutterable affection; the pines in secret, the laments from her inmost soul having accepted the person, when she is too late convinced, that has no power over the heart. This is one state of torment; but suppose this man has no honour, and the end being answered which prompted the union, he thinks it no longer necessary to retain even the mask of politeness or common decency; the unfortunate wife is neglected, scorned, abridged in her pleasures and expenses; her tenderness ridiculed; in short, his whole conduct towards her speaking the most pointed contempt. Can any one imagine any torture, the most fiend like malignity could inflict, would be more excruciating than the torments the heart of that woman must endure. Men of sensibility may experience the same wretchedness from a union with selfish, unfeeling, ill tempered, or unprincipled women. How many a man who might have shone resplendent ornaments of the sphere in which they were destined to move, had it not been for the almost diabolical conduct of their wives. Their interest wasted in dissipation and wanton extravagance, their honour sacrificed to plausible subdolous villains; their rest broken by contention; their meals embittered by sullenness, acrimony, or passionate tears—Mr. Downright, you know nothing about the matter. or you would know any man of feeling would readily fly from such a state of infernal torture, though certain he could only do it, by passing through Pandemonium itself. Nor are these the only wretched in the married state; there are those who, in the impetuosity of youthful passion, have sacrificed at the altar of Hymen, without one reflection, one thought of aught but the gratification of the present moment; the delirium in which they have been involved, in a very short time is removed; the effervescence of passion evaporates, and they awaken to inanity, coldness, and too often aversion. What they foolishly imagined to be love, they are convinced was an *ignis fatuus*, which fascinated for a moment, blazed till the victims were involved in inextricable ruin, and then vanishing, left them in the impenetrable darkness of repentance and despair. Persons thus imprudently married, in general, take an uncommon degree of pleasure in tormenting each other. Self denial is nothing to them, if they can, by practising it, vex or disappoint their companion; they will thwart, contradict, fret at each other from morning to evening, and very often from evening to morning again. This, Sir, must bear some likeness to the state of the fallen angels; for we are expressly told their chief, nay, only delight, is to torment each other, and all within the reach of their malignity.

Having thus answered Mr. Downright's letter, I shall add a few words of advice to the youth of both sexes, and dismiss the subject, which I fear my readers will think I have already detained too long. Ye fair and gentle nymphs, who look forward to the nuptial hour, as that which is to secure you lasting felicity; be cautious, be circumspect; the insidious flatterer, the unprincipled libertine, the impious denier of his God—shun, avoid, reject with firmness; however plausible their manner, however alluring the graces of their person, however splendid their fortune, or ardent their professions of love—happiness cannot result from a union with such a man.—Let good sense, good nature, integrity of soul, and respect to religion, be sought for in a partner for life; and when united to such a man, let delicacy, neatness and affability, be the arts you use to keep a heart so deserving—treat him with openness and confidence in all respects; never suspect his love or honour; respect those whom he respects; and when he is in an ill humour (for no man is perfect) if possible, endeavour not to see it; or if so evident, you cannot be blind, pass it over as lightly as you can; receive him cheerfully whenever he comes home—but never look grave or vexed when he talks of going out; it is a childish, and to a man of sense, a very teazing mark of affection. Study his taste, and by adapting yourself to it, make his own home the pleasantest he can enter, and you will by these means, almost imperceptibly attach him to yourself, and the place your presence renders delightful.

Ye young and ardent competitors for the smiles and favours of the fair, look with an unimpassioned eye upon the woman you wish to make a wife; beauty has very trifling recommendation; the most perfect exterior accomplishments, though to a prudent woman, excellent auxiliaries to keep alive the tender sentiment which led you to look her, ought not to be made indispensible in the object of your choice; there are many women who will make delightful companions and excellent wives, who can neither sing, dance, draw, speak French, or perform on any musical instrument. Ye not be satisfied with merely contemplating

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her character as it appears in company; consult those who are intimate with her, and have opportunities of observing her in her most private hours. Is she cheerful, is she good humoured at home? is there an innate serenity in her soul, that speaks in her eye, and plainer than words, tells you she is always happy in the happiness of those around her? Does she seem to partake in a scheme of innocent hilarity with unaffected pleasure? is she neat in her person when not expecting to see company? Open, candid, sincere in her disposition? such a woman will make any reasonable man happy. Levity, coquetry, irreligion, or want of principle, are to be shunned with caution. Should any of you, my friends, meet such a woman, as I have above described, treat her, I charge you, as she deserves: never wantonly wound her feelings; behave to her in company with the same politeness you do to other women; let her have every proof that you place in her an unbounded confidence; let not jealousy ever prompt you to humble her by breathing a thought derogatory to the purity of her soul; discover the natural bias of her mind, and by endeavouring to attain what she thinks praise-worthy, make yourself the first of men in her opinion. Neatness in the person, is as indispensable for man as woman; and nothing can be more disgusting to a woman of delicacy, than inattention to this article; and it is a duty in the male sex, when it is remembered, that a wife is obliged to receive the caresses of her husband, even if his breath be offensive with smoaking and drinking, his beard unshaven, and his whole appearance disgusting in the highest degree. In short, the most powerful charms to secure affection, on both sides, are neatness, delicacy, and a careful avoidance of too great familiarity, which never fails to engender satiety and disgust.—And so wishing you all as much of heaven to this world, as the frail texture of mortality will allow, I do most sincerely pray you may, none of you, for your offences, be delivered over to a state of Purgatory.

☞ *The Gossip informs all persons, wishing to correspond, that Letters simply directed* To the Gossip, *to be left at Messrs.* Gilbert & Dean's, *will be carefully transmitted, and punctually attended to: and I presume, as there are* Gossips *of all denominations, character, and sex, it can be of little consequence to my correspondents, whether I am male or female, young or old, rich or poor, married or single, so as they are but satisfied I am in reality, a* good Gossip.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THE ITINERANT.—No IX.

"And beauty is vain."

SO says Solomon; and who was ever better qualified to establish the true estimate of beauty, than Solomon? He was naturally of an amorous temperament, as appears from the history of his life, and from his own writings.—Possessed of great power, of immense wealth, and these, too, at a period of life, when reason is subservient to passion, and the love of pleasure not to be restrained, he gave the reins to his inclinations, and indulged himself in all the luxuries of unconfined love. From the number of his wives and concubines, it should seem, that every woman in his dominions, possessed of tolerable beauty, had captivated the heart of her sovereign.—He was devoted to pleasure. He denied himself nothing that his eyes desired. If unbounded dissipation could bestow happiness, he was resolved that happiness should be his own.

After years spent in the fanatical pursuit; after revelling uncontrolled in the chariot of loveliness and beauty; he was obliged, at last, to declare, that "beauty is vain."—So true it is, that every delight, when carried to excess, becomes disgusting. Moderation is the soul of pleasure.—Without it, all that riches and power can impart, is productive only of disgust, misery, and hatred of the world.—The cheering beams of the sun, emitting a *temperate* heat, clothe the earth with verdure, and diffuse life, and light, and joy; but the intense and unremitting fervour of his rays would destroy vegetation, exterminate life, and render this blooming earth desert and uninhabited.

The modern man of pleasure, a victim to love and dissipation, will also join with Solomon, and confess, that "beauty is vain." The loss of fame, of fortune, and of health, at the shrine of beauty, will put the most stoical out of humour with the authors of his misfortunes. The Syren voice of the charmer may fascinate for a time; the *Circean* cup may produce a temporary insensibility: but the charm will cease; and injured Reason, waking from her dreams, will exclaim, "This is not happiness!"

If you see one, mistaking shadow for substance, whirled in the vortex of dissipation, and expecting felicity from three humbled concubines,—envy him not. Weary, satiated, and disappointed, you will shortly see him turn with disgust from these illusory scenes; you will see him retire, not only with the conviction that his fancy has deceived him, and led him astray; but, tasteless and enervated,—incapable of enjoying the *real* felicities which the world affords.—It is the suggestion of wisdom, acquired in the school of experience,—"and beauty is vain."

H.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Friends Gilbert & Dean,

I WAS myself pleased with the Address in the seventh number of the Magazine, to the Young Women, who, regardless of health and decency, follow the vanities of this world; and in compliance with the forms and modes of the ungodly, expose their naked bosoms and arms to the eye of every beholder: thereby leading others into temptation. I was also amused with the hints about lengthening sleeves, and hiding the face with a huge bush of curled and frizzled hair. But I should not have expressed my approbation, had not my spirit been vexed by the writing of the young woman, *Mary Anne Smartly*. Verily that child is buffetted by the great enemy, her mind is under the dominion of Satan, or she never would have written so inconsiderate a letter. I blushed to my fingers ends as I read it. I am afraid my language is so plain, and my opinions what will be called so starched, thou will not give my writing a place in the Magazine; but the spirit of love and good will to the Young Women, who are initiated into the modes and customs of those who worship the wicked one, moves me to say a word or two upon the matter.

I pray thee *Mary Anne*, if thou art young, and hast hair of thine own, what business hast thou with a wig? If thou wouldst be thought a virtuous woman, why wouldst thou uncover thy neck? If thou hast regard to thy health, why go with thine arms naked up to thy shoulders? I have been taught by my mother, who, though she has a daughter above eighteen years old, is herself neither old nor ugly; that to be thought handsome, we ought to be modest, humble, simple in our attire, and discreet in our speech and deportment. And though my face is not beautiful, she taught me to keep it clean, and wear no ornament, except the ornament of good humour, and assured me its attractions would be powerful. She was right. I have been solicited as a bosom friend, even by several of the ungodly; but I shall choose from the flock of the faithful. Good *Mary Anne*, comb out thine own hair, lengthen thy sleeves, put on more garments, and withal clothe thy mind with wisdom, modesty, and truth; and if thou must cover thy face, let it be only with the crimson veil of timidity and innocence; if is far more becoming than a wig made of red hair, or the paint with which I am told young women sometimes varnish themselves. Oh the vanities of this wicked world! Thou wilt perhaps be offended with my sincerity, I shall be sorry for the effect, but shall not repent the cause. I am a poor scribe, but a wiser and better scribe than I or thou, *Mary Anne*, has said, "I would that women clothe themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but with good works."—And so I rest thy loving friend in christian charity,

REBECCA PLAINLY.

Lynn, 3d day of the 2d Month, 1803.

INSTRUCTION.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Messrs. Gilbert & Dean,

THE reformation of youth ought ever to be the *first* care of every virtuous and honest man. For in the youth we behold those who must one day constitute our Magistrates, Officers, Merchants and Mechanics. Influenced by an anxious desire to see the rising generation *virtuous, respectable* and *happy*, I have presumed to offer the following, for a place in your useful and entertaining Magazine—should it meet your approbation, you may hear to future, from your humble servant, OBSERVATOR.

TO make man a villain, says some Philosopher, it is only necessary to give him a motive, and he immediately becomes one. Experience, alas! has too strongly proved this assertion true.

But what is more humiliating, is, that small causes in the moral world, produce effects almost beyond human comprehension. The caprice of a Woman, laid *Troy* in ashes, and an insatiable thirst for wealth, drenched *Mexico* in human gore!

The laxity of a master, guardian, or parent, has often laid a foundation for depravity and wretchedness, in those under their immediate care and direction; and one base heart, cloaked under a smiling face, and plausible manner, has been sufficient to draw from the path of rectitude, almost every youth within the sphere of their attractions. Philanthropy drops the tear of regret, when retrospection presents to the view, the many youths who might have become ornaments, or at least useful members of society, for the want of timely rebuke, and necessary restraint, have become the bane and pests of it.—We will suppose a youth placed in a situation where he has the receiving of cash, in lieu of his master's goods.—By chance he falls into company with a young fellow nearly of his own age, fashionable in his dress and manner, expensive in his pleasures, or what is called a *dashing blade*.—He must have his nightly rambles, his rides into the country, visit the Theatre, and what is still worse, mix with a contemptable herd at the gaming table!—One invitation is given and accepted. There can be no harm in going once, says the youth—a second, third and fourth succeed; every refusal to accompany his gay friend is fainter and fainter, until what was first complaisance, becomes habit, and at length necessary to happiness.—Presently the youth is distressed for money—shame prevents his owning this to his companion. One dollar from my master's draw can do no harm, says he, I will replace it again the first money my father gives me. Time passes, the dollar is not replaced, his stipend for pocket money is not increased—his demands for cash are.—Fancied necessity again urges, and another dollar is taken with the same resolution, but with less reluctance. At length, finding himself undiscovered, he grows bolder and bolder—from one dollar he rises to five, perhaps *ten*; and what he first deemed as theft, he now considers as his right. But the hour of detection will arrive; the master misses his money, and by close observation, discovers the depredator, and he is dismissed with infamy.—Humbled with a sense of his own guilt, afraid of the sneers of the world, he goes to sea, mixes with the ignorant, the profane, the unprincipled, who infest the boats where common sailors usually resort; and, lost to all sense of decency, aims to excel his teachers in debauchery and drunkenness—until ill health, and the remembrance of what he was, what he might have been, and what he is; the mixtures of reflection sometimes drive wood in, and at other times heightened by the effects of intemperance, combine to plunge him into an early and ignominious grave—and thus the flattering prospects of a fond parent, are nipped in the bud. By the want of proper restriction from those who ought to have attended to the morals and manners of the youth, and the fascinating arts of an unprincipled wretch, whose example first misled his judgment, and whose pernicious precepts corrupted his heart. *Jan. 1803.*

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Messrs. Gilbert & Dean,

HAVING met with some letters in an old Magazine, which passed between Waller, Secretary to Oliver Cromwell, and one of the *Protector's Daughters*—as they are said to be original, and not generally known, I recommend them to enrich your Magazine.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LETTER I.

Madam,

I KNOW very well that my utter ruin depends upon the step I have taken; but whatever may be the consequence, the die is now cast, and I am bound to see the event of it.

You will doubtless be surprised at receiving a letter from me; and unquestionably more at its contents; yet, I assure you, that though I run the hazard of your displeasure,—nay, though I must incur it, I am obliged to perform the task:—I feel myself irresistably drawn by the force of fate; and I have neither the courage, nor the capability to oppose it. But I must also declare, that I have not ventured upon this critique without having frequently and unavailingly attempted, by reason, and every other means in my power, to combat with my madness,—but in vain: the voice of fate, calls in a tone, the solemnity of which is not to be contended with.—Fate! and what is fate?—The common excuse of villainy, and the visionary deity of an infidel.—Fate! cannot religion's holy power avail thee? Wretch! Ah! abandon a profession to which thou art a disgrace; nor vainly fulfil the outward ceremonies of a religion which thou hast not virtue enough to apply to thy inward failings.

I beg pardon for detaining you so long, and for occupying so much of your time with these unintelligible ravings; and will now proceed to acquaint you with the occasion of this address.

O! that I could invent new terms to inform you, what all language seems too presumptuous to express—yet—yet what? Why does my dastardly hand refuse to perform its destined task? Why shrink from its duty? Why do think it a happiness to postpone what I am about to say,

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even for the space of a few lines? Coward!—Ruth rather with a precipitancy that becomes thy desperation; nor seek such trifling delays.

Pardon, I beseech you, the violence of my expression; for the keenness of my feelings has hurried me on to despair, and I will unfold the horrible tale, while I may be yet understood.

Imagine a man raised to an unlooked-for state of comfort and respectability by a generous patron, and who is daily in the habit of conversing with the daughter of that patron, a young woman of wit, beauty and elegance.—Suppose him to have long beheld her with the greatest admiration. Conceive that admiration extended—and by degrees softened into love.—Imagine him so vain as to give himself up to it, though not without first having undergone the most painful struggles.—Imagine him so ungrateful as to forget his duty to his patron, and to repay him for all his kindness and unmerited attention by hoping to attract the favor of his daughter, and thus plant a dagger into the heart of his patron and benefactor. Imagine him to lost to honour, as to build even the hopes of his very existance upon stealing her affections.—Imagine all this.—I am that man—and you (O God!) the object of my attachment.

Yet think not, I mean to solicit your pardon for my presumption, or to extenuate my own conduct—a conduct base and ungenerous as it is vain and destructive. No, Madam, you have every thing to confirm you in your duty—to confirm you did I say?—Alas! you are, most likely unmoved at my misery.—But filial piety will teach you not to rend the heart of a parent by disappointing all his views, and to return his affection by holding a cup of bitterness to his lip;—morality, to shun a man, who has openly confessed he has written to you at the expense of his honour and religion; to shudder at a being, who professing a sacred function, does not scruple to say, he is no longer actuated by its principles.

Thus, madam, have I revealed the fatal secret; and all I hope of you, is, that you will have at least the humanity to convince me, that my passion is as much despised, as it is treacherous and unjust. CHARLES WALLER.

[*To be continued.*]

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON RELIGION.

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of life, from the cradle to the tomb, religion proves the never failing friend of man.

Launching on a tempestuous ocean, and buoyed up by the phantom hope, we vainly think ourselves secure, until the fanciful picture is withdrawn from our sight, and we find the need of a more solid comfort and companion.—In prosperity, when every thing around us wears a pleasing aspect, and mirth and conviviality attend on our ways, conscience, that intruder on sensual delights, interposes between us and ruin, and shows us the danger of weaning our mind from heaven. It is then we view the design of those comforts whereof we are possessed; and the real use, and the too frequent abuse, is exhibited to our view.

Diversify this scene with the more melancholy idea of adversity, and all the complicated woes of life. View an aged father and a declining mother, tortured by the pangs of their suffering little ones, for that sustenance, which, alas! they are unable to afford; and yet, amidst all this accumulation of misery, the beauties of religion impart animation to their dejected souls. They are consoled in the remembrance of being participants of the benignity of that Providence, who supported *Elijah* in the wilderness, and who is able to alleviate the horrors of their situation.

Nor is the superior excellence of religion more conspicuous in this, than in the common occurrences of life. A mind deprived of the idea of responsibility, is regardless of its conduct here; and, though the faithful monitor may sometimes suggest an alarm, yet they proceed in a careless indifference, until at last they sink into the abyss of ruin.

Religion may be justly called the greatest enjoyment of man. It is a never-failing source of delight to those who happily embrace its ways, and its tendency is ultimately and securely to possess felicity.

If such, then, appear the charms resulting from this divine perfection, how egregiously stupid do they appear, who, satisfied with present enjoyment, are regardless of the future!

In the hour of dissolution, when all the plaudits of the world shall be found ineffectual to quiet the pangs of remorse, religion would administer the most soothing ideas to their perturbed hearts.

To look back on their past existence, is a vacuum to regard with dismay, and a time so infamously perverted, that they are petrified with horror at the awful retrospect. Anticipation of the future still heightens their melancholy; and what would they now give, could but one hour be recalled, to make peace with that Being, whom they have so long wantonly despised?

Could thought soar beyond the boundaries of mortality, and pourtray to imagination the realms of infinity, it could not sufficiently express the matchless beauties of religion.

S. T.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you think the following Solution of the Riddle, in this day's *Palladium*, worth inserting, I shall be proud to think I have contributed my "mite" for the amusement of your readers.—*Yours, &c.*

BEFORE creating nature will'd,
That atoms into forms should jar,
By *Nothing*, that great space was fill'd,
On *Nothing*, hung the first made Star.

For *Nothing*, Saints will break their word,
Nothing, by Atheists is rever'd,
At *Nothing*, Cowards draw their swords,
And *Nothing's* by the Hero fear'd.

Nothing, is scorn'd by humble minds,
Nothing, is by the vain possess'd,
Nothing, is heard by deaf, and seen by blind,
And *Nothing*, gives the troubled conscience rest.

Nothing, than wisdom's self is wiser,
Nothing's, by every blockhead known,
Nothing, is given by the miser,
And kept by prodigals alone.

Nothing's as vice deform'd,—as virtue fair,
Nothing's the courtiers lass, the patriots gains,
Nothing's the poets purse,—the coxcombs care,
Naught (but my labor) I have for my pains.

Salem-street, Feb. 11, 1803. FITZWILLIAM.

OBSERVATIONS.

Original and Selected.

SUBORDINATION.

SUBORDINATION is the life of society, and must be enjoined by all good laws. Those who will not observe it are fit only to live in deserts, as they break that Union which is necessary in all communities. The idea that all men should be equal is as pernicious as it is absurd. It tends to subvert all order; and where it takes place for one instant of time, must be changed in another: since all men are neither equally strong, valiant nor prudent. As to those restless spirits who pretend to despise all laws, and excite others to resist the legal government, and break through the rules prescribed by the constitution of their country, the sword is justly applied to such, as it is better they should perish, than that by their rashness the whole community should be endangered.

PRAISE.

PRAISE, is only lost when given to bad or weak minds; a generous, and good one, will study to deserve it—to merit a continuance. To such a mind, praise is inestimable, oh how inestimable! when proceeding from respected lips.

CLOSE OF LIFE.

Comfortable Consolation at the close of life.—When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present, expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave:—"Why, (said the worthy man) I do not leave much: but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, nor my country a farthing."

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

AVARICE may pile; Robbery may plunder; hidden Treasures may be discovered; Gamesters may win cash; Conquerors may win kingdoms—but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable; while Industry and Commerce, are the natural, the living, the never-failing foundations from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

AMUSEMENT.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, for the fourth time, the favorite play of *Point of Honor*, to conclude with the favorite comic opera of *Jubie and Tyrico*.

THE MONKEY CARPENTERS.

AN English ship was wrecked upon an island on the coast of South America, which reduced the crew to the necessity of building them a vessel to carry them home. As they were at work on their barque, they found themselves constantly annoyed by a tribe of monkies that harboured in their neighbourhood. When they left their tools at meal times, they were stolen, gapped, or rendered useless, by these mischievious animals. As the carpenters bored their trunnel holes, and drove in their trunnels, the observant monkies would be sure to imitate them in their absence, and whenever they found holes, they would be sure to drive the trunnels, and by these means did a great deal of mischief. An ingenious fellow, who was at the head of the workmen, hit upon a scheme to trap these scoundrels. He proposed to the workmen that they should bore a number of holes and rant their pocket handkerchiefs into them and then drive in the trunnels—conceiving that the observant monkies might strive to imitate them in this as they had in every thing else.—The plan took—a number of holes were bored, the handkerchief introduced, and the trunnels drove home on them.—Two or three dozen of holes were left vacant for the monkies to fill up as they thought proper. Upon the retreat of the carpenters, the monkies greedily gathered round, and began their work—having, however, no pocket handkerchiefs, they in order to imitate the carpenters the more strictly, clapt their tails into the trunnel holes, and then drove away with the mallets. The more they drove the more their tails were wedged. The carpenters, on their return to work, discovered a score or two of monkies completely entrapped by *themselves*, to the infinite satisfaction of the workmen.—*L. P.*

INTELLIGENCE.

The thunder storm of the 3d inst. appears to have been extensive.—At *Gloucester*, in Massachusetts, many rocks were split in pieces, and one, supposed to be of 30 tons weight, raised out of its bed *four* inches! "The thunder seemed more like the wreck of worlds, than an ordinary peal. The nearest house to this scene, was about 100 yards off; the concussion of the air was so great as to strike the whole family into silent astonishment; and after a few moments, the mother of the family broke silence and said, "*the end of all things is come!*" None of them, however, received essential injury."

At New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey, the Episcopal Church was set on fire by the lightning, and by the last accounts was still burning.

At New-York, one man killed by lightning, and considerable damage done to the shipping.

Mr. E. LINCOLN, Water-street, has just issued the 7th number of "Cheap Repository Tracts, entertaining, moral and religious."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Navigation*," it a beautiful little Poem. The translation of the Latin Epigram, is not so happy. The former shall appear next week.

There is nothing particularly striking in the Lines "on presenting a Lady with an Almanack."

Essay on Prefaces, very good—"Pindaric," humourous. They shall appear as soon as possible.

The question, "Did *Amanda* want a lover?" &c. can only be answered by *Amanda* herself.

MARRIAGES.

In Haverhill, (M.) Mr. James Ferren, to Miss Abigail Noyes. In Salem, Mr. Joseph Baker, to Mrs. Nancy Felt. In Longmeadow, Mr. Abner Pratt, to Miss Rhoda Billings. In Kingston, Mr. Robert Cook, jun. to Miss Judith Adams. In Malden, Mr. Micah Waite, to Miss Martha Waite. In Marblehead, Mr. Jonathan Rounsy, to Miss Eleanor Bowden.

In Boston, Mr. Thomas Williams, of Noddle's Island, to Miss Ellen Avery, daughter of John Avery, Esq.; Mr. Edward Oliver, printer, to Miss Grace W. Swanton; Mr. Samuel Fullerton, to Miss Barbary Shaw; Mr. Seth Thaxter, to Miss Margaret Smith; Mr. Thomas Gillispie, to Miss Harriot Bird; Mr. Henry Eayrs, to Miss Betsy Howard; Mr. Gedney King, to Miss Sally Hichborn; Mr. James Smith, of Charlestown, to Miss Hannah Watts.

DEATHS.

In Dedham, Mrs. Sally Harris, *Æt* 40. In Newburyport, Miss Sally Hunt, Æt 24; Mrs. Mary Salter; Miss Judith Greenleaf, Æt 30. In Salem, Mr. John Leworthy, *Æt* 47; Capt. James Canada, Æt 45; Mr. Robert Proctor; Mr. Stephen Cook, Æt 60; Mrs. Sarah Daland, Æt 26; Mrs. Rebecca Dean, Æt. 53, wife of Mr. John Dean. In Reading, Rev. Caleb Prentiss, Æt 56. In Charlestown, Mrs. Ann Kidder, Æt 75. In Roxbury, Mr. David Baker. In Danvers, Mr. Benjamin Osborn, Æt 76. In Beverly, Mr. Jonas Gale, Æt. 30. In Attleboro' John Daggett, Esq. In Westminster, Mr. Herman Lincoln, Æt 60, formerly of Hingham.

In Boston, Mrs. Hannah Folts, Æt 66; Miss Betsy Bull, Æt 32; Sarah L. Blanchard, Æt 6, daughter of Maj. George Blanchard; Mr. Elisha Leonard, Æt. 66; Mr. John Bradford, Æt 48; Mr. Thomas Harris, Æt 28; Mrs. Sarah Powers, Æt 82; Mrs. Susannah Craft, Æt 82; Mr. Polle, Æt 65; a Child, and three from Alms House—total 13.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

*** ******

A LIVING CHARACTER.

UNCOMMON creature, where did she obtain,
Those dark and penetrating eyes of fire?
That can the softest sentiments inspire,
That sweetly thrill through every throbbing vein.

Where'er her fingers strike the trembling strings,
What mute attention seizes on the soul;
She every ruder passion can controul,
When with a soft expressive voice she sings.

She dips her pen in Helicon's stream,
And Genius breathes in every flowing line;
Her strains mellifluous and almost divine,
When love or friendship is th' inspiring theme.

Good humour animates her lovely face,
Her person by the hand of neatness dress't,
The social virtues dwell within her breast,
Her accents harmony, her movements grace.

Form'd to adorn an elevated sphere,
She equally the humblest would become;
Gay in society, but when at home
Most charmingly engaging does appear.

Her heart expanded, liberal, sincere,
Open to charity, the neighbouring poor
Bless her, the weary traveller at her door,
Meets a kind welcome and refreshing cheer.

Accomplished, sensible, yet free from pride,
Courted and lov'd alike by old and young;
Persuasive eloquence hangs on her tongue,
To draw e'en levity to virtue's side.

Such is dear ****** what transporting bliss,
Did heaven to the favoured man impart;
Who reigns triumphant master of her heart,
And calls the fascinating woman his.

Grant to my prayers gracious power divine,
A heart like hers, mild as the dawn of day;
Yet ardent as the suns meridian ray,
Oh make some nymph like charming ****** mine.

Cambridge, Feb. 2, 1803. CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY WARREN.

DEPARTED shade! thy memory I revere,
And to thy merits consecrate a tear;
Thy pious deeds thro' ages will resound,
And mourning hearts with gratitude rebound.
To thee, the needy never vainly plead;
By thee, were many bounteously fed,
And now to thee, their grateful hearts they rear,
And yield their tributes o'er thy hallow'd bier.
Thy life tho' lengthy, and perplex'd with care,
Thy christian faith supported thee to bear;
In adverse scenes, no murmur thou hast giv'n,
Nor breath'd a sigh against the will of heav'n.
A life so pious, so exempt from ill
Was thine, that heav'n thy call did not to curtail,
But up to the realms of pure ethereal light,
At length thy soul has wing'd its happy flight,
Thy fainted spirit triumphs o'er the grave,
And cheerfully resigns to him who gave.

Medford, Feb. 3, 1803. M.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE beautiful epitaph on Mrs. ROBINSON, written by S. J. PRATT, Esq. has appeared in the *Bath Gazette*. You will oblige a friend by inserting in the *Weekly Magazine*, the following lines, which are engraven on her monument; and as it is expressed in her memoirs, were composed by Mrs R. for a work of fiction, and how applicable to her own destiny. In making this request, I cannot refrain from expressing my compassion for this lovely, unfortunate woman. They, who in her misfortunes, do not forget the fruitless one which claim every allowance from her perilous situation, "are not of heaven nor earth." Of Mrs ROBINSON'S merits as a poetess, it would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion. Her works (with the exception of some poems in the *Della Crusca* manner) are admired by the first literary characters in England. The following lines I *like*, I will confess that those in which she so affectingly describes her own sorrows, beguiled me of many tears. MARIA.

LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. ROBINSON,

NOW ENGRAVEN ON HER MONUMENT IN OLD WINDSOR CHURCH YARD.

O THOU whose cold and senseless heart,
Ne'er knew affliction's struggling sigh;
Pass on, nor vaunt the stoic's art,
Nor mock this grave with tearless eye.

For oft when evening's purple glow,
Shall slowly fade from yonder steep,
Fast o'er this sod the tear shall flow,
From eyes that only wake to weep.

No wealth had she, no power to sway,
Yet rich in worth and learning's store;
She wept her summer hours away,
She heard the wint'ry storm no more.

Yet o'er this low and silent spot,
Fell many a bud of spring shall wave,
While she, by all, save one, forgot,
Shall snatch a wreath beyond the grave.

"I HAVE OTHER FISH TO FRY."

ONE, who when ask'd could not comply,
Exclaim'd, "*I've other fish to fry.*"
A Frenchman who o'erheard the saying,
Soon misapply'd it, this odd way in:
"I would do that with you do with,
"But *I must go, and fry some fish.*"

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

[*Continued from page* 62.]

HE wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and shut himself in; he scanned it over and over; and, pausingly over again. At every revisal, his Valvaise appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity descended on his soul, as dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Ah, he cried, Valvaise also, I find, is a son of the fallen Adam!—Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man.——Yet, he fought, he resisted; and, when he found he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation, though the temptation was Adelaide.——He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces endless vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness he prefers to his own existance.—This is more than to have conquered: such frailty rises even above perfection!—Return then, my brother! return, my Valvaise!—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love; bereave me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation.——Return, I say, my brother! and I will strive to be your competitor in honour and generosity.—You would deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend: but your friend shall return the boon; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaise!

The desolate Valvaise had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his route to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the Academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaise, and the other Christiern; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the minister to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly inferred, that he had a right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honours and emoluments.

Duplaise received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awakened him,—Pardon, said he, my dear patron, this necessary intrusion! Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the town-house, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you incurred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground, who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise, however, and the temptation to betray you is great.—I forbore to apprise you of these matters last night, for fear of discomposing you.—Alas, while I endeavoured to appear cheerful, in honour of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account.—Haste, my beloved friend, escape for your precious life!——A short repast, with other matters, are prepared for your departure; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers—such I trust they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaise, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he regarded those who approved their regard here. He fervently embraced his host. I thank you, my friend, said he; but I will not take the advantage of your hospitality. You are a subject, you are an office; do your duty to your sovereign, and the laws of your country: I resign myself to your custody. I know I was a lost man; but I will console myself in hoping, that my deposition may be the means of exalting the generous Duplaise.

Duplaise, for the first time, turned an eye of reluctance and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus he cried another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any joy to a traitor?

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaise, the law of self-preservation must constrain you to deliver me to justice; your own life will, otherwise, be the forfeit of my escape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaise, that it might even so: with what transport should I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how desirable! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiment of my inmost soul! cried Valvaise, be it so;—you have conquered—it is but just that the greater virtue should triumph over the less.—She then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stripped from his own hat, and gave this favourite; Accept of this, my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrance! when you shall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaise was once among the living.

Duplaise at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation; and thrust the gift back with a noble averted hand, talk not to me, he cried, of these remembrances: is there a bit I eat, a respect I receive, an object I see about me that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaise smiles in their smiles, and comes to my heart in the midst of their caresses. O, my friend, my beloved friend, even sweet and nearsome God's law is no irksomeness, no weight under your many obligations: the burthen is light and delightful indeed; and the recital of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaise put on with such speed, that, ere it was noon he had gained upwards of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of capture or pursuit.

His principal attendant then rode up and taking out a large purse stuffed with gold of different coins, my lord, said he, your friend Duplaise enjoined me not to depart sent you with this, till the distance should put it past your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, as part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys for your liberality.

Valvaise, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus: but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Christiern presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow student without a visit.

Christiern welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy surpassing those of Duplaise, and with respects before none save his king, or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaise deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him; and taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Valvaise, however, was unsuspecting of treachery in the case, till he was awakened by sixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely fettered him to rise; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a close carriage, and set out on the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, disconsolate Adelaide pined in sorrow during the absence of her beloved, and the sudden malady began to prey upon her health and complexion. At length she heard of the fatal orders that had been issued against Valvaise; and, casting all concerns save those of her passion aside, she hurried to court, and precipitately fell down at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were present save the officers in waiting, who kept a respectful distance.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

BOSTON:
PRINTED *and* PUBLISHED, *every* SATURDAY, By GILBERT & DEAN,

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——N° XVII.

Multum in parvo.

THOUGH I faid in my laft number, I fhould difmifs the fubject of matrimony, yet a letter I have received from a fair correfpondent, contains fo much good fenfe, I cannot but give it publicity. But my own fentiments being fully delivered, which in all refpects perfectly coincide with thofe of the rational *Eugenia*—I fhall add nothing further.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. GOSSIP,

YOUR 14th number, on the miferies attendant on an unhappy marriage, plunged me into a train of reflections on that union, which not only affects eſſentially the prefent life, but perhaps gives the colouring to our future exiſtence: for that our moral character is extremely affected by our boſom aſſociates, we have the united evidence of all mankind.

I think you attributed the miſeries of matrimonial life, to a precipitate choice of our companion. But permit me to aſk, if you have traced the evil to its ſource? Are not our falſe views of that ſubject the foundation on which we rear an injudicious choice, diſappointed expectations, and the whole fabric of domeſtic woe? Forgetting that this life is a ſtate of probation, that perfect felicity cannot be found, where wiſdom and virtue are imperfect; We fondly flatter ourſelves ſupreme happineſs may be attained here; and a pure and feeling heart will moſt naturally ſeek it in domeſtic life. Miſled by a romantic imagination, we loſe the remembrance of what we are, and anticipate a union with an all perfect being, whoſe head ſhall be wiſdom, whoſe heart love, and whoſe perſon elegance. We forget we are frail and erring creatures, and that "even in the beſt and happieſt union, we ſhall find daily much to forgive and much to pity." Are not young and amiable people, whoſe hearts are replete with ſenſibility, too apt to conſider marriage as a romantic adventure, and to dwell with eager anticipation on the raptures of a few days, rather than cautious to ſecure to themſelves the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings—a judicious, well-principled, affectionate friend.

If the ſubject was rightly conſidered, if we realize marriage to be "a ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip;" if we examined as ſcrupulouſly the duties, as the pleaſures of friendſhip; and reflected that pure principles flowing from and ſupported by Religion; congeniality of ſoul, and a diſintereſted nobleneſs of character, are indiſpenſable in a friend; ſhould we not chooſe with caution, and having choſen, ſhould we not conſider our friend as ſubject to the infirmities of humanity, and prepare to meet them with charity, and bear with them in love? Might not ſuch an union be productive of that pure felicity, which reſults from a ſenſe of progreſſive improvement; and be greatly inſtrumental in preparing us for "ſcenes where Love and Bliſs immortal reign?"

You have promiſed your readers again to conſider this important ſubject; if you think the above remarks may be in any degree uſeful, give them publicity; if not conſign to oblivion EUGENIA.

Feb. 4th, 1803.

The following letters require a ſmall degree of notice, ſome of them have waited ſome time.

TO THE GOSSIP.

OLD GOSSIP,

I AM very much diſappointed; your paper does not in the ſmalleſt degree anſwer my expectations; when you began, I thought to be ſure we ſhould have a fine parcel of private intelligence, ſo I perſuaded Pa to ſubſcribe to the Magazine; but you have not told us about one ſtrange marriage, unexpected birth, or diſappointment in love, in all you have written. Inſtead of that, you have given us a melancholy ſtory about *Sarah Hardwick*, a dull ſermon upon *tattling*, and theſe tedious diſſertations upon matrimony. I declare, if you dont give us ſomething more alive I ſhall not take the trouble to read your whole papers;—though as ſoon as ever the Magazine arrives, Ma ſays, "Come Julia, come, I'll get my work, and your Pa will ſit down by us," then ſending my little brother out of the room, and holding my ſiſter ſit ſtill, I am obliged to go through the whole, though I believe more than half the time Pa falls aſleep before I have a quarter done.

Now do, theres a dear *Goſſip*, make it a little more entertaining; if you do nothing elſe, pray tell us about the plays, and the faſhions in *Boſton*—and can't you give us poor girls a little advice how to get huſbands? We will truſt Providence to keep them for us. Lord bleſs me, if women were to be ſuch tame dowdies as you would have them be, though their huſbands might admire them, no body elſe would, and it would be impoſſible for a pretty woman to exiſt without admiration. Good bye, you queer old ſoul, for I am ſure you are either an old maid, or an old batchelor, or you would not have ſuch old faſhioned quizzical notions. JULIA AIRY.

Ipſwich, Feb. 16, 1803.

I BEG leave to inform Miſs *Airy*, that when I can find no better topics to write upon, I will certainly take up one of their very *uſeful* ones ſhe ſo ſtrenuouſly recommends; until then I muſt go on in the old faſhioned way, whether it entertains her or not.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR GOSSIP,

YOU have profeſſed yourſelf a friend to the fair ſex, and therefore I aſk your advice on a ſubject which puzzles me very much. I am a girl admired, careſſed and followed; the girls follow my faſhions, though they call them ridiculous. The men praiſe me behind my back, becauſe they ſee it plagues others to hear them; but though I am now nearly twenty, I never have had more than two ſerious offers. Mr. Goodwill offered himſelf to me; he is a mighty plain good ſort of young man; my friends thought it would be an excellent match, and I fearing nothing better might offer, accepted his addreſſes; but the death of a relation obliging him to go to Europe, our union was poſtponed until his return. Well, Sir, ſince his abſence, I have had another offer, from Billy Brilliant, one of the pretticſt fellows in the world; he dances moſt elegantly, he plays on the flute divinely, and never contradicts me let me ſay or do what I will; then he is always planning ſome party or other, and ſwears if I marry him, I ſhall do as I pleaſe in every thing. I am almoſt diſtracted what to do; Mr. Goodwill is grave, talks of domeſtic duties, and domeſtic pleaſures, as if they were one and the ſame thing. I am afraid he would expect me to ſtay at home and mind my family; nay, perhaps, perform ſome kind of domeſtic duties which I cannot mention without bluſhing. I am afraid dear *Goſſip*, he will expect me to nurſe my children. Now this I am determined never to do; there is ſomething ſo indelicate in it, I never could ſubmit to it.—Billy Brilliant would marry me immediately; Mr. Goodwill will not be home until next fall. My guardian ſays, Billy's aim is the five thouſand dollars my father left me; but I dont think that, for he's in excellent buſineſs, I am ſure of that, for he keeps a horſe and one of the moſt elegant gigs I ever ſaw in my life. Then he dreſſes ſweetly, and as to money, twenty dollars for a day's pleaſure is nothing in his opinion. Do dear *Goſſip* give me your opinion, ſhall I accept Billy directly? or wait the return of Mr. Goodwill? Anſwer me ſoon, and you will oblige Your *humble ſervant*,

Feb 1, 1803. DELIA DOUBTFUL.

IF DELIA has any regard to her own honour, ſhe will wait Mr. Goodwill's return; if ſhe has any regard to that gentleman's happineſs, ſhe will marry Billy Brilliant immediately—and if ſhe will pay attention to the advice ſhe ſolicits, ſhe will not marry at all, until ſhe has more ſeriouſly conſidered the nature of ſo ſolemn an engagement.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MADAM GOSSIP,

I AM a very unfortunate creature, will you aſſiſt me? I dare ſay you can, for ſuch nice old ladies as I think you to be, always have a great many recipe's for removing freckles, tan, tetters, ring-worms, and other defects on the ſkin. You muſt know I had a remarkably fine complexion laſt ſummer, when I found I was growing very fat, and ſome young ladies in our neighbourhood told me, if I would drink a wine glaſs of vinegar every morning faſting, and eat a table ſpoon full of aſhes every night at going to bed, I ſhould ſoon grow thin and pale; for I had ſo much colour, I uſed to be aſhamed to ſhew my face. Ah, Madam, I wiſh I had the ſame colour again; for I am pale enough now in all conſcience, and I am as thin as a lath; and worſe than all, my face is covered with little white and yellow pimples, with black ſpecks in them. I have tried all the celebrated lotions and waſhes without effect; the phyſicians too have been conſulted, but as I dared not tell them what had been the cauſe of the change in my appearance, they were at a loſs what to preſcribe. Oh, good Madam *Goſſip*, think of ſomething to help me, or at leaſt let this letter appear, that it may deter others from the ſame folly. Your *afflicted pretty Admirer*, LUCIA.

Jan. 20, 1803.

POOR LUCIA, your ſufferings atone for your folly.—Uſe a temperate wholeſome diet, air, and exerciſe, and abſtain from acids; drink plentifully of milk, and be patient. Should you regain your good looks, do not murmur, though at the ſame time you ſhould grow fat. I aſſure you I have no recipe's for improving the complexion. I ſtudy that branch of medicine which is moſt likely to reſtore, or eſtabliſh the health and vigour of the mind.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——N° X.

"*And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.*" JOHNSON.

THE paſſions, when highly irritated, have often proved fatal. Exceſſive grief, or exceſſive joy; the ſudden loſs of riches or of beſom friends, or the unexpected riſe from miſery and deſpair to wealth and proſperity, has ſometimes overpowered nature, and extinguiſhed the ſpark of life. That *real* paſſion ſhould effect this, is not perhaps ſo ſurpriſing; but we ſhould hardly be apprehenſive of ſimilar effects from *counterfeited* feelings. The power of an aſſumed paſſion on the mind, is, however, greater than we may at firſt imagine. An actor, to intereſt an audience, muſt work up his feelings to the action he would repreſent; and ſo ſtrong are theſe feelings in ſome, that the *counterfeit* have ſometimes been as fatal as the *real*. Theſe obſervations are deſigned to introduce the following Anecdote, which I lately met with in a French work, and thought not unworthy a haſty tranſlation.

"Mr. BOND, an Engliſhman, was a man of wit, and an ardent lover of declamation. He had taken a particular inclination to the Tragedy of *Zaire*; and, not contented with knowing it by heart in French, he had engaged one of the beſt poets in London to tranſlate it into Engliſh. His deſign was to have it repreſented on Drury Lane Theatre; but we are ignorant of the reaſons for which it was rejected. At laſt, having no longer any hope of procuring its appearance on a regular theatre, Mr. Bond reſolved to repreſent it himſelf, with ſome other admirers of *Gaharmet*, in the great hall of York Buildings, a place originally deſtined for concerts of muſic, but of which he obtained the uſe, by paying as much for one evening, as would hire another building for a whole year.

"The characters were caſt, and the city adverti[ſed] of the deſign formed for their entertainment. Mr. Bond, who was not leſs than ſixty years of age, choſe the part of *Luſignan*, as the moſt proper for his talents and his years. He ſpared neither pains nor expenſe, to put himſelf in a condition to play it with diſtinction; and he abandoned all the profits of the repreſentation to the tranſlator of the piece.

"The day arrived; no aſſembly had ever been ſo brilliant and ſo numerous. The firſt acts were received with univerſal plaudits. The appearance of *Luſignan* was impatiently expected;—he appeared, and the whole audience roſe up, only at the ſight of this venerable old man. But the heart of Mr. Bond was more affected than all. He ſo abandoned himſelf to the force of his imagination, and the

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inquietude of his sensations, that finding himself too feeble to sustain so much agitation, he fell senseless, at the moment of recognizing his daughter. It was, at first, supposed to be only an affected swoon, and all admired the art with which he imitated nature. However, the length of the action beginning to fatigue the audience, *Chatillon, Zaire,* and *Nerestan* reminded him, that it was time to proceed; he opened his eyes, but closing them immediately, he fell from his chair without pronouncing a word;—he extended his arms,—and this movement was the last of his life."

H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PREFACES—JOHNSON'S SHAKESPEARE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

ALTHOUGH I hate Prefaces in general, yet I believe there are many exceptions, wherein they become absolutely necessary, and deem it proper to compare them to the porters of great houses in London; that is, they may have more or less of good manners. Now, when a Preface gives the simple outlines of a work, or tells you to read on, but to be lenient and candid, I think it enough in all conscience—it is good manners. But when a writer begins by saying a great deal about this thing, that, and the other, and more about himself, all totally irrelevant to the work it precedes, his preface is the blustering or busy porter, who, instead of respectfully shewing the house or its master, loquaciously attempts to win your favor, or insolently endeavours to impress you with his borrowed importance.

The only long preface I ever perused with satisfaction, is that of Dr. Johnson's critical one, in Munroe and Francis's edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works. It contains so much justice in investigation, candid exposition of the text, apposite reasoning and inference, and is written too, in a style which may be considered as the most happy medium for professional language, that I think it would, alone, immortalize almost any dramatic poet; but for Shakespeare, it seems a diamond in the hands of a master, smoothing the rough edges of that high-wrought dramatic mirror, which so justly reflects human nature.

C.

HISTORY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE CHINESE.

FROM THE WORKS OF SIR W. JONES.

"THE word China, concerning which I shall offer some new remarks, is well known to the people, whom we call Chinese; but they never apply it (I speak of the learned among them) to themselves or to their country. Themselves, according to Father Verdelou, they describe as the people of Man, or of some other illustrious family, by the memory of whose actions they flatter their national pride; and their country they call Cûm Cuŏ, or the Central Kingdom, representing it in their symbolical characters by a parallelogram exactly bisected; as other names they distinguish it by the words Tien-hia, or what is under heaven, meaning all that is valuable on earth."

According to a Chinese writer, named Li Yang Ping, the ancient characters used in his country were, "the outlines of visible objects, earthly and celestial, but, as things merely intellectual would not be expressed by those figures, the grammarians of China contrived to represent the various operations of the mind by metaphors drawn from the productions of nature: thus the idea of roughness and of formality, of motion and rest, were conveyed to the eye by signs representing a mountain, the sky, a river, and the earth; the figures of the sun, the moon, and the stars, differently combined, stood for smoothness and splendor, for any thing artfully wrought, or woven with delicate workmanship; extension, growth, increase, and many other qualities, were painted in characters taken from clouds, from the firmament and from the vegetable part of the creation; the different ways of moving, agility and slowness, idleness and diligence, were expressed by various insects, birds, fish and quadrupeds; in this manner, passions and sentiments were traced by the pencil, and ideas not subject to any sense were exhibited to the sight; until by degrees new combinations were invented, new expressions added; the characters deviated imperceptibly from their primitive shape, and the Chinese language became not only clear and forcible, but rich and elegant in the highest degree."

It was a very ancient practice in China, to paint or engrave moral sentences and approved verses on vessels in constant use; as the words *Reverence thyself Only*, was inscribed on the basin of the Emperor Tang, and the poem of Shien Long, who is now on the throne, in praise of tea, has just been published on a set of porcelain cups.

LAURA.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Continued from page 66.*]

LETTER II.

From CHARLES WALLER *to* FRANCES CROMWELL.

Madam,

WHETHER it be, that a man, who has once confessed his error, acquires boldness from it; or that desperation gives a courage unknown to nature, I know not; but although I have offended you beyond the possibility of forgiveness, I cannot help aggravating your displeasure by another mark of my rashness and folly.

Your silence has plunged me into a state of torture not to be conceived but by a damon. I am confident my letter came to your hands, for I am convinced of the faithfulness of the person who delivered it; yet suspense rends my heart ten thousand different ways; and I am really lost with fear, misery and terror.

Sometimes, I suppose that upon receiving my billet, you instantly unfolded its contents to your father, who shocked at such an instance of ingratitude, hesitates on what manner he shall punish me in proportion to my offence; and yet I wonder the effects of his wrath have not overtaken me. At other times, I conceive my punishment is delayed merely to make it the more tremendous. When called to do the duties of my function before the Protector, I scarcely know what I do.—Now I acquire greater courage, and venture to scrutinize his looks, and watch every motion of his eye with the most painful solicitude; but this I too well know is vain. His looks never betray the secret of his heart; and his councils can be compared to nothing but the stillness before a storm, and his execution to the instantaneous effects of a thunder-bolt, always happening when least expected.

When alone in my rooms, I am a prey to the most dismal apprehensions, ever expecting I know not what.—Now I imagine the angry Protector entering my apartment and sealing my misery by some terrible vengeance, and trembling when I hear a foot-step crossing the gallery. This very morning, as I was walking with my eyes fixed upon the ground, your father called me unexpectedly.—Had the earth yawned before my feet, I could not have shewn greater surprise and dismay. Scarcely could I muster up resolution to answer him in the tremulous tone that I did. He took notice of my confusion. I attempted to get over it by entering into our usual trifling chat, but I could not make so sudden a transition from apprehension to tranquillity; and he left me in the most agonizing doubt.

I had almost prevailed upon myself to have sufficient fortitude to speak to you yesterday in the great chamber, when we were for a moment left alone by your attendants; but my voice died away upon my tongue. You witnessed my distress and saw my sufferings;—learn to pity and forgive them.

I do not hope for any thing but pity; justice I know must condemn me. Yet recollect, that though justice may shine in all the severe pomp of majesty, that mercy, in whatever garb it may be beheld, never fails to captivate the good. O! torture me not thus: indeed, indeed, were I to attempt to paint my sufferings, you would think me guilty of exaggeration. A certainty of evil is a trifle compared to the horrors of doubt. Deign to write me but one line to express your disapprobation of my conduct, and say that you do not despise me, and I will descend to the cold mansion of peace, while my dying breath shall murmur a blessing on your name. I can endure your reproaches, let them be ever so keen,—but do not hold me in contempt.—the first will, indeed, confirm my wretchedness; but the latter will rouse me to madness.

Let not my memory be ever hateful to you if I say I should not have betrayed myself, had I not conceived I was not indifferent to you.

My intellects are certainly impaired. Heaven knows what I may ejaculate.—O! for the sake of mercy, put an end to my suspense, left I should betray both you and myself.—Save me and yourself from such a terrible discovery.—I may rave; for my brain is on fire.—I do not hope, all I ask for is certainty.

What shall I say? In what language shall I implore you to satisfy me? Alas; I am compelled to use repetitions—Write—O write but one word, and may the father of all charity reward you for it.

[*To be continued.*]

CURIOUS AND USEFFUL DISCOVERIES.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.

THE grand desideratum of ancient and modern geography appears to be resolved at last:—Mr. P. HURNEMAN, a traveller sent out by the London Society, for making discoveries in Africa, in a late communication to the Society informs, that there cannot exist a doubt *of the Nile and Niger being one and the same river*, nor could he learn its course was interrupted by any inland sea or lake, as is have suggested.

Mr. Horneman, at the time of making the communication, was in the city of Mourzuck, the capital of an, an interior kingdom of Africa, from whence a constant intercourse was kept up with Tombuctu, Houssan, and other places in the ancient Jolsiba or Nigar. Mr Horneman, has also settled, beyond dispute, that the Oasis of Ammon, containing the seite of the celebrated Temple of piter Ammon, is the modern Seewa, as suggested by Browne. We understand Mr. Horneman takes the ran for a passport, and thus avoids the difficulties and dangers of his predecessors.—*Gaz. U. S.*

REVIEW.

Observations on the Soda, Magnesia and Lime, contained in Water of the Ocean; shewing that they operate advantageously there, by neutralizing Acids, and, among others, Septic Acid; and that Sea Water may be rendered fit for washing Cloths without the aid of Soap. By Samuel Mitchell.

[Published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

IN consequence of numerous analogies and inductions Dr. Mitchell has persuaded himself that the *alkaline* matters dissolved in the ocean keep it sweet and wholesome by the strong antiseptic power which they possess. He shews in his short, but highly interesting memoir that they have a further effect, which is to neutralize the *muriatic* acid which is always there, the *septic* which is frequently, and the *sulphuric* which is sometimes contained in sea-water. The three alkalies of *soda, lime* and *magnesia* combine with the three acids, in the order of their respective attractions, and as there is a deficiency of soda, the residue of the acids combine with the earthly basis of magnesia and lime. The consequence of this constitution of ocean-water is, that it decomposes soap by seperating the alkali thereof from its oil; and thereby renders it unfit for washing clothes.

Dr. M. is convinced that much of the sickness, fever, infection, &c. on ship board, proceeds from human nastiness accumulated in clothing, bedding, births, &c.—through want of *alkaline* detergents. And he proposes, which is the principal object of his paper, to render ocean water fit for washing, by precipitating the magnesia and lime with pearl-ash and soda. Thus sailors may wash and be clean without either soap or fresh water: for a few casks of pearl-ash, or of barilla, taken on board as a part of a ship's stores, will be capable of alkalizing sea-water so effectually, as to do all the scrubbing, washing and cleaning on board. By this provision, soap may be dispensed with, and not a drop of the vessel's stock of *fresh* water be consumed, beyond the daily allowance for cooking, &c. Health and comfort may thus be introduced into naval service, and the engendering of fevers and pestilential distempers on board be prevented. It is easy to foresee, that, upon this plan of cleanliness, quarantines of vessels would be in a great degree superceded, or, if they were insisted on, would be reduced to an exact system of purification.—*Med. Rep.*

THE following is the Chinese method for rendering cloth, water proof:—To one ounce of white wax (melted) add one quart of spirits of turpentine; when thoroughly mixed and cold, then dip the cloth into the liquid, and hang it up to dry till it is thoroughly dry. By the above cheap and easy method, muslin as well as the strongest cloths will be rendered quite impenetrable to the heaviest rains, and that without the ingredients used either filling up the pores of the cloth, or injuring in the least its texture, or damaging at all the most brilliant colours.

WE learn from Bombay, that quicksilver has been found in a pure state at Cottah, in Columbo. A pit has been dug to the depth of fourteen feet, and the quicksilver is found in five different parts of it, at a small distance from each other, in strata of earth nearly two feet thick; eight or nine pounds weight have been collected: it appears in small globes. We further learn, that orders have been issued at Columbo, prohibiting the cutting of timber in the Company's forests, without authority for that purpose.

An Infallible remedy for a BURN *or* SCALD, *obtained of a gentleman late from* Germany.

MIX sweet oil, or if it cannot be had, fresh butter, hog's lard, or any such unsalted substance, with slacked lime, the fresher the better, till the composition shall become of the consistence of paste; spread it on a linen cloth, double the cloth and apply it to the wound. It will instantly relieve the patient from all pain: renew the application once in about eight hours, for a few days, and the cure will be entirely effected.

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MORALITY.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No VII.

MATTHEW VI. 13.

And lead us not into temptation.

"ACCORDING to the style of the Hebrew language, a thing is said to be actually done by a person, which he only permits, or gives room for *being done*; and of this we have several instances in scripture; and in this sense, the phrase of this petition is to be understood, for God does not actually lead us into temptation; for as James says, *God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man*; but only permits, or gives occasion to, our being tempted; and accordingly *Cyprian*, an early writer of *Christianity*, acquaints us, that this was rendered in an ancient Latin version, *Suffer us not to be brought into temptation*. And this sense we ought to have in our minds, when we repeat the words of our *petition*; but the petition is not to be understood, as if we are to pray never to be brought into temptation; because this is the common lot of all *Christians*, and trials and temptations are wisely appointed by God for the exercise and improvement of virtue in good men; and that others may be bettered by their example, and encouraged by the constancy and patience, which they shew in affliction. Hence, instead of praying never to be brought into temptations, we are taught in scripture to rejoice, when we fall into them. Thus James, i. 2, 3, 4. *My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience; but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire wanting nothing.* And again, ver. 12, *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.* The meaning therefore of this petition is, that God would not suffer us to fall under the weight of the temptations we are exposed to; that he would not suffer us to *be tempted above that we are able, but with the temptation to make a way to escape.* The expression therefore here of being *led into temptation*, must be understood of being to defect with it, so not to be able to extricate ourselves from it; to be brought so much under the power of it, as not to be able to overcome it. God may be said to suffer obstinate men to fall into temptations; when as the Apostle Paul expresseth, *He gives up to the lusts of their own hearts*; or, when he for a time withdraws his grace from those, who trust too much to their own strength. This Christ hath instructed us to prevent, by making this petition daily, which is an acknowledgment of our own inability to repel and overcome the temptations we are subject to by our nature, and the circumstances of things, and a petition for divine grace on assistance from above to enable us so to do."

AMUSEMENT.

HISTORY OF SILK.

IN the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the East-Indies, to Constantinople, the eggs of some silk worms, which having hatched in a dunghill, they fed the young insects with mulberry leaves, and by this management they soon multiplied to such a degree, that manufactures of silk were erected at Constantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

In the year 1130, Roger, King of Sicily, brought manufacturers of silk from Greece, and settled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding the silk-worms, and of spinning and weaving the silk. From Sicily, the art was carried over all Italy—from thence to Spain, and from thence to the south of France. In the year 1286, the ladies of some noblemen first appeared in silk mantles, as a splendid ball in England.

In the year 1620, the art of weaving silk was first introduced into England; and in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing silk, was erected at Derby. This wonderful piece of mechanism contains 26,586 wheels, the whole of which receive their motion from one wheel that is turned by water. Sometime in the 16th century, Edward the 6th, was presented with a pair of silk stockings, which was the first pair that was ever seen in England.

Alexander's History of Women.

UNACCOUNTABLE ANTIPATHIES.

MANY persons have antipathies of which they neither know the cause or the remedy. The old Duke d'Epernon, who owed his fortune to his courage, used to faint at the sight of a *lobster*.—Marshal d'Albert could not sit at a table where there was a dish of *mushrooms* without growing sick. Ladislas Jagellon, King of Poland, who displayed an unwearied intrepid valour, during a course of fifty years of dangers and perils, always trembled and ran away when he saw *apples*.—James the first, King of England, turned pale at the sight of a *naked sword*.—Pierre Alphonse, one of the most renowned philosophers of the 13th century, fainted at the smell of *cheese*.—Chevalier Boyle fell into convulsions at the bubbling of *water* out of a bottle.—Lamothe-le-Voyer, felt the greatest pain from the sweetest *music*, and greatest pleasure from thunder and discordant sounds.

THE ANVIL AND BELLOWS.

A Splenetic blacksmith, that fancied himself sick, would frequently tease a neighboring physician to give him relief; the physician knowing him to be in perfect health, yet not willing to offend him, told him he must be very careful in his diet, and not eat any thing that was *heavy* or *windy*. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on exiting in his mind what food was heavy and windy, and being ignorant, back he posts to the Doctor, who being out of patience with his *patient*, said "don't you know what things are heavy and what are windy?" "No" answered the blacksmith—"why then I will tell you," said the Doctor, "there's your *anvil* is heavy, and your *bellows* are windy—do eat either and you'll do well enough."

LAZINESS.

DURING the late *frost*, a certain gentleman, remarkable for his good humour, overheard two of his servants disputing which of them had a right to shovel the snow off from the foot pavement—thinking example better than precept, he applied to them for a shovel to do it himself. The two servants now ashamed of their conduct, insisted upon preventing him, which he suffered them to do; observing, he should not have understood it, only because them both say it was none of their business to exercise it of course, that it must be his.

ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN Lady, of unsuspected conjugal fidelity towards a husband, to whom she had borne six children, gave the same name, to a daughter, with which she was favored, a few years after it's decease.—A person remarking upon the incident, observed, that however some might reflect on the widow, for his part he thought her excusable—that, in his idea, having *sufficiently* and faithfully accomplished for *six*, she was undoubtedly *entitled* to the *seventh*, or rest. E.

AN Irish schoolmaster, a great foe to idleness, thinking that the well known expression, "Idleness covereth a man with *rags*," might be amended, wrote, as a copy for one of his pupils—"*Idleness* covereth a man with nakedness."

LONDON FASHIONS.—FOR DECEMBER.

Walking Dresses.—Short round dress of cambric muslin. Pelice of black velvet, trimmed with broad lace, and lined with Lebrun's new silk. Close bonnet of black velvet, trimmed lace and Lebrun's new ribbon. Silver bear muff.

Short dress of white muslin, trimmed round the bottom with a narrow flounce. Pelice of kerseymere, trimmed with swandown. Small round hat of kerseymere, trimmed also with swandown.

Head Dresses.—Manot bonnet of blue crape. White muslin dress, made with frock fronts. A yellow mantle embroidered.

A small round hat of black and green velvet, ornamented with black feathers. Robe of lilac and green silk with white sleeves. Bear muff.

A cap of white crape and green velvet, ornamented with beads and white ostrich feathers. Dress of white muslin; the sleeves plain, and trimmed round the bottom with lace. Bear tippet.

Mrs. Lebrun's new invented hat, made of velvet, and ornamented with black straw beads. Pelice of green kerseymere. Bear muff.

THEATRE.

On Monday, the tragedy of *Rival Queens*; with the entertainment of *The Prize*.

INTELLIGENCE.

Thursday, the 7th day of April next, is appointed as a Day of Fasting and Prayer, throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

An Earthquake has been experienced at Algiers, it continued 40 minutes. A village, near Algiers, containing 200 houses, was destroyed, and all the inhabitants perished. ——The city of Constantinople, has been visited with an Earthquake, which lasted 30 minutes, at intervals. Many houses were thrown down, and the Seraglio itself was violently agitated, and the Grand Seignor himself took refuge in the mosque of Sophia, where an astonishing number of people had assembled, that building being considered as immoveable.——A smart shock was also felt at the Island of Jamaica, the 25th Dec. in the morning.

A most melancholy and heart-rending scene took place near Dover in England, the latter end of November last. A Dutch Transport, having near 300 souls on board, was driven on shore, 4-3 of which, perished, including 23 women and children! Imagination cannot describe the horrors attending this disaster. The floating bodies of the sufferers, especially of the women and children, were as distressing to the eye, as their shrieks were to the ear of humanity.

LITERARY.

An examination of the question, "who is the writer of the forged letters, addressed to Thomas Jefferson, President of the U. S. attributed to John Ruthledge, Esq. Member of Congress, for South Carolina," will be published in a few days in this town.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

S. T. on Calumny, shall have an early insertion.

The Sorceress, is on file.

A Poor Youth, shall be noticed.

Communication concerning *Aegelo Politico*, shall appear in course with others.

Fitzwilliam, can, we are certain, afford us something that by its correctness will do his talents more credit than the Beggar Girl. Life and Death, are not rhyme.

Lines by M. on the death of a Late Reverend Character, are received. We are sorry to reject any thing from our fair correspondent; for appears to have genius, which, cultivated with care, will in time do her honour; but in the interim, we would recommend to her, to be particularly careful not to suffer any thing to meet the public eye, that is in an incorrect or imperfect state. If she will examine the lines in question, she will perceive the third stanza is very deficient in point of rhyme, and poetic measure; the sentiments are good, the grammar correct, and the hand writing, beautiful. We hope she will pardon our freedom, and at some future period, favour us with the effusions of her infant muse.

We are not very partial to Enigmas or Rebus's, unless they possess peculiar wit, beauty, or ingenuity; which we cannot say is the case with either the flower from *Cambridge*, or the one, the solution of which, would be half of a limp and two crooked letters.

Rebus, by Laura, next week.

Ode to Disappointment, by Henry, is more like Hope; but as one or the other, it is too incorrect for publication.

We received the advertisement of Jaques Jonques, from N. Y.—thank our correspondent for the trouble he has taken, but must decline suffering it to appear in our Magazine. We respect the *Fair Sex* too much, to wound their feelings by intimating they could ever use such artificial aids as are therein intimated.

We thank our youthful reader for the trouble she has taken to copy the manuscript Poems; but they are too puerile and incorrect for insertion.

The same may be said of the Verses, by *Elvina*.

MARRIAGES.

In Boston, Mr. Daniel Chapman, to Miss Sally Symonds. In Newbury, Robert Danning, Esq. of Brunswick, to Miss Mary O'Brien. In Brookfield, Mr. Henry Morgan, of Boston, to Miss Abigail F. Bradshaw. In Westport, Mr. Wm. Slocum, to Miss Anne Chase. In Cambridge, Mr. Samuel Gould, to Miss Martha Honnewell; Mr. Nathaniel Rowe, to Miss Susannah Locke; Mr. John French, to Miss Deborah Learnard; Mr. Wm. Walton, to Miss Mary Bates; Mr. Lewis Gray, to Miss Nancy Jones.

DEATHS.

In Old-York, Mr. John Young, Æt 84. In Portland, Mr. Isaiah Hacker, Æt. 42. In New-Chester, Dr. Theodore Symmes, Æt. 36. In Danvers, Mr. Jonathan Boyce, Æt. 87. In Salem, Mrs. Mary Web, Æt. 86; Mr. Daniel Needham, to Uxbridge, suddenly, Mrs. Martha Draper, Æt. 52. In Worcester, Mrs. Violetti Gates, Æt 79. In Northbridge, Maine, Mr. Peter Gilman, Æt 84. In Swanzey, Mr. Benjamin Hicks, Æt. 92. In Haverhill, (M.) Mr. John Lebofquit, Æt. 65; Mrs. Abigail Griffin, Æt. 35. In Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Pratt, Æt. 79. In Middleborough, Mr. Ebenezer Woods, Æt. 53. In Newburyport, Stanl. Sillaway, jun. He was at play on the ice, fell through, and was drowned. In North-Carolina, Maj. Eaton; he has given freedom to his negroes, with his plantation, with the stock and utensils, for their support. In Watertown, Mr. Joseph Bird, Æt 52.

In Boston, Mrs. Zabiah Gore, Æt 47, consort of Mr. Stephen Gore; Capt. Joseph Shed, jun. Æt 47; Mrs. Anderson; a Child of Mr. Doyle, Æt 8.

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MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

Nº VII.

MATTHEW VI. 13.

And lead us not into temptation.

"ACCORDING to the ſtyle of the Hebrew language, a thing is ſaid to be actually done by a perſon, which he only permits, or gives room for *being done*; and of this we have ſeveral inſtances in ſcripture; and in this ſenſe, the phraſe of this petition is to be underſtood, for God does not actually lead us into temptation; for as James ſays, *God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man*; but only permits, or gives occaſion to, our being tempted; and accordingly *Cyprian*, an early writer of *Chriſtianity*, aſſures us, that this was rendered in an ancient Latin verſion, *Suffer us not to be brought into temptation.* And this ſenſe we ought to have in our minds, when we repeat the words of our verſion; but the petition is not to be underſtood, as if we are to pray never to be brought into temptation; becauſe this is the common lot of all *Chriſtians*, and trials and temptations are wiſely appointed by God for the exerciſe and improvement of virtue in good men; and that others may be bettered by their example, and encouraged by the conſtancy and patience, which they ſhew in affliction. Hence, inſtead of praying never to be brought into temptations, we are taught in ſcripture to rejoice, when we fall into them. Thus James, 1, 2, 3, 4. *My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience; but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire wanting nothing.* And again, ver. 12, *Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he ſhall receive the crown of life.* The meaning therefore of this petition is, that God would not ſuffer us to fall under the weight of the temptations we are expoſed to; that he would not ſuffer us to *be tempted above that we are able, but with the temptation make a way to eſcape.* The expreſſion therefore here of being *led into temptation*, muſt be underſtood of being ſo left with it, as not to be able to extricate ourſelves from it; to be brought ſo much under the power of it, as not to be able to overcome it. God may be ſaid to ſuffer obſtinate men to fall into temptations; when as the Apoſtle Paul expreſſeth, *He gives up to the luſts of their own hearts*; or, when he for a time withdraws his grace from thoſe, who truſt too much to their own ſtrength. This Chriſt hath inſtructed us to prevent, by making this petition daily, which is an acknowledgment of our own inability to repel and overcome the temptations we are ſubject to by our nature, and the circumſtances of things, and a petition for divine grace and aſſiſtance from above to enable us ſo to do."

AMUSEMENT.

HISTORY OF SILK.

IN the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the Eaſt-Indies, to Conſtantinople, the eggs of ſome ſilk worms, which having hatched in a dunghill, they fed the young inſects with mulberry leaves, and by this management they ſoon multiplied to ſuch a degree, that manufactories of ſilk were eſtabliſhed at Conſtantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

In the year 1130, Roger, King of Sicily, brought manufacturers of ſilk from Greece, and ſettled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding the Silk-worms, and of ſpinning and weaving the ſilk. From Sicily, the art was carried over all Italy—from thence to Spain, and from thence to the ſouth of France. In the year 1286, the ladies of ſome noblemen firſt appeared in ſilk mantles, at a ſplendid ball in England.

In the year 1620, the art of weaving ſilk was firſt introduced into England; and in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing ſilk, was erected at Derby. This wonderful piece of mechaniſm contains 26,586 wheels, the whole of which receive their motion from one wheel that is turned by water. Sometime in the 16th century, Edward the 6th, was preſented with a pair of ſilk ſtockings, which was the firſt pair that was ever ſeen in England.

Alexander's Hiſtory of Women.

UNACCOUNTABLE ANTIPATHIES.

MANY perſons have antipathies of which they neither know the cauſe or the remedy. The old Duke d'Epernon, who owed his fortune to his courage, uſed to faint at the ſight of a *leveret*.—Marſhal d'Albert could not ſit at a table where there was a diſh of *maccaroni* without growing ſick. Ladiſlas Jagellon, King of Poland, who diſplayed an uniformly intrepid valour, during a courſe of fifty years of dangers and perils, always trembled and ran away when he ſaw *apples*.—James the firſt, King of England, turned pale at the ſight of a *naked ſword*.—Pierre Alphonſo, one of the moſt renowned philoſophers of the 13th century, fainted at the ſmell of *cheeſe*.—Chevalier Boyle fell into convulſions at the bubbling of *water* out of a bottle.—Lamothe-le-Voyer, felt the greateſt pain from the ſweeteſt *muſic*, and greateſt pleaſure from thunder and diſcordant ſounds.

THE ANVIL AND BELLOWS.

A Splenetic blackſmith, that fancied himſelf ſick would frequently teaze a neighboring phyſician to give him relief; the phyſician knowing him to be in perfect health, yet not willing to offend him, told him he muſt be very careful in his diet, and not eat any thing that was *heavy* or *windy*. The blackſmith went off ſatisfied—but on calling in his mind what food was heavy and windy, and being ignorant, back he poſts to the Doctor, who being out of patience with his *patient*, ſaid "don't you know what things are heavy and what are windy?" "No" anſwered the blackſmith—"why then I will tell you," ſaid the Doctor, "there's your *anvil* is heavy, and your *bellows* are windy—do no eat either and you'll do well enough."

LAZINESS.

DURING the late froſt, a certain gentleman, remarkable for his good humour, overheard two of his ſervants diſputing which of them had a right to ſhovel the ſnow off from the foot pavement—thinking example better than precept, he applied to them for a ſhovel to do it himſelf. The two ſervants now aſhamed of their conduct, miſſed upon preventing him, which he ſuffered them to do; obſerving, he ſhould not have undertook it, only hearing them both ſay it was none of their buſineſs, he concluded of courſe, that it muſt be his.

ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN Lady, of unſuſpected conjugal fidelity towards a huſband, to whom ſhe had borne *ſix* children, gave the name of ARTIS, to a daughter, with which ſhe was favored, a few years after his deceaſe.—A perſon remarking upon the incident, obſerved, that however ſome might reflect on the widow, for his part he thought her excuſable—that, in his idea, having *ſubſcribed* and faithfully accompted for *ſix*, ſhe was undoubtedly *entitled* to the *ſeventh*, of ARTIS. E.

AN Iriſh ſchoolmaſter, a great foe to idleneſs, thinking that the well known expreſſion, "Idleneſs covereth a man with *rags*," might be amended, wrote, as a copy for one of his pupils—"*Idleneſs* covereth a man with nakedneſs."

On Monday, the [illegible] entertainment of *The Prize*.

INTELLIGENCE.

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A moſt melancholy and heart-rending ſcene took place near Dover, in England, the latter end of November laſt. A Dutch Tranſport, having near 500 ſouls on board, was driven on ſhore, 472 of which, periſhed, including 29 women and children! Imagination cannot deſcribe the horrors attending this diſaſter. The floating bodies of the ſufferers, eſpecially of the women and children, were as diſtreſſing to the eye, as their ſhrieks were to the ear of humanity.

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The ſame may be ſaid of the Verſes, by *Eliza*.

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In Old-York, Mr. John Young, Æt 84. In Portland, Mr. Iſaiah Hacker, Æt 42. In New-Gloucester, Dr. Theodore Symmes, Æt. 36. In Danvers, Mr Jonathan Boyce, Æt. 87. In Salem, Mrs. Mary Weſt, Æt. 86 Mr. Daniel Needham. In Uxbridge, ſuddenly, Mrs. Martha Draper, Æt. 51. In Worceſter, Mrs. Violati Gates, Æt 79. In Norridgewock, Maine, Mr. Peter Gilman, Æt 83. In Swanſey, Mr. Benjamin Hicks, Æt. 92. In Haverhill, (N.) Mr. John Lobdaque, Æt. 65; Mrs. Abigail Griffin, Æt. 35. In Chelſea, Mr. Daniel Pratt, Æt. 79. In Middleborough, Mr. Ebenezer Woods, Æt. 55. In Newburyport, Daniel Sillaway, jun. He was at play on the ice, fell through and was drowned. In North-Carolina, Maj. Tatom; he has given freedom to his negroes, with his plantation, with the ſtock and utenſils, for their ſupport. In Watertown, Mr. Joſeph Bird, Æt 52.

In Boſton, Mrs. Zabiah Gore, Æt 47, conſort of Mr. Stephen Gore; Capt. Joſeph Shed, jun. Æt 47; Mrs. Anderſon; a Child of Mr. Doyle, Æt 8.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR ALLEN.

AH! tell me why muft thou go, Sir Allen?
Oh tell me, why thou muft go?
The wind it is keen, a ftorm is falling,
The ground it is white with fnow.
And forrow will furc this heart betide
When thou art gone far away;
Then prithee, love, throw thy cloak aſide,
And tarry another day.

Ah! wilt thou not? When thou'rt gone, Sir Allen,
When thou far away art gone,
How fhall I prevent the tears from falling?
How ſtifle each ſigh and moan?
Though oceans may roll between us wide,
Still faithful my heart will be;
And oft through the air my ſpirit will glide,
Sir Allen, to follow thee.

And when thou art far away, Sir Allen,
Let memory often dwell,
On ſcenes long paſt, the form recalling
Of her who lov'd ſo well?
Then whether adverſity's blaſt may howl,
Or the ſun of proſperity ſhine,
Remember there is one friendly ſoul
That mourns or rejoices with thine.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PLEASURE.

LET other bards, in other rhymes,
Diſplay the follies of the times
In each variety of meaſure;
Be ours the taſk to ſing of wine,
Invoke the bleſſings of the Nine,
And quaff the gen'rous bowl of PLEASURE.

For ſordid gain let others toil,
And plough the main, and plough the ſoil,
And fondly doat on hoarded treaſure;
Let us enjoy our little ſtore
With grateful hearts, nor ſigh for more,
Since wealth is but a foe to PLEASURE.

On learned trifles ſome contend,
And learned antiquarians ſpend
O'er bones and reliques all their leiſure;
More wiſely far, let us employ
The tranſient hours of fleeting joy
In ſongs of love, and ſports of PLEASURE.

Let others court, with flattering tongue,
The favors of the fickle throng,
And ſtrive to ſhare the nation's treaſure;
Let us ſtill count the loves and graces,
Nor dream of penſions, poſts, or places,
Since theſe are foes to eaſe and PLEASURE.

Whilſt others dread a fatal doom,
And ſink deſpairing to the tomb,
Filling with pain life's ſcanty meaſure
May hope direct our prſperous way,
'Till we ſhall reach the realms of day,
And live again in laſting PLEASURE.

Boſton, Jan. 1803. L.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE NAVIGATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF GESSNER.

HE flies! the veſſel flies, that bears away
To diſtant ſhores my Daphne, fair as May.
O hard her, ye loves! be lull'd each rude gale;
Let Zephyrs only fill the ſwelling ſail;
Ye waves flow gently by the veſſels ſide,
While penſive ſhe ſurveys you idly glide;
Ah! ſoftly glide, prolong her reverie,
For then, ye Gods! 'tis then ſhe thinks of me.
When near the nodding groves that ſhade the ſhore,
To her, ye birds, your ſweeteſt warblings pour;
No ſounds be heard, but ſuch as gently ſooth,
And be, O ſea, thy azure ſurface ſmooth.
Ne'er, ſince thy daughters fought their liquid caves,
A lovlier charge, was truſted to thy waves.
Her clear, her bright unſullied beauty ſhews
The lilly's white, and freſhneſs of the roſe.
Not Venus had more charms, more beauteous bloom,
When, riſing from the ſea's reſplendent foam,
She ſmiling mounted firſt her ſilver car,
And ſhone effulgent, as the morning ſtar.
The enchanted Tritons left their noiſy ſport,
And nymphs cerulean in their chryſtal courts;
Regardleſs of their frowns, or jealous ſmiles,
While beauty's queen each eager eye beguiles.
They gaze, and held in moſt delightful trance,
Purſue her moving o'er the ſmooth expanſe.

H***T.

Addreſſed to a charming Poetreſs, by him, who has ſometimes the honour of making her a Pee.

AN orator of much renown
Was preaching in a country town,
And mov'd his audience well:
The Sexton, liſt'ning 'mid the crowd,
Of the attention juſtly proud,
Jogg'd his next neighbor, calling loud—
"*Twas I that rang the bell!*"

My underling employment, then,
May have its ſhare of credit;
And when I hear extoll'd again
The charming flowings of your pen,
I'll boaſt, "*Twas I that made it!*"

AN EXPOSTULATION.

HOW ſhort are the pleaſures of love!
Soon faded the charms of each laſs!
But wine by its AGE will improve—
Then why ſhould n't I take a glaſs? *Port Folio.*

A REPLY TO AN OLD SAYING.

"Handſome is he, that handſome doth"—
Can't one be good and handſome both?

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

[*Concluded from page* 68.]

THE king was at once ſurpriſed and affected by the ſuddenneſs of her appearance and the diſtreſs of her action. He would have ſpoken but was prevented. Ah, my liege, ſhe exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in ſtore for thoſe who wiſh to lay down their lives for his ſake, what recompence does he keep in reſerve for traitors? I underſtand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaiſe alſo is a traitor; he confeſſes himſelf a traitor; he was ſeen in your embraces!—That may be, my lord; but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Val[illegible]

[illegible] or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, ſinks all other duties all other conſiderations. Valvaiſe and I were bred together from our infancy, we were fellow ſtudents, ſworn brothers: his friendſhip procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or poſſeſſions. He lately came to my houſe, claimed the protection of my roof, and in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your diſpleaſure. But as ſoon as I underſtood that he was obnoxious to my king and that the royal proclamation had iſſued againſt him, I became a Sampſon in my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to ſhreds; I had him ſeized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the ſentence that your juſtice ſhall paſs upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, ſat in ſilent aſtoniſhment: he was ſhocked, he was terrified. He looked on Chriſtern with a diſguſted and indignant eye, as ſomewhat newly ſtarted up, ſome horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws, divine and human, that the burſting aſunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendſhip of confidence and hoſpitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favor of Adolphus. He who feels not theſe ties, can have no faith no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his god.——Here! take this miſcreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thouſand fathom deep, from the deteſting face of the ſun; and let all who are of his blood, be baniſhed our dominions forever, leſt Sweden ſhould ſhortly be over-run with monſters.

Pale, ſpeechleſs, and aghaſt, ſtood the wretched convict. Eagerly they ſeized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution; ſo odious and ſo unpitied, even in miſery, is the guilt of ingratitude! The king then ordered the priſoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet ſlaviſhly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearleſs, but modeſt and dejected; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raiſe his eye to the face of his maſter, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, ſaid the monarch, to reproach your once friend for the injuſtice of his orders? Bleſſed be the order, returned Valvaiſe, that gave me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord!

Then ſuddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he ſtarted and changed. Ah madam, he cried, you are here then—Heaven be praiſed! You have queſtionleſs reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart where excellence claims the whole entire and undivided, and where all that we are, and that we have is due—But then I ſee you not, where I truſted you ſhould ſoon be exalted; I ſee you not on the throne, or at the ſide of my maſter.——Would you wiſh then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival?—From my ſoul, I wiſh it, my lord; becauſe I love her happineſs even more than I love her perſon.

Adelaide, ſaid the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to ſtep and unbind the priſoner and reſtore him to the arms and boſom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands and a palpitating heart, hee aſpect all in a glow, ſat about her commiſſion; but perlunged the chains of her beloved, by her haſte to ſet him at liberty.

The monarch then deſcended, and advanced with open arms, he claſped, and reclaſped Valvaiſe to his breaſt. O welcome, thrice welcome, he cried to thy late deſolate manſion thy ſeat within my boſom!—Adelaide has told me all, ſhe borne inconteſtable teſtimony to your truth, to an heroiſm that is unpalliable, to a virtue that riſes above ſeduction friendſhip that ſacrificed whatever you held moſt dear the intereſts of the man who put his confidence in you.—What ſhall I do my brother, to recompenſe your love?—I will try—I will ſtrive to emulate the nobleneſs of your example.—I will, in my turn, ſubdue my own paſſions—I will reſtore to your generoſity, what I held dearer than an empire, dearer than life—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king in reſtoring Valvaiſe.

Long ſilence enſued.—Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaiſe, in ſearch of the inmoſt emotions of his ſoul; and finding them conformable to the generoſity of her own ſentiments,——No, my lord, ſhe cried, Valvaiſe will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections ſhall be ſupremely happy; till you have found to yourſelf an Adelaide, whoſe heart is undivided, wholly worthy of you by the conſtellation of her excellencies.—I firſt learned to love, by admiring in Valvaiſe that fealty, that fervor of affection which he had for his maſter; and could he taſte of conſolation while you taſted of regret, he would inſtantly loſe the charm by which he engaged me? I ſhould deſpiſe, I ſhould reject him.—No, no, it cannot be? we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our laſt parting, to keep ſeparate for your ſake; and not to accept of any happineſs ſave, what virtue and the conſciouſneſs of acting nobly might yield.

SMALL APPLES ARE BETTER THAN NONE

ONE prize of 2000 dollars; 1 of 1500; ſeveral of 1000, of 750; of 500: of 100, &c. &c. yet remain to be drawn in Hadley Lottery.—A few warranted undrawn tickets, for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN Feb 19

BOSTON:

PRINTED *and* PUBLISHED, *every* SATURDAY Evening

BY GILBERT & DEAN,

No. 56, STATE-STREET, (over the Store of Mr. J. Prince)

Two Dolls. per ann.—One half paid in advance.

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cheats, Heaven preserve us from a religious cheat! The most detestable of human beings, is the hypocritical pietist, who makes use of religion to decoy the unsuspecting traveller into his snare; who groans, and whines, and prays, while he plots the ruin of the widow, and deprives the helpless orphan of its bread. Shun him as you would the pestilence; pollution is in his touch! Avoid him as you would the hungry lion, that, like him, lies concealed in the thicket, ready to spring upon his unsuspecting prey!

Although there are hypocrites in religion, yet truly religious men are our safest companions. In their society, we shall neither corrupt our morals, waste our estate, nor injure our reputation. With them, we shall imbibe the principles of virtue, and learn to practise justice, sobriety, moderation, and truth, in all our transactions with the world, and in the loose hours of amusement and relaxation. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I A! who would have thought that letter I wrote, in answer to that fancy piece in the seventh number, would have made such a disturbance! Surely the odious creature who has taken it up, must be very ill-natured. I dare say, Rebecca, you are some old maid; I am almost sure of it from this one circumstance—your hinting about your mother's having a daughter, near eighteen; which to be sure is your wise self. I dare say, if the truth was known, you are nearer eighty than eighteen, else you would never be so spiteful to a young creature. If you are such a young and modest creature, as you have described yourself to be, you never would have expressed yourself as you did, in the first part of your stiff and awkward letter; telling about exposing naked bosoms and arms. Dear! what shocking ideas it conveys! Horrid creature!

You say, you should not have expressed your approbation of that piece, had it not been for my answer; and you add, "verily that child is buffeted by the great enemy." Buffeted! mercy! what a shocking word! But I dare say it is well adapted to your character. No wonder you were afraid that they would not publish your stiff piece. For my part I wonder they did. I don't feel half so proud of mine being published, as I did; for I see they publish any thing.

As for the nonsense you tell me about your mother, what she taught you, &c. I allure you, that does not vex me at all. She is, doubtless, a clever old lady; but she can know nothing of the world, to see from town as Lynn.

Your boasting of having so many admirers, I consider as another indication of your being an old maid. And now to address you in your own shocking style—Good Rebecca, (lord! what an old fashioned name) how knowest thou that my wig is red? Hast thou been to Moll Pitcher, to know what colour it is of? Pray thee, how much did it cost thee and the old witch to ascertain the colour of my wig? For I suppose it is some trouble to Mrs. Pitcher, to conjure up her infernal agents.

Pray thee, Rebecca, hast thou that same crimson veil, thou didst so recommend to others? If thou hast, I should like to see it. I dont believe it is half so handsome as coquebeot; if it is, I think some of my acquaintance would wear them. I don't recollect that I have ever seen one. As for paint, there are scarcely any young ladies who make use of it, since Mrs. Vincent's lotion hath become fashionable.

I dare say you think you have concluded your piece mighty pretty, with your quotation from scripture. A girl of eighteen quoting passages from scripture! How ridiculous! But, pray who was your wise scribe? I believe I know, too. I think it is Lazarus, you allude to. If I read the Bible as much as you do, I suppose I should know. Your wise mother, doubtless, will not let you read any thing else. I suppose she will not let you read Novels and Romances? Poor soul! how I pity you!

MARY ANN SMARTLY.

BIOGRAPHY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you judge the following desultory sketch, worthy the column, or columns, it may fill in your Miscellany, it is quite at your service.

MRS. ROWE.

THERE are no flights of fancy that I trace with more delight, than those indulged by the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, in her Letters from "*the Dead to the Living.*" Fond of admiring, and cherishing the deception, I follow, with sacred awe, the progress of the departed spirit, and solicitous to establish as a fact, the access of the *disembodied* intellect, to the *imprisoned mind*, I embrace with avidity, every idea, that may serve as a prop to a favourite sentiment.—The moral tendency of the letters in question, will hardly be denied; for whatever originates a supposition, that my conduct is still open to the inspection of the virtuous dead who merited, and who attained, an unrivalled ascendancy in my bosom, will most probably become a powerful incentive to rectitude of action. But indeed Mrs. Rowe never penned a sentence, that did not look with a very benign aspect upon the interests of Virtue. She was lovely, and accomplished, as a woman, and greatly meritorious as a writer. The circumstances that marked her mortal career, were peculiarly felicitous. Born to parents who knew to distinguish, and who possessed both power and inclination, to furnish her fine Genius with every aid requisite to the perfecting its powers, she was tenderly fostered in the fairest recesses of literature, and when, in the full maturity of excellence, she became the subject of observation, her uncommon worth obtained for her, all those distinctions, which she most indisputably merited; and, beloved by all who approached her, she passed forward, the object of universal admiration. Her form was beautifully elegant, and her strong mind, the abode of Genius, and of Virtue, was eminently adorned by all those graces, that are calculated to bestow upon society the most alluring, and brightest polish.

Mr. Prior, well known in the literary world, and the celebrated Doctor Watts, equally sensible of the charms both of her wit, and person, were among those who tendering her the sincerest homage, presented themselves as candidates for the honour of her hand—but in Mr. Rowe she hailed her congenial soul. Report, although rarely just to matchless worth, had, in this instance, borne tidings of the splendid reputation, possessed by Miss Singer, to the ear of this young gentleman, and he eagerly sought an opportunity of beholding her. An assemblage of Virtues, and of Graces, seldom fail of producing an effect proportioned to their powers, and Mr. Rowe's first interview with Miss Singer, ameliorated the strong predilection which had previously triumphed in his bosom, into the tenderest passion. In delineating the Sovereign Lady of his election, he thus expresses himself:

"Youth's liveliest bloom, a never fading grace,
"And more than beauty sparkles in her face;
"Yet the bright form creates no lucid desires,
"At once she gives and purifies our fires,
"And passion chaste as her own soul inspires;
"Her soul, heaven's noblest workmanship, design'd
"To bless the ruined age and succour lost mankind;
"To prop abandoned Virtue's sinking cause,
"And snatch from Vice its unreserved applause."

Mr. Rowe was formed to make happy the subject of his verse: Moral, and religious functions completed their union: their minds seemed to be cast in one mould, and their felicity was highly wrought. Mutually susceptible of the most refined pleasures, equally enamoured of the beauties of literature, and possessing equal claims to immortal fame, perhaps the annals of wedded life cannot produce a brighter example of conjugal happiness. No root of bitterness deformed the paradise in which they rationally, and gratefully cultivated the virtues, the loves and the graces; the serpent Envy, could find no entrance into their terrestrial Eden, and the corroding breath of dissension shed no untimely mildews to blight their joys.

Many revolving months after the hour which had registered their plighted vows, Mr. Rowe affectionately addressed his "Philomela" in the following respectfully tender, and truly appropriate language.

"Long may thy inspiring page,
"And great example bless the ruling age!
"Long on thy charming person may'st thou stay,
"Late, very late, ascend the well known way,
"And add new glories to the realms of day!
"At last, heaven will not sure this prayer deny,
"Short be my life's uncertain date,
"And earlier far than thine, the destined hour of fate!
"When e'er it comes may'st thou be by,
"Support my sinking frame and teach me how to die,
"Banish desponding nature's gloom,
"Make me to hope a gentle doom,
"And fix me all on joys to come!
"With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
"And clasp thee dying in my faltering arms:
"Then gently leaning on thy breast,
"Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest,
"The ghastly form shall wear a pleasing air
"And all things smile, if heaven, and thou art there!"

The Angel of death was speedily commissioned to execute the fatal mandate! alas! alas! continued bliss is not the heritage of the present probationary state of being—but there is another and a better world, where we have the consolation to expect permanent felicity. The prominent misfortune of Mrs. Rowe's life, was the early termination of her wedded amity. Five years only was she permitted the indulgence of those refined, and sacred pleasures, which are the offspring of a judicious, sentimental and happy union: and the sorrows of her heart, while bending over the grave of her husband, were a just tribute to those virtues she delighted to cherish, and which still existed in her own lacerated mind. Her deportment upon this fatal catastrophe, exhibited all the decent propriety of grief, all the majesty of woe—The luxury of tears, the sadly thrilling anguish, and impressive sweets of melancholy, these were all her own.—Condemned thus, at the age of twenty right, to mourn the exit of him who commanded the entire approbation of her reason, and who possessed every tender emotion of her soul—to see him cut off in the bloom of life by a lingering and cruel disorder, she yet suffered no impious murmuring to escape her lips, but bowing submissive to the Omnipotent disposal of events, she prepared herself to evince by the regularity of her conduct, her strong based and undiminished attachment to the deceased—and she continued through the remainder of a long life, a virtuous monument of steady affection. She was often solicited to enter into new, and unexceptionable engagements, but still wedded to the memory of him, who was her bosom's lord, she resolutely, and uniformly declined the most flattering proposals of marriage and she exemplified in every instance, a delicacy, and propriety of thinking and of acting.—Slander presumed not to glance even obliquely at her character, nor to a name so irreproachable, could the smallest degree of censure ever attach.—Happy, exemplary Woman—justly art thou pronounced a fit model, for thy sex. Mrs. Rowe was naturally munificent, and to the suffering sons and daughters of humanity she was divinely compassionate. Possessing both the power and the inclination, she sought out the children of adversity, and her benefactions were ever proportioned to their necessities. She possessed an early and ardent attachment to the pleasures of Religion, and, a constant observer of the system of her election, she appealed to the searcher of all hearts, as a Voucher for the rectitude of her life. She continued, from the demise of Mr. Rowe, a Recluse, and exhibiting in her retirement an example of becoming resignation, she was never allured thence, but in compliance with the calls of friendship, to which she continued to render the most uniform homage. And thus advancing in her blameless, her meritorious and dignified career, having at length numbered very many succeeding years, she supplicated heaven to grant her, when her death warrant should be issued, an instantaneous passage to the world of spirits; and the recording Angel registering her prayer, the eye of parental Deity beamed an assenting glance—The emancipating commission obtained the fiat of the Almighty, and upon the evening of a serene day, the hours of which she had appropriated to the duties of friendship, in the moment of her retiring to her chamber, she was summoned to the mansions of bliss.

One of her Panegyrists thus feelingly expresses himself:

"Blest in thy life and Genius! blest in death!
"Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath;
"The stroke unfelt and spar'd the painful strife,
"Of nature struggling e'er she parts with life;
"One hour in blooming health, the next she sees,
"Receives the saint where spirit never dies,
"Thy Gracious God thus heard thy favour'd vows,
"And crown'd thy virtue with thy death thou chose.

C.....

REMARKABLE.

[Selected for the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT.

[From the London Courier, of the 9th of Nov. last.]

I, JOANNA SOUTHCOTT, the Prophetess of Exeter, have (for some years) been warning the World of what is approaching, but few have believed the report; "for, unless ye see Signs and Wonders, ye will not believe, until sudden destruction come upon you." But now to be clear from the blood of all men, I warn the world at large. I was visited by the Lord the first month in the year 1792; and, the first month in the year 1803, the first day in that month (old style) my sealed writings must be brought forward, that the truth may be proved. I have said in my writings, I am the woman in the 12th chapter of Revelations, mentioned in the first verse, so my writings must be proved, the first month in the twelfth year. I have repeatedly sent letters to the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, of Exeter, from 1796, to 1800, of events to take place, and the truth has

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followed: I have also written to the Rev. Archdeacon Moore, of Heavytree, near Exeter; and to the Rev. Chancellor Nottombe, of West Morehard, near Exeter; all these letters will be in print, with their names, when the truth of my writings is proved.

If either of these Divines should think it improper to see their letters, with their names in print (which the Lord has commanded me to do) they are at liberty to be present to judge for themselves; and to see if they can prove the foreknowledge in my writings came from the Devil; when every truth is fairly examined and tried, then, I shall, with respect, submit to them; but no one's judgment can be attended to, unless they are present. I have, lately, published two books: one is, "My Disputes with the Powers of Darkness;" and the other, "The Lord's answer to it;" wherein, I have mentioned the Prophecies from the Bible that are haltening on, and, where the Ministers are greatly blamed, for not searching the Scriptures, and warning their flock of the days that are approaching, that they may not come upon them unawares. I here, also, give liberty to any Twelve Divines of the Church of England, of good and worthy characters, to be present at the same time, to judge for themselves, as well as those I have written to; and, I am told, the lord will try the nations one year, before he sends out the Destroying Angel, for he will cut short his work, in righteousness, and bring in his Kingdom of Peace to those who believe, according to the promises made in the old and New Testament. Letters, addressed to me, (post paid,) at E. I. Field's, No. 3, Broad court, Long-Acre, London, will come safe to my hands. As my calling is to the Jews as well as the Gentiles, any six of repute are invited to come as above, and judge for themselves. My books are sold at E. I. Field's, No. 3, Broad-court, Long-acre, London; and at W. Sammond's, Grandy's-lane, Exeter.

SOLEMN WARNING.

[*The danger as well as folly of endeavouring to pry into futurity, by the ridiculous sport practised by many young women, vulgarly called* "trying of tricks."]

THE sports of Hallow-eve have been described by the fascinating BURNS, but, whether in a way to detect from indulging in them, admits of a doubt. That they have, in more than one instance, terminated fatally, we have heard; that they did so, in one instance, and that so late as last week, we know.—We give the following particulars from authority, and our informant trusts that they will prove a warning to inconsiderate youth to betake themselves to amusements more rational, and less likely to be attended with unpleasant consequences to themselves:

"The ceremony of sowing hempseed on Hallow-eve is known to most of our readers. A young girl of the name of Isabel Carr, servant to Mr. Mathewson, type-founder, would needs keep her Hallow-eve on Monday week; and notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of her master, who represented the impropriety and absurdity of prying into the secrets of futurity, she would not be persuaded from sowing her hempseed on that night. About ten o'clock, she accordingly went into the foundry alone, with a light in her hand, which she placed on one of the tables while she performed her incantations. She walked through the shop several times pronouncing aloud the words used on such occasions—and so anxious was she to *see something*, as she termed it, that having seen nothing, she gathered up the seed to sow it a second time. In the course of this second sowing, according to her own account, a tall meagre figure presented itself to her imagination! She shrieked aloud, and ran immediately into the house, all the doors being open. After relating all that she had seen, she went to bed, *placing the bible under her head!* She rose on Tuesday, and went through the labours of the day in apparent good health; but in the evening appeared somewhat timid. She, however, had her supper as usual, and went to bed, without any symptoms of fear. Next morning she was called, but did not answer; again was called, but still no answer. A daughter of Mr. Mathewson's then rose, went to her, and found that she was very sick, and that she had been so during part of the night. Tea was ordered for her, but before it could be prepared, she was seized with a stupor; the pulse became sunk, and breathing difficult, and the hands swollen and blackish. A medical gentleman was instantly called. He said it was an attack of an apoplexy, which she could not survive more than ten minutes; and in rather less than that time she expired, the blood bursting from her nose, mouth, &c. The surgeon, on being informed of the transaction of Monday night, was clearly of opinion, that the impression made on her imagination by the fancied apparition, was the cause of this fatal catastrophe."

ACCOUNT OF A VERY LARGE WHALE.

ON Tuesday fortnight, a whale was cast on shore near Arklow, county of Wicklow; though very young in appearance, it was of considerable size, nearly as large as that lately taken at Dover, which measured in length 80 feet, and in height 20 feet; being alive when put on shore, its throat was immediately cut, and so great was the effusion of blood, that it bled upwards of ten hogsheads. It was cut up in various pieces, and divided among a number of the inhabitants; one gentleman has converted the jaw-bones into gate-posts and door-cases; the oil taken from it has been sold for 100l. A few hours before it came on shore, one or two more were seen in company a little distance from land, and the spectators were so astonished at the sight as not to be able to conjecture what they were; from their size they had the appearance of large vessels partly sunk; but one of the monsters having raised its tail, and thrown a quantity of water in the air, terrified the boatmen from venturing towards them.—*Lond. P. of Nov.* 4.

AMUSING.

[*Selected for the Boston Weekly Magazine.*]

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH LADIES.

[*From a French Paper.*]

THE English Ladies are timid; but when one has excited their confidence to a sufficient degree, they are extremely amiable, conversing very agreeably, and without assuming any airs; they read much, not to avoid *ennui*, but to inform themselves: hence their studies are profitable; they are full of benevolence, and have more gaiety of mind than of manner, which is far from being a defect. The custom which removes them from the society of men, is very displeasing to them; but they suffer much more from another custom, which requires that in England a woman should be considered less as the companion, than as the property of the husband; hence our French Ladies would be much astonished at the reservations which an English lady often inserts in her marriage contract. In uniting her fate to that of a man, she is occupied only in contending in favour of her liberty, and this is not always a useless precaution. Yet Englishmen are not jealous: their fault is that they do not attend sufficiently to women, whose company keeps them in restraint

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THE following anecdote of the effects of jealousy on the mind of an Egyptian, is recorded by Denon, in his travels in Egypt, and will serve to illustrate the manners of that people. "On the second day's march across the desart from Alexandria, some soldiers met, near Beda, a young woman, whose face was smeared with blood. In one hand she held a young infant, while her other was stretched at random, in search of any object that might strike or guide it. Their curiosity was excited. They approached, and heard the sighs of a being who had been deprived of her sight! Astonished, and desirous of an explanation, they questioned her; and learned that the dreadful spectacle before their eyes had been produced by a fit of jealousy. Its victim presumed not to murmur, but only prayed in behalf of the innocent who partook her misfortune, and which was on the point of perishing with misery and hunger. The soldiers, struck with compassion, and forgetting their own wants at the sight of the more pressing necessities of others, immediately gave her part of their rations. They were supplying her with part of the water which they were likely soon to be without themselves, when they beheld the furious husband approach, who, fearing his eyes at a distance with the fruits of his vengeance, had kept his victim in sight. He sprang forward, snatched from the woman's hand the bread and water, that last necessary of life which pity had given to misfortune. "Stop," cried he, "she has lost her honour; she has wounded mine; this child is my shame, it is the son of guilt." The soldiers resisted his attempt to deprive the woman of the food they had given her. His jealousy was irritated at seeing the object of his fury become that of the kindness of others; he drew a dagger, and gave the woman a mortal blow; then seized the child, threw it into the air, and destroyed it by its fall: afterwards, with stupid ferocity, he stood motionless, looking fixedly at those who surrounded him, and defying their vengeance.—*Lond. P. Nov.* 12.

SEVERE CONFLICT.

IN the history of the Clam, (Mya arenaria) in the Historical Collections, we have the following account: A Gentleman not far from Boston, ordered a number of Clams to be dug, and to be put into his cellar, intending to make use of them as bait. They remained there several days, when the shells, as usual, beginning to open, a rat thrust his paw into one of them, attempting to pull out the worm. The two shells, closed together with force and held him fast. As the clam was too big to be dragged through his hole, the rat was unable to make his escape; and at length his cries excited the attention of the family, who came and saw him in the situation described. The clam continues as several days, after it is taken from its hole.—*Salem Reg.*

ANECDOTES.

A COMPANY of scholars, going a hunting, enjoined on one of the company, who was usually very talkative, to preserve silence, or he would frighten away the game. However, upon spying a number of rabbits, he vociferously exclaimed, "*Ecce! multi conniculi!*"—when they disappeared in a moment. Being chid by his companions, he replied, "*Who the devil would have thought the rabbits understood Latin?*"

THE word IMPARTIAL, will admit of being applied in a variety of cases; but one of the most curious application of it occurs in a Connecticut paper, in which a man advertises an "IMPARTIAL *account of a hail storm!*"

AN advertisement in an Irish paper, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from *rental winters fishery*, among other particulars, observed, that "these lathes would last *forever*; and *afterwards*, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for *old iron*."

INTELLIGENCE.

[Boston, Saturday Evening, February 26, 1803.]

Messrs. Munroe & Francis, have issued the 2d number of Shakespeare's Plays: and Mr. E. Lincoln, the 8th of Cheap Repository Tracts.

IT is affirmed, and we hope with truth, that two beds of Coals have been discovered on the banks of the Raritan in New-Jersey, between New-Brunswick and Amboy. They are in plenty in Nova-Scotia and Virginia. We hope search will be made for them nearer to our own State.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Amanda's Fable, is not very elegant or very applicable.

Elegy, on the death of Miss ***** ********; very indifferent verse, and incorrect language.

We admire the piety of *Adelfeontalus*, but not his poetry.

The beautiful Ballad of *Lucy*, shall early enrich our poetical department.

Jacob, the *Patriarch*, shall be remembered.

The *Hermit*, will, at some future time appear.

Lines on the destruction of the Museum, though *extremely pathetic*, would, we imagine, if presented to the public eye, draw forth more smiles than tears.

A Biographical sketch, of Anthony Benezet, is in type and shall appear in our next.

MARRIAGES.

In Salem, Mr. Asa Kilham, to Miss Hannah Neal; Mr. Benjamin Proctor, to Miss Hannah Archer. Mr. George Valpey, to Miss Dorcas Abbot. In Leominster, Thomas Legate, Esq. to Miss Mehitable Caleb. In Hopkinton, Mr. John Fairbanks, of Boston, to Miss Hannah K. Dench. In Cambridge, Rev. David Kendall, of Hubbardstown, to Miss Susanna Jarvis.

In Boston, Mr. William Pratt, to Miss Clarissa Hadley; Mr. Eben Chittenden, to Miss Patty Ingraham. Mr. Luther Spaulding, to Miss Elizabeth Flagg.

DEATHS.

In Freetown, 11th inst. Mr. Thomas West, Æt. 100 and 3 months. In New-Bedford, Mrs. Alice Russell, Æt. 24. In Andover, Mr. Joseph Stevens, Æt. 54. In Haverhill, Mrs. Betsey Howe, Æt. 42. In Dresden, (Maine,) Mr. Crawford. He fell through the ice with his horse and sleigh and was drowned.—In Connecticut River, (drowned) Mr. Ephraim Root, of Piermont, and two other men. They were coming down the river, with a loaded sleigh and two horses, when the ice gave way, and all were lost! In Salem, Mr. Wm. Proctor, Æt. 43; Mr. John Dean, Æt. 66. In Northampton, Mrs. Abigail Lyman, Æt. 24, formerly of Boston, comfort of Erastus Lyman, Esq.

In Boston, Mr. John Allen, Æt. 66. Mr. Andrew M'Donnel, Æt. 23. Mr. Nathaniel Spear, Æt. 40; Mr. John Amory, a native of Germany, Æt. 49. Mrs. Joanna Williston, wife of Mr. Joseph W. jun. Æt. 28. Mrs. Persis Foster, wife of Mr. Thomas Foster, jun. Æt. 29; a child of Mr. Lucas—a black man;—total, 8, for this week, ending yesterday.

Last evening, Mr. Peter B. Chaigneau, Æt. 69. His funeral will be to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from Mr. John Russell's dwelling-house, Federal-Street.

THE CLOSE.

HADLEY Lottery will soon complete drawing—first drawn blank on Monday, entitled to 2000 dollars. The wheels contain several other valuable prizes. Few warranted undrawn tickets for sale by *Gilbert & Dean*. A list of the prizes and blanks, may be seen. Feb. 26.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EXPIRING AMITY.

OF all the ills a mortal lives to mourn,
From friends, from wealth, from a lov'd country torn;
Exil'd by penury—or aught beside,
Which from sweet peace a wanderer may divide.
Yet still resources in the breast arise,
And hope the distant gleam of light supplies;
He may return—his friends again may meet,
Fortune may smile, his joys may be complete;
Forward he looks, and in perspective views,
Scenes which imagination oft pursues.

But that keen anguish, which incessant springs,
Which some new pang with recollection brings,
Offspring of love transform'd to deadly hate,
Untimely'd thoudt in the dark book of fate.

The female heart for amity design'd,
Enraptur'd hastes the hands of truth to bind;
But ah, how deep the shafts of sorrow pierce,
When gath'ring glooms her promised joys enhearse,
When friendship dead—upon the sacred bier,
She lives to shed the solitary tear!

How sad to view the once expressive eye,
Which glistened with endearing amity,
Now turn'd indignant—while the glowing cheek,
And every look, a thousand daggers speak!
All up in arms against the friend belov'd,
Who was for ma[illegible] a length'ning year approv'd!
For whom the dearest sympathies were felt,
And in whose breast responsive kindness dwelt.
To see affiance yield its calm retreat,
And Discord mounting the long hallow'd seat!
Malice ejecting each inherent grace,
Which gave to amity an Angel face.

Great God! what deep regrets the heart must swell,
And the bereaved soul to grief impel!
Nought can support, or mitigation yield,
Except indifference the mind enshield;
For as the heart, should that attachment glow,
Which flows spontaneous, and must ever flow,
And though repeated insults it receives,
It still esteems, and still unceasing grieves;
Nought can the anguish of the mind assuage,
Nor distant prospects the torn soul engage;
Hope, blissful solace, dies within the breast,
We are not e'en in expectation blest,
For well we know if Friendship once expires,
Nor art, nor nature, can relume its fires.

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF the following extract strikes you favourably, you will, by giving it a place in your Magazine, oblige *Yours, &c.*

R******

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM,

AN ODE, BY DR. DARWIN.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

DULL Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurled,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmonized a world?

Why do not Arabes drifting sands,
The sports of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
As gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch! thy self survey,
That lesser fabric scan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou, when this pop'lous earth
From chaos burst its way,
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hailed the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speech of life,
The miniature of man,
Nursed in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began?

Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy fingers stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Did'st thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone,
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast;
And with impatient hands, untaught,
The milky rill arrest?

Or who with unextinguish'd love
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the ragged paths of life
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! the wide earth shouts,
A God! the heavens reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man?—with beauty clad,
And health in every vein;
And, reason thron'd upon his brow,
Step'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth! the skies, himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales! ye meads and woods!
Bright sun and glittering stars!
Fair creatures, tell me if you can,
From whence and what I am?

What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own;
Tell me, Creation, tell me how
To adore the vast unknown!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

SEEING you have among your correspondents, some ingenious solvers of Rebus's and Riddles; I find you the following.

A REBUS, *of which a Solution is requested.*

TAKE one half of a crime *for* which millions have died,
With a portion of sight for which thousands have sigh'd,
And you will find a *Stylish* female's name,
Which ranks with *Rowe's* or *Astrea's* in literary fame.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following lines on our immortal FRANKLIN, are from the pen of Mons. DUANDRO, who was the first Frenchman that publickly espouted the cause of the Americans. If you will give them a place in your Magazine, you will oblige a customer.

IL a ravi le feu des cieux—
Il fait fleurir les arts en des climats sauvages;
L' Amerique l' a placé à la tête des sages;
La Grèce l' auroit mis au nombre de ses Dieux.

☞ *A Translation is requested.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN the North burying ground of this town, there is a grave Stone, with no name, date or inscription, excepting the following six lines, which I think worth preserving in your useful Repository. The Stone appears to be about one hundred years old. *Yours,* FITZWILLIAM.

What is't fond mortal that thou would'st obtain,
By spinning out a wretched life of cares,
Is it to act thy childhood o'er again,
And cry for cake when thou'rt advanc'd in years?
Who leaves the world like me, just in my prime,
Spends all his business in a little time.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 70.)

LETTER III.

From FRANCES CROMWELL *to* CHARLES WALLER.

YOU have alarmed me beyond measure by your last letter: indeed the agitation into which it threw me was so great, that I have not yet recovered it; nor do I perfectly know what I am now writing, such is the hurry of my spirits. I am conscious I ought not to have answered either of your letters; but I choose to do so for two reasons:—first, because I think it a question of humanity, to ask you from what action of mine, you first thought I could return your passion; for this you seem to hint at—And I entreat you to answer me candidly; for by doing so, you may, perhaps, not only clear up a mystery to me at present; but also, when you find it was a trifle, from which no possible inference could be drawn, except by a person who wished to be deceived, you may be enabled the better to combat with your love, since you find it was never returned. Write me then, the circumstance that hath caused such a misfortune to you, and which has been the source of such terror to me. I cannot help requesting you to gratify my curiosity thus far, although I am well acquainted with the dangers of such a correspondence. My second motive is this, your saying you was just going to speak to me in the great chamber. My God! how could such an idea enter into your imagination? Sure some malicious daemon must have inspired you to do an action, likely to be attended with such tremendous consequences to us both! You say you love me:—have, then, at least, the discretion and charity not to utterly destroy me.

I have not had a moment's relaxation from fear since I perused your letter: let not desperation carry you so far as to make such another resolution; and calm the transports of your madness.

Be cautious not to impute any thing I have said to a return of affection. I would wish, however, to relieve you, and therefore I cannot finish this token of my imprudence without adding some efforts to advise you; yet how shall I attempt it, when you have declared, that you have struggled, and in vain—that you have combated with your unhappy disorder, and have at last tranquilly resigned yourself to fate? How can a weak female hope to say any thing to move you to another effort, when your superior understanding has so often essayed it without success? And yet I have often heard my father say that the mind is prejudiced by another's reasoning, although it advances no argument, but what has been already thought of and rejected. Nevertheless I hope not to convince, I only wish to actuate your conduct by my most earnest prayer. Rouse, sir, from your fatal legarthy which has so benumbed your better reason, nor think to find an excuse by railing at destiny; for I have frequently heard you tell me that no such thing existed; and that we ourselves are the deifyers of a principle that hath no existence but in the minds of the weak and idle.—You owe this attempt to God, honour and morality, to yourself, and to me. *[To be continued.]*

MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No VIII.

I. KINGS XIX. 4.

And he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life.

WHO does not mourn the frailty of human nature, and the occasional weakness of the strongest faith! Elijah, that bold and faithful prophet of the Most High; Elijah, who was fed by the ravens of the desert, who could miraculously replenish the barrel of meal, and the cruse of oil for the widow of *Zarephath*, and wrest from the hands of death, her beloved child; Elijah, who, defying the power of an idolatrous monarch, rebuked him to his face, and, in the presence of his courtiers, slew four hundred and fifty of his prophets; Elijah—is here flying, like a coward, from the face of an impotent woman, and pervishly wishing to die, on account of her threats!

This eminent servant of religion is not the only instance of inconsistency in good men, which the scriptures have recorded. Abraham, the friend of God, was once guilty of base prevarication. Moses, the pattern of meekness, once practised the most impious temerity. David, the most upright of princes, and the ornament of his age, was once guilty of adultery and murder. Hezekiah, in the general, remarkably pious and humble, was, in one instance, so remarkable for his pride and vanity. And the apostle Peter, who cheerfully submitted to crucifixion, for the sake of the gospel, was once the profane denier of his lord!

What is the inference from these facts? THE SCRIPTURES ARE DIVINELY TRUE. They exhibit a faithful picture of human life in the early ages of the world, and of the conduct of Providence towards good men. Had the sacred writers been actuated by a spirit of imposture, instead of publishing, they would have concealed, the failings and crimes of themselves and their heroes. But they freely narrate their vices as well as virtues, and are contented to be *numbered*, through all succeeding ages, *among the transgressors* of mankind, rather than sacrifice a particle of the truth.

PRINTED *and* PUBLISHED, *every* SATURDAY *Evening,*
BY GILBERT & DEAN.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. XIX.

——*ve meum*
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur,
Fami nec meus mihi, nec color,
Certâ sede manet?

MY correspondents increase so fast I have now five letters before me, which require attention. One tells me of a sister addressed by a jealous lover, whom she fears will make a matrose tyrant, if converted into a husband. Another asks me, "*what is Love?*" A third complains of a hardship arising from *avarice* or *prudence*, in her parents. *Debby Downeright*, tells a plain truth—and *Lexi*, thanks I have not given the *Devil his due*. I shall answer them in the same order in which I received them, and must therefore give precedence to my fair friend, *Susan Sympathy*.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

MANY, very many, are the evils arising from Jealousy; and there is scarcely a human being, who does not, more or less, entertain such unhappy thoughts. Many flattering prospects, and even the peace of families have been destroyed by this *monster* of the human heart. My sister, who is older than myself, has respects paid her by a tolerable clever man, if I can except jealousy, and what is vulgarly called, "weakness in the upper garret." They are both fond of each other, but his jealous disposition is very often visible to others, besides his dear! Our parents too, often observe it, especially when she does *not* happen to be at his call—We have both been warned of its baneful effects, and our parents advice has proved correct.

Jealousy! I am not capable of painting thy *frightful* deformity! This is the reason of my making application to the *Gossip*: any thing on the subject, coming from such a master of the human heart, "will guide many in the way they should go," in order to avoid the tormenting fiend.—I have, for some time, resolved addressing you on this subject; and I shall wait impatiently for your information and instruction, on this all important affair. As this comes from a young female, I do not think you will publish it; although I find you treat your correspondents with candour, even should they be as impudent as *Timothy Downeright*.

I am yours, SUSAN SYMPATHY.

Salem, Feb. 14, 1803.

JEALOUSY, is said by some, to be the offspring of love; but it is certainly *not* of that kind of love, which should exist in a married state, in order to its being permanently happy. I would not have a friend of mine, enter the matrimonial pale, with a person, whose bosom nourishes this degrading passion, whether male or female; though their form was modelled by the hands of the graces, their manners embellished by the highest polish education could give, and their situation in life such as declared them the first favourite of fortune. A man, married to a jealous woman, can have but little comfort in his domestic circle; when once the passion is awakened, every incident adds fuel to the flame. The common civilities of life are construed into marks of attachment. He cannot go out, but he suspects a meeting is appointed with some woman, more favoured than herself; does he stay at home unexpectedly, woe be to the woman who should call in to make a friendly or neighbourly visit. She becomes immediately an object of suspicion, especially should she be young, handsome, or accomplished; her unaffected good humour, the irritable wife will call artful snares, to entrap her husband's affections, and it is ten to one, but before the evening is over, suffers her petulence to be so apparent, as to affront and wound the sensibility of a person who never harboured any but the most friendly dispositions towards herself, and innocent towards her husband. Nay, it sometimes happens, this unhappy wife will so far degrade herself, and husband, as to suspect her own female domestics, and even her nearest relations. I have frequently witnessed scenes of this kind, when I have been certain there was scarcely a particle of love in the bosom of the woman who acted thus ridiculously, to plead in excuse for her folly. The passion which thus operated to the torture of herself and others, originated in envy and selfish malignity; it was not the love she bore her husband, excited it, but the hatred she felt towards those women who possessed greater beauty, wit, sense, or accomplishments, than herself. I never see a young woman seem uneasy, turn uncommonly red, or pale, when another is commended in her presence, but I say within myself, that woman, when married, will be jealous of every female to whom her husband shall happen to see any good qualities. The situation of a man, united to an envious or jealous woman, is certainly much to be commiserated, but its horrors sink into nothing, when compared to the fate of a woman who has a jealous husband. A man can leave his house, and mix in society, whither his wife cannot follow him. He can form social or pleasurable parties, without consulting her; and if she continues to torment him, however he may *once* have loved her, he will do it without regard to her tears, threats, or reproaches—and he is right so to do; if he has no pleasure at home, he is free to seek it where he can find it, without incumbering himself with a companion, whose chief aim is to embitter every moment of his life.

A woman who has a jealous husband, especially if she is a woman of feeling and delicacy, endures the most excruciating anguish, which the human mind can suffer. The suspicion degrades her in her own opinion, and awakens such an indignant sentiment towards the man who could thus unjustly humiliate her, that her whole life is a warfare of contending emotions. Conscious that no error, no provocation whatever, on the part of her husband, could excuse a failure in her own duty, she struggles to suppress those feelings of resentment, and to behave toward the man she had vowed to obey, with that gentleness, attention, and uniform good humour, as may serve to convince him that his doubts of her honor and purity, were perfectly groundless, and highly injurious. But all this is frequently of no effect—he views all her actions through a false medium, catches eagerly at every little inadvertancy that may serve to corroborate his suspicions; and even, in direct opposition to his own positive knowledge of her purity and general unoffending disposition, will listen to every suggestion which envy, ill-nature, or malice, may assert, to her prejudice. Nor is it men of strict morality, who are most addicted to this passion—on the contrary, it often happens, that the man who will not suffer his wife to breathe an accent of approbation of any other man, will not hesitate openly to avow his preference of other women; nor would abstain from visiting any woman, whom he honoured with his approbation, though certain, by so doing, he gave another intupportable pang to the heart of the woman, already depressed to the earth, by his unworthy suspicions. My correspondent *Susan*, says, her sister's lover is deficient in his intellectual powers, for so I understand the expression, "*weak in the upper garret.*" If so, he is more to be dreaded than a man of sense. Ignorance easily imbibes prejudices, and adheres to them, when imbibed, with the most impenetrable obstinacy. A man of sense, will hear reason, will judiciously investigate circumstances, nor condemn without very apparent cause; but a fool will form an opinion, and whether right or wrong, refuses to recede from it—not that he can defend it by rational argument, but it is his opinion, he knows it to be right, *because it is so*. If there is one state more to be dreaded by a woman of sense and feeling, than another, it is a union with ignorance and obstinacy. But there are women in the world, and not a small number, who, possessing little sense, and less sensibility, are content to be governed, so that they can be maintained; and care not whether their lord and master be a wise man or a fool, so that he supplies them plentifully with the means of indulging in indolence, and luxury. Such women, it is true, often awaken in the minds of their spouse, a something like jealousy, but they are so entirely indifferent as to what he thinks or what he says, that the doubting husband, resting on the known inanity of their disposition, troubles himself little about them, and finding his anger is of no consequence, suffers them to go on in that kind of listless vegetating stupidity, that scarcely deserves the name of existence. But as I do not presume the sister of *Susan*, is a woman of this description, I advise her to be cautious how she permits a weak minded, jealous man, to have a right to dominate over her, construe her most innocent attachments into criminal affection, watch and misinterpret all her actions, assert opinions which she knows to be absurd, and oblige her tacitly to acquiesce, in direct opposition to her own better judgement.

Jealousy never is the effect of real love; we cannot perfectly love, whom we do not respect and esteem; and where we respect and esteem, we have such entire confidence, that it would be as easy to persuade us it is dark, when the sun shines in full meridian splendor, as to lead us to doubt the truth of an object so honored, so reverenced. If a lover suspect the fidelity of his mistress, without a cause, he may be inspired with a passion which too often bears the name;—but I dare assert, he is a stranger to love.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No XII.

—"*Trifles light as air.*"—SHAKES.—

WHO among the sons of Adam has escaped the harmless ridicule of woman? And who is weak enough to be offended at her innocent volubility? It is the prerogative of the sex to talk;—"ye gods! how they can talk!"—and, like the poet, "give to *airy nothing* a local habitation and a name." To shew my own philosophy, I shall give Miss AMANDA's letter entire; and, to punish her, condemn her to see it in print.

"TO THE ITINERANT

"HEIGH HO!——Well, *Mr. Itinerant*, of all mortals, you are the dullest. I am tired, tired, tired to death. I wonder who and what you are;—you must be some old fellow, not worth a kiss—that's certain. You are always moralizing, and preaching about virtue and vice, and never pay any more attention to us ladies, than if we were unworthy of notice.—I take the liberty to tell you, that you are confoundedly ill-bred;—and you may repent it too. What other scribbler has ever presumed thus to neglect us? Has not every one thrown himself at our feet, and been proud of nodding us with his awkward compliments?—'Tis very well—But I dare vow, you are some disappointed old batchelor. Now, pray tell us, have you not been refused by some cruel fair one, and therefore sworn hatred to all the sex?—Poor soul! you should have tried another—all girls are not alike—and there are enough of us, in all conscience.

"Now, if this is not the case, do try to be a little smart sometimes, and see if you cannot afford one a little amusement; for I can positively bear your serious stuff no longer. Cannot you invent a little piece of scandal?—or give us a short love story, about *Emilie's* being met, by a tall, handsome young fellow, one morning, as she was walking in the fields, and that they were instantly enamoured of each other;—that he talked nonsense to her, and she blushed, and—and so on?—Now I am not seriously your enemy—and if you will endeavour to amuse us a little, I will forgive your past dullness and disrespect, and send you a letter out in a while to enliven your spirits. You may ridicule the fashions as much as you please, and say what you will, about *transparent* dresses, naked arms, and *purple elbows*. We do not care the prick of a pin about such things, I assure you. We read them, in order to laugh at the ignorance and stupidity of those who scribble them. I protest, I do not believe these fellows ever see a lady, except in public; and if they should have the misfortune to be in company with one, they would not dare to speak to her. They are as ignorant what clothes we wear, further than a gown or petice, as a Hottentot, or an American savage;—my *landlady* would teach them their A, B, C—and yet they have the assurance—but they are beneath our resentment.

"Out of pity, however, to these gentlemen who are so much concerned about our health, I can assure them, that we are as well secured against the inclemency of the season as they are; our dress is sufficiently warm for comfort or

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for health; and I would advise them to spare their remarks on women, till they know more about them.—But, *Mr. Itinerant*, I have a better opinion of your knowledge, or I would send you an inventory of a lady's dress, according to the present fashion, which would vindicate us from all their scandalous imputations.—Now I hope you are a young man, notwithstanding you are so grave; and I have a desire——But here comes Miss Flirt to interrupt one, fresh from Cornhill;—after having rambled every piece of goods in the whole street, and bought nothing, she it now come to plague me. She begins with, "O my dear *Amanda*, you have no idea what a sweet pretty fellow I met with just now;—I am absolutely in love with him."————Heigh ho!——— *Yours*, AMANDA.

"*Boston, Feb.* 28."—

BIOGRAPHY.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

TO philanthropists in general, and the admirers of John Howard, in particular, it will be no ungrateful information, that while he was breaking the bands of affliction on this side of the water, a congenial spirit was engaged in a similar purluit on the continent of America, and that he likewise was a dissenter.—The person alluded to was ANTHONY BENEZET, a member of the American Philosophical Society, and is lately deceased. He was descended from an ancient and honourable family, that flourished in the court of Lewis XIV; with liberal prospects in life, he devoted himself early to the teaching of an English School, in which it is allowed he was for his industry, &c. without an equal. He corresponded with many eminent characters in Europe; he published many excellent tracts against the Slave Trade, the use of spirituous liquors, &c. He wrote to the *King of Prussia*, the *Queens* of *Portugal* and *England*, to use their interest in the abolition of the former. He bequeathed most of his estate to the support of a school for negroes, which he himself had founded. How much he was respected by his fellow citizens will partly appear from the funeral oration of Doctor Rush, of Philadelphia.—"*Poets and Historians* (says he) *to you I commit his panegyric; and when you hear of a law for abolishing slavery in each of the American States; when you hear of the Kings and Queens of Europe, publishing Edicts for the same gracious purpose; and when you hear of Schools and Churches, with all the arts of civilized life, established among the Sons of Africa, then remember and record, that this revolution in favour of human happiness here, was the effect of the labours, the publications, the fortune, and the prayers of* Anthony Benezet." *Lond. Jour.*

The following letter on the Slave Trade, was addressed by him,

To Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain.

IMPRESSED with a sense of religious duty, and encouraged by the opinion generally entertained of thy benevolent disposition to succour the distressed, I take the liberty very respectfully to offer to thy perusal some tracts, which I believe faithfully describe the suffering condition of many hundred thousand of our fellow creatures of the African race; great numbers of whom, torn from every tender connexion in life, are annually taken from their native land, to endure in the American islands and plantations a most rigorous slavery, whereby many, very many of them are brought to a melancholy and untimely end.

When it is considered that the inhabitants of Britain, who are themselves so eminently blessed in the enjoyment of religious and civil liberty, have long been and yet are very deeply concerned in the flagrant violation of the common rights of mankind, and, even that its national authority is exerted in the support of the African slave trade; there is much reason to apprehend that this guilt, been, and is long as the evil exists, will continue to be an occasion of drawing down divine vengeance on the nation and its dependencies. May these considerations induce thee to interpose thy kind endeavours in behalf of the greatly oppressed people, whose abject situation gives them an additional claim to the pity and assistance of the generous mind, inasmuch as they are altogether deprived of the means of soliciting effectual relief for themselves; that so thou myself not only be a blessed instrument in the hand of him "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice" to avert the awful judgments by which the empire has already been remarkably shaken, but that the blessings of those ready to perish, may come upon thee, at a time when the superior advantages attendant on thy situation in this world will no longer be of avail to thy comfort, hope and support.

As to the merits of the subject, to which I have thus ventured to crave thy particular attention, I have added some others which, at different times, I have believed it my duty to publish, and which, I trust, will afford thee some satisfaction, their design being for the furtherance of that universal peace and good will amongst men, which the gospel was intended to introduce.

I hope thou wilt kindly excuse the freedom used on this occasion by an ancient man, whose mind for more than 40 years past, has been much separated from this common course of the world, and long painfully exercised in the consideration of the miseries under which so large a portion of mankind equally with us the objects of redeeming love, are suffering the most unjust and grevious oppression, and who sincerely wishes the temporal and eternal felicity of the queen and her royal consort. ANTHONY BENEZET.

Philadelphia, 25th of the 8th month, 1783.

LAW CASE.

DISTRESS of PENURY.

THE following interesting case, is from a *Dublin* paper of Nov. 27, 1802:—Thomas Edward Bellamy, found guilty of passing, to a Mr. Sparrow, a bill on Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, of London, army agents, for 30l. 8. with the names of these gentlemen forged, as acceptors to it, was put to the bar to receive sentence. He appeared strongly affected—and holding up a written paper, entreated the court would permit their officer to read it aloud, as from the agitated state of his feelings, he was incapable of addressing the bench himself. The paper, with the consent of the court, was read by the acting clerk of the Crown. Its contents were to the following effect.

"That the culprit had been justly found guilty of a crime, which distresses in his family, almost unexampled, had in a moment of despair, compelled him to commit—that he entered the army as commissioned officer in the year 1794, in which he remained in active service, principally in Ireland till the heads of the late rebellion were crushed—that he became acquainted with his present afflicted wife in this country, and from a mutual attachment which ensued, married her—that a growing family was the consequence, for whose support, he for a long time, used every honest and active exertion in his power: finding the army too expensive, he quitted his regiment to seek some decent civil employment, the highest object of his ambition—for this purpose he procured letters of recommendation to Lord Wentworth, and to Mr. Hawkins Brown, in England, a distant relation of his wife's. In several applications he made for employment, he uniformly failed, and from his repeated disappointments his family had been involved in new scenes of calamity and distress—he was, at length, obliged to accept an Ensign's commission in a Scottish regiment, in which he remained some time, struggling with fresh trials of adversity, and increasing accumulated debts, which the necessary support of his family induced; when to avoid the horrors of a prison, which he saw inevitable, he quitted the army again, and was thrown on the world, without a single guinea or a single friend. The distresses of his family were such, that they were obliged to live for a considerable time deprived of all sustenance except what they could derive from scanty and precarious meals of bread and tea—that the last time his wife was confined in child bed, a single shilling they did not possess. Lodging in an obscure garret, she was delivered without surgical aid, and destitute of every species of those conveniences almost indispensable with females in her condition, being herself without clothes, and to procure a covering for her new-born infant, all their resources were exhausted. In this situation his wife and child must inevitably have starved, were it not for the loan of five shillings, which he walked from London to Blackheath to borrow; he made a most solemn appeal to heaven, as to the truth of every particular he stated.—and that so far from wishing to exaggerate a single fact, he suppressed many more instances of calamity scarcely to be paralleled, which delicacy forbade him to mention, however excusable the relation of them might be in his present situation—that after the disgrace brought upon himself by this single transaction, life could not be a boon he would be anxious to solicit, but that nature pleaded in his behalf for a deserving wife and helpless child!———It was not from a principle of ill-timed pride that he was obliged to declare that she was a gentlewoman reared in affluence, with refined sentiments, and every amiable propensity—she was at present so far advanced in her pregnancy, as to expect to be delivered in February next—he therefore humbly supplicated the humane interposition of the court, at least to have the execution of his sentence suspended until after that event, as otherways he had just reason to apprehend that the lives of his unhappy partner, from the state of her spirits, and unborn babe, would also become sacrifices for his crime."

Mr. M'Nally, as counsel for the crown, addressed the court on behalf of his client, Mr. Sparrow, who instructed him to avail himself of the first opportunity of stating to their Lordships, that a sense of public justice alone had compelled him to institute this prosecution; that he felt for this unhappy gentleman's distresses, which he knew to have been such in life as *few* in life encounter, and that his statement of them was *far short of the actual sufferings* of his unfortunate family.

At the reading of this calamitous case, their Lordships seemed in a peculiar manner struck with that sympathy which the subject had universally excited. Judge Finucane, addressed the prisoner in a very feeling style, informed him that the court felt it their duty not only to forward to government for his Majesty's pardon, the recommendation of the jury in his favour, but the affecting statement of his case, together with the representation which Mr. M'Nally made from the prosecutor. He hoped he would be more fortunate than others in similar circumstances had been, in applying for Royal Mercy in Great-Britain, where the crime of forgery is held in particular abhorrence. He exhorted the prisoner, however, to prepare for the worst, and lamented the necessity of pronouncing the fatal sentence of the law, which was death.

Mr. Bellamy was only 27 years of age when he was executed. Col. Latouche humanely informed Mr. B. that his wife and children should be provided for, when he exclaimed, "*that now his consolation was complete.*"

The prisoner's whole demeanour was truly affecting, he had the address of a gentleman, and the aspect of one whose heart and feelings were borne down by compunction and adversity.

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

Is said to be the production of Mrs. Bellamy, wife of the unfortunate gentleman.

IN deepest shades of Wretchedness and Woe,
With Horror a Friend my dreary state to know,
Or, where 'tis known, few, few are there I fear,
My worst of fates, or to relieve or share;
In penury and sickness—ghastly train!
My heart afflicted, torn and rent with pain;
The hovering shade of Death around me flies,
And spreads its sickening darkness o'er my eyes—
Would they were clos'd in that oblivious sleep,
Where cease the wretched or to feel—or weep—
Where Poverty's hard gripe afflicts no more,
And life's delusions and delights are o'er;
Where Friendship's ne'er rejected to in vain,
Nor turns from Penury with cold disdain.
—My Children! oh! thou Eternal Power!
Whose care presided at their natal hour,
To these my friendless babes, thy care extend—
Be thou their father—and be thou their friend;
When the cold grave becomes their mother's bed,
And when the long grass trembles o'er her head.
—Their father! oh! sweet attribute of Heav'n!
Mercy! be thou to their poor father given;
Behold in these sweet innocents the cause;
Those ties, not *he*, that broke his country's laws.
Necessity—that knows no laws nor fears,
Urg'd by his children's sad complaints, and tears,
To dissipation drove me—fatal day?
A crime committed—years can't wipe away—
O'er leap'd right's bounds—society's great tie,
And forfeited *its* life, left *Her* should die!
But why not suffer on—my Edward—why?
Why not indulge your famish'd babes to die?
Did e'er a tear roll down my care worn cheek—
Or 'gainst my husband one fal murmur speak?
Say, was I not to Heav'n's great will resign'd—
And sure we did from Heav'n oft comfort find?
What—though the day was wasted through in grief,
And you at night return'd without relief—
Return'd when every faithless friend was try'd—
Hopeless return'd; for every friend deny'd!
Then on your fainting wife such looks you've cast,
That I must recollect, while life shall last?
Have I not round your neck my fond arms thrown,
And knele with you before Heav'n's gracious throne;
And whilst the burning tears delug'd your face,
We've pray'd together for sustaining grace,
And rose renew'd in faith; whilst our sweet child
Slept as we pray'd; and as you wept, it smil'd.
Ah! little know the rich, the great, the gay;
Who spend in fruitless joys their lives away,
The pangs my Bellamy; the pangs you bore;
Pangs which no creature ever felt before;

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And all for me; you told me you could bear
Fate's hardeſt cruſh; If I had not a ſhare;
That hunger, thirſt, and cold to you were nought
But for your Children! O! heart-rending thought!
His Children periſh; He a father driv'n,
To err againſt the laws of man, and HEAV'N!
Cruel alternative; yet GOD, thou'rt juſt;
Nor ſhould thy councils e'er be fean'd by duſt!
But oh! ſhould e'er this tale, which here appears
Wrung from my heart, and blotted with my tears
Its paſſage wing to that mild eye which beams—
With mercy's cheering, vivifying ſtreams—
To HIM whoſe breaſt with mildeſt virtues glows,
And whoſe long reign one ſcene of goodneſs ſhows!
I pray that HE his pardon may extend—
And mercy grant my BELLAMY—my friend!
So may that POW'R who ſits on Heav'n's high throne,
Who crowns hath given, and kingdoms overthrown—
Around his head ten thouſand bleſſings ſhow'r,
And be his ſhield, his comforter, his tow'r;
May Britain, great in arms, in commerce grown,
Ne'er want a GEORGE to fill Great-Britain's throne;
But to my loud cries liſt—O! Mercy hear!
Pardon my BELLAMY—my huſband—friend!

Who that reads theſe lines, and reflects on the ſituation of their author, but muſt ſhed a tear to pity, and ſigh, *Ah*, "*Pity 'tis, 'tis true.*"

AMUSING.

A PHYSICIAN AND HIS APPRENTICE.

"MY father deſired me Sir, to aſk you," ſaid the phyſical diſciple to a certain eminent pharmacopolift, "that I might attend you on all your patients, as you know, Sir, it is my laſt year of my time." "You ſhall, Bob, you ſhall," replied the maſter; "Come, get your hat." They entered the ſick man's chamber, and the uſual ceremonies occurred, ſuch as feeling the pulſe, *et cetera*; after aſſuming an appearance of profound thought, the vender of galenicals told the wife of the ſick man with much gravity, that her huſband was in extreme danger, and that ſhe had contributed to his malady by giving him oyſters; the woman in much confuſion, at laſt owned the fact. When they had quitted the houſe, Bob enquired with much earneſtneſs of his maſter, how he could poſſibly know that the patient had eaten oyſters. "You fooliſh boy," replied the old ſtager, "I ſaw ſome ſhells under the bed." The next time Bob went alone, and returned to his maſter with a ghaſtly viſage, and told him the patient was dead by eating a horſe—"A horſe, Bob," rejoined the circulating chief, "how do you know that?" "Oh, eaſy enough, Sir, I looked under the bed, and ſaw a ſaddle and bridle!"

WHEN Governor Wentworth was going to take poſſeſſion of the colonial government of New-Hampſhire, he was met by an eſcort of gentlemen from that colony on the weſtern borders of Maſſachuſetts; among them was Col. Taylor, of facetious memory. The Governor complained to them of the ſire ſometimes of *grace at meals*, which they experienced while paſſing through Connecticut. Taylor replied—"Grace at meals will continue about the ſame length from hence to Boſton: it will then gradually ſhorten, till our arrival at the ſeat of your Excellency's government—where it is a chance if there be found any *grace at all*."

A FEW days ago, (ſays a late London paper) a ſeaman, lately diſcharged from the navy, with plenty of chinke in his pouch, ordered a poſt chaiſe at an inn in Newcaſtle. A chaiſe and pair was brought; but jack would have nothing leſs than four horſes to the carriage, which was complied with: but on opening the coach door, he ſtarted back, declaring, that while he was able to keep the deck, he would never ſculk below. He then mounted the roof—and the chaiſe, with its four horſes, its two poſtillions, and Jack, ſat off at full ſpeed, to the great amuſement of the ſpectators.

A GENTLEMAN at Wighton, was lately called in to make the will of an elderly lady in the neighbourhood; when, among other appropriate admonitions to her children, ſhe thus accoſted her eldeſt ſon—"Now, John, I have made my will. I hope I have made my peace with God, and that after I am gone, I truſt thee and all our friends will be agreeable. But there is one thing more, John, I have in particular to deſire of thee"—"What is that, mother?" replied the ſon, "and if it be in my power to comply with your requeſt, you may depend upon it that I will."—"It is this, John:—I deſire thou will never hold the quart too long in thy hand; for that can't but tell how dry thy next neighbour may be."—*Lond. pap.*

JONTI THORNTON, whoſe nocturnal enjoyments ſeldom admitted his riſing before noon, was one day admoniſhed by a grave friend, that a perſeverance in theſe habits would ſhorten his days. "Very true," replied the wit; "but by theſe ſame habits I contrive to *lengthen my nights.*"—*Ibid.*

St. Peter's is the afternoon lounge for the cits to take tea, ſmoak, and drink Sandwich ale. There are three houſes of fair entertainment, pleaſantly ſituated. Paſſing that way a few days ſince, I was ſtruck by the following lines, written with a pencil on the church porch, under the head of a Raphſodical Epigram:

What oppoſite extremes ſhall flow,
From wine ABOVE, and wine BELOW!*
THIS—breeds ebriety and ſtrife,
THAT—GENTLE PEACE and HEAV'NLY QUIET.

* *Right under the communion table is a wine vault, belonging to one of the Innkeepers at Margate.*

A curious circumſtance lately occured in Pruſſia. A young man, the ſon of a poor ſhoemaker, at Dreny-foria, a little town in Eaſtern Pruſſia, having received the little inſtruction his father could afford him, was employed in ſhoemaking. Having a taſte for ſtudy, the kind of labour he was employed in appeared ſo incompatible with his love of the Sciences, that he took the extraordinary reſolution of going to Charlottenberg, to implore the aid of the King. This boy, who is only thirteen years of age, executed his project, and arrived at Charlottenberg ſome weeks ſince, after travelling 80 miles on foot. The King received him, very graciouſly, and having examined him, gave orders that he ſhould be educated, at His Majeſty's expenſe, in the College of Joachimſthal.

Not long ſince, were preſent at tea table, the following perſons—viz. Two great grand parents, two brothers, three huſbands, three wives, three fathers, three mothers, ſix children, two grand children, and two great grand children.—The whole number being only eight perſons.

REMARKABLE.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

A MELANCHOLY accident lately happened at Beziers, in the Department of Herault, in France.—An inhabitant of that place having depoſited a quantity of new wine in his cellar, deſcended thither a few days afterwards to inſpect it, when he was immediately killed by the vapour ariſing from the wine in a ſtate of fermentation. His wife, alarmed at his long ſtay, called for help, when three men went down into the cellar, who all experienced the ſame fate. The wife followed them, and was attacked by the vapour when half way down, and her life with difficulty preſerved. : : : : : *Lond. P. Nov. 5.*

SINGULAR EVENT.

THERE is a perſon at Liverpool, of the Jewiſh perſuaſion, who having married a young woman of the Chriſtian church, by whom he had a child, which laſt week died, application was made to the Heads of the Synagogue, for the burial of this child in their ground, to which Henry had long been a ſubſcriber, but refuſed, on the ground of Henry's having by his marriage forfeited the rights of the Jewiſh church. Henry, nevertheleſs, prevailed upon the perſon reſident at the Synagogue, to depoſit the child privately in the burial ground. Near three weeks elapſed, when, upon the demiſe of another child, a grave was dug, when lo! the recent depoſit was diſcovered! Enquiry was ſet on foot, and the fact aſcertained—the Heads of the Synagogue were called together, when it was reſolved that the coffin and corpſe ſhould be returned to Henry by the beadle.—Henry, appriſed of theſe movements, was prepared with a conſtable and on the approach of the beadle with his charge, he was taken into cuſtody, and lodged in Bridewell, where he remained the whole of that night: The next day the beadle and the perſons who ordered the removal of the corpſe were examined before the Mayor at the Exchange, where they were juſtly reprimanded, and two conſtables accompanied the beadle to the burial ground, where the body of the infant was replaced in the ſame grave from whence it had been removed. : : : : : *Ibid, Nov. 17.*

REMARKABLE LUNATIC.

YESTERDAY morning, about nine o'clock, a man found means to gain admittance into Buckingham-houſe, who, upon being queſtioned by the porters at the Lodge what he wanted, replied he was come to demand an anſwer from the King and Queen to a requeſt he had made ſome time ſince. He ſaid he was the ſon of Jeſſe the prophet, and was come to ſave the world, and that it was his right to be the new Lord Mayor. Upon this the porters endeavoured to put him out of the houſe, but as he made reſiſtance they ſent for Townſend, the Bow-ſtreet officer, who took him into cuſtody. Between twelve and one o'clock, he underwent an examination before Sir Richard Ford, at the Secretary of State's Office, where it appeared he was a native of Birmingham, by trade a japanner, and had been in cuſtody a few months ſince under a ſimilar charge, but was liberated upon his being deemed ſufficiently recovered in his intellects. He was committed to Bridewell. His name is Richard Neale. : : : : : *Ibid, Nov. 10.*

USEFUL.

[*Boſton, Saturday Evening, March 5, 1785.*]

ON Thurſday evening laſt, the young Gentlemen of Dr Stearns's Academy, *Medford*, did themſelves and inſtructors great honor, at an Exhibition. A Parliamentary Debate, the much admired and patriotic tragedy of "Guſtavus Vaſa," and ſeveral other detached pieces and dialogues, were given, in a ſtyle of excellence, ſeldom witneſſed at exhibitions of this kind. If to train the youth of this country to underſtand the force of argument, and the power of declamation; to point out models for imitation, in the judicious ſelection of the pieces performed, be to deſerve well of the public, Dr. *Stearns* has eminent title to public favour. Three young gentlemen, by the names of *Wallace*, *Ingram*, and *Engliſh*, were very happy in their conception and enunciation of the parts they ſuſtained, the laſt named gentleman peculiarly ſo.

To READERS and CORRESPONDENTS.

Stanzas, written in a ſevere thunder ſtorm, ſhall appear ſoon.

The *Hermit*'s ideas are very good, but his manner of expreſſing them, are neither new nor ſtriking. We therefore beg leave to decline his favours.

We were intereſted for a *Poor Youth*, ſome little time ſince, and certainly did mean to give his complaint a place in our Miſcellany; but ſince he ſuffers his *perhaps* juſt anger of ſome haughty unfeeling woman, to lead him into unqualified abuſe of the whole ſex, we muſt decline giving his rancour publicity through our medium. Beſides, he deceives himſelf—he tells us, "He ſometimes pities, ſometimes deſpiſes, ſometimes hates, but never loves them."—*Poor Youth*, it is apparent indeed, that you *have loved* ſome obdurate fair one, and all your anger ariſes from not having your paſſion returned according to your wiſhes.—The poetry ſpeaks too much of the egotiſt, and ſcarcely riſes to mediocrity.

N. B. is informed, his Acroſtic is too indelicate and diſguſting for inſertion.

A Cuſtomer, though perhaps no Iriſhman, is ſomewhat of a blunderer himſelf—at leaſt in his orthography.

We thank our correſpondent for "Verſes upon Gaming," and "Epitaph on a Sleeper."

Thoughts on Matrimony, very good.

Misnotwell's communications, are received with gratitude. Short eſſays will be uſeful.

Amlet has two favours on hand. We are grateful, but cannot give immediate publicity to his favours.

"Soliloquy on a thatch'd Houſe," romantic, but not ſtriking.

Anecdotes ſelected from the *Baltimore* Magazine, will, at times, ſerve to fill a corner.

Exit of Old Age, very good.

ORDAINED,

In Newfield, Maine, Rev. John Dane. In Dartmouth, Rev. Arnold Blaſs.

MARRIAGES.

In Bradford, Mr. Aaron Hardy, to Miſs Hitty Dutch. In Wilmington, Mr. Benj. Blanchard, to Miſs Patty Blanchard. In Portland, Mr. Stephen M'Lellan, merc. to Miſs Hannah Iſley. In Norfolk, Doctor Octavius Auguſtus Valentine Bowen George Waſhington Warren Lewis Roſtrom, junr of Boſton, to Miſs Elizabeth Myers Portius.

In Boſton, Mr. Abijah French, to Miſs Billings, of Quincy. Mr. Solomon Eddy, to Miſs Mary York.

DEATHS.

In Liverpool, England, Mr. Abel Barrett, merc. of Boſton, Æt 37. In Fitchburg, Mrs. Sarah Willard, Æt 61. In Dedham, Mr. David Ellis, Æt 52. In Salem, Joſiah Perkins, Eſq. Æt 30; Mrs. Mary Barnes, Æt 74; Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Æt 40. In Beverly, Capt. Aſa Cole, Æt 50. In Malden, Miſs Rebecca Hopkins, Æt 18. At ſea, Mr. Stephen Gorham, jun. of this town.

In Boſton, Mrs. Sally Hunt, Æt 25, wife of Mr. H. W. Hunt; Mr. James Traſk, jun. Æt 20; Mrs. Ann Gaſſett, Æt 21; Mr. Nathan Davis, Æt 65; Mr. George Sellers, Æt. 29; Mrs. Mary Momford.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON BLENDING SPIRIT WITH MATTER.

I WISH this mode of speech was given o'er,
That we confounded *life* and *death* no more;
That nor in thought, nor word, we e'er consign'd
To drear oblivion the percipient mind.
Strange that we mingle thus the breath of God,
Blending the Soul with its enfolding clod!
Dark is the view, and comfortless the plan,
Which levels thus the *complex* being Man!
'Gainst human Nature when we wield the pen;
Since the Great Spirit is the life of men,
Our wit and folly are alike in vain,
While the bleft fource of being fhall remain.

That this weak tenement is frail I know,
Subject to error—the born child of woe—
Its texture flight—its frame deriv'd from earth—
Fated to fall before the conq'ror death:
That 'twill to reptiles yield a rich repaft,
Defcending to its native duft at laft.—

All this unhefitating I confefs,
Nor can the view my *better hopes* depreſs;
For fhould we hence characterize the race,
Or the high lineage of the fpirit trace,
We might as well hie to fome lone retreat,
And thus the philofophic Exile greet:

Thy hut is lowly—tis obfcure and fmall,
And muft affuredly to ruin fall;
Contending winds will raze it to the ground,
And on the fpot fhall rife the verdant mound:
E'en now thy cottage totters in the blaft,
The ftorm defcends—the fatal die is caft!

Hence we deduce our fentiments of thee,
Superior to thy cot, thou canft not be;
The Tenant cannot foar beyond his cell,
The clay built walls where he was wont to dwell!
As is the houfe, fo is the Maſter too,
Together rifing in one point of view!

'Tis thus to Reafon's eye their tenets feem,
Who lightly of the heaven born mind eſteem;
Offspring of Deity!—I trace thy flight,
To regions of interminable light,
Where thy expanfive pow'rs new ſtrength fhall gain,
And truth unclouded fhall forever reign.

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE SORCERESS.

SILENCE and night had given the world repoſe,
When an old hag from her dark cavern role;
Infernal arts to exerciſe ſhe ſtalk'd
Into a wood that trembled as ſhe walk'd!
Her incantations were within the ſpace
Of a large circle with an altar grac'd;
The hallow'd vervain blaz'd in purple flames,
While the drear Hag pronounc'd the dreadful names
Which bound all hell in ſervice to her claims.
A peſtilence from her dark lips ſhe blows,
The cattle die, t' afford a ſacrifice
To the infernal, hell doom'd deities.
The moon by ſpells down from her orb is drawn;
Enters the wood through the majeſtic lawn.
Legions of fiends from Pluto's realms appear,
Before the altar her demands to hear.
"Tell me," ſaid ſhe, "where I can quick regain
My little dog that followed in my train."
"Beldame impertinent!" enrag'd they cried:
"Muſt nature be inverted by thy pride?
Muſt the repoſe of every creature be
Diſturbed for thy little dog by thee?"
How many folks to 'ſcape the ſmalleſt twinge
Of adverſe fortune, would the world unhinge!

A. Z.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Poet Folio.]

Cries Doctor Slop, elated with his ſkill,
My patient, Tom, obſerve, I never kill;
In twice ten hours, ſo quick I cured his gout,
The Alderman was able to *go out*.
That's true, quoth Tom, let our opponents rave,
I myſelf met him—*going*—to his *grave*.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EYE.

WHEN the tongue dares not ſpeak, nor could language impart,
Each tender emotion that glows in the heart;
When the voice muſt be mute, tho' the boſom beat high,
How expreſſively eloquent then is the EYE.

The lover may pour forth a torrent of verſe,
Elegiac or ſonnet his flame to rehearſe;
I with neither ſonnet nor poem, not I,
I read volumes at once in a glance of the EYE.

When *Phillida* ſings, and the dulcet ſtrain draws
From each auditor's lips loud unbounded applauſe,
I envy her not, nor to rival her try,
When I ſing, my reward is a glance of the EYE.

In whatever I ſay, in whatever I do,
This bliſsful reward I keep ſtill in my view,
And when I do right, how delighted am I,
To read approbation in ——'s EYE.

When the glaſs paſſes round, and the ſpirits are gay,
When on Pleaſures light pinions old time flits away,
I juſt touch the glaſs, but I paſs the wine by;
I drink draughts of delight from a glance of the EYE.

'Tis my heart's conſolation, my joy and delight,
Its memory oft cheers the dreary hour of night,
But whither for comfort or joy ſhall I fly,
When enlivened no more by a glance from the EYE?

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TRANSLATION *of the* COMPLIMENT *in* FRENCH, TO FRANKLIN, *in the laſt* MAGAZINE.

FROM the dark cloud he drew the lightning's fire,
Bade favage climes to ſocial arts aſpire:
Firſt of *Columbian* ſages FRANKLIN ſtood;
Whom ancient *Greece* had honoured as a GOD.

ANOTHER.

HE, *Lightning* drew down from the ſkies,
In *Wilds* made the *Arts* to increaſe;
By his *Country* he's plac'd at the head of the *Wiſe*,
'Mong the *Gods* he'd been number'd in *Greece*.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[☞ *Out of twelve Solutions of the Rebus in our laſt, we ſelect the following, as moſt partial.*]

IN your Rebus, all readers recognize the merit,
In a lady who talents and virtues inherit:
It is *Murder* the crime for which millions have died,
For one *Ray* of light many thouſands have ſigh'd.
MURRAY brightens our page with true claſſic lore,
And in juſtice, we rank her with *Reece* and with *More*.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 76.]

LETTER IV.

From CHARLES WALLER *to* FRANCES CROMWELL.

I AM ignorant in what terms to expreſs my gratitude for your kindneſs, in taking notice of my requeſt. Your letter brought me ſo much conſolation, that I have now calmneſs enough to appear with ſome degree of compoſure in doing my duty; yet have you impoſed a talk upon me that I would willingly have avoided. Indeed I hoped to carry the ſecret, you demanded, buried in my boſom, till I had been in no condition to have uttered it:—but as you have made the requeſt, I cannot without ingratitude, withhold a relation, which may poſſibly make you deſpiſe me; but ſhould any part of it appear too vain and preſumptuous, have the candour, at leaſt, to recollect, that you yourſelf commanded me.

I have read over your billet an hundred times, without being able to diſcover any thing in it that would give me the leaſt glimpſe of hope: and though I am in the ſame uncertainty that I was in before I ventured to write to you, yet it hath raiſed me to a comparative ſtate of happineſs.

I intended to give you the detail of my folly at length, but find myſelf incapable of it. You muſt, therefore be content with the leading circumſtances, and judge from them of the more minute: by this method I ſhall avoid a narration I am unable to make, and offend you, at may be leſs by preſumption and vanity, once more hoping, that you will recollect, you ordered me to give you the account.

You muſt remember our viſit to Hampton Court, and cannot forget the circumſtance which took place in the gardens: an attempt to particularize it would only ſerve to ſhew my own conceit; and beſides, I could not do it. Theſe circumſtances, however muſt be ſtill freſh in your memory; and I will confeſs, they are the foundation upon which I have built ſuch a ſtupendous edifice of miſery.

Theſe were the cauſe of my diſquiet; and any thing further, that I could add, would be merely acceſſary. You are in poſſeſſion of the outline, and muſt furniſh the picture with any colouring of unhappineſs or folly that you pleaſe.

Now, madam, have I complied with your requeſt; and what I wiſh to add, is, that I throw myſelf upon your generoſity; and, if I venture to aſk any thing, it would be that you would not let me become the object of your deriſion and ſcorn.

LETTER V.

From the SAME *to the* SAME.

I AM ſenſible of it—I have ſhewn you upon what ſlight grounds my arrogance was founded; and you wiſh juſtice abandon me to my fate.

O write to me only one word—ſay you pity me—Indeed, I deſerve your pity—Say only that you do not deſpiſe me, and I will hug myſelf in my wretchedneſs—I know I have offended you beyond every hope of pardon—yet I could wiſh you to forgive me; and then I ſhall die in peace.

To incur your diſpleaſure is an evil of ſuch extent, that it ſhocks my very nature; but to be deſpiſed is a torture—is a reflection too dreadful to be borne.—If therefore you have the leaſt grain of pity—only ſay ſo—I will be content. [*To be continued.*]

MORALITY.

SELECTED.

THE tempeſt of the ſoul, like that of the elements can endure but for a ſeaſon.—Time ſmooths the furrows of misfortune; for hope, diveſted of a darling object, like a bird deprived of one friendly ſpray, flies to another; and looks forward to new ſources of enjoyment. Happy temperament of human nature! that like the yielding ſtock, bends to the rough blaſt of misfortune, and again reſumes its wonted ſtation, prepared for new incidents to complete the varied chequered ſcene. So true are the words of inſpiration, "Sorrow may continue for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

THE ARTS.

INK.—Mr. W. CLOSE has made a great variety of experiments, in order to aſcertain the beſt method of making ink, which ſhall not be diſcharged by time or chemical proceſſes; as the reſult of his inquiries, he recommends for black ink:—"Oil of lavender 200 grains, copal in powder 25 grains, lamp-black from two and a half to three grains: with the aſſiſtance of a gentle heat diſſolve the copal in the oil of lavender in a ſmall glaſs phial, and then mix the lamp-black with the ſolution upon a marble ſlab or other ſmooth ſurface." The compoſition is to be put in a bottle, and kept from the air. If, after a few hours, it be found too thick, it muſt be diluted with a little oil of lavender, oil of turpentine, or alcohol. For red ink—"Take of oil lavender 120 grains, copal powder, 17 grains, red ſulphur of mercury 60 grains." Both theſe compoſitions poſſeſs a permanent colour; the oil of lavender being diſſipated with a gentle heat, colour is left on the paper ſurrounded with the copal, a ſubſtance inſoluble in water, ſpirits, acids, or alkaline ſolutions. A manuſcript written with them, may therefore be expoſed to the proceſs commonly uſed for reſtoring the colour of printed books, without the ſmalleſt injury to the writing; and, in this manner, all interpolations with common ink may be removed.——*Lond. P.*

FORTUNE STILL SMILING!

WELL, and what of it? If the reader wiſhes to be informed, the wheels of Hadley Lottery ſtill retain one prize of 1500 dolls. 2 of 1000; 1 of 750; 4 of 500; 29 of 100; &c and only 4300 tickets to be drawn.—Be quick, or you will not be able to *touch*" any of the above *monies*. A few undrawn tickets, at 6 dolls. for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. March 3.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HASSICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No XX.

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

TO THE GOSSIP.

TELL me, dear Mr. Gossip, if you can, the meaning of the word LOVE. I am now more than twenty years old, and believe I have not a clear idea of it. I have travelled in distant climes, where I have often heard it used in conversation. I have asked aged and young for a definition of it. It is now refounded in my ears every time I go into company. I have sought in vain for a knowledge of its meaning. It seems to surpass the comprehension of all my acquaintance, male and female. I have puzzled my brain until it is quite disordered. Can it be only a "trifling, empty *found*?"

Looking over some of the *Weekly Magazines*, I find that *Matrimony, Love*, and such matters, have frequently employed *your* pen. I assure you I was much entertained with the noble sentiments, and easy, elegant style, of your 16th Number. I am determined to be influenced by your advice, in the choice of a partner, to share in my sufferings and pleasures, and to smooth my passage in the uneven paths of life. But, to the point. Do gratify my wish, and you will probably add a new idea to the "*small collection*," of *Your humble servant*, I.******E.

WHAT is *Love*? It is a question that has been often asked, and has been generally resolved into the sentiment, that youth, beauty, accomplishments of mind or person, awaken in the mind of the opposite sex, and prompts to the nearest and tenderest of all connexions, *a matrimonial union*. But I am certain there are many impulses of the mind which may be mistaken for this passion, and are often dignified with its name. My correspondent may, perhaps, say the question was, what love is? not what it is not? I know that was the query—but I find it necessary to say what it is not, in order more fully to explain what I comprehend it really to be.

In extreme youth, gratified vanity is often mistaken for love. A gentleman, (possibly for want of something else to say) compliments a girl upon her eyes, her teeth, her complexion; early, very early, do the seeds of vanity which nature implants in the female mind, begin to shoot forth; the love of admiration will make her prefer the society of the man, who gratifies this predominant propensity; fresh adulation arouses an exhilarating sensation, which the foolish girl imagines proceeds from her discernment of the merit of her admirer; and she presently fancies herself in love—when in fact, it is self-love which operates on her mind; and does the favoured swain cease to pour forth the adulating strain, or does any other surpass him in the ardour and extravagance of his compliments, she presently perceives her mistake, and the highest flattery reigns paramount over her affections, if a being so weak, so versatile, can be said to have any. In the opposite sex, a passion, with the name of which I will not soil my page, is often, too often, glossed over with the specious name of Love, and prompts to actions which throws an odium on this best, noblest, most refined sentiment of the human soul. How many have fallen victims to this monster, who, approaching under the fascinating semblance of innocence and purity, discovered not its horrid deformity to their terrified souls, until they were so far in its power, that to recede, was impossible—and this impulse will lead its votaries even to the altar of Hymen; though happiness could no more be expected from a union which has no other basis, than characters written in snow could be expected to retain their form, when the sun shines full upon them, and the warm south wind relaxes the rigours of winter; for, as the unstable vapours on which they were impressed, melts before the penetrating beams of the monarch of day, which as he declines, the chill breath of evening congeals to an icicle, whose frigidity has power to numb the sense of all who touch it: so, when the sun of passion is declined, and the fervour that passion inspired, melted away, society, like the chilling north wind, seals up the heart, rendering it torpid and insensible to every finer sentiment, every better emotion.

Young persons of warm imagination, who indulge too much a taste for reading works of fancy, are very apt to be mistaken in regard to the passion of Love; unacquainted with the world as it really is, they dwell on delusive visions of felicity, which never can be realized, and pant for the moment, when to love and be beloved, will elate them to the very apex of human happiness: They are unconscious how far short they fall themselves, in both mental and personal charms, to the heroes and heroines of romance; nor do they dream, but that the object for whom they perhaps feel a transitory liking, which their ill regulated imagination conceives to be an unconquerable passion, is in possession of all the virtues and graces, which they have admired so much in their favourite characters. But human nature is never all perfect, there are blemishes to be perceived even in the most faultless characters. What then must be the disappointment of a man or woman, on awaking from this delirium of the senses, (for awake they certainly will, and that perhaps suddenly) to find the idol they had set up and blindly worshipped; which they had decorated with all the splendid ornaments of virtue, beauty, taste and honor, to be a mere block; rough hewn, totally unpolished, and either rotten at heart, or so hollow, that it is almost a doubt whether it ever had a heart at all. These are deceptions which lead multitudes into errors respecting Love; but there is one, more common, more dangerous to domestic peace; more to be guarded against than those I have already mentioned—because men and women of sense are often the victims of it.

There is a nonsensical jargon which is often in every society, and applied indiscriminately to all unmarried persons, whether male or female. A man cannot be commonly polite to a young lady, but it is supposed he is, (according to the vulgar term) *courting her*. Her associates tell her, she has made a conquest, and perhaps repeat fifty pretty things which he is supposed to have said about her. She, let her even be a girl of sense, feels flattered by the supposition, and in return, makes some civil remark concerning him. This is reported with additions and amendments; each becomes gradually pleased with the other—the little world, of which their intimates make a part, report that they are under actual engagements. They feel the awkwardness of their situation; he offers himself, from an idea that he is expected to do so; and she accepts him, because she thinks she cannot do better. After this, each frequently feels a repugnance to the fulfilling their engagements; and it is on his side, done only from a sense of honour, and on hers, from a fear of being blamed, laughed at, and perhaps deprived of her good name. Many, very many, are the unions thus formed—but love has nothing to do with them; should the persons thus enthralled, be possessed of a good understanding, they will not be positively wretched—but are they happy? No! no! no!

What then is Love? and by what tokens may it be discovered? How simple is the question, yet how difficult to answer. The delicate and susceptible mind, can easily conceive what it should be; but what words can be found to convey the conceptions of such a mind, to the impenetrable and vulgar. Yet there are minds in the world, who can understand and know how justly to appreciate the worth of the sentiment, called love, when it acts in all its force, all its beauty, all its purity.

Love, was the first active principle of the human heart: *Adam* gazed on the amazing universe with wonder and delight, and with reverential fervour, offered the oblation of grateful affection to the Creator of all. From the Creator, how easy the transition to the most finished, most lovely of his works. *Eve*, beauteous and pure as angelic spirits, was presented to him from the hands of God himself. Love is therefore a pure principle, inculcated and approved by the Deity. That it is the first active principle, may be proved by the strong affection a child bears a parent, or nurse, who cherishes him, and indulges his infantile desires. This principle, as we advance in life, branches out into various delightful streams, returning again to the heart from whence they primarily flow, and bringing with them joy, peace, internal comfort.—Love must be founded on esteem, or it cannot be permanent; it must be called forth by the virtues, and acquirements of the mind, rather than the beauty or graces of the person. It is not a momentary impulse; it must gradually increase with the knowledge of the merits of the object—it seeks not its own gratification, content to be esteemed on the same terms that it does esteem; no self denial is painful that secures the good opinion of the beloved person. It must be rational, it must be pure, and then it can exist independent of difference in age, sex, or circumstances. Sickness, or infirmity, awakening all our sensibility, increases it; misfortune makes it more tender, more ardent; even error cannot eradicate it—for we pity the faults of humanity, would gladly veil them from the misjudging world; and remembering the virtues the beloved object possesses, wish to make those virtues predominate. Passion may be called into action by accidental circumstances, trivial in themselves; but as passion subsides, reason takes the lead, and the transient inclination becomes extinct. But real love is the result of mature reflection;—reason is consulted on its first approach, and the merit of the object being fully ascertained, by experience, every passing hour increases the sentiments of respect and esteem, until they rise almost to adoration.—There is a kind of Love, which sexual intercourse might diminish, but could never increase. This can only exist between persons of expanded minds, whose passions are under the control of reason, and bounded by a strict sense of religion. Indeed, it exists but seldom; but when it does, it is the source of the most unalloyed, most perfect felicity. This kind of love, when made the foundation of a matrimonial union, leads to virtue and peace on earth, and everlasting happiness hereafter. This love shudders at, instinctively shrinks from vice; it beholds every thing laudable in the object of its choice, and endeavours to emulate virtues which alone could secure the love so highly prized. Oh! how delightful, when hearts so formed to make each other's happiness, being bound in one silken chain, encourage each other in a course of moral rectitude; smooth the rough paths through which all must pass in their journey of life; together serve and worship the God of heaven and earth, and together seek to climb the steep ascent that leads to eternal bliss. Such hearts may hope to find the joys of Heaven rendered more perfect, by the presence of the pure spirit with whom they walked with love and innocence on earth.—I have strove to make myself understood; but I cannot find words fully expressive of my meaning; I feel what love is, but feel at the same time, that it is impossible to explain it.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SYSTEMATIC ECONOMY.

"To system uniform, and virtuous too,
Advancing onward with bright truth in view;
System intwine with sentiments of worth,
And of deep thinking the approved growth,
"Tis this embosoms a productive charm,
Which can calamity of half its woes disarm.

PROPRIETY of thinking, and acting, insures, even in the most deplorable circumstances, a degree of tranquillity: we learn to support with equanimity, those misfortunes of which we cannot accuse ourselves as being the procuring cause; and, perhaps, humanity can scarcely be so deeply plunged in ills, as not to derive consolation from a persuasion of innate rectitude. All those who are acquainted with that peace which a consciousness of having acted well the part assigned us, necessarily implants in the mind, will acknowledge, that this proposition is self evident. But if we are desirous of obtaining any degree of respectability, it is proper to observe some plan of conduct: regularity is the soul of integrity, for however well disposed we may be, if our actions are jumbled together by chance, we may possibly be precipitated upon steps, at which villany would blush.

Munificence, devoid of system, will frequently put it beyond the power, even of the most exquisite sensibility, to

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alleviate the sorrows of the suffering children of merit; and the man of business, who has banished order from his commercial arrangements, although he may be possessed of strict probity, will frequently become unjust by compulsion. He that would merit uniform, and genuine applause, must invariably act on principles that will bear the scrutiny of the most rigid virtue. Extravagance is not generosity, and we may be lavish, without acquiring a title to be commended for our liberality.

System, and economy, are indispensibly requisite in every department of life; the wealthy should be systematic, and economical in their pleasure, and—admitting they form the laudable purpose of contributing to the relief of the wretched—in their expenses also. But, if regularity, and a system of economy, be proper to the opulent, how much more indispensably necessary is the practice of these virtues, to those who are flationed in the middle rank of life, and to the lower classes of society. It behoves us to be economists of time, the squanderers of this treasure, can *never* retrieve their losses. We should economize in our charities, in our conversation, and even in that applause, which every good mind delighteth to bestow. In short, it is, strictly speaking, right to adopt, upon mature deliberation, a plan, a *system*, resolving never but by compulsion, to depart therefrom. We should perseveringly endeavour to accommodate our minds to our circumstances, and whatever our income may be, we should, if possible, circumscribe our expenditures within the limits it prescribes. I repeat, that want of plan has involved many well disposed persons in difficulties, from which they have never been able to extricate themselves. The merchant, who entrusts to the treacherous and fluctuating waves, double the property he can call his own, ought to calculate upon insolvency, and beggary, as very probable events. The liberally endowed Gentleman, whose expenses outstrip his income, whose prodigality necessitates repeated deductions from the supplies appropriated to the expected year, will find entanglements unavoidable; and he alone can be said to possess a *reasonable* one of that independence, which, strictly speaking, can only be the prerogative of a self existent Being—who adjusts his accounts with the close of every year, and whose *sum* total of expenses, is more than balanced by the gains which he accumulates. We have said that a system of economy is highly requisite, and we conceive it may be considered as the origin of true generosity.—I remember being much pleased with an anecdote in point, which I received, many years since, from a friend, whose mind was enriched by much and various information; and although my memory may not have treasured it accurately, I will however attempt to recollect it.

Proposals were issued, in an opulent city, for a public work of great magnitude, and of *indispensable utility*: It was to be accomplished by voluntary subscription, and large sums of money were requisite, even at its commencement. Two Gentlemen of influence, were authorized to make application to the affluent sons of prosperity; and they waited on many persons, whose reputed munificence, and liberal style of living justified the highest expectations. But their reception by no means corresponded with the sanguine hopes they had indulged.—From a few, very inadequate subscriptions were obtained, others plead embarrassments, and a third class put them off until a future day! Mortified by repeated disappointments, and nearly determined to relinquish their share in the enterprize, they passed the door of an elderly man who had lived a bachelor, and who was characterised as a rich old fellow, who knew how to save the money, he had accumulated. He did not live *in style*, and he was remarkable for his sternness to *Vagrants*, who humbly solicited his charity, while health bloomed in their countenances, and it was ascertained that nothing impeded their progress to respectability, or enlisted them in that *very honourable* corps whose employment it is to *levy taxes upon the public*, but merely their unyielding aversion from labour. It is true, he maintained an aged mother, and a widowed sister, that he clothed and paid for the instruction of many orphan children, and that he had furnished a number of industrious young people with the means of commencing business, but as these unobtrusive facts, were best known to those who were benefited thereby: as he enjoined secrecy, and detested ostentation, and as the world is *not too fond* of dwelling upon the fair side of humanity, his good deeds were seldom the subject of conversation.

It was just as the sober footed evening began to resume her shadowing empire, that our gentlemen pulled the door of Perdicus.—They had not intended to pass it. They had calculated upon showing him the proposed plan—but it happened to be the moment in which the house maid regularly lighted the candle, and as they were about to enter the half open door, they heard the old gentleman harangueing the poor girl very warmly, upon the propriety of frugality, and the vices of economy, and it appeared that this lecture was occasioned, by her having the evening before, inconsiderately flung into the fire, the *half* of a match, which although it had been once lighted might have answered the purpose a second time. "Let us go" said our Committee, "he who can descant so copiously upon the destruction of a *half* consumed match, is not the man to be operated upon by our representations."

Second thoughts are, however, said to be frequently best, a few guineas would advance their undertaking, a Miser might have his moments of generosity, and it would be well to make the experiment. This conclusion produced them in the parlour of Perdicus, and the paper which delineated their wishes was presented, but how great was their astonishment, when Perdicus, after reading the preamble, called for pen and ink, and without hesitation, added his name, with an appendage of three hundred pounds sterling!!! It was difficult to conceal their surprise, and measuring the liberality of his mind, by the noble subscription he had so cheerfully granted, they frankly confessed, that his reproof of his servant, which they had accidentally overheard, had almost prevented their application.

Perdicus coolly replied, "Trust me gentlemen, is is by "attention to matters denominated small—In other words, "*by a regular system of economy*, that I am enabled to afford "you that assistance, which you deem so important, toward "effectuating an undertaking, the advantages of which are "beyond a doubt. Had I passed over in silence the care-"lessness of Dorothy, in consuming the half burned match, "as the career of error is confessedly rapid, she would "have proceeded from one step to another, until her stock-"ings, when wanting mending, would have been commit-"ted to the flames, and her handkerchief would have been "burned, to have saved the fatigue of washing it."

C*********.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To MARY ANN SMARTLY.

VERILY, *Mary Ann Smartly*, hath given herself a great deal of trouble, to expose her own ignorance, while she, with affected humanity, pitieth me, for being so happy, as to have a mother, who treats me as a friend; for certainly she representeth my mother, as exercising the highest acts of friendship, in forbidding me to perufe books, which might pervert my understanding, and recommending a frequent and attentive perusal of that invaluable volume, which instructeth in the ways of righteousness, and promiseth everlasting peace to those who walk therein.—But thou art mistaken, *Mary Ann*, if thou dost suppose I never read any of those books, called *Novels*. I have perused many with satisfaction, and reaped advantage from the sentiments they express, and the morals they inculcate—which I can divine, without consulting "*Mrs. Pilkington*," is more than thou hast done. Thou may'st, indeed, have turned over the pages of many books, but thy stock of ideas is very small, and the few thou dost possess, are so fluffy, so cobweb like, that the smallest puff from the breath of Reason, would blow them away, and leave thy pericranium tenantless.—For hadst thou even read novels with any, though but the smallest degree of attention, thou couldst not have been so shamefully ignorant of what it becometh all so know.—Poor girl, were thou born and bred amongst heathens?—Were thou never instructed in any thing, but how to decorate the poor tabernacle of clay, in which thy immortal soul resideth? A tenement so frail, that a few hours may reduce it to a mass of loathsome corruption, and make thee an inhabitant of the churchyard house, a banquet for earth worms to feast upon.—I did not use any incantations to discover the colour of thy wig, nor did I even know it was red, but concluding from the style of thy letter, that thou wert a fashionable woman, I naturally supposed thou wouldst wear the most fashionable coloured hair. It is a classical colour however. The beautiful Mother of *Æneas*, the Daughter of the Sea; the Queen of *Cythera*, or as she is profanely called, the Goddess of Beauty, was always represented with red or yellow hair. But perhaps thou art ignorant who it is I mean. I fear thou art, or thou wouldst have known that celebrated Deity, and all her votaries, even at this day, are so sensible of the value of the crimson veil, I recommended in my former letter, that if they do not possess a real one, they wear something for a substitute, sensible that to appear without either reality, or semblance, they would only disgust, instead of charming. Little as thou may'st suppose I know of the fashionable world, I am well informed these veils are almost entirely exploded; indeed, so much so, that making a visit to some young acquaintances in *Boston*, about a month ago, I found them all so entirely divested of it, that it covered me with one of a much deeper hue, I mean the carnation glow of shame.

You suppose me *old*, he is so; there's nothing in a few advanced years, that should make a rational being ashamed of owning them, or should render the possession an object of ridicule, to those who may perhaps never attain them. Nor can I suppose, that having lived to the age of thirty, or thirty-five, unmarried, or being what is vulgarly called, an "*Old Maid*," is consequently to become contemptible and ludicrous; and yet I do assure thee, *Mary Ann*, from the honesty of my heart, I neither wish, or expect, ever to be ranked amongst the respectable fraternity.

Dost thou never go to church or meeting, *Mary Ann*? I pray thee weak girl, go at least once a month; abridge thyself of some few fashionable baubles, and with the money, purchase a BIBLE, read it, and thou wilt learn who *Lazarus* was, and may understand how necessary it is to be cloathed with meekness, piety, and innocence—as those are the only ornaments which will make us appear with splendor, at the great party for which we are all bidden to prepare, and to which we shall all be summoned, by the Lord of Universal nature; and which will celebrate the OMEGA of time, and ALPHA of eternity. And where that both thou and myself may appear, with a wedding garment, and be bid sit down to the kings table, peayeth,

Thy friend in the Spirit,
REBECCA PLAINLY.

Lynn, 6th day of the 3d month, 1803.

MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No IX.

LUKE xi. 13,

If ye then being evil know to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

IT is the wish of a child to have the will of its parent, not merely intimated, but explicitly declared. It is also the wish of Gods human offspring to have his requisitions concerning them clearly revealed. Now human parents, notwithstanding they are often governed by peevishness and passion, are, for the most part, happy to gratify the desires of their children. So too does the *Father of lights*, rejoice to dispel the clouds of ignorance, which naturally overshadow the mind of man. This blessing he bestowed on our bewildered race, when *the heavens were opened unto* JESUS OF NAZARETH, *and the spirit of God descended like a dove, and lighted upon him.* This most precious of heavenly gifts was conferred on men, when *there appeared unto the* PRIMITIVE APOSTLES *cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.* From this moment of mercy, the religion, which is now found in the Bible, outweighed all the religions, which were ever laid in the balance of human reason. Henceforth mankind were instructed in a system of the most rational theology, the most enlarged benevolence, and the purest morality, which was ever conceived; whilst it no longer wanted, what was wanting to the lessons of *Plato* and *Anacharsis*, of *Tully* and *Confucius*, THE SANCTION OF DIVINE AUTHORITY.

Mar. 10, 1803.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY—1803.

ENGLISH.

WALKING DRESS.—A pedestrian bonnet of nacarat velvet, trimmed with black and nacarat, and black cock feather in front. A short pelisse of scarlet velvet, trimmed with black bear, and muff of the same. White cambric muslin under dress; York tan gloves; black Morocco shoes trimmed with fur.

EVENING DRESS.—The head ornament composed of purple velvet and gold tassel, with draped points to fall on the left shoulder; a white ostrich feather inclining rather low on the forehead; the hair in ringlets, and very long on the side of the face; pearl ear-rings and necklace. A robe of purple velvet with gold and crape ruff; white satin coat, with a double quilling of crape at the bottom. A handkerchief of white crape trimmed with gold, the ends of which form a bow in front. White gloves and shoes, and ridicule of white satin with gold tassels.

FRENCH.

The hair is now dressed in curls, which proceed half over the hinder part of the head, leaving only two inches of the nape of the neck visible. This head dress is called a *demi-Titus*. Under the temples the hair still plays in waving locks—Diamonds, or steel spangles for the hair, are set on black velvet. The turbans fall so low as to the neck. Within these few days some ladies have been observed to wear on the turban, an *aigret*, in a transverse direction. Most of these turbans are of satin and velvet, of two colours. They are somewhat of a cap form. The colours of the velvet are amaranth, crimson, and orange; the satin is white or tawny. Except in that which is called an un-

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dress; shawl turbans are rately worn. The back part of the hat is still turned up; and the edge of the turn-up is pressed into a wolf's throat form.——The very top of the hat is often in the form a dome. Its compartments are formed of bands of satin on a ground of velvet, or of loops of velvet on a satin ground.——The hats are of a flesh colour and black, of a flesh and rose, or of a black and rose. Grey beaver hats have gone out, and black beavers are coming again in fashion. On these is worn a small gold string, tied behind, and ending in glandular tassels. Hats made of velvet solely, are either flesh coloured, black, or orange. Coloured feathers are entirely out of fashion. The tuft of curls over the front becomes continually larger; and hence the veils, Savoy handkerchiefs, and cornet caps are worn in much backward as not to occupy more than half the same space as formerly. The longest of the robes falls not lower than the middle of the leg, or the tip of the ankle; its waist is long, its sleeves are wide and plaited. The petticoats are short.—Some of the young men of fashion wear spencers of the same colour with their coats.

REMARKABLE.

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF SUICIDE.

THE following are, correctly as I could obtain them, the particulars of a melancholy event which took place at the Gun Tavern on Wednesday night, or Thursday morning. A gentleman whose name is Camp, from Northampton, where he has left a wife and five children, arrived in a post-chaise at the New Inn, in this place, at eight P. M. on Tuesday. He appeared very unwell, and retired to bed soon after his arrival. In the morning, on leaving his room he seemed much worse, and betrayed evident symptoms of mental derangement. Mrs. Henwood, the mistress of the house, on beholding his unhappy state, humanely ventured to interrogate him regarding the cause of his illness, and to recommend immediate medical advice. To which he replied, gazing wildly about him, that it was a nervous affection under which he laboured, and which had afflicted him seven days. To many other questions that were put to him, he answered so incoherently, that they confirmed the suspicions entertained of his faculties being deranged. On being asked if there was any friend of his at Brighton that he would wish to see, he mentioned the name of Mighel a grocer, in North-street, who was instantly sent for. In the interim he appeared in the most agonizing paroxysm of mental distress, beating his forehead with his hands, and frequently exclaiming, "Oh, my poor children, I shall never behold them any more!" On the arrival of Mr. Mighel, he immediately recognized him, became more composed, and at length told him, that he came to Brighton for the purpose of embarking in one of the packets for France. He soon after, with Mr. Mighel, left the New Inn, and in the course of the day had his luggage taken to the Custom House, that it might be inspected and shipped in the regular way. In the evening, the weather proving tempestuous, the packet which was expected to sail, deemed it rather imprudent to venture out to sea in the increasing gale of wind, put into Shoreham harbour, and Mr. Mighel accompanied his disordered friend to the Gun Tavern, being nearer to the water's edge than the Inn he left in the morning, where after seeing his room, Mr. C. took some toasted cheese and bread, and drank some brandy and water; and on Mr. Mighel's leaving him, he called the chambermaid, and retired to his bed room. In the morning, about eleven o'clock, the landlord, who had noticed the disordered state of his guest the night before, began to be alarmed at his non-appearance, and ordered the chambermaid, to rap at his bed-room door, which she did to no effect; and after repeated attempts of the same kind proving fruitless, they at last gained admission by demolishing the door, and beheld Mr. C. hanging by his neckcloth, from the lath over the foot of the bed, quite dead; and from the stiffness of the joints, had probably been so for many hours. The Coroner's Jury, this day sat on the body—Verdict, *Lunacy*.

[*The following are the particulars, which led to the above unfortunate event.*]

"Mr. Camp, about fourteen years ago, engaged as rider to a house of respectability, dealing largely in the tobacco trade, at the foot of London Bridge, Surrey side, at the salary of 80l. per annum. At the end of the first year and a half he was paid at that rate; but finding the salary too small, he made an application for an increase, when he was told it should be taken into consideration, and that he might take what money he wanted with a view to such increase.

"He continued as rider to this house for nearly fourteen years, without any further express stipulation as to his wages, drawing for his private necessities at the rate of 100l. to 150l. per annum, until within a year past, when a dissolution took place between his employers, at which time the concerns were wound up as nearly as possible, the partner retiring from the concern taking the debts due upon himself, previous to which a balance was struck by the acting partner, who now carries on the trade, between the concern and Mr. Camp, allowing Mr. Camp a salary at the rate of 150l. per annum, which he considered short of what his services merited, from his assiduity and exertions to promote their interest; there being then due to him about 100l. which was paid, and a receipt in full given by him.

"Mr. Camp then, with the assistance of his friends, entered into a concern at Northampton, which he had not been engaged in more than six months, before he discovered it would not answer. He immediately came to town, and laid a statement of his affairs before his friends, all of whom were fully satisfied of his honesty and integrity.

"It was upon this visit to town he was addressed by the partner of the house he had so long served with fidelity, and who had retired from the concern in the Borough, claiming a debt due to him from Mr. Camp of 600l. and upwards, monies over-drawn beyond his original engagement of 80l. a year, notwithstanding the settlement above stated, accompanied by an Attorney's letter, threatening an arrest of his person for such debt.

"An affidavit was made of the debt, and a special writ issued, to hold him to bail. Remonstrances were made by Mr. Camp and his friends against such harsh and unfounded proceedings, but in vain; the real plaintiff in such action insisted on the sum demanded being paid, or he would follow him to the extremity of the country. The natural consequence attending which was a lowness of spirits, accompanied by a fear of imprisonment, and utter ruin and destruction to his family, already labouring under misfortunes, that he had absented himself from all his acquaintance, and sat out for Brighton, where commences our former narrative of his unfortunate end."

We have the satisfaction to add, that the other partner has set on foot a subscription for the widow and her five children.—*Lond. pap. Nov.* 2.

AMUSING.

A Frenchman having heard the word press made use of, to imply, persuade, "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay to night," thought he would shew his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "pray squeeze that lady to sing."

TIZAR is now living in Virginia an idiot, who was never known to make any sensible observations, except that he could always tell when the moon changed. A Lawyer, wishing to make a laugh for himself and company, asked, "when will the sun change," "when Lawyers go to heaven," replied the fool.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

A few years since, a gentleman riding through a country village in England, he observed painted on the window of a small tippling house—

"*My wyfe queres A Goose,*
"*And I quere the Gandres.*"

The person, who communicated this Specimen of Orthography to me, informed, that being considerably perplexed to ascertain the precise meaning of the words, he alighted from his horse and entered the house, when he inquired the intention of the foregoing lines, and after much explanation, he found that the information which they wished to convey was as follows:—

My wife wants Apples,
And I want the Dandies.

A Gentleman lately crossing a narrow bridge in Jersey, which was not railed on either side, to secure passengers from falling, said to a Countryman, whom he met "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous my honest friend, pray are not people lost here sometimes?" "lost! no Sir" replied the man, "I never knew any body lost here in my life,here have been several drowned indeed, but they were always found again."

English prints state, that a young woman of the name of Carver, housemaid to Capt. R. Pearson, of Greenwich hospital, proves to be the daughter of the late Capt. Carver, who acquired a vast tract of country in the back settlement of the United States. This has been faithfully guaranteed and preserved by the Indians for his legal representative, who is at length indisputably discovered in the person of the above young woman. The land is supposed to be worth £ 100,000 sterling.

[Translated from the French.]

THE Prince one day took M. *Boileau* out to review his army, which was wholly composed of young men the eldest of whom were not eighteen years of age. "Well," said the Prince to Boileau, "what do you think of it?" "I think, my lord," replied he, "that it will be a very good one, when it shall become of age."

LOUIS XI. thought unfavourably of others, and had a good opinion of no one but himself. For this reason, he seldom took council of any one. He one day received a very spirited reproach from Breze, one of his favourites, which was as follows. He was mounted on a nag, which he preferred to all the horses in his stable, because it had a very easy step. "However feeble this nag may appear," said Breze, "it is, notwithstanding, the strongest saddle horse that can be found, for it carries the King and all his council."

IN the time of Henry IV. of France, a famous physician having abjured Calvinism, and embraced the Catholic faith, the King said to Sully:—"Sully, my friend, thy religion is very sick; the physicians abandon it."

AS Henry IV. fatigued with a long voyage, was passing by Amiens, he met one, who came to make a harangue. The orator began with the titles of most grand, most good, most serene, most magnanimous; "Add, alfo," said the King, "*and most weary.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank *Amicus*, and *Bertha*, for their translations of the French verses of Mons. *Dubourg*—but having inserted two already, we must decline them, however elegantly executed.

Junius's verses incorrect.

We thank *D. D.* of *Dorchester*, for his communication, but were we to insert things of that kind, it would only fill our paper, without amusing our patrons.

Edgar's lines are pretty, but common.

Gratianus shall appear.

Zama must pardon our remissness—his favours will ever be welcome.

An excellent Essay on Religion, and its Ministers, shall enrich our Magazine, at an early period.

☞ The correspondent who furnished the Biographical article, in our last, concerning ANTHONY BENEZET, will oblige us a great favour if any one who has got other traits in the life of so excellent a man, particularly, his letters to the *King of Prussia*, and the *Queen of Portugal*, and convey them to the printers for publication, or permit the enquirer to take copies of them.

ORDAINED,

In Wilton, (N. H.) the Rev. Thomas Beede.—Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of Boston.

MARRIAGES.

In Pomfret, Col. William Hodges, of Taunton, to Miss Mary Chandler. In Danvers, Dr. John Peabody, to Miss Eunice Thurston. In Portland, Benjamin Smith, Esq. of Providence, to Miss Frances Foslick. In Billerica, Mr. Jacob Kendall, of Boston, to Miss Sarah Richardson.

In Bolton, Mr. Benjamin Greene, jun. to Miss Mary Grew; Mr. Wm. Currier, to Miss Mary Chandler.

Last Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Weil, Mr. Belcher Wheeler, to Mrs. Susanna Rowan.

By the Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Nathaniel P. Thayer, to Miss Susanna T. Sayer.

DEATHS.

In Porto Rico, Capt. John Nickels, of Boston. In Martinique, Mr. Timothy Jones, mer. of Boston, Æt 32. In North-Yarmouth, Hon. John Lewis, Esq. Æt 86. In Worcester, Mr Jonathan Gates, Æt 87. In Nantucket, Christopher Hussey, Esq; Mr. Elisha Casey. In Cambridge, James Temple, Esq. Æt 36. In Bolton, Dr. Abraham Moore, Æt 55. In Roxbury, Mrs. Mehitable Sampson, Æt 35, wife of Mr. Stephen S.—In New-Boston, (N. H.) Mr. Griffin. He was accidentally shot by a young man firing at a mark.—In Eastport, Maine, Mr. Joseph Prince, merchant, late of Newburyport. His house took fire while the family were asleep, and in a few minutes was entirely consumed, with its contents. Mr. Prince and a son and daughter, perished in the fire. He lost his life in attempting to save his children!—In Salem, Mrs. Sarah King, Æt 60; Mr. Thomas Briggs, Æt 45. In Charlestown, Master George Washington Walker, son of Capt. Timothy Walker. In Natick, Mr. Oliver Bacon, Æt 78. In East-Sudbury, Capt. Joseph Smith.—In Haverhill, (Mass.) Miss Sally Sargeant.

In Boston, Miss Ann Bradford, Æt 14, daughter of Col. Samuel Bradford; Miss Abiah Clough, Æt 32; Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, Æt 31, wife of Mr. Thomas Lewis, jun.;—Mrs. Mary Thaxter, Æt 50, wife of Mr. Joshua Thaxter; Mr. Thomas Robbins, Æt 49.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MATCHLESS SHE.

WHEN from her looks, like darts of fire,
Love's arrows she let fly;
She filled my soul with soft desire,
I thought it was her eye.

When from her mouth, fell dulcet strains,
Where bees might honey sip,
'Twas then I thought I owed my chains,
To her sweet rosy lip.

But when she danc'd, such ease, such grace,
As light she tripp'd, was seen,
I gaz'd no longer on her face,
Caught by her air and mien.

When seen by chance her snowy breast,
Spoke the pure soul within,
Her eye forgot, my heart confess'd
Its conquest, by her skin.

But now I know nor neck nor face,
My bosom did enthrall,
'Twas wit, 'twas sense gave nameless grace,
And threw a charm o'er all.

Then let her speak, or look, or move,
Her captive I must be,
A nameless charm awakens love,
For the dear Matchless She.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

JACOB, THE PARRICIDE.

ADDRESSED TO ********.

BLEAK was the wind, and dark the night,
When Jacob pinch'd by hunger and by cold,
At *****'s door his tale of sorrow told:—
On him the door was shut—but it was right.

Deep was the snow, tempestuous blew the wind,
When Jacob hungry, faint, helpless and poor,
Ragged and cold, wander'd from door to door;—
But none to Jacob would assistance lend.

Cold was the stone, where Jacob laid his head,
Brisk blew the wind and biting was the frost;
Upon the wretch a drift of snow was tost;
And in the morn, poor Jacob was found dead.

Hot is the hell, where Jacob now is burning.
Ah! think of this good ******—ponder well;
Remember there's for Parricides a hell;
Remember *this* I say, take timely warning.

Feb. 17, 1803. CHARON.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON A RETIR'D LIFE.

FREE from the cares which every fool perplex,
No doubts to rack me, and no cares to vex;
To fame a stranger, and from wealth remote,
A foe to pleasure, and a friend to thought.

Far from the vain unthinking heedless throngs
Through life's still vale I silent steal along,
Where sits enthron'd in awful state sublime,
The God of Nature and the God of Time.

There rapt to future times, I thoughtful trace,
A sov'reign's mercy, and a saviour's grace;
Till thankful praise attune my glowing breast,
And sublime speaks where language is suppress'd.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF you will insert the following REBUS, you will oblige
AMICUS.

THE name of an island, that's famous for wine,
And a fruit that is pleasant, contain'd in a rind;
The person who first over woman prevail'd,
And the matron who first in duty that fail'd;
The vilest of reptiles, that ever was seen,
And that which often concealed has been;
The season of life best suited for love,
For connexions there made most durable prove.
The initials of these if you please to parade,
Express the best quality in a fair maid.

☞ *A Solution is requested.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BAGATELLE.

AS BEAUTY and YOUTH were discoursing one day
With SENSE and GOOD-HUMOUR—quoth BEAUTY, "I
What in nature shall dare to dispute my dominion, pray,
Or while youth's on my side, contradict my opinion,
Or oppose any fancy of mine, tho' absurd;
My will is a law, I command by a word:
Nay, by less than a word, by a smile or a frown,
Every rank owns my sway from the chair to the crown;
To the lout who cleans shoes or lugs after a team, [seem,
Statesmen, Lawyers, Divines; men of sense though they
I can turn into fools." Cries GOOD SENSE, "Not so fast.
True, your reign is despotic, but then will it last?
While by Youth's lively sallies your pow'r is supported,
I own you are idolized, flatter'd and courted!
But when she recedes, and bears off as she flies,
The rose from your cheeks, and the fire from your eyes,
That power will vanish, you'll find that your chain,
Alas, is too feeble one slave to retain.
For me, tho' no man ever swore he should die,
Being parched to a coal by a flash from my eye;
I never had victims compar'd to my breath,
My lips to ripe cherries, to iv'ry my teeth,
Nor was told that my presence reliven'd the day,
And if I but trod'd, even Sol shone more gay.
Yet I have my captives, and once in my chain,
It is seldom they ever their freedom regain;
When Youth flits away, I retain in her place
Good Humour who gives to plain features a grace.
And chearfully chatting my votaries have been
So charm'd, they forgot I was more than eighteen.
When you have capriciously driven away
Some captive, determined to break from your sway
To me to complain of your treatment they've flown,
I have broken your fetters, and given my own.
I boast not the power of making men dupes,
I hate the tame fool who to tyranny stoops:
But in weaving my chains tis my study to make it
So easy, the captive may not wish to break it.

M. C.

EPITAPH.

HERE rests a youth, borne down by fatal love,
A tender victim, in the bloom of life;
When tears and prayers could not his Cynthia move,
Death snatch'd him from this scene of care and strife.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Continued from page* 80.]

LETTER VI.

From FRANCES CROMWELL *to* CHARLES WALLER.

WHY do you intreat me to do an act which will not alleviate your distress, but which cannot fail to have the most cruel consequences to me? Why do you wish me to write to you, when I can neither attempt to console you, nor, without drawing down ruin upon me, favour your hopes? Do you think because I have been indiscreet enough to answer one of your letters in order to undeceive you, that I shall proceed to any lengths, and not shrink back with horror from a precipice on the top of which I am tottering? Or is it because you have drank deeply of a cup of poison, and would willingly have a companion in misfortune, that you hold out the dreadful chalice to my hand?

If, however, you would delight in that draught, if you could contemplate my ruin with joy, if it will afford you the smallest satisfaction to know that you alone are not borne down by misery, if it be a consolation to you to know that there is another as wretched as yourself, let a gleam of pleasure light upon thy care worn countenance, for be assured the sufferings you complain of are only to be equalled by those which I feel.

As I have thus frankly confessed that your affection is returned, and that I love you (for why should I attempt to conceal what you have discovered by my actions?) I will not hesitate to give you a narration of its beginning and progress; and, in the relation, if any thing should appear harsh, to you, or grate your feelings, I hope you will reflect that all the disgrace attaches to me, who formed such unworthy opinions.

When I first perceived that my heart was not indifferent to you, alarmed at the idea, I spared no pains to overcome a passion in its early state, which, young as I was, I had sense enough to perceive, was pregnant with disaster. I thought absence the most likely method to overcome it, and, therefore, entreated my father to permit me to visit a relation in a distant part of the country; but in this I was totally mistaken: for I was so far from finding any benefit from a change of situation, that it actually increased my disorder. In my reveries, your image eternally presented itself to my view, and all that solitude seemed to effect, was to render it more interesting; and for want of a proper dissipation of thought, love became the only subject of my contemplations, and took a deeper root in my heart than ever. As this was the case, and seeing that every day I remained in the country, only added to my torment, I returned to my father's house, thinking it more prudent even to trust myself in your presence, than to perish by retirement.

When I came home, I did not, however, give myself up to despair: but was determined to combat with my inclination in the best manner I was able; for this purpose used frequently to set before my mind how little it became a person of my superior situation to entertain the least affection for a man so infinitely beneath me, at pride taught me to consider you; but conscience insinuated, that I had no right to the station I held, and that the respect I received from all ranks of people, was the effect of fear. It convinced me that the former was gained by an unjust usurpation and cruelty, and the latter would most unquestionably diminish in proportion as the power of my father declined; consequently that the violent difference that I imagined to subsist between our respective stations, was merely ideal. Besides the conduct of the Protector to you convinced me, that ambition did not think it below its dignity to be intimate with merit.—Then I would recollect the fascinating charms of your conversation, and the graces of your mind polished to the highest degree of literary splendour. Those circumstances united to shew me how vain it was to attempt my cure by having recourse to pride, and I therefore gave it up.

When a woman has found her vanity of no service to her upon such an occasion, it is not surprising, that she should not be able to raise any other force sufficiently powerful to aid her endeavours. From this time, I gave myself over as lost, and abandoned myself to love, as to a conquering and triumphant enemy, whom I was no longer able to resist.

I had flattered myself, however, that if I was unfortunate enough to be in such a situation, I could at least conceal the shame of it, and avert the calamities it portended by burying the secret forever in my bosom. I had so far reconciled myself to this idea, that I began to feel a sort of tranquil misery—a lethargy of grief, and looked forward to death with calmness, though I sometimes wished for it with anxiety, as a certain relief from what I endured. Judge then into what an agitation your first letter threw me. It awakened again all those fluctuations, I hoped, were vanquished; and revived thoughts, that I wished extinguished forever. I soon found I had all the struggles to sustain again; and overcome with my feelings, I became nearly desperate. Cool reflection, nevertheless, once more, kindly interposed between me and my fate; I thought it then most advisable not to take the least notice of what you had done, hoping that you would be discouraged by my silence from proceeding any further; but when I saw your hand a second time, I confess I could no longer retain my resolution, and I was therefore determined to write to you.

After this explicit recital, you may easily conceive my situation; yet I must inform you, that if you expect from it that I should favour your addresses, believe me, you will be mistaken; for I will never consent to any request, that may injure my father's peace; nor will I drive you to ruin on my account.

I have already kept this letter three days in my bosom, without having had an opportunity of delivering it to you. I was yesterday perusing your last billet in the garden, when my father appeared in sight, and was close upon me before I could recover myself. I instantly hurried it into my bosom, he saw that my hand trembled, and noticed my alarm, and insisted to see the paper I had concealed. I could not refuse, for resistance would have been ineffectual. Luckily I had there a letter from a young lady, the lady ———, who had made me the confident of her secret affection for the Lord B———, I availed myself of the fortunate circumstance, and put it into my father's hand. He chid me for such a foolish correspondence, and we walked together to the house.

Adieu! but write to me no more. [*To be continued.*]

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HIPPOCRENE'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. XXI.

Nisi ego mendosos autos & fædare cavere.

TO THE GOSSIP.

I ADDRESS you, Mr. GOSSIP, under very distressing circumstances, hoping it will be in your power to point out some course, expedient for me to pursue, which will render my situation in a degree happier. I shall therefore, without further introduction, relate simple facts. I am a young woman of twenty, which is considered by the world in general to be an age when we have some degree of judgment, and consequently ought to have an opinion of our own.

I had the happiness, about two years since, to become acquainted with a young man nearly of my own age, who in my eyes had every virtue that was requisite for complete happiness in the married state. Fortunately I appeared no less agreeable to him; but on acquainting my father with our mutual passion and wishing for his blessing, he declared His disapprobation of the morals, and indeed the general character of my friend. For a year we were separated, and closely observed for fear of any clandestine intercourse, (which greatly wounded my pride.) At the close of that time we were permitted to see each other, and our passions being not in the least abated, with my fathers consent, I received him as my acknowledged Lover; for a little time he was treated with politeness, but of late all politeness, all attention is laid aside, and rudeness, and disrespect, have taken their place. The reasons which are produced as an excuse for this conduct, is the young man's poverty and want of business—My situation is all before you Mr. GOSSIP, and you can imagine what my feelings are to see the man whom I love, and respect, continually mortified with reflections from one whom it would be his greatest pride to honor and respect. If you can think of any course for me to pursue that will alleviate my misery, by communicating it in your next number, you will oblige

HENRIETTA MILDNESS.

THAT *Henrietta's* situation is extremely embarrassing, I can readily conceive; and I most truly commiserate her sufferings, but unless I was fully acquainted with the characters of all parties, it is impossible for me to advise—it is a very delicate point to interfere, between parents and children—nor ought it ever to be done, but by those who from an intimate knowledge of all circumstances, and long habits of friendly intercourse in the family, are capable of forming an accurate judgment of the fit and proper, on every side. I confess her case, as stated in her letter, appears a very hard one, but when I reflect, that on the very first discovery of the affection subsisting between herself and lover, her father expressed his disapprobation of his morals and general character, I cannot suppose but there were some grounds for the prohibition which followed. He might afterwards, imagine he had been mistaken, and gentleness for his child might prompt him to permit addresses his better judgment did not altogether approve. Upon a nearer acquaintance with this young man, his former fears for the happiness of his daughter might revive, and that added to his total want of any regular employment, or any apparent means to support a family, have made him wish to prevent a union which portended nothing but infelicity. That a young woman of twenty years old ought to have an opinion of her own, I allow; but what young woman of twenty, who either is, or imagines herself in love, is capable of forming an unprejudiced opinion? It often happens, that what her reasonable friends would think *obstinacy*, she herself may dignify with the name of *constancy*. I can only advise *Henrietta*, to discontinue her intercourse with her lover for a short period: it will save him from mortification, oblige her parents, and allow herself time to investigate her own heart maturely; and scrutinize the conduct of the man, who is, at present, the imagines so necessary to her happiness. If his poverty and want of employment proceeds from inactivity of mind, and native indolence, she may dread a life of embarrassment, humiliation, and accumulated hardships. If he is a man of loose morals, she may believe a union with him would plunge her into unspeakable misery. Poverty is an evil which soon extinguishes the flame of love. [illegible], thrown so much bitterness upon it, that it languishes, and scarce emits warmth enough to keep the heart from freezing.—And vice, like an over-bearing torrent, breaks down every barrier, sweeps away every vestige of affection, that once existed, and having rendered the lacerated bosom desolate, leaves only the reluctance of the anguish its wild ravages occasioned.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

I SUSPECT the piece in your 16th number, signed "Timothy Downwright" is from my husband. I am sure of it, from every circumstance. To be even with the clownish old hunks, (excuse me sir, I am in a pet,) I will tell the public my reason for exchanging liberty and affluence, for the slavish bonds of matrimony and poverty. I have never yet reproached him with squandering away the fortune which I brought him; nor would I now expose him, had not he half exposed himself.

But my motive—aye the motive, that is the point. Why my dear Mr. GOSSIP, I married him to avoid the hateful appellation of—let me whisper—of an Old Maid.

DEBBY DOWNWRIGHT.

IF Mrs. *Downwright* was so weak as to exchange liberty and affluence for bondage and poverty, from no other motive than to avoid the appellation of an "*old maid*," I am not surprised at the little happiness either herself or spouse experiences. She has put herself and property at his power; and since *convenience* not *affection*, incited to what I call a foolish act, she now acts wisely in bearing the consequence without reproach.

I give the following letter a place, because there is a certain whimsicality and originality about it, which will divert many. I will just remark, that however *Milton* may have dignified his fallen angels, I can never be of opinion that Spirits who were banished Heaven for their pride, envy, and discontent, could live in harmony, in the regions of torment, to which their baleful passions had precipitated them. As to the legion of evil spirits sent into the herd of swine, if we consider whose voice it was that commanded them to depart, and recollect that even the devils believe and tremble, we shall not be surprised at their implicit and unanimous obedience.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

IN your essay on matrimony, which appeared in the 16th number of the *Weekly Magazine*, you have advanced an idea new to me. Speaking of the miseries of unfortunate marriages, you say "the parties resemble the fallen Angels, for we are expressly told their chief, nay, their only delight, is to torment each other." You do not quote the scriptures, but I presume you rely on them, for your authority. Now Sir, I take the freedom to tell you, that I suspect you are in this instance too liberal. I do not recollect any text of Scripture, upon which I can suppose you founded your opinion, of the dreadful depravity of the spiritual apostles alluded to. I have not time at present to search, and therefore appeal to your candor and goodness, to point me directly to the authority you had in view, when you made the assertion. I say, Sir, you appear too liberal, because I doubt whether the miserable pair, (made so by their own mutual folly; and upbraidings,) have even the authority of the devil himself to support them: He may teach them by *precept*, to cherish the seeds of animosity, and give them lessons upon domestic jarrings; but I believe he is clear of the guilt of enforcing them by *example*. Some one has said,

Bad as he is, the devil may be abused,
Be falsly charged and calumniously accused;
When men unwilling to be blamed alone,
Shift off to him, the crimes which are their own.

That you have from politeness to the Ladies or Gentlemen, wronged him or his associates, I will not positively say; because it is possible you may yet satisfy me, and dispel my doubts. When the devil and his host, were commanded to depart from among the tombs, our Saviour asked his name; his name it seems was Legion, for they were many; but notwithstanding their numbers, there was a union, a mutual good understanding, which really did the devils honor; for when we compare their former dwelling with the one now presented before them, we are astonished at their ready acceptance. To quit *men*, the noblest of animals, for swine, the filthiest, might well have caused debate, and given rise to dissention; but not a lisp of discontent, or a word of mutual upbraidings; but all as one, took possession of their new and miserable dwelling. Where among men can such an instance of unanimity be found? What a lesson of mutual forbearance, and patience, does this piece of sacred history afford us? But it is not from the authority of the scriptures alone, that I should refuse the asserted just an appeal to the conduct of the fallen Angels, in justification of their own; *Milton* says,

——Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree.

And again, when Satan, the chief of the fallen powers, left his associates in hell, and set out on the perilous expedition to this, our (then unknown) world; his unhappy fellow Spirits are represented by *Milton*, as anxiously employed to mitigate their own, and each others sorrows. Some seek the hills, and losing themselves in mighty thought forget their pains; others retire to a valley, and tuning their harps, the ravishing sounds "suspend the pains of hell itself, and seized with ravishment the thronging audience." In short, he represents them as amusing themselves, and each other, in various ways, and leads us to suppose, that a solemn sympathy diffused itself through the whole infernal kingdom: and that every heart, though oppressed with sorrow, eagerly sought means to soften the general load of woe. Such a picture is eminently calculated to excite our tenderest feelings, and to awake our pity; and such is its effect upon me, Sir, that I am afraid to proceed; the fallen Angels appear less infamous, less abandoned, than when I began. I am not the devil's friend; but if our all-wise and bountiful Creator, has thought fit to afford us useful lessons from our greatest enemy, and made it possible for us to learn virtues, even from the devil himself; to what depth of depravity are we sunk, if we suffer them to pass unimproved!

Yours, LEVI.

N.B. The GOSSIP requests *George Augustus Tophetson*, Esq. to send for his elaborate epistle, as it may be of service to him, on the approaching *first of April*—a day which has been, time immemorial, dedicated to, and celebrated by, *all Fools.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No. XIII.

——— "Trembling alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore." POPE.

AMONG the many sources of unhappiness and vexation, may be reckoned superfluity of refinement, or delicacy carried to excess. Sensibility may be rendered so exquisitely tender, by the softening hand of luxurious nicety, as to shrink with horror from the most trifling inconveniences; —"irritable by the smallest asperity, and vulnerable by the gentlest touch." He that has been habituated from childhood to particular exactness in his person, his dress, and his food, will, on his entrance into the wide world, find himself surrounded by innumerable vexations, and harassed by unceasing difficulties, which those, whose education has been less soft and refined, would hardly perceive, or think worthy of regard.

It is possible, that delicacy of refinement may be so far cultivated, as to render even pleasure disgusting. The few bitter particles which float in the purest cup of delight, may, to an exquisite taste, embitter the whole draught.—This quickness of sensibility naturally produces peevishness and disquietude: The gloomy side of every object presents itself to view; every occurrence brings with it dissatisfaction, and every anticipation is succeeded by disappointment.

The manner in which the wealthy generally bring up

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their children, is often the foundation of future misery.—Accustomed to every elegance and every luxury, they are ignorant of the numerous ills which are scattered through human life. They are taught to expect the gratification of every hope, success in every pursuit, uninterrupted prosperity, and a life without care, without anxiety, and without trouble. Thus unprepared for combat, they become fit objects for the shafts of fortune. Unable to face adversity, they fall easy victims, and sink under the pressure of petty misfortunes; while the nervous sons of hardship, accustomed to difficulties, and prepared for the encounter, bear up with firmness against adverse fortune, or learn by prudence and circumspection to avoid the attack.

How often do we see the fair, who has been educated in the tenderest manner, and habituated to every indulgence, from parents, whose excessive fondness "permitted not even the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly,"—reduced to misery and want. Captivated by the gaiety of some fashionable spark, she flies to his arms with all the ardor of romance; and a year or two of extravagance and folly, leaves them bankrupts in love, reputation, and estate. Education neither affords them means of supporting their distresses, nor of emerging to prosperity.

That life abounds with ills, and that we are daily subject to misfortune, few need to be informed: that it is our interest to be prepared to meet them, and early taught to surmount them, must appear reasonable to every one. It is therefore necessary to our happiness, that we divest ourselves of those extreme sensibilities and refinements, which add to the miseries of life, and increase our portion of terrestrial unhappiness. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

RELIGION AND ITS MINISTERS.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

OF all the improprieties of this age of reason, none has ultimately a more fatal tendency than the practice of speaking with levity of Religion and its Ministers in the presence of children.

It is to this levity used in conversation on Religion before Children, that may be attributed the host of irreligious characters that now exist, and who by their example, expressed both in conduct and writing, lead others into the paths of vice and ruin. From this source also must have originated that sect of Philosophers now deluging the world with their sacrilegious doctrines, endeavoring to exchange the established order of society for one more *natural*, less guided by reason and tempered by Religion, and which will remove every obstacle to the gratification of their unhallowed desires. Religion should never be spoken of before children but with the most reverential awe, and its duties should be enforced on them with the strictest care. But it is to be lamented that the present age is not less distinguished for a violation of these rules, than for the number of its wild adventures in theory, all having a tendency to undermine the basis of Religion, to destroy morality, and on the ruins thereof to erect the banners of infidelity and immorality. In many instances, Religion is spoken of not only with levity, but mournful to tell, with disapprobation—It is condemned as a mask for villains, and its Professors are denounced as Hypocrites. Its ordinances are either totally neglected, or attended to without the respect due to them, without animation and without love. It is hoped and believed that this spirit *in our country*, is not very extensive.—Where it does exist, for a proof of its infidious nature, it is only necessary to look at the characters of the people.

The Philosophy of the day has made it fashionable to suppose that one person ought not to be influenced by the doctrines of another, when these doctrines are contrary to his reason; for it is alledged as a reason in favor of this supposition, that we are all mortals and liable alike to error of opinion. It *is* readily conceded, that we are all mortals and liable alike to error of opinion, when the latter is drawn from the same views, and by persons of the same education; but it *is* by no means conceded, that the person who reasons from *Revelation*, should not have an influence over those who reason from *impiety*. Our reason must be brought into subjection to this, and whoever adhere to its principles in the exercise of their reasoning powers, are entitled to a paramount influence on society. It is from envious and illiterate persons, whose pride induces them to contend on this point, that proceeds the abuse of Ministers complained of.

Among other indirect sarcasms on the Ministers of Religion, which proceed from low and unoccupied minds, are numbered the following:—If in describing a man's character, in order to do him justice, it is said "He is a very Religious and devout man;" another will remark, "He must be good then;" and on the same occasion another will say, "there are other men who do not profess to be pious, equally useful to society, and possessing all the moral and social virtues in a degree equal with the man who is so Religious and devout."—Again, if a person makes an observation, and informs the company that for its authenticity he has the word of a Clergyman, another will sarcastically reply, "Oh then, I suppose you think it cannot be untrue," and another sneering remark is, "Clergymen are like all other men, liable to the same errors and vices; subject to the same irritability of temper; possessing no more command over themselves than is common to mankind in general, and are therefore not entitled to any more notice."

Absurd and ridiculous to excess as these puerile means are, they have weight on young minds, who are apt from them to draw the conclusion, that Ministers are some inferior order of Beings, existing only to supply tea-table chat, and for the sport of fools. First principles are not easily eradicated.—It will therefore be seen, that such opinions formed in young minds, on the most respectable class of men in the community, cannot but be extremely injurious to the rising generation.

These expressions I acknowledge, are often spoken in convivial moments, intending no harm, and often too by persons who respect and honor the Clergy; but their weight on young minds, who are, and ought to be in the habit of believing all their parents say, is not in consequence thereof lessened.

It was never believed nor advocated, that the Clergy have more of immortality about them, or that they are more infallible in their doctrines, than any other class of learned men. This would be preposterous reasoning:—But the solemn dignity of their office, demands at all times a regular and consistent conduct, and an abstinence from the indulgencies common to other men, and even from some, which in their nature, are innocent and harmless. With these demands, as a body, they have ever complied, (when we consider the frailty of man's nature) in an astonishingly unexceptionable manner. They are distinguished far above all others, for the peaceable and quiet tenor of their lives, the purity and usefulness of which, united with the very respectable talents which they in general possess, one would suppose, might preserve them from the attacks of unprincipled slanders, and from the wretched witticisms of the knave: Certainly no men have set examples to society so well calculated to promote its good as they have; and no men, after a long life of usefulness, appear so calm and resigned, nay cheerful, at the approach of death! Thus, by the magnanimity of their exit, sanctioning the pure principles of Religion, which it had been the labor and the pleasure of their lives to inculcate. Children, therefore should be taught to respect them, as men from whom they are to learn the Religious, Moral and Social Duties of life. No unmeaning censure should be pointed towards them, if it must be at all, in the presence of children;—because this is not only forming an unfavourable prejudice against the Clergy simply, but it lessens their influence in promulgating the great truths of Christianity. Thus, the bad effects of speaking with levity of the Clergy, may be traced even to a future life, for people will not regard the doctrines of men whom they have been accustomed to behold only in the light of ridicule, and perhaps when they forsake a particular Minister, in consequence of seeing him thus represented, they forsake Religion also. They are indeed to be pitied, who cause such a revolution in the mind of man, for on their heads will fall his blood. MENTOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON CALUMNY.

HOW conscious are the inhabiters of the world we live in, and so given to censure are the sons and daughters of men, that it is almost a miracle for a person to avoid the calumny of busy bodies, be their words and actions ever so pure and perfect: slander will rear her detested head and say something to their disadvantage; were such persons who are given to this failing, to spare but a few moments from their darling favourite, and apply them to recollection, how detested would their conduct appear, (even in their own eyes, were they persons of understanding) for how cruel is it in any person to sport with the good name of any one, and defame their character, when it may be the only solid foundation they had to build their future prospects on. Let such persons consider the irreparable injury they may do any fair one, by spreading reports injurious to her reputation, which if once gone, and the lady but a slender fortune, what reparation can the defamer make, who has already destroyed and blasted her good name, and perhaps her virtue—the most inestimable gem in her possession. My fair young friends, let not that hated fiend enter into any of your minds to debase and foul it, but rather, when you hear any thing to the disadvantage of any person, endeavour to shew by your silence, your contempt of the defamer, or generously undertake the defence of the absent; for that person who will scandalize any absent person in your presence, in all probability, in another company, may speak ill of you. S. T.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE

FRIENDSHIP—A SIMILE.

IMAGINE an aged oak rearing its exposed head alone on a barren hill—the rough blast whistles through its worn-out limbs; the battering hail beats forcefully against its side; long it has braved the raging elements; long magnanimously withstood their fury!—but its strength now fails—exhausted and fatigued, with no friendly wood to part to screen it from the assailing storm—it groans; while beneath its fury, until at length, its body and its branches are severed and dispersed by the all-sweeping power of Heaven's electric ball——So is it with friendless Man—the darkly-rolling waves of adversity incessant rush against him—the clouds, as bleak and tough they roll along the sky of sorrow, emit their sulphurous flames on his devoted head; amazed he stands!—no friendly arm appears to relieve him from the roaring cataract of ruin—prone falls the wretched creature, and sinks amidst the whirling wave, to rise no more! AMICUS.

USEFUL.

A SPUR TO FEMALE INDUSTRY.

IN Poland, the women of middling condition are not allowed to marry, till they have wrought, with their own hands, three baskets full of cloaths, which they are obliged to present to their guests, who attend them on their wedding-day.

CURE FOR THE CANCER.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. ELI FORBES, *describing the salutary effect of* DOCK ROOT *on a* CANCER.

WHEN the application was begun, Mrs. Forbes' Cancer was as large as a common tea cup, and the cover would hold as much. It was lined with a black morbid coat; the discharge was very copious, icherous, and fetid to a very high degree. She had a high symptomatic fever, extreme pain, and such weakness that she could not stand alone. But on the third dressing there was a material alteration for the better; and on the fifth, mortiferous matter began to disappear, and new flesh succeeded. Her pains went off; her fever abated; her appetite returned; and her strength recovered. The process of the application is the following:—

Take the narrow curled leaved dock root; wash it clean; boil it soft in rain or spring water. Wash the ulcer with this decoction as warm as the patient can bear; and fill the cavity with liquor for ten minutes. Then scrape off the pulp of the root; bruise it fine; spread it on gauze, and lay it on so as to bring the poultice in contact with every part of the ulcer. Then spread a fine cloth, dipped in the liquor over it; and repeat this process two or three times in 24 hours. At each dressing the patient should drink a wine glass full of tea of the same root, with one third of a glass of port wine, sweetened with honey, to prevent lassitude. *Port. Gaz.*

AMUSING.

ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

MANY have been the conjectures of both ancient and modern writers concerning the production of pearls. Some have supposed them to proceed from a disease of the fish; but there seems to be a great similarity between them, and what is found in crabs, called crabs-eyes, which are formed near the stomach of the animal, and serve as a reservoir of calcareous matter against the forming of a new shell, at which time they are dissolved, and deposited for that purpose. As the integral part of the shell of the pearl, oyster, or muscle, consists of mother pearl, which resembles the material of pearl, and as the animal has annual occasion to enlarge his shell, there is reason to suspect that the loose pearls are similar reservoirs of the pearly matter for that purpose. The fish, in which the pearls are found, is much larger than the common oyster, and is called concha margaritifera. It abounds on the coast of Persia, near Ormus, about Cape Cormorin, and on the coast of the island of Ceylon. The oriental pearls are most valued on account of their largeness, colour, and beauty: but pearls are caught in the seas of the East-Indies, in those of America, and in some parts of Europe. At the commencement of the season, which is in March and April, and again in August and September, there appear frequently two

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hundred and fifty barks on the banks; in the larger are two divers; in the smaller, one. Each bark puts off from the shore before sun-rise, by a land-breeze which never fails, and returns again by a sea-breeze, which succeeds it at noon. As soon as the barks have arrived at the place where the fish lie, and have cast anchor, each diver binds a stone under his body, which is to serve him as ballast, and prevent his being driven away by the motion of the water, and also to enable him to walk more steadily among the waves. Besides this, they tie another heavy stone to one foot, in order to sink them to the bottom of the sea: and as the oysters adhere strongly to the rocks, they arm their fingers with leather gloves, or take an iron-rake to displace them with. Lastly, each diver carries with him a large net, tied to his neck by a long cord, the other end of which is fastened to the side of the bark. The net or sack is intended to hold the oysters he may collect, and the cord is to pull him up by, when his bag is full or when he wants air. Thus equipped, he precipitates himself, sometimes above sixty feet under water. As he has no time to lose, as soon as he arrives at the bottom, he begins to tear the oysters off the rocks, and cram them into his budget. At whatever depth the divers are, the light is sufficient for them to see what passes around them, and sometimes, to their great consternation, they behold monstrous fishes, from whose jaws they can escape only by maulding the water, and concealing themselves by that means; although this artifice will not always save them from falling a prey to those formidable enemies. The best divers will remain under water near half an hour, during which time they hold their breath, without the use of oils, acquiring the habit by long practice; but the exertion is so violent, as generally to shorten the lives of those who repeat it frequently. Besides this method of diving, there is a way of descending in a diving bell, so contrived as to be replenished often with fresh air, by means of air-barrels, which are let up and down by ropes.

The poor men, who encounter these dangers for a livelihood, do not consider how trifling the value of the pearls is in itself, but what great advantages they can gain by the risk. Single pearls have been sold for immense sums of money. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, wore one as an earring, that Pliny has estimated at eighty-thousand pounds sterling. The real value of pearls and diamonds is small, because they do not contribute to the support or comfort of the life of man; but whilst people of fortune will lavish great sums upon such insignificant things, there will always be found people, whose necessities will impel them to obtain them at the risk of their lives.

BARBAROUS CEREMONY.

A LETTER received by the Earl Howe, from Bengal, of the 23d January, says, the following relation of the most barbarous ceremony that lately took place in Gungar Saugar, and to which Mr. Barrett, a Branch Pilot, with seven other Europeans were eye witnesses, appears unparalleled in the annals of history. Being at Gungar Saugar, with some other pilots the last full moon, and hearing that some extraordinary absurdities were to be performed among the Faquirs of that port, among others such as persuading the ignorant natives to go into the water to be devoured by the sharks:—Mr. Barrett, with his party went to the place, from curiosity, where these cruelties were to be exercised, and witnessed these facts, that several men and women, at the instigation of the Faquirs, were made to throw themselves into the river amidst innumerable sharks that were seen floating upon the water, which almost immediately devoured these unfortunate victims of superstition; and particularly mentions, that a man, remarkably strong, on being attacked, seemed to set the shark at defiance, and had a long struggle with his antagonist, till others came up and dispatched him. Mr. Barrett, upon hearing that a young boy was to be sacrificed in the same manner, was desirous, if possible to rescue him, and waited till late in the evening, in hopes of performing this act of humanity; but suspicions arising among the barbarous Faquirs that such an attempt might be made, put it out of Mr Barrett's power to effect it, by secreting him. This horrid practice, it appears, takes place twice a year, in the months of February and November, about the time of the full moon.—*Lond. P.*

DEAF AND DUMB.

SOME interesting experiments have been lately made in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Paris, to ascertain whether the impressions made on the deaf and dumb, by the firing of cannon, the tinging of bells, &c. were produced merely by the violent concussions of the air. The experiments made by Citizen Bebes, on this subject, leave no doubt respecting this problem. Of one person, it was observed, that a single tone made no impression upon him, and it is necessary to repeat it several times before he was sensible of it, and able to distinguish it; from which it was inferred, that it would be necessary for this young man to *learn to hear*, as persons born blind, who recover their sight by a surgical operation, must gradually learn to see and distinguish objects.

THE MISERS.—Mr. Guy, who was the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in the borough of Southwark, was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth. It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening, sitting in his room meditating over a handful of half lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to inquire for him was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy, lighted a farthing candle, which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purpose of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope, in these lines:

" *When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend,*
" *The wretch that living, sav'd a candle's end, &c.*

"I have been told, (said Hopkins) that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living; I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art, in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you came about, (said Guy) why then we can talk this matter over in the dark." So saying, he, with deliberation, extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the others superior thrift, and took his leave.—*Lee. pap.*

HAT AND WIG.

A FELLOW walking down Snow Hill, London, on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman without his hat, panting and leaning on a post, and courteously asked him what was the matter. "Sir, (said the old man,) an impudent rascal, has just snatched my hat off, and run away with it. I have run after him until I have quite lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go a step farther." "What not a step?" says the fellow, "Not a single step," returned the other. "Why then by Jupiter, I must have your wig," and snatched off his fine flowing coarse, and was out of sight in a minute.—*Ibid.*

POPE, the celebrated Poet, being in company one evening with a party, where the conversation took a most unaccountable turn upon the mean appearance and deformity of many great personages in former ages, with minds the most accomplished, many anecdotes were brought forward, and some sarcasms, which POPE taking to himself, he remained silent, till being called on for an opinion, he observed, "From all I have heard and read, I have but one remark to make, which is—" it is He that made us, and not we ourselves, which has ever satisfied my mind with regard to myself." On which the conversation instantly took a more lively turn.

A gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl—He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out Sir," says she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman, "She," said the girl, "is gone out too."—"My business is of consequence," returned he, "is your master's son at home?"—"No, Sir," returned the girl, "he is gone out." "That's unlucky indeed," replied he, "but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by the fire."—"Oh, Sir," said the girl, "*the fire is gone out too.*" Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master that, "*he did not expect to be received so coolly.*"

ANECDOTE OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

PRINCE MAURICE, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took 24 prisoners, one of which was G. Hallewood an Englishman. The Prince ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots.—The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered, for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called fool-hardy for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, he thought he acted *prudently*; for, as he daily hazarded his life for *sixpence*, he must have made a *good saving* in so venturing it for *twelve crowns!*

REMARK.—We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those which we affect to have.

LITTRARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. Wast's excellent "*Letters to a young Man, on his entrance into life*, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the present times," are now in the press of S. Etheridge, and will shortly be published by Samuel H. Parker. It is a book which every parent should put into the hands of his son, every guardian present to his ward.

THEATRE.

On Monday, for the benefit of Miss *Estes*, a comedy, never performed here, called the English Merchant; with the new grand Pantomime Entertainment, of Harlequin Freemason, and a large variety of other entertainments.—On Wednesday, for the benefit of Mr. *Barrett*; on Friday, Mrs. *Harper's*.

To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Alcon'sad'anes to Miss A. B. shall appear.

Communication from *R. S.* incorrect language, and worse orthography.

*T. W. M'*s prety solution of the Riddle, in last Saturday's *Centinel*, shall have a place next week.

If *John O'Humbleton*, will condescend to let us know what the design of his letter is, it will oblige us. We do not presume to depreciate his talents by saying it has no meaning—we only say we cannot find it out.

We thank our correspondents for several solutions of the Rebus in our last.

"*The Dying Indian*," by *Zoma*, is in type. Several other favours shall be attended to next week.

A communication from Roxbury, was not received in season for this week.

☞ The "*Poor Youth*," is requested to send to this Office for a letter.

MARRIAGES.

In Kennebunk, Rev. Asa Piper, to Miss Sarah Little.—In Hanover, Mr. Josiah Whitney, to Miss Sally Pusser.—In Monotomy, Capt. Seth Stone, of New-Salem, to Mrs Mary Hopkins. In Salem, Capt. Thomas Athby, to Miss Hester Athby; Mr. Benjamin Cox, to Miss Sally Smith.—In Newbury, Mr. Samuel Coffin, to Miss Lydia Noyes.—In Boston, Mr. Samuel Waters, to Miss Betsy Bumbo.

DEATHS.

In Biddeford, Benjamin Hooper, Esq. Æt 82. In Haverhill, (M.) Mrs. Mary Bradley, Æt 72. In Reading, Mr. John Emerson, Æt 72. In Hingham, Mrs. Ruth Cushing, Æt 68. In Worcester, Mr. Samuel Woodburn, Æt 80. In Dorchester, Mr. John Jenkins, of Boston, Æt 34. In Salem, Mrs. Huldah Peabody, Æt 24. In Newburyport, Mr. Somerby Chase, Æt 50. In Salisbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, wife of Mr. Daniel C. Æt 20. In Weston, Mr. Enoch Harrington, Æt 20. In Lisbon, about the 1st Feb. Thomas Buckley, Esq. He left six children, each of whom he willed 10,000 dollars in specie. In Stockbridge, Miss Desire Nash, Æt 65; for 19 years past she has been insane. In Williamstown, Hon. David Noble, Esq.

In our last, we announced the death of Joseph Prince, Esq. at Freeport, whose house took fire in the night. Himself, wife and three children, escaped naked into the street; but anxious to save their two children yet in the house, he pressed back into the chamber where they were in bed, but the room underneath being completely on fire, they all three fell through with the floor, and all that was heard of them, after this, *was their screeches, in the midst of the flames, where no human aid could be afforded them!* What must have been the feelings of a beloved wife and mother, who was an ear and eye witness to this truly melancholy scene!

In Boston, for this week, there have been but *four* deaths, ending yesterday.

LOTTERY BUSINESS.

THE third class of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, commences drawing in June. The dispatch and punctuality of the Managers of this Lottery, have placed it high in public confidence—two rival companies being formed to purchase what tickets remain unsold after a certain period.—Tickets at 5 dls. halfs 2 50, and quarters 1 25, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, at the Lottery and Magazine Office, No. 56, State-street, where the Prizes of the 2d class will be published on *Monday* next. Prize tickets of former classes taken in pay for tickets in the 3d.

Also, for sale. A general assortment of Commercial Blanks; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philosophee; the Peasant's Fate; Specimens of Republican Institutions; Aphorisms on Man; the Art of Preserving Health, by John Armstrong, M. D; Blunt's Practical Navigator and Coast Pilot; Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetic; Park on Insurance; and several Pamphlets, &c.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AN HYPOTHESIS.

LAST night unpleasing visions round my head,
In horror clad, their baleful influence spread!
Spectres most ghastly rose before my view,
And every moment more tremendous grew!
Appall'd! I shudder'd at the fearful sight,
And bleft the beams of flow returning light.

Say, facred Muſe, whence the portentous dream,
Whose, hell or reaſon, the rapt fenſes ſeem?
Might not the ſoul inſpiration'd in her cell,
On ſome ſeraphic pinion bear'd aloft,
When her career a ſhort ſpace hovers,
Why ſeeks ſhe thus to add to human woes?
Why not expanded on celeſtial wing,
Of future hopes, in ſtrains immortal ſing?
Why not delight to give the burſt of thought,
With all the treaſur'd ſtores of wiſdom fraught?

Reflection luminous darts o'er my mind,
And reaſon, harbinger of light deign'd,
Thrown back the clouds, and with pervading ray,
Pours from her orb illimitable day.
Reflection as a mental mine appears,
And induſtry its golden treaſures ſhare,
Come then, inveſtigation hither bend,
And let refulgent truth unveil'd deſcend.

The ſoul encumber'd by her maſs of clay
Preſſes—reaſon faith—through the revolving day
To the deluding claims of earth born care,
And in each wayward paſſion takes her ſhare,
To various offices performs ſubmiſs,
Now ſtands, now walks, and now inactive ſits:

But when deep ſleep enwraps the body round,
No longer by their clay forg'd fetters bound,
Glad of the reſpite—free from every bond,
She ſpreads away to her native element,
On outſtretch'd wing renews her latent fires,
And freely in her native air reſpires.

And, as attraction ſways the natural world,
Or dire confuſion o'er our globe were hurl'd:
So, by ſome ſecret law, as yet unſought,
Back to her poſt, the fugitive is brought—
Compoſ'd, her well known functions ſhe reſumes,
Glows in the eye, and in the features blooms;
Nor can th' unfolded ſenſes great the day,
Till animated by her genial ray:
And, and the broken ſhadows of the night,
A viewleſs infant paints her rapid flight.

But while abroad, the deathleſs wand'rer ſtrays,
A thouſand giddy gambols fully plays,
The broad a theatre of ſport becomes,
Where each buffoon his mimick part aſſumes,
Fantaſtic ſprights the motley ſcenes diſplay,
While mirthful fancy, ever-ſev'dly gay,
Laughs at the paſtime—till baleful deſpair riſe,
And a dark grave th' infernal fiend ſupplies:
Then paſſions all tumultuous ſwell the breaſt,
Affaſſinating the fair bowrs of reſt.

Alternate viſions thus chaotic riſe,
Now ſink as low—then mount us to the ſkies.

But when our guard'an angel deigns to fall,
The empty void—and heavenly truths inſtill,
Viſions ſeraphic flit before our ſight,
Cherubic forms enroll'd in ſpotleſs white,
Succeſſive images of bliſs ariſe,
'Till the *returning* ſpirit ardent ſighs,
For ſo celeſtial world, her native home,
Where joys eternal ſhall ſucceeding bloom.

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOLUTION of the REBUS in the LAST MAGAZINE.

MADEIRA: an iſland that's famous for wine,
And *Orange* a fruit that's contain'd in a rind;
'Twas the *Devil* that firſt ever woman prevail'd,
And *Eve* the firſt matron in duty that fail'd;
A *Serpent's* the horrible reptile you mean,
And *Trowſers* what often concealed has been:
Our *Teeth* is the ſeaſon beſt fitted for love,
For connexions then made, the moſt durable prove.
The initials of theſe if you tranſpoſe to order,
You'll find the word MODESTY fairly portray'd.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TASTE and FASHION.

SAYS Fashion to Taſte, I am ſtrangely purblin'd,
For nothing to pleaſe me you bring;
With whims and with changes forever I'm vex'd,
And ſtill Fancy is wild on the wing!

I've invented all things that caprice can deviſe,
I have mingled all colours; and ſtill
The leaders of Fashion my fancy deſpiſe,
And, in ridicule, laugh at my ſkill.

I have dreſt and undreſt the fair nymphs of the land,
I have ſhown—they will not be pleaſed;
Like their grandmother, Eve, I have led the gay band,
And, like Venus, I've taught them to bluſh.

And 'tis therefore they ſcorn you, cried Taſte with a ſmile,
You have left them no charms to diſplay;
When I led the Nymphs forth, I taught them the while,
To be ſparing and decent, tho' gay.

I told them that beauty when ſeen by all eyes,
Would the proud charms of novelty loſe;
And that he muſt ardent who fruitfully ſighs,
She muſt happy, who learns to refuſe.

Let the Daughters of Faſhion, to truth lend an ear,
Let them hide the rich charms they poſſeſs:
And the triumph they gain, at their feet ſhall appear,
And mankind ſhall their empire confeſs.

March 11, 1803. JAMES.

The following was preſented to a YOUNG LADY, who aſked the AUTHOR, what he would ſay of her, if he were to write her

EPITAPH.

HERE IS DEPOSITED,
all that was mortal
of

Miſs

To graces of perſon nearly bordering on perfection,
ſhe added
a refined and highly cultivated underſtanding:
" *her ſprit was far above rubies.*"

For the was poſſeſſed of all the merits of that character
which the wiſeſt of men
has declared moſt difficult to be found—
A Virtuous Woman.

Her external form and internal excellence,
preſented an aſſemblage of accompliſhments
which ſtrongly impreſſed
in the hearts of all that beheld her
that great and divine truth,
that a beautiful and virtuous Woman
is ſecond only to Angels.

But
the ſolemn records of mortality,
while they pay the tribute due to virtues,
ought to make an impartial ſacrifice to failings
in the duſt of truth.

This excellent and accompliſhed Woman,
as if to convince us
that abſolute perfection both of perſon and mind
is not to be obtained
in this frail ſtate of mortal probation,
had loſt a TOOTH.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Continued from page* 54.]

LETTER VII.

From CHARLES WALLER, *to* FRANCES CROMWELL.

PENETRATED with the moſt lively ſenſe of gratitude for your laſt favour, permit me once more to take up your attention for a few moments. Let me endeavour to prevail upon you to recall the cruel ſentence you have paſſed, commanding me not to write to you again. It is obſerving the only ray of comfort that is left to guide me through the miſfortunes of this world,—and, after what you have acknowledged, is calmly anſwing my deſperate hand with ſuicide,—or, worſe, immuring me in the moſt dismal dungeon that wretchedneſs ever beheld; for ſuch will be my ſituation, if I be compelled to feed upon the bitterneſs of my miſeries, by keeping them to myſelf.

Beſides, my dear Frances, (pardon me my calling you ſo) where is the criminality of relieving the diſtreſſed, when it can be done by ſimply attending to the pathetic tale of their woes? or in what does it conſiſt? Surely compaſſion charity will give the ſtrongeſt, when in can be effected without guilt. The world, if it could poſſibly have the leaſt commerce, might call it, in a perſon of your diſtinction, inconſiſtence,—but inconſiſtence without vice is no crime: and I am confident, though it might be reckoned a fault here, it will aſſume a very different character in the ſight of heaven.

O, Frances! what a ſituation I am doomed to fulfil!—a ſituation in which I never can expect even tranquillity, much leſs happineſs; the only wiſh I have, is to ſee my nephew in poſſeſſion of one who would ſmile on me with complacence, and yield me one ſigh of pity,—and this you have the cruelty to deny me.

Thrice happy they whoſe mutual affection hath join'd, in ſoft bonds, their kindred thoughts ſo as in the moſt delightful uniſon, and whoſe looks are illumined by the tranſcendant ſenſations of reciprocal love—who never ſigh but upon poſt joys, and whoſe look forward, with gratitude to their Creator, to many ſucceeding days of delight. What a ſtate of delicious ſerenity muſt ſuch experience! But I—born to a different fortune, placed in a ſtate which only adds to my torment, cut off from the conſolations of parental kindneſs,—who have no friend whom can truſt,—who never receive the paſt occurrences of life but I awaken thoughts that rend my boſom with anguiſh—and who dare not attempt to ſpeculate upon futurity,—every the hapleſs wretch who is chained to the gallies and think the fate that is inflicted ſeverity compared to his own.—Bodily labour is the only evil he has to contend with; it may fatigue but it gives no anxiety to the mind.—It affords him a reliſh for his coarſe meal, and makes his bed of ſtraw ſuperior to ſoftest down. The ſlave has no pleaſure above the gratification of ſenſe, and, conſequently has no idea of intellectual miſery.

I will honeſtly confeſs that I have more than once beheld the happineſs of others with a malignant eye, and have fathomed at the thought of feeing others in proſperity while I was cloathed with ſuch cruel misfortunes. I have ſo idea preſents itſelf to every perſon in adverſity; for I ſhould tremble to think myſelf ſhone capable of forming it. In the diſpoſition of a deſpair to give way to it; and, whatever pangs I may endure in the attempt, this I am determined to evercome.—Horrid conception!—Why doth this ſhame me thus—What have I done, that I ſhould be abandoned in this manner?—I have examined my conſcience, and have ſo fair ſatisfaction, at leaſt, as to ſay that I hope and truſt I never committed any act ſo black that I ſhould be conſtrained to be the object of ſuch a dreadful reflection. O, eternal fountain of kindneſs! look down with an eye of piy upon me!—ſuffer me not to harbour ideas that make me loathe my exiſtence.

You have done me the honour to confeſs that you ſuffer equally with myſelf. Strange! that ſuch a declaration can ſupply any joy to a perſon who knows you more than he has power to expreſs!—yet, believe me, that moral gave me ſome relief.—Good God! how ſelfiſh a being is man!—who would rather hear that ſhe, for whom he has the moſt tender attachment, is unhappy, than that ſhe does not return his love.

If you are miſerable, communicate your cares: it will lighten the burden of yours. I would take from your hearts a load ſufficient to oppreſs the greateſt fortitude. Reflect only upon what I ſay. Do I attempt to perſuade you to a ſecret marriage, which muſt undoubtedly bring you into difficulties too dreadful even to think of? Do I wiſh you to do any thing that you could not reflect upon in your full moments without regret? Do I deſire you to run away with, and by that injure the good opinion you have with your father, which, I know, you value above life? No—all of theſe are the fartheſt from my deſires! I only interceat you to tell me the ſentiments of your heart, and to confeſs to an intercourſe which would be a mitigation to thoſe pangs, the unhappineſs of our deſtiny both ordained us to feel. From ſuch an intercourſe no evil can accrue; our letters may be delivered with our own hands, and inſtantly deſtroyed when read. We have frequent opportunities for ſuch an exchange, without being in any danger of diſcovery. Confeſs, deareſt Frances, that it would be natural to your heart, to a correſpondence, that you muſt be convinced it innocent, if not deſerving of an higher epithet.

Adieu! I wait your determination with no ſmall uneaſineſs.

[*To be continued.*]

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Two Dollars per ann.—One half paid in advance.
☞ Letters, (poſt paid) punctually attended to.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *MARCH* 26, 1803. [N° XXII.

ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No. XIV.

"All crimes are safe, but hated poverty." JOHNSON.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * IN these deep solitudes, so seldom visited by man, little did I think to hear a human voice. I stopped—the sound was distant, and I could hear nothing distinctly.—I directed my steps towards that part from whence it proceeded, and discovered, at a little distance, a man seated on a mossy stone, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes steadily fixed on the ground. His countenance, his attitude, his voice, spoke him the personification of misery.—I listened, unperceived, while he went on——

——"Yes, poverty! thou art horrible—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, thou art most horrible.—Thou art cold as the grave—the winter winds whistle about thee, icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee—nor fire to warm thee—nor clothes to cover thee—nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite.—Thou hast no friends—the eye of pity is never turned on thee, nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.—Thou art an outcast from the world—thou art hated and persecuted by all—thou art despised and detested by the whole human race. What dost thou there in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception——and dost thou still cling to this hillock of earth?——Go,—hide thyself in the grave——There thy enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee—There shalt thou rest in peace—the cold clods shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings shall be remembered no more—There shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger—the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, and the rude storm shall beat harmlessly on the sod which covers thee.——Yes, thanks to Heaven! there is one consolation left me, and this will I cherish—it shall support me yet a little longer—I will go, and for a moment forget that I am miserable."——

He rose, and at the distance of a few steps, descended into a cave. I returned homeward. The sun was just rising above the trees; every object reflected his rays, and nature presented a continued scene of unequalled lustre and beauty.——But nothing could erase from my mind the gloomy images which had been so recently impressed on it.

H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE determines in this world the happiness or misery of those who engage in it. There is no medium in this connection. Affection sanctioned by reason, gives the one, passion blending, perverting passion, will most assuredly cause the other.

The questions therefore which should be applied to the heart of any woman whose thoughts address themselves to the nuptial state are these: Is the object virtuous? Is he suitable? If he is not virtuous, there is an end of all reasonable hopes of happiness, and the woman who marries a man, knowing him to be vicious, is a wedded harlot, whose base motives, or incontinent desires impel her to a future and certain wretchedness.

As to suitableness, consult your understanding in the following manner:—Is his temper and turn of mind in any degree similar to my own? Has his education been such as to qualify him to be a pleasing companion to me? Or, if not, can I so far forget my education as to descend to a level with him, that he may be so? Is his fortune sufficient to support me as I could wish? Or is his profession and industry equal to the maintainance of a family? Or will it be necessary for a wife to assist him in it? and, if so, am I qualified and willing to do it?

If you can answer these questions with an unprejudiced and deliberate affirmative, you may marry the person who is the object of your preference, with every reasonable expectation of being happy.

A perfect similitude of disposition, not to be found nor is it necessary; but some degree of it, nay, a considerable degree of it, in leading principles, is essential to happiness. A woman of polished education will find it very difficult indeed to be happy with a husband who has received little or no education at all.

A great fortune is by no means necessary to happiness, but some means of support is absolutely requisite.

Suitableness in temper, education and means of living, are solid foundations of happiness; but the high-flown romantic fancies, the unrestrained liberty, the love of sway, &c. which are so commonly made the chief objects of matrimonial engagements, will prove vain and empty illusions.

An illiterate man, however virtuous, cannot be suitable to a woman of sense, feeling and education. A man without education and refined sentiments, may love her, I will confess, but not in a manner that is agreeable to her delicacies; for as he will not be able to comprehend the extent of her excellence, he cannot love her as she merits to be loved. If my fair readers, you possess sentiments different from these, you must be under the influence of a passion which will prove fatal to you. The heart is never so deceitful to itself as when it is warmed by the tender passion, nor ever so inattentive to the cool admonitions of friendship. But remember, that marriage like death, excludes all possibility of benefiting by experience. In this case experience ceases to be a dictator. The scourge is in his hand, and he becomes a severe executioner.

E. C.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RIDDLE.

CONGENIAL with this globe my being rose,
A lifeless mass, which less, nor greater grows!
Yet nature wonderful in all her ways,
By me her power omnipotent displays.
My *form* the sage Philosopher admires,
My *end* the seer with holy raptures fires,
My *use* diffusive as the grain that grows,
My *womb* prolific as the pregnant doe's,
My *figure* splendant as the Ephod's blaze,
And murky, dark, as winter's foggiest days;
My *colour* various as the varying dye,
My *substance hard*, and *soft*, and *wet* and *dry*;
But neither bone, tho' brittler far than glass,
Nor flesh tho' softer than the softest mass;
Nor blood, tho' *liquid red* my heart displays,
Nor skin, though nature's mail my form arrays:
Of no component animal parts I boast,
Yet but for me whole species would be lost.
In me that vital principle inheres,
Which nicely cherishes peoples half the spheres,
That fills the mighty void in nature's chain,
From the small *mite*, to hugh *Leviathan*.
Ye sages say, who nature's works explore,
What is my name and whence derive I power?—
Unborn, and unproduced by earth or sea—
By air, by fire, by water, shrub, or tree,
Yet found in every clime, on every coast—
The *matron's care*, the *little urchin's boast*.
On *every hill*, in *every dale* I'm found,
On *hardest* rocks, but most in *sunny ground*,
In cots I'm often found, the housewife's hoard—
In villa's never but to be devoured.

☞ *Solution requested by* Q.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOLUTION

Of the RIDDLE, *in the* CENTINEL *of the* 12*th instant.*

YOUR Riddle, CONWAY, is so plain I ween,
"That to be *answer'd*, needs but to be seen."

A *Blush*, from some fair Virgin, being claims,
The early offspring of a guiltless flame;
A *Blush*, with rage and fear forever dwells,
A *Blush* is never found in lonely cells:—
A *Blush's* by nature diffident and shy,
A *Blush*, the desert shuns—to crowds doth fly;—
A *Blush* is fear'd by *all*—by *none* desir'd,
And yet by all applauded and admir'd.

March 15, 1803. F. W. M.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Continued from Page* 88.]

LETTER VIII.

From FRANCES CROMWELL *to* CHARLES WALLER.

WHEN the mind wishes to be persuaded, it is very easily influenced; you will not then be surprised that I should return an answer so soon, or comply with what you wish; yet I am free to acknowledge that pity hath been rather the cause of my present step than any argument you have enforced, either of the innocence of the transaction, or the safety of it.

As my affection for you aspires to the most animated friendship, (I would I could confine it within the bounds of amity,) I shall talk to you very freely upon two or three passages of your last letter, which I did not expect from the pen of a man who hath always expressed so perfect a reverence for the Deity, as you have done; and which startled me the more, coming from you, who have often declaimed with the greatest energy and beauty of language against a crime the most heinous, perhaps, that humanity is capable of committing; and against which, you have often assured me the divine vengeance will be hurled with the most dreadful fury. I need scarcely say, I presume, that the passage I allude to, is that in which you say, that if I were not to consent to a correspondence with you, I should be calmly arming your hand with suicide.

The idea of putting an end to existence, to a mind that hath the smallest trace of religion imprinted upon it, is so shocking, that nothing can excuse the person who indulges it for a moment, and who does not dismiss it from his mind with almost the velocity of thought. To doubt is criminal, and to argue vicious, upon a subject which

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must flash conviction of its impiety at the first glance of reason. If you really hope I should transmit my sentiments to you, never repeat what fortitude impels to despise, and religion to abhor.

I am not better pleased with you when you say, that to conceal your grief is a more painful sensation you than the thought of self-destruction. Would you not rather be unfortunate than impious?—Recollect yourself, sir, nor permit your reason to be hurried away by passion.

I am very willing to admit your distinction between inconsistence and guilt; but you must remember we live in a world too apt to judge of every thing by appearance; and it matters very little whether we be really criminal or not, provided we are thought so, with respect to its opinions; or whether our fault be inconsistence or vice, if to that inconsistence it attach reprehension. I cannot therefore affect to despise the prejudice of the world; for, as I am sent into it, I must, if I wish to avoid malicious insinuation, have some respect for its sentiments.

You think you would prefer the condition of a galley-slave to your own. I wonder you should make such an observation. Do you think, because he hath not had the advantage of a superior education, he hath a less exquisite sense of his misfortunes? To persons incapable of mental misery, corporeal evils are the severest scourge they can feel: nor are their sufferings less than those that afflict higher sensibility. And I do not believe that you would willingly accept of such a change of condition, were it even possible.

I am afraid it is too common for adversity to envy the happiness of those whom it views content with their situation. The horror you express at its presenting itself to your imagination certainly evinces the goodness and purity of your heart; and the resolution you have adopted is praiseworthy, and such as, you may depend upon it, will not fail powerfully to interest the mercy of the Creator, always ready to give the most willing assistance to virtuous inclinations. Persevere, my dear Charles, (I shall not entreat your pardon for calling you so; for why should I affect an indifference that my heart is an utter stranger to?) and you will unquestionably meet with success.

You must not speculate so deeply upon every little symptom of a passion, of the sincerity of which I am convinced from your description of it; for, alas! I have long recognised every sensation you have mentioned, in my own breast; and, yet, tortured as I am, I would not be any other person upon earth, if it were in my power. This refinement upon calamity can have no end, nor will it answer any good purpose—but, so far from effecting any thing serviceable, only plunges you deeper in a thraldom which it should be our mutual endeavour to break from.—But what am I writing? Do I really wish you to escape from it? I dare not consult my heart. You have accused yourself of being selfish—what then am I? What name does my conduct deserve, that has not even the advantage of candour to excuse it?

Miserable wretch that I am, who cannot help requesting you to avoid an effort that prudence dictates, and which my reason points out to me, as the only means of lessening some part of your anxiety. But though I have desired you not to speculate upon your passion, I cannot help wishing to hear every thing you have to say upon the subject.

If you think it will prove a mitigation to the canker of distress to unburthen myself to you, I will shortly write such a volume to you, as must put the reality of my affection for you beyond all doubt, and which would excite pity in the breast of an inquisitor.

I will allow you have every claim upon my gratitude, and that your conduct towards me has been founded upon the strictest honor and humanity. When a woman has owned her partiality for a man, he is a very uncommon creature who will not take advantage of it; nevertheless, I will do my prudence the credit to say, if I had not entertained this opinion of you, I should not have hazarded such a disclosure. But what claim have I to prudence? Have I not been the means, by a foolish acknowledgment of regard, of betraying one of the noblest creatures that nature ever made? for such I must call you. Might he not, if such a circumstance had not occurred to favour his disorder, have been able to overcome his folly, or, if not overcome, at least to resist it? I call you to witness how reluctantly I answered your first letters, and the repugnance I felt to connive at your ruin. Yes, thank God! I exerted myself to the utmost; I made use of reason, entreaties, and supplication, to restrain the extremity of your madness; and it was not until I had lost all hope of your recovery, that I unbosomed myself to you. But this attempt to throw all the blame upon you is cowardly and unjust: I will therefore dismiss the idea with indignation, and conclude with declaring that the consequences of our acquaintance are the offspring of the imprudence of both. Yet let me add, I shall glory in them, be they what they may, since I have the consolation (and a dear one it is to me, I assure you) of reflecting with you I suffer, and for you I shall come to destruction.

P. S. If you mean to write to me before we return to town, let it be as shortly as possible; for my brother Richard will spend a few days in the country, previous to his departure from the kingdom. You well know that Richard and I are inseparable, when it is in our power to be in the same house. Indeed, I love him with the greatest tenderness; and I fear, unless you find an opportunity of delivering your letter to me before he arrives, you will not be able to do it until we reach London.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

ANGELO POLITIAN,

AN Italian, was one of the most polished writers of the fifteenth century. Baillet has placed him amongst his celebrated children. The Muses indeed cherished him in his cradle, and the Graces hung round it their most beautiful wreaths; he was a writer at twelve years of age.—When he became professor of the Greek language, such were the charms of his lectures, that one Chalcondylas, a native of Greece, saw himself abandoned by his pupils, who resorted to the delightful disquisitions of the elegant Politian. It has been acknowledged by critics of various nations, that his poetical versions frequently excel his originals. This happy genius was lodged in a most unhappy form; nor were his morals untainted: it is only in his literary compositions that he appears perfect.

Monnoye, in his edition of the Menagiana, as a specimen of his epistles, gives a translation of his first letter, which serves as preface and dedicatory. The same ingenious critic has accompanied it with a commentary.—The letter (as he observes) is replete with literature though void of pedantry; the aridity of the subject is embellished by its happy turns. It is addressed to his patron, Monsignor Pietro de Medicis. Perhaps no author has so admirably defended himself from the incertitude of criticism, and the fastidiousness of critics. His wit and humour are alike delicate; nothing can be more finished. Few compositions are sprinkled with such attic salt. I shall hazard a version; though sensible I can retain but few of its exquisite graces; such a Pliny requires a Melmoth. It was written about a month before his death.

MY LORD,

YOU have frequently proposed to me, to collect my letters; to revise and publish them in a volume. I have now gathered them, that I might not omit any mark of that obedience which I owe to him, on whom I rest all my hopes, and all my prosperity. I have not however collected them all, because that would have been a more laborious task, than to have gathered the scattered leaves of the Sybil. It was never, indeed, with an intention of forming my letters into one body that I wrote them, but merely as occasion prompted; as the subjects presented themselves without seeking for them; it is thus I never retained copies, except of a few, which, less fortunate, I think, than the others, were thus favored for the sake of the verses they contained. To form, however, a sizeable volume, I have also inserted some written by others, but only those with which several ingenious scholars favoured me, and which perhaps may put the reader in good humour with my own.

There is one thing, for which some will be inclined to censure me; that the style of my letters is very unequal; and to confess the truth, I do not always find myself in the same humour, and yet the same modes of expression were not adapted to every person and every topic. They will not fail then to observe, when they read such a diversity of letters (I mean if they do read them) that I have composed not epistles, but, (once more) miscellanies.

I hope, my Lord, notwithstanding this, that amongst such a variety of opinions, of those who write letters, and of those who give precepts how letters should be written, I shall be able to find some apology for the present collection. Some probably will deny that they are Ciceronean. I can answer such, and not without good authority, that in epistolary composition we must not regard Cicero as a model. Another perhaps will say, that I imitate Cicero. And him I will answer by observing, that I wish nothing better than to be capable of grasping something of this great man, were it but his shade.

Another will wish that I had borrowed a little from the manner of Pliny, the orator, because his profound taste and accuracy were greatly esteemed. I shall oppose him by expressing my contempt of all the writers of the age of Pliny. If it should be observed, that I have imitated the manner of Pliny, I defend myself by what Sidonius Apollinaris, an author who is by no means disreputable, says in commendation of his epistolary style. If it is found that I resemble Symmachus, I shall not be sorry. They distinguish his expression and conciseness. But if I in no wise resemble him, I shall confess that I am not pleased with his dry manner.

Will my letters be condemned for their length? Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Cicero, have all written long ones. Will some of them be criticised for their brevity? I allege in my favour, the examples of Dion, Brutus, Apollonius, Philostratus, Marcus-Antonius, Alciphron, Julian, Symmachus, and also Lucian, who vulgarly, but falsely is believed to have been Pinabris.

I shall be censured for having treated of optics, which are not generally considered as proper for epistolary composition. I admit this censure, provided while I am condemned, Seneca is also condemned. Another will allow of no sentences in my letters; I will justify myself by Seneca.—Another on the contrary, desires sententious periods: Dionysius, Halicarnassensis, shall answer him for me, who maintains, that pointed sentences should not be admitted into letters.

If my style is too perspicuous; it is precisely that which Philostratus admires. If obscure; such as that of Cicero ad Atticum.

Negligent: an agreeable negligence in letters, is equal to elaborate ornaments. Laboured; nothing can be more proper; since we send epistles to our friends as a kind of presents. If they display an arrangement; Dionysius maintains that a certain order should always be observed. If there is none; Artemon says there should be none. Now as a good and a pure Latinity has its peculiar taste, its manners, and (to express myself thus) its Atticisms; if in this sense a letter should be found not sufficiently Attic, so much the better; for what was Herod the sophist censured? for having been born an Athenian, he affected too much to appear one in speaking. Should a letter seem too Attic, still better; since it was by discovering Theophrastus, that a good old woman of Athens had hold of a word, and shamed him, who was not indeed an Athenian.

Shall one letter not be found sufficiently serious? I love to jest. Is another full of figures? Letters being the images of discourse, figures have the effect of graceful actions in conversation. Are they deficient in figures? This is just what characterises a letter, this want of figures

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Does it discover the genius of the writer? Masters order this. Does it not discover it? The writer did not think proper to paint himself; and it is one requisite in a letter, that it should be void of ostentation. You express yourself, some one will observe, in common terms on common things, and in new terms on new things. The diction is thus adapted to the subject. No, no, he will answer; it is in common terms you express new things, and in new terms, common things. Very well! it is because I have not forgotten an ancient Greek precept, which expressly recommends this.

It is thus by attempting to be ambidexter, I try to ward off attacks. My critics however, will criticise me as they please, it will be sufficient for me, my Lord, to be assured of having satisfied you, by my letters if they are good, and by my obedience if they are not so. *Florence*, 1494.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Messrs. Gilbert & Dean,

OBSERVING an error published in last week's *Magazine*, and having personally known the gentleman who lately died at *Lisbon*, worth more than a *million and half dollars*, I send you the following correction:

Died—John Bulkeley Esq. *not Thomas Bulkeley.*—*Thomas Bulkeley*, is the son of *John Bulkeley*, and lately American consul at *Lisbon*.

Col. *Humphreys* our late minister at that court married one of *Mr. John Bulkeley's* daughters.

If a biographical note will be acceptable, I send you the following:

Mr. *Bulkeley* at an early age, was landed at *Lisbon* a poor boy sick from an English ship, and after being sometime in the hospital, was discharged, and went to seek employment; he engaged in a retail store, with Mr. *Thomas Parr*, whose daughter he afterwards married, and being an active prudent young man, Mr. *Parr* took him into co-partnership. From a retail store, Messrs. *Parr & Bulkeley* established a House in the commission line of business, and have for many years had a large share of American consignments, and by industry and parsimony, Mr. *Bulkeley* had acquired the immense property of which he died possessed.

Yours, &c. B H.

N. B. The 250,000 dollars to each of the six children was only a dividend of the specie on hand—besides a large property in houses, lands, stock of goods, wines, &c.

Boston, March 14, 1803.

MORALITY.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. X.

Ezek. xviii. 31, 32.

Cast away from all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart, and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn yourselves and live ye.

'TO frail offending man, how dreadful the idea of an omnipotent being, who has no goodness; of an omnipotent being who is destitute of mercy! Perverse philosophers and dreaming fanaticks have sometimes painted the object of worship in these frightful colours. He, who reads the scriptures, and reflects on what he reads, rejoices, that such a God is not the God of the bible. That ancient and venerable book describes the Deity as a being, it is true, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and whom the armies of the universe cannot resist; who cannot vary from the perfections of truth, rectitude, and purity; who can never behold evil with complacency; nor virtue with disapprobation; and a settled law of whose government it is to reward and glorify righteousness, and to punish and disgrace the obstinate sinner. At the same time we are instructed from the same pages of heavenly wisdom to consider the righteous governor of the world, as the father and friend of his human offspring; who is not willing that they should perish; who delights not in their wickedness and misery, but in their uprightness and felicity; who accepts their sincere penitence and confirmed reformation in place of immaculate innocence; who when he first formed fallible man out of the dust of the ground, purposed to be very good to this creature of his power; whose benevolence is, in fact, the principle of all his works; whose very nature is love; who is equally glorious for his benignity; as for his wisdom; and no less amiable for the multitude of his tender mercies, than fearful for the displays of almighty and universal energy. Such is the jew's and the christian's God. So consistent, so lovely, and so perfect a character of the Supreme Being never existed in the mind of any uninspired man. Compare, on this point, all the theology of all the pagans with the declarations of scripture, and the palpable contrast affords palpable proof, that PROPHECY CAME NOT IN OLD TIME BY THE WILL OF MAN; BUT HOLY MEN OF GOD SPAKE AS THEY WERE MOVED BY THE HOLY GHOST.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THE MONITOR—No. I.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as *Advice*. We look upon the man who gives it as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which every one shews for us on such an occasion, as a piece of impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does in that particular exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it but that in comparing us with himself he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed, all writers, both ancient and modern; have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection to which they have arrived in this art. Some convey their instruction to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

We hope the Monitor will partake of its share of the above qualities. The future numbers will be selected from the works of the best modern authors, and which may afford both instruction and amusement—or in the words of Horace,

"*Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*"

USEFUL.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

BERRY-STREET ACADEMY.

ON *Thursday evening last*, a splendid Exhibition was given by the pupils at the Academy in *Berry-Street, Boston*, in the entertaining, useful, and much admired Art of Speaking. The company was numerous, and the *tout ensemble* of the exhibition, was such as gave pleasure to every spectator, who evinced their approbation by their repeated plaudits.

The chief speakers were Masters Isaacs, and Swift, who individually gave universal satisfaction:—But Master J. H. Payne, and Miss J. M. Murray, attracted, and deserved more attention, than any on the boards; and not only in speaking, but their grace, gestures, &c. which they added, charmed every spectator, and gave a polish which distinguishes the Exhibition from any others of the kind.—Their versatility of talents were particularly amusing.—Among the principle Pieces, were a Prologue by Master Payne, and the story of the *Monk*, in *Sterne*, by Miss Murray, which were truly delightful.

It is generally supposed, that, should a young gentleman learn to speak, he must be a minister or a lawyer:—or a young lady, must be an actress:—but however these objections may operate, yet on the other hand, it learns them behaviour in company—and these objections are as "light as air."

We would request Mr. Payne, their judicious and meritorious instructor, to prepare a Dialogue for Miss M. and Master P. together, which would gratify the wishes of many persons.

The writing at one part of the room was peculiarly elegant, and could not fail to dazzle the eyes of every Spectator. The evening in general was passed with the greatest satisfaction by the whole audience. A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

ROXBURY SCHOOL.

TO contrast the superiour means and advantages of Education, enjoyed by youth of every description at the present day, with the scanty opportunities afforded to our forefathers for obtaining it, reflects distinguished honour on the American character, and demands the warmest gratitude to Heaven for the peculiar privileges we possess. But pleasing as such contrast appears, it would be selfish and unjust, had we not reason to believe the proficiency of our youth in some degree equal to the great advantages they experience: for it is but reasonable that "where much given, much should be required." While therefore we observe the most liberal and diffusive patronage extended to our Schools; it must give real satisfaction to every feeling mind, to reflect on the just and respectful tributes of applause so frequently bestowed on the Scholars who compose them.—To this number we wish to add a pleasing instance of the rapid improvement of youth in the general principles of Literature, as exhibited last Monday, at the annual public examination of the Scholars at the Roxbury Grammar School, under the care of Dr. Prentiss. On no like occasion do we remember so crowded an assembly; and we are happy in mentioning the applause given, was as general as the spectators were numerous. The proficiency discovered in the Reading, Writing and Arithmetic of the Scholars in general—but especially the progress of a few, in the studies of Latin, Geography and Astronomy, evinced the wise and the careful mode of instruction adopted by the preceptor; as well as the attention, capacity and genius of his youthful charge.

In the evening, a large variety of well-selected pieces, (mostly of the Theatrical kind), were performed by the Scholars in a manner truly honourable to themselves, and highly gratifying to the audience. The several parts were well cast; and the exactness and propriety with which they were performed, were justly estimated and approved of by all who knew the difficulty there is in teaching children to *feel* what they *speak*; and of regulating their tones and gestures, so as to "suit the *action* to the *word* and the *word* to the *action*."

It would be almost invidious to select from the whole, any who might deserve peculiar approbation, while the generality of the Scholars discovered such promptness and ability in executing the several tasks assigned them.

But when it is remembered, that this School consists of upwards of eighty Children, a very large proportion of them are from nine to twelve years of age, only; it would be unjust to withhold the "meed of merit" from the worthy Dr. Prentiss, while the proficiency of his Scholars reflect such honor on him, and on themselves; and give such unequivocal proof of his orderly and prudent management, of his careful and well directed attention to their interest and happiness.

Such is the variety of *prejudices, habits, disposition*, and *manners* common among children every where, that the task of instructing must be painfully arduous—it lies not merely in directing the genius of the skilful, or in forming the mind of the stupid, so as to become great Scholars—For in addition to this, every faithful instructor will consider himself as a father to those placed under him; and will feel himself obligated to use every possible mean of governing their tempers, and for correcting their morals, in order to make them happy in themselves, and to influence their future conduct in society. The man therefore who is placed in such situation, and discharges his duty with justice and fidelity, (though he receives a rich reward in the reflections of his own breast, and in the prospect of seeing the youth he has reared, acting a wise and prudent part in after life;) confers a lasting obligation on society, and even becomes the benefactor of mankind.

Roxbury, March 18, 1803.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE DYING INDIAN.

WORN with fatigue, oppreſs'd with age at laſt,
Pining with pain brave *Altamaha* lies,
Around on all his anxious eyes are caſt,
And draw attention while he ſpeaks and dies.

My friends ye are welcome on my dying day;
I'm pleas'd to ſee you thus attend your chief;
If ought on earth could chaſe my pain away,
Your kind attention ſure would bring relief.

I've tred life's journey with a ſteady pace,
Vane friends I've cherish'd and your foes I've fought;
Nor *Altamaha* e'er deny'd his face,
To hapleſs mortal who his friendſhip ſought.

The lonely ſtranger if to us he came,
Found here a ſafe retreat from all his foes;
We wav'd inquiry of his rank or name,
And ſpread the furry ſkin for his repoſe.

I weep, but oh my friends the cauſe is great,
That wrings theſe tears from Altamaha's eyes;
I leave you when I fear impending fate,
With angry frowns will bid new ſorrows riſe.

Soon, ſoon a ghoſt I feel your chief muſt be,
Which wounds my ſpirit, pains my doubting mind;
Fain would I pierce the unknown ſhades to ſee,
The ſtate and fortunes of our wretched kind!

But huſh my tongue, nor mention private woes,
Fond ſelf intrude not at this painful hour;
For lo, the *whites*, as old tradition goes,
Contract our limits, and deſtroy our power.

And the *Great Spirit* ſtill neglects our woes,
And arms with vengeance thoſe we kindly fed;
Nay, lends his thunder to our artful foes,
Whoſe blaſt terrific, ſtrikes the warrior dead.

Ah, dreadful thoughts ſtill ſtealing on my ſoul,
Paint future days which urge me to deſpair;
When you my ſons ſhall wander to the pole,
To ſeek from chriſtian vengeance refuge there.

Yes, you muſt quit the land your fathers gave,
Muſt yield the mountain and the peaceful vale;
Or baſely loſe the man—commence the ſlave,
And vent your ſighs with every paſſing gale.

When laſt theſe eyes by wearineſs were cloſed,
Me-thought my ſpirit fought the ſhades to know:
But thron'd in darkneſs, demons interpoſed,
And frown'd indignant on your chief below.

Succeſſive thunders then around me roll'd,
And ſtrong convulſions ſhook the diſmal wood;
But ſtill unſhaken, firm and uncontroul'd,
Incas'd in darkneſs, Altamaha ſtood.

While yet their horrors echoing ſtruck mine ears,
A voice more dreadful ſwept the dark'ned plain,
Whoſe accents planted in my breaſt thoſe fears
Which I've related in prophetic ſtrain.

"Forbear, raſh chief, t' attempt the ſhades below,"
{In thund'ring voice the angry demon ſaid,}
"Nor ſtrive the deep deſigns of fate to know,
Leſt woes immortal reſt upon thine head!"

"Yet know, fond chief, thy nation's doom'd a prey,
To thoſe they fed and kindly did embrace!
The time's not diſtant when the ſpreading day,
Shall ſcarce illume a ſon of all thy race."

The demon then with kindly ſtep withdrew,
Lock'd up his thunder and roll'd back the ſtorm:
My native country then advanc'd to view,
But oh, how alter'd from its preſent form!

The cruel *whites* with fierce vindictive ire,
Perſuade our tribes, obliged by fate to fly;
giv'n'd with unrelenting fire,
And flames deſtructive light the northern ſky.

O'er all the plain ſad deſolation ſpread,
And ſtifled nature wore a gloomy face;
Each uſeful tenant of the land had fled,
With all the bleſſings that attend the chaſe.

Such were the ſcenes that ſtruck my mental eyes,
While ſunk inſenſate in the arms of ſleep;
And 'tis for this that Altamaha ſighs,
And loſt in anguiſh ſtoops for once to weep.

But fly, my ſons, to earth's remoteſt bounds,
New foreſts ſeek where roll an unknown ſky;
To other worlds, if other can be found,
Retire as free or here as freemen die.

The Indian's God, methinks may yet ariſe,
Reclaim for us, our loſt, our native rights;
And fortune, changeful as the varying ſkies,
May frown at laſt upon the cruel *whites*.

But now no more I meet your daring foes,
No more the ſtranger ſhares my doubtful bread;
To lands unknown your chief reluctant goes,
And ſinks forgotten with the ſleeping dead.

Thus ſpake the chief with tear-devoted eye,
To weeping friends, involv'd in deepeſt woe;
Then drew a long—a ſad, diſtreſſing ſigh,
And ſunk lamented to the ſhades below.

ZAMA.

ASTRONOMY.

[From LAMBERT's Syſtem of the World.]

THE MILKY-WAY, THE FIGURE OF THE STARRY FIRMAMENT.

IN every other region of the ſkies, the ſtars appear to us more or leſs frequent, or thinly ſown on a given ſpace, but diſtinctly ſeparated from one another. The milky way preſents a very different appearance. The teleſcope has ſhewn us, that this luminous zone, or girdle, is a vaſt cluſter of fixed ſtars, whoſe light, mixed and confounded, on the retina, paints in our eye nothing but a ſurface of one continued whiteneſs. This immenſe aſſemblage of ſtars which ſeem to croud and preſs one upon another, merits our cloſeſt attention.

The out-line of the milky way ſeems extremely irregular to the eye, and its breadth very unequally verging from three deg. in ſome places to 25 deg. in others even to 30 deg. There are places where it appears broken, lacerated, or ſplit into ſeveral pieces, ſome of which ſeem to overleap the general boundary. In ſhort, taken all together, it is viſibly detached from the reſt of the heavens, and the number of its ſtars, compared with thoſe that are without it, is like the ocean compated to a drop of water.

What then is the cauſe of this apparent feeble light in the ſtars of the milky way? For all the fixed ſtars being deſtined to ſerve the ſame end, we ſee no reaſon to believe, that theſe have a light originally weaker than the reſt. It can only be on account of their diſtance then, that they make a fainter impreſſion on our ſenſes. The milky way lies in the back ground of the other ſtars, at ſuch an immenſe diſtance, as prevents our diſcovering its component, ſtars otherwiſe than with a teleſcope. This being the caſe, no reaſon can poſſibly be aſſigned, why theſe ſtars ſhould not be in themſelves equally large and luminous with our Sun.

The circumſtance of diſtance leads us to conceive, in like manner, that notwithſtanding their apparent proximity, they may be ſeparated from one another by vaſt intervals. And, in fact, every thing concurs to perſuade us, that there is a diſtance between them ſimilar to what exiſts between the other fixed ſtars; for example, between the Sun and Sirius, or the fixed ſtar tha moſt contiguous to our ſyſtem. For if their object be the ſame with that of all other Suns, if like them, they are deſtined to communicate light and heat to a million of obaque bodies, upon what authority would we abridge their ſpheres of activity by contracting their reſpective diſtances?

But if we ſuppoſe that theſe ſtars are ſeparated by diſtances equal to thoſe that the other fixed ſtars hold in reſpect of one another, we would thence draw this other concluſion, that the ſtars of the milky-way are arranged not in the ſame line, but the one behind the other in immenſe ſeries. Let us recur to our ſcarles triangle of the preceeding chapter, terminated by the line of a ſecond, which joins two ſtars of the milky-way, ſuppoſed to be equally diſtant from us, and by two lines drawn from each of theſe ſtars to the eye. We have ſeen that one of theſe laſt lines would exceed by two hundred thouſand times, the diſtance between theſe two ſtars, which however, as a reſult of our hypotheſis, ought to exceed by five hundred thouſand times at leaſt our diſtance from the Sun. Thus theſe two ſtars would be five hundred thouſand times two hundred thouſand, that is to ſay, a hundred thouſand millions of times more diſtant from us than the Sun. But, can we conceive, that at this prodigious diſtance they ſhould be ſtill viſible?

It is therefore impoſſible that theſe two ſtars, ſhould be at the ſame diſtance from the Earth: and conſequently, it neceſſarily follows that the ſtars in the milky-way are ſome more, ſome leſs remote, and that they ſucceed each other in numberleſs ſeries, ſtretching progreſſively into the abyſs of the univerſe. The ſtars which are out of the traſt of the milky-way, being alſo, as we have ſhewn, at various diſtances from us, form ſimilar ſeries, though leſs extended in length.

Let us conſider at preſent the whole viſible ſtars in maſs, and we ſhall perceive that this whole does not exhibit a ſpherical figure, but rather that of a phyſical plane or diſc, whoſe diameter is much greater than the axis which meaſures its thickneſs. In this plane lie the milky-way, and all that is without it; it may be regarded as the ecliptic of the other fixed ſtars. It repreſents a flattened cylinder, or a ſpheroid, which for a row of a hundred ſtars in its thickneſs, ought to have a train of millions in its length; and it is this that defines the general aſpect, or *coup d'œil*, for we ſee it in an oval form.

REVIEW.

FROM THE SALEM GAZETTE

MR. CUSHING,

I SEND you a little Sonnet, founded on the ſentiments of Ledyard, the famous pedeſtrian traveller. It is an effuſion of gratitude to the fair. The ſimplicity of its poetical attire would alone entitle it to notice, in theſe days of '*epiſtles and vertiges*.' But were it otherwiſe, a tribute at once ſo juſt, and ſo honorable to WOMAN, ſhould receive all poſſible publicity, as an incentive to the *humanity* of *Man*. All the travel-writers ſeem to agree in one thing (though they differ in almoſt every thing elſe) that among the moſt ferocious barbarians of the wilderneſs, from '*India to the Pole*,' WOMEN has ſtill retained the original mildneſs of her character. Soft compaſſion, and meek-eyed pity have been conſtantly found her attendants, watching with 'dove-like' ſolicitude over the dangers and diſtreſſes of the 'way-worn traveller.'

The ſonnet is taken from a very beautiful little work, entitled '*Evenings at Home*,' by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld. It is a production that cannot be too highly recommended to the youth of both ſexes. Beſides their pleaſing addreſſes to the imaginations of youth, which, while they amuſe, tend to excite and direct the *proper affections* of the heart, it contains theſe *incipient* and *elementary principles* of uſeful ſcience, which will gradually prepare the mind for the more laborious acquiſitions of maturer years. The Hiſtory of Metals, Minerals, Trees, Plants, Earths, Stones; and the principles of Aſtronomical Geography, Natural Hiſtory; with ſome account of the *principal manufactures*, Painting, Paper Making, &c. &c. are all touched on in ſhort lectures, in a manner admirably adapted to the *capacities* of youth—and calculated to lead them, by eaſy and familiar ſteps to the '*Temple of Science and Virtue*.' This production muſt be particularly uſeful to preceptors and pupils in village ſchools and academies, where the ſcarcity of books muſt render it very difficult to obtain the variety of uſeful matter contained in this ſingle publication.

A.

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.

THRO' many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilſome ſteps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected ſtrangre,
To all the ſtranger's ills a prey.

While ſteering thus my courſe precarious,
My fortune ſtill has been to find,
Men's hearts and diſpoſitions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive in every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;
The wounds of pain and ſorrow healing,
With ſoft compaſſion's ſweeteſt tone.

No proud delay, no dark ſuſpicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the ſad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modeſt, gay and mild,
Woman's the ſame endearing creature
In courtly town, and ſavage wild.

When parch'd with thirſt, with hunger waſted,
Her friendly hand refreſhment gave;
How ſweet the coarſeſt food that taſted!
What cordial in the ſimple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words careſſing,
Shed comfort on the fainting ſoul;
Woman's the ſtranger's general bleſſing,
From ſultry India to the Pole.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *APRIL* 2, 1803. [N° XXIII.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

LATELY meeting with the History of Fashion, *in a recent European publication, by inserting it in your Magazine, you will greatly oblige one of your constant readers.*

FASHION, who is the offspring of the magician Novelty, and the fairy Invention, is also a native of France. At her birth her father endued her with the gift of universal attraction; and her mother bestowed upon her the power of renewing her beauty and youthful appearance every half year. Thus armed and equipped, she has bid defiance to rivalship, and set the depredations of time at naught. Bred up from her earliest infancy in the gay, unthinking court of the most fantastical nation in the world, it cannot be wondered at, that she is full of variety and caprice, and delights in that absolute sovereignty, so dear to female hearts. I forget in whose reign the little sorceress was introduced to the British court; but it must be a long while ago, for Wisdom was prime minister, and Common Sense and Economy were secretaries of state. The nation had long been reposing on the lap of Peace: provisions were cheap, and money was plentiful. This situation of affairs was perfectly favourable to the reception of the beautiful stranger, whose appearance filled every heart with love, every eye with admiration; all ranks, all ages of both sexes, were equally infatuated. Nothing now was thought of but Fashion. The most ridiculous and absurd of her mandates, were obeyed with implicit and blind zeal.—The neat simple attire of their ancestors were thrown by, and with contempt, and the new fangled frippery of their lately adopted sovereign was substituted in its stead, with an enthusiasm that bordered on phrenzy. The world seemed turned topsy turvy; for the short and the tall, and the fat and the slender, nay, even the young and the old, wore the livery of Fashion without distinction; or the least regard to what was becoming or proportionable. Intoxicated with pride at her newly extended power, Fashion knew no end to the variety of her caprices, which nothing could equal but the *folly* of her votaries: every hour produced fresh changes: hardly was it possible to appear twice in the same habit; and to the great detriment of the people's fortune, every thing must be of foreign manufactory, because it was scarce and expensive. Thus more money was lavished in a few years, for Fashion-sake, than had been given for God-sake in two centuries. You may be sure poor Wisdom was in a wonderful quandary, at the alarming situation of old England. In vain did he frown and remonstrate at the folly of the people: —they only laughed, called him an old quiz, and went on just the same. But Fashion resented his interference more highly; she made a public declaration, that "Wisdom was inimical to Fashion," and directly every body tried to be as foolish as they could; and it is recorded, that they succeeded so well, that nobody could have supposed that they had ever been *otherwise*.

The disgrace of Wisdom, entailed the same misfortunes upon his coadjutors Common Sense and Economy:—the latter was decapitulated as a traitor; the former run away, and got safe to America, and was afterwards prime favourite with the great Washington, and his adviser in every action of any moment. However, Wisdom, though disgraced, was neither executed nor banished, but continued to live in retirement until the reign of his present Majesty, when he was again introduced at court by the late Earl of Chatham, and justly caressed his sovereign. It was then he put in execution a plan he had long meditated. He saw with concern, the influence of Fashion on the minds of the people had not in the least abated; he saw, too, that every attempt to lessen it would only be attended with disappointment and disgrace; to modify it, therefore, and render it less dangerous to their morals and fortunes, was all that could be hoped. In order to accomplish this desired end, he proposed a marriage between the universal favourite, Fashion, and an amiable youth called Good Taste, the son of Good Sense, by the nymph of Fancy, who possessing all the solidity of his Father, joined to the playful variety of his mother, was the fittest companion possible for Fashion. His features were regular, his countenance expressive, and the symetry of his form the most perfect imaginable; no wonder then he was received with so much complacency by the fair lady; the nuptials were shortly after solemnized with the greatest pomp and magnificence, never was any thing equal to the wonderful change that succeeded this union; the first step to amendment, was the dismissal of Effrontery, (the handmaid Fashion had brought with her from France) and the filling up her place by Modesty, a native of England. Fashion was now the best wife in the world;—Not the least article of dress would she put on without consulting her husband; to whose jurisdiction she entirly left the appard of the gentlemen. Thus an elegant simplicity was substituted for finery; and people were allowed to study their complexion and shape in choosing the colour and form of their cloaths. Fashion now appeared lovely indeed!—the hand of Modesty adjusted her attire, and concealment heightened every charm. She wore no rouge, for the blushes with which Modesty supplied her were allowed by every one to be infinitely more becoming. The ample flowing robe of glossy silk gave beauty to her form and dignity to her port. In winter, the rich satin defended her delicate limbs from the cold. In summer, the thinner lutestring and sarsnet gave lightness to her attire. The poor artizan flourished—and Fashion was the friend of the people!—Why must I reverse this beautiful picture? Alas, truth ordains! I must obey! The great influx of foreigners just before the French revolution, was the ruin of poor Fashion. She renewed her acquaintance with too many of her old friends, and began by degrees to adopt their manners. Notwithstanding the anger of her husband, and the remonstrances of her handmaid, she once more loaded her cheeks with rouge and assumed the French ton in every thing she did and said. And when the troubles in France obliged so many emigrants to seek refuge in England, the contagion became irresistable, every day produced new disturbances between Fashion and Good Taste; but when at last, she discharged Modesty, to take her erst-devant handmaid into favour again; the displeasure of her husband knew no bounds, and he declared that he was determined not to live another day under the same roof with her. To this menace she replied with the most perfect sang froid —that she had long thought it extremely gothic to live upon good terms with her husband, and that she was happy to find he was of the same opinion; that if he thought his honour injured he might seek his redress in Doctor's Commons, and rest assured she should think the restoration of her freedom an ample compensation for the loss of his affection. So saying, she flung out of the room, and skipped into the carriage, that was waiting to take her to the lodgings of an emigrant count, called Monsieur La Folie, with whom she had long been carrying on an intrigue, and whose extravagance and propensity to gaming, have severely punished her guilt and folly in the event. Good Taste took Fashion at her word, and procured a divorce which was no sooner put in force, than he espoused Modesty, whose attractions, when contrasted to the disgusting boldness of Fashion, he found irresistable, and whose amiable sweetness and unaffected delicacy, made more than amends, for her obscure birth and small fortune.

With this new consort he endeavoured to establish a court in opposition to Fashion, in which, in some degree, succeeded; for though their society is small, it is composed of most estimable characters. In the mean time poor Fashion, led on by her seducer from one folly to another, has nearly expended all her substance, since every shilling of money she can command is scarcely sufficient to supply her gaming expenses. Full of that politique so natural to Frenchmen, he has made even her vanity subservient to his wants. Under a pretence that silk dresses, were heavy and ungraceful, he persuaded her to renounce wearing any;—cheap white muslin was adopted instead, and invariably worn, summer and winter, in opposition to the dictates of reason and feeling, who exclaim loudly against the inconsistency of making no difference between Christmas and July. Pockets, he said, spoilt the symmetry of the form.—Fashion declared she would wear none, and her pocket handkerchief and purse were borne by her lover who took care to empty the latter, for his own advantage. The less expensive her attire, the more she could spare for him, he recommended therefore, naked arms, an uncovered bosom, thin petticoats and all the indecencies that disgraced the last year of the eighteenth century. Poor deluded Fashion, duped by his artifices, has sacrificed nearly all her wardrobe to his insatiable avarice, and had it not been for a pelice, sent her as a present by Common Sense, and which Necessity (her now constant attendant) obliged her to wear, the nineteenth century would have found her almost in a state of nature. The extreme low state of her finances, and the consequent coldness of her lover have made it hoped by many, that she will shortly be obliged to seek a substance by becoming the handmaid of Modesty. If such a change should take place, we may then flatter ourselves, with the pleasing hope of seeing our fair country-women restored to their former dignity. A beautiful woman, adorned by Fashion, under the direction of Modesty and Good Taste, is indeed a most pleasing sight—it excites as much respect as admiration—and what is admiration *without* respect? It is the smoak of the incense on the altar of the idolator—it *desires* the image it pretends to *adore!*

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AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE Moraliſts of the preſent day cannot take up their pens but they make an immediate attack on Novels and novel reading: theſe charming repoſitories of love, ſenſibility and ſentiment, are treated by thoſe icy-hearted mortals with the greateſt rudeneſs and incivility. But the Circulating Libraries do not meet with fewer cuſtomers, I aſſure you Meſſrs. Printers, and we who delight in Nuvels have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing that in every library, Novels are moſt called for, Nuvels are moſt read, and Novels are worn out, before a ſingle page of theſe moral authors is ſoiled.

It is however rather ſurpriſing, that among all the Nuvel readers in Boſton, there has no one undertaken to ſay one word in favor of them; and will ſuffer the *Goſſip* or any body elſe to rail againſt Nuvels as much as they pleaſe, without uſing any means to ſupport or defend them.

I have long waited fur ſome one to come forward, and convince the world of the pleaſures, enjoyments, and advantages gained from Novels. But no one has yet offered—therefore for lack of better argument, I will contribute my individual ſupport, by relating the pleaſurable enjoyment they afford me.

Novels and Romances are my greateſt delight. They are my conſtant companions by day, and at night often reſt under my pillow. I have Novels on my toilet, Novels on my table, Novels on my chimney place, Novels in my chairs, Novels all over my chamber. I would prefer a new Novel to a new gown, and had rather loſe my dinner than break off from a tender love-ſcene.

In Novels I find all the nourithment of food, all the refreſhment of ſleep:—with my Novels I am moſt happy; without them I ſhould be miſerable. For what do I not poſſeſs with my Novels? Would I have lands and eſtates? What eſtate is preferable to the "Caſtles of Athlyn and Dunbane," "Auſtenbum Caſtle," and the "Abbey of La Trappe," which I have juſt purchaſed? Have I not beſides the "Caſtle Zittaw," the "Caſtle of Otranto," the "Caſtle of Incharily," and the "Church of St. Giffard?" Aye—and with them I poſſeſs not the "Perplexities of Riches," nor fear the "Freaks of Fortune."

What perſon enjoys better company than I do? Without the ceremony of introduction, I become acquainted with "Julia de Roligne," "Julia de St. Pierre," the "Fair Hibernian," the "Barroneſs d'Alnatim," "Lord Montague," "Lord Aimworth," "Sir Charles Grandiſon," and the "Duke of Clarence." When theſe tire me, I leave their company with as little ceremony as I entered into it; and with my "Fille de Chambre," I go to viſit "My Uncle Thomas;" where I am ſure to find "Clariſſa Harlow," "Eliza Powell," "Joſephine," and "Jemima." I here enjoy the delights of "Exceſſive Senſibility," and the charms of "Female Friendſhip." We never talk of "Family Secrets," nor ſuffer "Contradiction," but diſcourſe on the "Power of Sympathy," and the "Exhibitions of the Heart," and weep with the "Man of Feeling," or mourn the ſorrows of the "Halpleſs Orphan."

On my return home, I make old "Roſamond Gray," relate to me the "Perſian Tales," the "Turkiſh Tales," and the "Tales of the Caſtle," until ſleep overpowers my eyelides, and I ſink to reſt.

Am I tired of a town life? I retire to the "Cottage in the Woods," which ſituated by the "Lake Windemore," affords a moſt enchanting proſpect. I walk in the "Valley of St. Goatherd,"—I meet with the "Girl of the Mountain," the "Maid of the Hamlet," and the "Mountain Cottager," but the "Madman of the Mountain," appears, and I hide myſelf in the "Pavillion."

To paſs away time, I go and viſit the "Family of Ortenberg," which reſides in my neighbourhood: Where I amuſe myſelf with the "Children of the Abbey," the "Child of Misfortune," and the "Child of Nature," when theſe little fellows grow troubleſome, I ſend them to the "Devil on Two Sticks," or the "School of Virtue."

But what can equal the pleaſantly thrilling ſenſations I feel, when reading of ſpirits and aparations. The mere name of theſe bewitching creatures has ſuch an effect on me, that it immediately cauſes a faſcinating horror to pervade my frame. And who is not happy in having the heart and the imagination their ſources of pleaſures? As to the cold enjoyments of the underſtanding, they belong to the hoary headed moraliſt, and deſerve not the attention of a female of ſenſibility.

Hark! I hear the voice of the "Inviſible Man," he would diſcloſe to me "Horrid Myſteries"—he gives me a "Solemn Injunction," to follow where he leads—I go onward—we paſs the "Myſtic Caſtle"—the ſolemn ſound of the "Midnight Bell," ſwells on the undulated air—the "Spirit of the Caſtle," "Groans in my Ear," behold ſays he, the effects of "Love and Madneſs," I once poſſeſs'd"—he diſappears—the "Spirit of Turretville" flits before me—we paſs to a "Subterranean Cavern." What a place for a "Nocturnal Viſit!" This ſays the "Invincible Man," is the "Haunted Cavern," the "Cavern of Death," could not be more gloomy!—we deſcend—all the "Horrors of Oakendale Caſtle," preſent themſelves—my eyes are deceived with "Magical Deluſions," and here in a cloud is the "Myſteries of Udolpho,"—it lightens—the cloud diſperſes and we ſee all "Myſteries Elucidated."

Adieu—I have juſt got into an intereſting part of the "Monk" and can ſtay to write to you no longer. *Yours,*

"BETSEY THOUGHTLESS."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MARYANN SMARTLY *and* REBEBCA PLAINLY.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE hope to paſs through this life, free from pains, occaſioned by the obſervations of ignurance or malice, I have ever found deluſive. I have ſince I begun the journey of life, often been the victim that vulgar prejudice has delighted to ſacrifice; and ſo often has the ſmoak of my torment aſcended up in the view of my perſecutors, that they ſeemed ſatisfied with my miſery; and of late, have kindly left an *old woman* to periſh without adding to her ſtock of unhappineſs. Nur did I believe that I ſhould ever again be called upon to taſte the cup of adverſity; or to receive from my fellow mortals, travelling the ſame thorny road with myſelf, unmerited ſtripes. Judge then my *young* friends, (for ſuch I am told you are) of my aſtoniſhment, at ſeeing my mangled ſelf, again held up to public view. If your own youthful boſoms have ever been torn by conflicting paſſions, if you have ever experienced what a weight of miſery man can bear about him; then may you form ſome idea of what I ſuffer. But, I hope, I truſt, young as you are, that you are ſtrangers to the feelings I have glanced at; and that for your own preſent and future happineſs, you cannot commiſerate me as I feel, I deſerve. Brought up at a diſtance from the capital, and having had but few helps towards improving my mind or manners, Miſs "*Smartley*," ſhould ſhe ſee me, would, no doubt, think me very awkward, and ſhockingly deficient in polite accompliſhments. To which I ſhould plead guilty.—But I was taught to read, and have often found conſolation when peruſing the works of ſerious and ſolid authors.—Whenever I have met with a congenial ſentiment, I have fondly imagined that the author was preſent; I have often ſtretched out my arms to embrace him, and, though an airy Phantom, have preſſed him in fancy to my grateful heart. Such an avowal may ruin me in the opinion of your cruel correſpondent named above, who may tell me that I have a miſerable taſte, and deſerve no mercy. Juſt previous to your *Magazine's* coming to hand, in which I conceived myſelf crucified afreſh, I was running over the pages of Miſs H. More, and was attentively conſidering her obſervations on Female Education: they all appear to me to be juſt, and well calculated to afford inſtruction and warning; but after reading Miſs "*Smartley's*" anſwer to Miſs "*Plainly*," in which my mangled name appears, I was impelled to pay particular attention to Miſs More's obſervations relative to the tinſel ornaments, as ſhe terms them, which the Young Ladies of the preſent day acquire, to the neglect of thoſe more ſubſtantial qualifications of the heart, which would endear them to virtue, and render them bleſſings to the world. The tinſel ornaments referred to, I ſuppoſe Miſs "*Smartly*" poſſeſſes, nor theſe alone; I fain would believe that her mind is ſtored with many others. She can write I find, and that in a ſtyle ſo ſuperior, that I ſhall decline any further correſpondence with her, other than juſt to offer a few obſervations which ſeem to preſs upon my mind. I have ſeriouſly aſked, if I could have brought myſelf to have acted the cruel part towards any one, that ſhe has not heſitated to adopt towards me? my heart anſwered decidedly, no; which of the qualities or accompliſhments then, natural or acquired, would have forbidden you thus to have wounded an inoffenſive ſtranger? Would what the world calls politeneſs have checked your tongue? No; for Miſs "*Smartly*," poſſeſſes that no doubt. Would an acquaintance with the rich and great have forbidden the attempt, and cauſed the bluſh of conſcious error to have ſuffuſed the cheek, if in their preſence the lips had ſuffered words of ſuch a deadly nature to have eſcaped them? No, for Miſs "*Smartly*," often holds a ſeat, encircled by the rich, the gay, and the happy; and in the face of them, and the world, has aimed the blow, and perhaps has found encouragement from their ſmiles. What then is it that ſhould have ſecured you from a line ſo obnoxious to the feeling mind? Is it a diſpoſition of the ſoul, or a quality of the heart? I know not what it is; it is a certain ſomething that my parents inſtilled into my mind in my youthful days; or it is a ſweet inmate of the ſoul, that has ſtole unobſerved into my boſom, and made me a willing ſubject to all its decrees. It even now forbids me to treat "*Mary Ann*," other than a youthful wanderer, who may yet return, and almoſt accuſe me of having returned "railing fur railing." I had written thus far when I conceived the hope, that my neighbour, "*Rebecca Plainly*," would, while vindicating herſelf, have afforded me one conſoling word, which would have given ſome eaſe to my ſuffering mind; I therefore delayed troubling you; but I find in her laſt, ſhe is ſo wholly intent upon herſelf that I am forgotten; except it be that ſhe gives me a freſh wound, calculated to revive my pains, and by rouſing my ſenſibility make me

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bleed afresh. I cannot address thee "*Rebecca*," in a glowing style, or with that warmth that my feelings struggle to express; my powers are inadequate. But though I address thee in a plain, it shall be in a serious, and I hope, an inoffensive manner. You are, I find fond of quoting the scriptures; you wish the world to believe that you are actuated by their divine precepts, and I regret that I am obliged to doubt it. Had the golden rule there recorded, been engraven upon thy heart, it would have been my powerful advocate; it would have arrested thy hand when "writing daggers," and bid thee pen a consoling sentence, to cheer the heart of one, who must soon expire with the wounds already received. When our Saviour related the story of the man who fell among thieves, he asked, who was the friend of the unfortunate traveller? They answered, "undoubtedly he who had mercy on him." I do not find that those that only looked upon him, and then passed by on the other side, were accused of being his enemies; they were only indifferent, they neither did or said any thing to add to the wretches pains or misfortunes. Now when you saw me wounded and bleeding, and did not think proper to act the part of the good Samaritan, could you not have assumed an air of indifference, and merely looked on me and passed by? Why must you neglect to imitate the example either of the *good* or of the *indifferent*, and strike out to yourself a new and unheard of path? What would have been your opinion of the *Priest* and the *Levite*, had they instead of passing by, stopped and amused themselves by tearing open the wounds of the bleeding man? Yet such has been the complexion of your conduct towards me, you have not even afforded me the mercy of indifference, for such I should have esteemed it. But you have amused yourself by repeating my name, and causing it to appear publicly to great disadvantage. Verily the "*great enemy*," must have stood at the door of thy heart, and forbid the entrance of any of the mild virtues, that might have been waiting for admittance.

Should my name appear in its native simplicity, perhaps I should not be recognized; I therefore subscribe myself, with some degree of reluctance,

Yours, MOLL PITCHER.

Lynn, March, 17, 1803.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

That word may be a two edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate.

THE daughter of a Barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence. She was tenderly attached to a feeble mother who led a retired life, yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance, but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and in proportion as the men adored, the women of course hated. They fixed her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who from her riches was allowed to give the ton to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss ***** was *a very dangerous woman!* the word hit: they severally pronounced with a shake of the head, in all their parties, that such a *one*, although very elegant and very engaging, was a dangerous woman. The girls said this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked. Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this poor creature found at three and twenty, every door shut against her. A female friend, to soothe her uneasiness, told her the cause—"You are believed to be a dangerous woman."—The word was a death stroke to her heart; what could she do to parry it? It implied every thing without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation. Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined—had she made a just translation of this invidious word, she had been less bitterly affected, for when they called her dangerous, they only meant she was *attractive*. Her wretched mother by the advice of a physician carried her to Bath. Change of objects and amusement, restored her spirits, her health and her charms—but that she might not loose her reputation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve that had chilled him; marriage followed, and this *dangerous woman* now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased. : : : *Lond. Pap.*

FOR THE CURIOUS.

ELEPHANT HUNT IN CEYLON.

THE singularity of the process by which these powerful beasts are caught and domesticated, renders it one of the most interesting and surprising spectacles in the world.

Three or four thousand villagers are employed under the direction of about as many hundred huntsmen for two or three months encircling a large tract of country, at one end of which is built a large and strong wooden kraal, or nearly circular palisad, of about a quarter of a mile in circumference. The hunters continue gradually reducing their circle, and frightening, by fires and shouts, the elephants which are within it towards the kraal, through the gates which they are at last obliged to enter; and immediately they are in, a portcullis drops and incloses them. There is another gate with a portcullis, which leads into a still stronger stockade, about twenty feet wide, and that leads into a third, which is still stronger, but so narrow that one elephant only can pass at a time. When a sufficient number of elephants are driven from the first kraal, into the second, the portcullis is then let down by a man who is stationed at the top of the place where they enter for that purpose.

The beasts being cruelly squeezed by their numbers and size, endeavour to make their escape, and run into the third kraal.

As soon as an elephant has fairly entered this third kraal, cross beams are inserted, between the upright poles, which effectually prevents his return. As he advances, the same process is continued, until he arives at the very end, where he is jammed so closely as not to be able to move backwards or forwards. Strong ropes, with running knots, are fastened round his legs and neck, and these last are drawn through ropes fastened on the necks of two tame elephants, accustomed to the business, who are brought to the end of the kraal, where the prisoner is confined.—The poles, which form the door of it, are then removed, and the ropes which fasten the neck of the wild elephant, to those of the tame one, are lightened, until he is made secure between his new companions. The ropes are then taken from his legs, and his two conductors oblige him, by squeezing him with their bodies, and beating him with their trunks, if refractory, to accompany them to the place set apart for his stable. He is tied so fast, with his head between two poles fixed in the ground, that he cannot move, and from the peculiar docility of his nature, soon assumes sufficient manfactude to become useful for the purpose of man.

Colombo, Jan. 3, 1802.

USEFUL.

HOME MANUFACTURES.

WHATEVER tends to promote the manufactures of our own country to the abolition of foreign exportation, ought to receive the utmost encouragement. The article of *Straw Bonnets*, for ladies' wear, have heretofore been exported into this country from Europe, and on them has been paid a duty of 15 per cent, and have been retailed at from one to five dollars a piece.—We now find they can be made in this country, equally as well, quite as elegant, and at a much cheaper rate. In the towns of *Wrentham*, *Franklin*, and *Bradford*, in this State, we are told, there has been made, wholly by women and children, upwards of four thousand Straw Bonnets, in the course of the last and present year. They are carried to market and sold to merchants at from 75 cents to 2 dollars, who can retail them, at a handsome profit, 150 per cent cheaper, than those imported. It may be added, that this article of dress seems to be the first adopted, by the fashionables, of domestic manufacture, in preference to foreign. *Newb. H.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

From Domestic Encyclopedia.

Mr. Boulard, architect at Lyons, has lately invented a very simple preparation, attended with little expense or trouble, and admirably calculated to defend wooden materials from being consumed by flames, though exposed to their influence for two hours. After many tedious experiments, he found that a solution of pot-ash is the most efficacious liquid for resisting the action of fire, longer than any other fluid. That observation induced him to apply that substance in a kind of a paint or coating on wood, which was completely rendered fire-proof, in the following easy manner: dissolve such a quantity of pot-ash in cold water as that fluid is capable of holding in solution, wash or daub with it all the boards, intended to be prepared. Then dilute the same liquor with a little water; add to it such a portion of fine yellow clay as will make the consistency of the common paint, employed on wood; and lastly, stir it into a small quantity of flour paste, in order to combine both substances intimately.

With this mixture, all wooden materials ought to be coated three or four times, similar to painted work. Thus wood will be secured from the action of fire, though exposed to it for a time exceeding two hours; but the greatest advantage of this excellent preparation consists in the circumstance, that it prevents the wood from ever bursting into flames. M. Boulard remarks, that 20 lbs. sifted yellow clay, 1 1-2 lbs. of flour for making the paste, and 1 lb. of pot-ash, are sufficient to prepare a square rod (French measure and weight) of deal boards; so that the expenses, when compared with the importance of the object, are indeed trifling. It is further deserving of notice, that furniture made of wood, such as chairs, tables, &c. and particularly the stair-cases and flooring of dwelling houses, may be so far enabled to resist the ravages of the fire, that they are only reduced to coals or embers, without spreading the conflagration by additional flames; mean while, there are gained at least, two hours, during which, all valuable effects may be removed to a place of safety, and the lives of the family at the same time, rescued from danger. : : : *Lond. Pap.*

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REBUS.

THE isle where Etna's flaming mountain stands,
The Grecian monarch who in foriegn lands,
Roamed twice ten years: He who by hemlock died,
A statesman fair Columbia's boast and pride,
The youth who for his own fair shadow pin'd,
The stream whose real source none e'er could find,
Thetis's son whom nothing could subdue,
'Till at his heel the well aim'd jav'lin flew.

The founder of a great and mighty state,
The mount where fabled Gods held high debate,
What's more desirable than wealth or pow'r?
The flood which laves grim Pluto's dreary shore,
Heaven's first law by rolling world's obey'd;
He who the force of that great law display'd.
The initials combin'd,
And you'll presently find,
The name of a woman is shown;
By true genius inspir'd,
By our sex lov'd—admired,
The honor and pride of her own,

March 28. * * * * *

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A REBUS.

A BEAUTEOUS Queen by furious zeal pursu'd
With sense and science in young life imbu'd,
A Patriot who has earn'd the meed of fame,
Whom public gratitude exalts to name.
The long acknowledg'd mistress of the world,
By Gothick prowess to destruction hurl'd;
A moral poet whose pathetic song,
On starry pinions quits the rhyming throng.
A gallic writer, splendid mid his years,
In whose bright page full many a world appears.
That prize which swift wing'd commerce bears away,
The mildly blushing harbinger of day,
The Critic's pupil, who a sceptre grac'd,
And the vast wealth of intellect embrac'd,
Achriving in her comprehensive mind,
All that illustrious worth has e'er design'd.
He who in Eden, mid th' eventful night,
By wondrous skill unveil'd the cow'ring spright,
A nation fam'd for literary lore,
That faculty which can the past restore.
The man by envious tongues condemn'd to death,
To virtue forfeiting his guiltless breath.
The long fam'd Prince, who spurn'd a peaceful reign,
By madness led, and by his vices slain.
A sophist, known by many a tender page,
Fated a most unequal war to wage,
A chief, whose valour broke his country's chains,
In fame's bright annals who unrival'd reigns.
The love-sick maid, whose tender wailings float,
On every breeze, and each returning note.
The sea green guardians of the limped stream,
Offspring of some enthusiastic dream.
The social bond which binds th man to man,
The flamin, and the grace of every plan.

Though most incongr'ous my selection flows,
Yet, as from chaos light and order rose,
In three short words the *whole* find their place,
And name the theme of elegance and grace.
Wit, sense, and judgment in her bosom sway,
Benignly good, and rationally gay.
Bright beauty's sceptre she so mildly wields,
That even envy to her merit yields.

The pride *she was* of all the virgin train—
(For truth and virtue ever perfect reign—)
And angels o'er her recent vows will smile,
The voice of love each matron care beguile;
Esteem the holy bowers of bliss prepare,
Weaving fresh garlands for the matchless fair
While radiant hopes, beaming o'er her head,
Its sweetest joys, and richest fruits shall shed.

HONORIA MARTESIA.

March 30th, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Miss A. B.

HOW beauteous is the glist'ning dew,
Supported by the opening flower;
How sweetly soft the crimson hue
Thro' the pellucid chrystal show'r,
Adown my Anna's vermiel cheek
The tear moves fast, more beauteous flows,
When with mute sympathy it speaks
Her grief at lovely Catherine's woes.
The feeling heart, the social mind,
Be ever your's, my charming maid;
So when (the lot of human kind)
Misfortune shall thy peace invade,
May others kind and pious care
Solicitous thy ills await,
Repress each wildness of despair,
And blunt the barbed shaft of fate.

ALCOLM.

Boston, March 21, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO SERENA.

OH thou, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive of the mind I love;
Serenely bright as cloudless skies;
Soft as the shadows of the grove.

Oh mix their beauteous beams with mine,
Thus let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour on my soul their guiltless darts.

Ah no! desist, I cannot bear!
Their gently pure, yet powerful ray;
In pity then thou charming fair,
Turn those bewitching eyes away.

* * * * *

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

THE comforts of life may be clearly defin'd,
And each may come in for his share;
All trouble is merely a freak of the mind;
Alas! how we're apt to despair!

In all situations man may be glad,
He ne'er was created for woe;
Let him seek and he'll find there is bliss to be had
And plenty of comfort below.

Too oft we are careless of what we enjoy,
And seldom contented a day;
We suffer each passion of our peace to annoy,
And trifle our moments away.

Let us look at our neighbors, of ev'ry degree,
And all their misfortunes review:
Ten thousand unfortunate creatures you'll see,
More wretched and friendless than you!

Then let us not fall in to error so wrong,
But trust to a power above;
Be cheerful and gay with a friend and a song,
And live with *Contentment* and *Love!*

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Concluded, from page* 92.]

LETTER IX.

From CHARLES WALLER, *to* FRANCES CROMWELL.

I HAVE long wanted such a friend as you have shown yourself to be—one to whom I could explain all the feelings of my heart, and in whom I could place the most implicit confidence—who would hear all I have to say with patience, humour my complaints, answer me with candour, and apply to me the soothing voice of commiseration.

To such a friend, possessing the most exalted mind, I hope I shall not forfeit any of my reputation, if I openly confess all the thoughts that agitate my bosom, and lay bare all the transactions of a heart which, I hope, is not altogether vicious, although I have infinite reason to wish it were better than I find it. To you I mean to open all my frailties, without concealing the least of them:—and this is a task I shall perform with pleasure; for (pardon my vanity) I begin to look upon you as another self—with this only difference that I expect to experience—you will treat my cause without that partiality so natural to all of us when we attempt to correct ourselves. The heart is ever ready to find some excuse for its own defects; in fact, it is a flatterer we should never place the least confidence in: for it invades all our researches in a two fold manner—In the first place, it never admits any action to be coloured with all that glow of guilt in which it might be beheld by another; and, consequently, the first horror of an action being taken off, the mind becomes indifferent whether it be guilty or not of the act, when it is no longer startled by the enormity of the degree of crime that attaches to it, nor under any unruly sensations to think itself influenced by vice. Secondly, with respect to the being actually guilty of any crime, how many palliatives does it throw round our conduct! With how many deceptive circumstances does it entrance the understanding and baffle the judgment! How many causes for extenuation does it insinuate! He, therefore, who wishes to judge rightly of his fault, should by no means trust to partial a judge, but rather reveal them to some judicious friend, who, without being morose, will censure where he may see occasion, and excuse when the nature of the case will admit of it.—But where to find this friend, is the object.—Where is the person whom such implicit confidence can be placed, as to lay one's self entirely open to his animadversions? Before we can bring ourselves to such an act of confidence, what and how great ought to have been the trials of his worthiness?—We ought to be convinced of his humanity, candour, honor, and secrecy. It is necessary that such a person should have great affection, great esteem, and an interest in our welfare, in order to be qualified for so intimate a friendship as this. And even here new obstacles arise; for, to discover every sentiment to a person whom we love, and who has an equal regard for us,—not to conceal any thing, but to undraw that curtain which we all spread before our conduct,—at the expense of being despised,—and by whom?—By those whom we feel the most lively sensations of kindness, and whose perfect and good opinion of us:—to ruin ourselves, by this communication, in their eyes,—nay, to be avoided by them,—are thoughts by no means to be reconciled to the feelings of any one who possesses the smallest spark of sensibility.—Yet I know not how it comes to pass—but to you I can unfold every wish of my soul, and can display, without any dread, the operations of my mind, however injurious they may be to my own vanity. But I entreat you not to spare me: for in doing so, you will deceive me, by making me suppose that which may be highly culpable, indifferent; and prevent me from correcting what is my duty to amend.

Would you believe it, that I am capable of forming the most villainous wishes,—nay, such as conscience makes me detest?—Can you think it probable that I should wish to justify them to myself?—And yet such is the tendency of my reflections.

When I muse upon the cruelty of my destiny, in being obliged to be separated from all I hold dear upon earth,—from every thing which is calculated to inspire me with felicity, and to afford me the means of contentment—in a word, from the woman I adore,—I often wish I had been endowed with sufficient hardihood to have prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, which would at once have put me in possession of perfect happiness—I fancy rove away with me at the idea, and I paint to myself all the delightful bliss of an union in which love would have been sweetened, and its force strengthened by retirement. Lost in the raptures of imagination, I forget that my virtue suffers by the reverse, until I am roused from this enchanting vision by the admonitions of honour.

And what art thou honour, that compellest us to resign every thing formed to make us happy in life,—that exercest us, with thy harsh dictates, to leave the paths of pleasure, where every object that presents itself to our view is gratifying to the sense and captivating to the heart, to beat thy thorny roads?—What are the consolations thou affordest us?—What are the returns thou makest for such a sacrifice?—and by what authority dost thou act?

A little reflection tells me that honour is a principle which is the relish of human reason and goodness,—a principle which approaches nearer to religion than almost any other branch of morality,—that those flowery paths which it forces us to abandon were so many snares for our true happiness,—that the thorns we behold growing in the way of honour, after a little use, so far from giving us any pain soon become preferable to the soft es of vice,—that its consolations are the highest sensations of bliss we can be sensible of—sentiments flowing from a consciousness of integrity,—and the returns for our giving up ourselves to its direction are a quiet conscience, happy slumbers, and a mind at peace.

You see, madam, I have been very explicit; and by having been so, I have become proportionably easier in my mind. If I did not fear to take up too much of your time, I could fill up another sheet with my expressions of thankfulness for your kind permission to relate to you the evils of my fate.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
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BY GILBERT & DEAN.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No XV.

"*Who (to speak with* SHAKESPEARE) *less fit the dogs of war to watch, defenceless meres, and bursts out into a loud insulting laugh, when pale, timid innocence trembles,—him avoid—avoid his specious talents, the harbinger of storm—avoid his flattery, it will soon turn to the lion's roar, and the bowl of wolves.*"
LAVATER.

IT is a circumstance, humiliating to the pride of human nature, and strongly indicative of a depraved heart, that beings, stamped with the image of GOD, should take delight in creating unhappiness, or that they should derive any satisfaction from the afflictions of their fellow-creatures. It is so contrary to our notions of purity and goodness, that we can hardly conceive it possible, that a being, created by the Deity, could originally possess passions and dispositions so repugnant to his nature, and so offensive to his sight.

If the world contains but few, who, like NERO, would wrap cities in flames, and exult in the surrounding ruin; or behold, with horrid pleasure, the wretched but innocent victim quivering on the wheel, and expiring in the acutest tortures;—yet there are millions, who partake, in a less degree, of this fiend-like disposition; whose supreme delight is in wounding the finer feelings of sensibility, and in covering with the poignant blush of confusion, the fair face of unsuspecting innocence.

Persons of this class are the pest of social intercourse;—they strike a general panic into every company which they enter. Neither respectability of character, nor the venerableness of age, nor the privilege of sex, is a security from their insolence. If no personal defect or family misfortune afford them an opportunity of displaying their wit, and indulging their malice, low scurrility and clownish indecency yield them a substitute, while the loud laugh of impudence deepens the crimson of trembling modesty. We cannot, perhaps, obtain a more just idea of an infernal being, than by observing a person of this character, in the height of his joy; when, after performing some deed of mischief, he, like MILTON's devil, "grins horrible a ghastly smile," in expection of triumph and exultation. Indeed, it were almost doubtful, whether these *bipeds* are wholly human, "they imitate humanity so abominably."

However their rude companions may applaud them, they are neither loved nor esteemed, and, when absent, are generally censured by their best friends. They have many enemies, as the natural consequence of their proclivity to injury and insult. What charms, then, or what advantages are there in a habit, so contrary to nature and reason, that any one should be induced to pursue it?

It is but a despicable attempt at reparation, after a torrent of aspersion and insolence, to say, no injury was intended. It is like flattering "firebrands, arrows, and death, and saying, Am not I in sport?" Such barbarities admit of no other excuse, than their being the effect either of madness or idiotism. H.

ON THE

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The mind untaught is a dark mystic. BEATTIE.

USEFUL knowledge is an inestimable treasure, of the value of which few persons seem sufficiently apprised. The acquisition of it is an employment that does honour to our nature: its singular importance, both to our present and future felicity, must be acknowledged by every one, who has reflected on the subject with any tolerable degree of attention; its admirable tendency to brace and strengthen the mind, to fortify us against the mazes of error and superstition, and prepare us for the various scenes through which we are to pass, must surely render it an object worthy our utmost application and most assiduous endeavours.

A thirst after knowledge has been justly reckoned one of the surest characteristics of a truly great and ingenious mind; wherever this disposition is predominant, no obstacles will be sufficient to impede its progress; difficulties will but invigorate our endeavours, and give new ardour to the energies of the mind; the reflection that a resolute persevering diligence cannot fail of success, will prove a stimulus to our exertions, and animate us to pursue our inquiries with cheerfulness and avidity.

Those persons who are blessed with extensive natural capacities, and who enjoy opportunities of improving them may fairly be ranked amongst the happiest of mortals: to them are imparted advantages of a superior kind; they enjoy, in an eminent degree, the enviable power of contributing to the welfare and felicity of their fellow creatures—Improve, ye happy few, those precious opportunities of usefulness and mental improvement which are now put into your hands—the fleeting moments will soon be past—catch them on the wing—employ them to the noblest of all purposes, that of cultivating your own minds, in order to enable you to become blessings to society, and enlighteners of the human race.

The chief end of our existence is to advance in knowledge and virtue; on these two qualifications depend entirely the happiness, the usefulness, and the respectability of our lives; without knowledge our virtue would in all probability, be extremely defective; these two qualities are of such a nature as not to be separated without a considerable diminution of their lustre; united together, they exhibit the loveliest and most engaging picture humanity is capable of producing; they constitute the highest glory and dignity of our nature, and elevate us to an honourable rank in the scale of existence; they assimilate us to the best and most perfect of beings, and will form the principal ingredients in the felicity of a future world.

The darkness and obscurity in which many subjects are involved, ought by no means to damp our ardour in the pursuit of religious and philosophical truth; on many points we may obtain the clearest information, and even on those which at present appear to be attended with insuperable difficulties, new light may be continually struck out; every diligent and judicious enquirer may contribute towards dispelling the mists and darkness in which they are enveloped, till at length, we shall, perhaps, be able to arrive at complete satisfaction, even on many subjects which at present appear to be above the reach of human comprehension; the astonishing discoveries that are continually making in almost every branch of science justify and confirm this pleasing expectation!

Great and almost incredible have been the effects of diligence and industry in the cultivation of the mind, even in those persons who have enjoyed the fewest advantages; of this our own country has afforded several illustrious examples; many instances have occurred, of persons, who, amidst all the disadvantages of poverty, and destitute of the usual means of improvement, have soared to such heights in the regions of literature, as have astonished the world, and have caused their names to be remembered with veneration and delight, as long as a taste for science continues to exist; the labours of these untutor'd geniuses are so many striking proofs of the powerful effects of patient persevering exertion; let the indolent and careless consider this circumstance, and blush at their own folly!

If we take a survey of the state of those countries which have not yet experienced the blessings of civilization, upon which the light of the gospel has not yet dawned, nor science shed her divine influence—dreadful indeed are the scenes which will present themselves to our view; ignorance and superstition, maintaining an unlimited ascendency over the human mind, and introducing a thousand barbarous customs, at the thoughts of which the feeling mind turns away with horror and disgust; the little appearance of religion that is to be found amongst them overclouded with the most shocking absurdities, and its utility destroyed by the most impious and cruel rites. Can we reflect on these circumstances, and not be sensible of the value of those superior means of improvement which we enjoy? How diligent ought we to be in appropriating them to our own advantage, and in rendering them subservient to the best interests of society.

Virtuous and intelligent PARENTS, who are solicitous for the welfare of their offspring, and who are desirous of seeing them valuable members of society, will be careful to furnish them betimes with a stock of useful knowledge, which may not only be of the utmost consequence in directing the conduct of their future lives, but may serve to secure their young minds against numberless temptations to which youth, is liable; if they can be inspired with an early desire of improvement, and made to feel a delight in intellectual pleasures, in contemplating the sublime truths of religion and morality, in exploring, by the help of philosophy, the wonders of creation, and tracing the marks of divine wisdom and goodness in every object they meet with; such employments would give an elevation to their views, and would in a manner, abstract them from that thoughtless dissipation which is incident to their age; those trifles, and impertinences which engage the attention of so large a part of mankind would excite no other sensations but pity and disgust.

No less happily experienced would be the influence of such a practice *in the decline of life*; to a neglect of it may, in a great measure, be ascribed that peevish querulousness which is too often the unhappy attendant of old age; nor is this a matter of surprise; having been accustomed to place their chief *satisfaction* in external objects, and never been taught to look higher than the pleasures of sense, can we wonder that when these recede from their grasp, and mock their disappointed hopes, they should sink into the most abject despondency, and be ready to vent their fretfulness and revenge even on inanimate objects; by such a conduct rendering their own lives miserable, and disturbing the happiness as well as alienating the affections of all around them: whereas the man of an enlarged and cultivated mind, who has made the extention of his knowledge and the improvement of his heart the main business of his life, has many sources of innocent and laudable delight, with which the mere drudge of business or pleasure is entirely unacquainted; this man can retire from the gaieties and amusements of life without regret; he has treasured up a stock of happiness in his own mind, and, therefore, can never be at a loss when other resources fail; this will infuse a cheerfulness into his temper, and prove a sweet relief to the weariness and infirmities of age; his library will be ever ready to furnish him with a variety of useful and pleasing employments, and the still more exquisite delight of conversing with a few select friends, whose minds are similar to his own, will agreeably diversify his time: their calm and tranquil will be the evening of his days; even at the close of life he will feel no anxious terrors, but will look forward with joyful anticipation to a more perfect existence, where all the faculties of his mind will be enlarged, and his knowledge augmented by communal improvements.

London "Monthly Visitor."

ON SCANDAL.

But envy will not at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."
THOMPSON.

THERE is not a greater enemy to the peace of individuals, and society at large, than Scandal; although it is much to be regretted, there is no frailty to which most people are so subject. Scandal is the offspring of envy, and the only weapon of little minds against the superior abilities of another. But, notwithstanding so fatal effects, more or less, every member of the community, it reigns with more distinguished power over some parts of society than others; and on inquiry it will appear that the female character sustains the most injury from this base to human happiness. In the country, this species of scandal is more prevalent than in the metropolis. The reason is obvious: in a country place the number of inhabitants is so small that each is more acquainted with the character of his neighbour than his own; every action is examined with the most critical severity, and often the best of characters lose the esteem of their acquaintance from the malignant aspersions of ignorance and envy. It is impossible for a lady to be seen walking with a Gentleman in such a place, without the immediate conclusion being made, "they are lovers." It is frequently added, if she is acquainted she will

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have lasted any length of time, "Miss such a one, grows very fat lately." After a report of this kind having spread, I have seen a company of females thrown into the utmost consternation by the entrance of a lady who was the unfortunate subject of slander. How busy is the silent whisper on these occasions! It runs with amazing rapidity from ear to ear, accompanied by nods and winks—with a "you know who," "so they say," "it is her," &c.—Scandal is of a quality peculiarly distressing. Against the open insults of violence every one may defend himself; but from slander and secret calumny, the most deserving must suffer. The only method to prevent the propagation of this pest of society, is, for every one to shut their ears against the ominous tales of slander and envy: since experience proves, that, if people in general were not too much inclined to listen when any account is brought of the faults and failings of others, the tongue of scandal would no longer find the mean satisfaction it now enjoys. The mischiefs accruing to mankind from calumny and slander, are innumerable. How many families have their peace destroyed by evil reports! By such means, the seeds of enmity are too often sown between the dearest connections of life.

It has been already observed, that scandal is the only weapon of little minds against superior worth and abilities; the truth of this observation ought to be a sufficient preventative; for no one would wish to incur the merited appellation of a little and envious mind. Females should, in particular, divest themselves of this spirit which produces so many evils among the Fair Sex; for, let it be remembered, an envious mind and slanderous tongue, should never inhabit the fairest beauty, and form of elegance. If there must still remain, in the minds of some, a spirit of scandal, and a delight to fabricate slanderous reports; it most people will also retain a propensity to listen to whatever comes from such a source, let us act with some degree of impartiality; and, before we credit, as undoubted truth, tales injurious to the reputation of another, examine whether what we have heard, does not bear the most flagrant marks of falsehood. By acting in this manner, we shall be enabled to discover fiction from truth, and we shall frequently find, the person accused, is innocent; for it is the province of great minds to vindicate the characters of the absent, when unjustly aspersed by the tongue of scandal.

A FRIEND TO MANKIND.

Bijou, March 30, 1803.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

ANSWER TO ****'s REBUS, IN LAST SATURDAY'S MAGAZINE.

SICILY's the isle where Etna's flaming mountain stands,
Ulysses the Grecian monarch who in foreign lands,
Roam'd twice ten years; *Semiramis* by hemlock died
Adonis, the Assyrian, fair Columbia's boast and pride;
Endymion, the youth, who for his own fair shadow pin'd;
The *Nile*, the stream whose teal source none e'er could find;
Achilles, Thetis's son, whom nothing could subdue, [slain;
Like at his heels the well aim'd javelin flew.

Romulus, the founder of a great and mighty state;
Olympus, the mount where fabled Gods held high debate;
Polydore, in more delightful than wealth or pow'r;
Styx, the flood which bows stern Pluto's dreary shore;
Orders, hear'ns first law by rolling worlds obey'd;
All *whist*, the focus of that great law display'd.

The initials combin'd,
And you'll prudently find,
Sylvanus Bourne is known;
By true genius unpair'd,
By our sex lov'd, admir'd,
The honor and pride of her own. F

MORALITY.

[*] The following brief and elegant Discourse on Fasting, is from the pen of the ingenious Soame Jenyns, Esq.]

Matt. VI. 16.

Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites.

JESUS Christ having been born and educated under the Jewish institution, complied with all the ceremonies and customs of that law, and required those of his disciples to relinquish them, in order to receive the religion which he came to teach. Among those fastings at particular seasons was one, which was commanded by their law, observed by all, and particularly by the Pharisees, with scrupulous rigour and hypocritical ostentation, which he here with some severity reproaches. He does not, for fasting itself, as one of the rites of the Jewish religion, as we find in other parts of his discourses, many proofs of such contempt; but it is obvious, that they would mention nothing which respected it; taking it for granted, that they would fall in obedience to their law, he only says, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites;" and then proceeds to instruct them how to perform this duty in a proper manner: but does not command them to perform it at all.

This silence of their master, on a subject which they thought so important, induced many of the Jews, who had become his disciples, to excuse them from complying with this unpleasant ceremony; as is evident from the question put to him by the disciples of John the Baptist, who said, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast often, but thy disciples fast not?" From hence it appears plainly, that though Christ observed this, as well as all the ceremonies of the Mosaic law, it was no part of his institution, nor was ever joined by him as a Christian, or a moral duty. This indeed, and every other mode of self-punishment, are so opposite to the benevolent spirit of the religion which he taught, that it is impossible they can make a part of it.—Christianity requires us to make every one as happy as we are able, to relieve the poor, visit the sick, and comfort the distressed; but if every man was obliged to inflict sufferings upon himself, instead of exploding misery as every avenue, as we are benevolently commanded, we should introduce as much as if every man was permitted to injure and torment his neighbour. There are many precepts in the New Testament, which require us to suffer with fortitude and resignation, for righteousness sake, for truth, for our religion, or the benefit of mankind; but we find none which enjoin sufferings for their own sake, or represent them as meritorious in themselves. St. Peter exhorts his disciples to suffer patiently for these great ends, "because Christ also suffered for them, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps;" but he does not advise us to suffer for no end at all.

Fasting, with all the rest of their religious rites, are continued to the Jews after their conversion to Christianity, but were never imposed on the proselytes of any other nation; from whence it is evident, that Christ never intended by the gospel to abolish the Mosaic law, with regard to the Jews, nor to extend it to any other people. Hence arises that remarkable difference, which cannot escape our notice, between the religion of Christ and that of his Apostles, and particularly of St. Paul; a difference so great, that, if we attend not to the cause of it, we must consider them as two religious institutions contradictory to each other. Christ commands his disciples to perform the most minute ceremonies of the Jewish law, to pay tithes even of mint, anniseed, and cummin; St. Paul represents the most important, as useless and insignificant, and says, "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping the commandments of God." The cause is sufficiently evident. Christ preached to the Jews, and therefore his religion is founded on and incorporated with theirs, which he did not require them to relinquish, in order to accept it, and assures them that he did not come "to destroy their law, but to fulfil it." St. Paul preached chiefly to the Gentiles, but was not commissioned to convert them to Judaism, in order to their becoming Christians; and therefore we do not find that he, or any of the Apostles, imposed the observance of fasts, or any other ceremonies of the Mosaic law, on their Gentile proselytes.

AMUSING.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

THE following ludicrous scene actually took place, a short time since:—A Mechanic, in the neighbourhood of Thomas-street, having been chosen Church-warden of an adjoining parish, was called upon by the Organist, who took the misfortune to be blind, for the payment of (1 being the amount of a quarter's salary; and addressed himself to the Shopman—"I come," says he, "for a quarter's Salary."—"You cannot have a *quarter of Lay*," replied the Shopman. "It is not our custom to let it by the *quire*, Sir."—"I am sorry for it, indeed," to which the Organist, "I have always been accustomed to receive it in that way, and it will put me to much inconvenience to alter the plan; and it surely cannot be a great object to your master."—The Shopman not knowing how to proceed, informed his master, who accused him of having made some blunder, and came himself to right the business. "Friend," says the new made Churchwarden, "what amount of celery did you say you wanted?"—"Five pounds, Sir,"—"Three, John," says the Gentleman, "I told you it would turn out one of your blunders—nothing can be more clear; put up the gentleman's five pounds of celery."—The Shopman hurried, finished the job, was very politely proceeding to place the parcel under the blind man's arm, who wondering at the circumstance, could not help crying, "What are you at now, friend?" "Why, only putting you the 5lbs. of celery," says the shopman.—"What the Devil," replies the disappointed organist, "is it all half prince?" *Lond. Pap.*

THE MUSICIAN.—A CHARACTER.

A MUSICIAN is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the god of the wooden one: he has an hundred strings to his bow: other people are bow-legged; he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow he has no skill in archery. He plays with his cat-gut and kit fiddle. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can distinguish sounds as other man distinguish colours. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have sought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring a tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent, because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Sicilano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him: and as a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note by the ear, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and obliged to get out of the scrape—by scraping. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen so does he wear away the strings of his fiddle. There is no medium in him, he is either on a flat or a sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and minor thirds, proves a tyrant, and is often in the majority and minority in a few minutes—He runs over the flat as often as a race horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in the cadence: the difference is, one is driven by the whip-hand, the other by the bow-arm; one deals in fiorlando, the other in staccato. As a thorough bred hound disowns, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an expert-enced musician distills the composition of Handel or Corelli.

TIMOTHY CATGUT.

Ibid.

A FARMER at Chester, overhearing a conversation of two of his neighbors, in which they expressed much faith in dreams, took occasion to tell them with great secrecy, and strict injunction not to mention it that he had dreamed there was a large sum of money buried in a dung-hill in his field, and promised them a share in the booty, if they would help him search for it. It was agreed to carry the dung out upon the land, for better certainty of information—They brought their carts and went to work; but not finding the expected prize, one of them rapped a persuasion that it must be under the ground where the dung-hill lay, and by proceeding for it, when the farmer told them that *he dream went no further than the removal of the dung-hill, which he was much obliged to them for doing, as he could not himself have found it before the snow came on.*—*Ib.*

A WIDOW lady resides at present in the Borough of Southwark who has had three husbands—the first was a *hatter*, the second a *tanner*, and the third a *gas maker*.—The first almost starved her, the second tried to kill her, and the third tried to make her go barefooted! *Ibid.*

ANAGNOSTES the number of verses one meets in the metropolis, that are peculiarly appropriate to the avocations of their owners, not the least striking are the following:—In Smithfield, a multifarious Professor sports the inscription of "Catch-pole, hairdresser, perfumer, and undertaker." In Clothers-all green, we meet the sign-board of "*J. Cranmore's* Academy." In Dyott-street, St. Giles's, a professor of the table robe, announces his avocation by "Chimnies swept, and night work performed *here*, by *Timothy Brush*." A window near Clare-market exhibits a label, inscribed "*Tavern Sweep*, porterage and message performed here;" and an Hibernian lady, who keeps an *Emporium* in High-street, St. Giles's, writes up, "Fresh eggs every day, by me, *Catherine Cluck*." And in High-street, in the Borough, an active agent of the law, designates his residence by the words—"*Crib*, Officer to the Sheriffs of Kent." *Ibid.*

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE OF DR. POTHERGILL.

HE was upon the road, and alone; a highwayman crossing his path, demanded his purse. The assailant was a youth, and his agitated frame visibly betrayed the perturbation of his mind. Pothergill expostulated; but the unfortunate invader persisted in his demand. Thou art, said the humane physician, in the morning of life, and unbacknoyed in the walks of vice; thy mind is abhorrent to the present route; extraordinary circumstances must have conspired to drive

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ctive upon so desperate an expedient. Here is what may answer thy present exigencies; and he presented his purse. This is no place for particular enquiries, but my name is Fothergill; I practice physic in London; possibly thou hast heard of me. If thou canst put confidence enough in me, call upon me there; my lodgings may easily be found, and I promise thee I will be thy friend. How dignified are the steps of a man, seeking to reclaim, by such *extraordinary efforts too*, a fellow creature, posted in the high road to destruction!

Some mornings after, the good doctor is seated at the breakfast table. A stranger very importunately requests to see him; he supposes a patient, and his humane feelings are immediately engaged. It was indeed a patient; his disease, however, of the mental kind. The son of adversity presents himself. I come, sir, relying upon, and confiding in, the fame of your unsullied virtues——and he prostrated himself at his feet. They instantly retired to a private apartment, and the unpractised culprit unbosomed himself to this excellent man. An erroneous education, sir, hath been the source of my ruin. My father bred me a gentleman, yet in that character, it was not in his power to support me. I was early initiated into a life of dissipation, and amid the licentious round, I am stripped of every farthing—no friendly hand presents—the walks of rectitude are barred against me, nor is there an avenue which I can enter—but one alternative remained, either to arm myself against my own life, or point the pistol at the breast of another—a love of existence prevailed, and I have assailed, with impious despair, the man on whom the welfare of a very large proportion of my fellow creatures depend!! Yet my reliance on your honor, sir, is implicit—and if by your means I could be placed any where out of the knowledge of those who have witnessed my follies, where I might obtain support, my obligation to you would be eternal. White robed mercy still triumphed in the bosom of the doctor—after some deliberation, he proposed to the young man, some honorable employment abroad. He said he could have no objection, provided he could be taken out of the country which had witnessed his misfortunes. The man of feeling rejoined, he would consider what might be done for him. This he did effectually—for by his interest, in the course of a few days, he was provided for, in the East-Indies company. The station of the young adventurer was lucrative—two or three years enriched him beyond his utmost hopes—and he returned, penetrated with the deepest sense of his patron's benignity. Once more he prostrates himself at the feet of the doctor—Take, sir, take the *life* of the man you have rescued from destruction.

The comments upon this anecdote, so much to the honor of Dr. Fothergill, are obvious; and the result such as reason would teach us to expect. A useful member of society is restored to his family, to his friends, and to himself. A good *citizen* is saved to the state, and, by proper exertions of lenity, an unhappy being stopt in his career of iniquity. : : : *Lond. Pap.*

TO THE CURIOUS.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Captain Nixon, of the British ship Apollo, has lately discovered a sub-marine grotto on the Malabar coast. It first presented a large bed of coral, almost even with the surface of the water, which afforded one of the most enchanting prospects in nature. Its base was traced to the shore, and reached in so far that its end could not be seen, which seemed to be suspended in the water, which deepened so suddenly, that at the distance of a few yards, there might be seven or eight fathoms depth. The sea was at this time quite unruffled, and the Sun shining bright exposed the various sorts of coral in the most beautiful order, some branching into the water with great luxuriance, others lying collected in round balls, and in a variety of figures, heightened by the spangles of the richest colours, that glowed from a number of large crabs, which were every where interspersed. It is to be regretted that a work so stupendously grand should be concealed in a place where mankind can so seldom have an opportunity of contemplating this astonishing scene. : : : *Lond. P.*

MONSTROUS FISH.

IN 1574, near St. Peter's, in the isle of Thanet, a monstrous fish (says Hasted) shot himself on shore on a little sand, now called Fishness, where, for want of water, it died the next day. His roaring was heard above a mile: his largest was 22 yards; the nether jaw opening 12 feet. One of his eyes was more than a cart and 6 horses could draw. A man stood upright in the socket. The thickness from his back to the top of his belly, was 14 feet; his tail the same breadth. The distance between his eyes 12 feet.—Three men stood upright in his mouth. Some of his ribs were 14 feet long, his tongue 15 feet, his liver two cart loads, and a man might creep into his nostrils. It sold at Deal for 22 guineas. : : : *Ipsid, Feb.* 1, 1803.

USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF you think the following worth publishing, it is at your service. *Yours*, CASSANDER.

AS the method of preparing COPAL VARNISH, is generally kept secret by those who are acquainted with it, and as a tradesman who is desirous of knowing it, is obliged to give sometimes a *hundred dollars* to another, to let him into the secret, and that upon condition of not imparting it to any one else—the following, to *some*, may not be unacceptable.

To make *Amber* or *Copal Varnish*—take of white resin four drachms, melt it over a fire in a glazed vessel, after which put in two ounces of the whitest amber you can get, finely powdered: this last is to be put in gradually, stirring it all the while with a small stick, over a gentle fire till it dissolves, pouring in now and then a little oil of turpentine, as you find it growing stiff, and continue this till your amber is melted. When the Varnish has been thus made, pour it into a coarse linen bag and press it between two hot boards of oak, or flat plates of iron. Great care must be taken in making the Varnish, not to *set the house on fire*, for the *vapours* of the oil of turpentine will even take fire by heat; if it should happen so to do, immediately cover the pot with a board, or any thing that will suffocate it, by which means it will be put out. At a future day, the manner of *buying* or Varnishes will be given to the public.

THE ANJOU CABBAGE.

THE culture of a very useful vegetable, till very lately unknown in England, has been recently brought to perfection, near Bristol. It appears richly to merit the attention of our farmers. This is the Anjou cabbage, perhaps the most useful and profitable leguminous plant that can be raised. The seed was supplied by a French emigrant. It is to tender that it is dressed in three or four minutes boiling. It affords excellent food for cattle, and they feed upon it very greedily; it occasions cows to yield abundance of milk, and at the same time keeps them in flesh.—In bulk, rapidity of growth, and for the little culture it requires, exceeds all others of the Brassica species. The stalk acquires the thickness of a man's leg, and is used when dry for fuel.

WORTHY IMITATION.

THE Portsmouth "*Oracle*," says, "Many of the young masters and misses, of the South parish in that town, have, in the course of the last year, distinguished themselves by the catechetical talk, which they have performed.

At the beginning of the year it was proposed that the youth of both sexes, as many as might be disposed, should undertake to learn, not only several different catechisms, but certain passages from various parts of the bible, in order to repeat on the Sabbath, after the public exercises was over. For their encouragement it was also proposed to enter their names on the church records, together with an account of what they might respectively learn and repeat.

Although the young masters have done much, yet the young misses have done much more.

Among the young masters JOHN LANE SHEAFE, repeated the most in the year; but among the misses HANNAH GRAY LEVERETT, repeated the most. Although she is but nine years old, she has repeated memoriter, one hundred and seven chapters and psalms from the bible, one of which was 119 psalm, besides Watts's catechisms for children and his divine songs. The whole is deemed equal to nineteen hundred and twenty verses, to take them as they rise in the bible.

The emulation which has appeared among many of these young masters and misses is truly laudable, and the knowledge, which they have, in this way, acquired, we trust will never be a subject of regret to them or their parents. In this way they strengthen their memory, and by treasuring up truths of incalculable importance, lay a good foundation for time to come.

FEMALE INSTITUTION.

THE anniversary meeting of the "*Salem Female Charitable Society*," was held the 6th April, 1803. "Every benevolent mind will rejoice in the prosperity of this valuable Institution, as its success has been beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Very considerable donations in specie and cloathing have been presented by both sexes. Seven Children are now supported from its funds; and many aged Widows, the preceding winter, have experienced the salutary effects of its bounty. To see such a number of children snatched by the fostering hands of benevolence from the paths of ruin, and led on in those of religion and virtue, must excite the most pleasing sensations in every friend of humanity."

INTELLIGENCE.

THE Amherst "*Cabinet*," says, "a most horrid deed was committed at *Stoddard*, N. H. the 17th March. A Mrs. Wright of that place, who was supposed to have been suddenly seized with a fit of distraction, from previous depression of spirits, took her three youngest children, in the absence of her husband, and led them about 60 rods from the house, where she caught the youngest by the heels, and put a period to its existence, by dashing it against a rock. The other two not being so easily handled, she attempted to dispatch them by beating them on the head with a stone; but fortunately missing her aim, the children escaped, and alarmed the family. When her husband arrived he found her near the place where she had committed the shocking act, with the murdered child in her arms, in a puddle of water. What has been done with her we have not yet learned."

LITERARY.

Messrs. Thomas & Andrews, have just published, a new edition of Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life, by the late celebrated Dr. Darwin, author of the Botanic Garden. This edition, complete in 2 vols. is copied from the last English edition, corrected and improved by the author, a little time before his death.

Proposals are issued by Thomas & Andrews, for printing a new improved edition of Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, 2 vols. 8vo.—a work in high repute among all denominations of Christians.

Messrs. T. & J. Swords, of New-York, have lately published an edition of Quincy's Lexicon Physico Medicum improved, with many amendments and additions, expressive of Discoveries lately made in Europe and America.—It is for sale by Thomas & Andrews, price 3 dolls. 50 cts.

Mr. James Oram, of New-York, has lately published an edition of Thompson's Family Physician, or Domestic Medical Friend. This work is recommended by Drs. Rogers and Miller, of New-York, as preferable to any work of the kind for the use of families.—A few copies may be had of Thomas & Andrews, price 2 dolls.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines addressed to Mrs *S. S.* cannot be admitted.

Rebus, by *Fanny*, incorrect.

Acrostic, on a well known political character, inadmissible.

Several other favours shall be noticed in our next.

MARRIAGES.

In Taunton, capt. Joseph Atwood, of Dighton to Miss Sally Macomber. In Salem, Mr. Henry Healey, to Miss Rhoda Crane, formerly of Boston. In Portland, Mr. John P. Thompson, to Miss Mary Tucker. In Patcham, (Eng.) a couple entered the holy bands of wedlock, whose ages, added together amounted to 140 years; the bride being 65, and the bridegroom 75! What a fond pair!

In Boston, Mr. James W. Burditt, to Miss Mary Rhoades. Mr. Benjamin Tucker, to Miss Eliza Baily.

DEATHS.

In Hanover, Hon. Josiah Smith, Æt 63. In Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Hammatt, Æt. 41. In Medfield, Mr. Ephakim Morse, Æt. 90. In Northampton, Mr. Daniel Rust, Æt 49. In Roxbury, Mrs. Kinder, wife of Mr. Robert Kinder. In Reading, Mrs. Sally Willy, Æt. 25. In Natick, Mrs. Sarah Brown, consort of William Brown, Esq. In Tiverton, R. I. Mr. Stephen Cook, Æt. 100. In Salem, Miss Abigail Dane, Æt 20. In Leghorn, capt. T. Perkins, late of Salem. In Newton, Mrs. Sarah Fuller, Æt. 75.

In Boston, capt. James Bancroft, Æt. 47; Ann Maria Blake, Æt. 13 mo. daughter of Mr. Nath. Blake; Miss Abigail Whitmar, Æt 72; Mrs Sarah Trott, Æt 43. Mrs. Mary Fisher, Æt. 21, wife of Mr. John Fisher. Mrs. Deborah Knight, Æt. 78. Master Barton, Æt 14. Mr. James Foster, Æt. 60, and 4 children, making the number this week, *twelve*, ending yesterday.

HIT HIM AGAIN!

CRIES the fierce-headed bully!——Ye that are fond of Fortune's races, if she has left you with a frown—hit her again—and see *how she'll*, if she has drained one pocket feel in the other! Whilst—*a guard in your care*—if your finances look low, try only a half or quarter of a ticket.

Tickets, halfs, and quarters, in the third class of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, which commences drawing in June, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, Magazine and Lottery Office, No. 56, State-Street—where a list of the prizes in the second class may be seen.—Prizes taken in pay. 4t. 8

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF the following will have the same effect on your minds, as it had on mine in the perusal, you will let it occupy a place in your Weekly Magazine. L******e.

LUCY.

COLD was the night and drear the heath,
And high old ocean roll'd;
And shrill across the frighted gloom,
The tortur'd spirits howl'd.

Around the Abbey's ivy'd wall
The boding owlet flew;
By fits upon the mould'ring bone,
The moon-beam flash'd to view.

When hapless LUCY left her cot,
And wander'd forth unseen;
Whilst gently on her throbbing breast,
Her sleeping Babe did lean.

"Ah! cruel," cry'd she, "was the youth,
That could this bosom fly;
Ah! cruel, left these faithful arms
Nor breath'd one parting sigh!"

Then rush'd she, madd'ning, o'er the heath;
Deep heav'd the swelling storm;
The chill rain fell, the cold wind beat,
And shrank her gentle form.

"Where shall I fly?" she oft exclaim'd,
"Where shall I seek for aid?
Ah! would that in the narrow cell
This broken heart were laid.

"Hark! hark! thro' yonder cloister'd aisle
How shrieks the northern blast!
See! see! Oh, saw ye not, my babe,
Thy ruthless father past?"

This said she, and with sudden step,
Sprang forward to pursue;
When, dreadful, from her heedless grasp,
The little infant flew.

Ah me! upon the rocky ground,
See gor'd its tender breast!
It scream'd, it writh'd, then stretch'd its arms,
And sigh'd its soul to rest.

Ah! LUCY, then how swell'd thy heart,
How did thy breast heave high!
Pale grew thy features, pale thy lips,
And pale thy sinking eye.

"'Tis past," she cry'd, "and I will go
To my eternal home;
To where my little spirit's fled,
I come, my child, I come!"

Then wildly to the sounding surge,
And shrieking did she fly;
Despair upon her pallid cheek,
Distraction in her eye.

"I come, my child, my lovely child,
I come!" was heard once more;
And loudly roar'd the foaming tide,
And lash'd the rocky shore.

Then LUCY leapt from off the cliff,
Her eye was bent on heaven;
And, sure as mercy dwelleth there,
Shall LUCY be forgiven.

Now darker gloom'd the lurid sky,
And louder groan'd the storm;
And on the tow'ring, turbid wave,
White, floated LUCY's form.

"Forgive my love," she faintly cry'd
As wild the waters swept;
And deep, beneath the billows rage
In peace poor LUCY slept.

L.

EPIGRAM.

WITH folded arms and uplift eyes—
"Have mercy heaven"—the Parson cries,
"Upon our thirsty sun burnt Plains,
Thy blessings send in genial rains."
The sermon ended and the prayers,
Sir Caffoc for his home prepares;
When with his visage deck'd in smiles,
"It rains, thank heaven!" cries farmer Giles;
"Rains?" quoth the Parson, 'sure you joke,
"Rains? heaven forbid—I have no cloak!"

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PITY.

SOFT as the falling dews of night,
The tear of Pity flows,
Bright as the morn's returning light,
That gilds the opening rose.

Sweet, as the fragrant breeze of May,
Her sympathetic sigh;
Mild, as the dawning tint of day,
The beam that lights the eye.

Still, gentle spirit, o'er my heart
Preserve thy wonted sway;
Teach me to blunt affliction's dart,
And soothe her cares away.

Or if thy anxious efforts fail,
While sorrows still pursue,
I'll wish while list'ning to the tale
That good I cannot do.

E****

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[The following little piece, by PATOA, contains much pleasantry and humour.]

HELEN was just slipt into bed;
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune, careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as Sages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow;—
If we don't catch a mouse to-night
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

THE NOVELIST.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

SOME time in the summer of the year eighty-six, making a visit in the country, I accidentally met with an old soldier, who had spent his best blood and left one of his limbs in America, where he had served during the late unhappy war. It seems, that after an absence of eight years, he had returned to his native country, and found, by the death of a relation, that he was entitled to fifteen pounds a year, and a little cottage, with a small garden to it. Here he lived in a very penurious manner, having a little boy, who was his grandson, to support. Accident led me one evening past his humble dwelling, and seeing him busy in improving his garden, I leaned over the white palisades, and began a trifling conversation on the growth of peas, beans, &c. and the fineness of the season. The man's answers to the questions I put were always apt and pertinent. I was pleased with him—We insensibly became intimate, and often, in the cool of the evening, I have repaired to the cottage to listen, while he fought all his battles over again, marched on his wooden stump, and shouldered his oaken stick, while martial ardour brightened every feature, and beamed from eyes age would otherwise have rendered dull and unmeaning. One evening, after having been detained from my accustomed walk two or three days, on approaching the old man's habitation, I found his grandson sitting at the door crying.——On inquiring the cause of his tears, he said, grandaddy was sick in bed, and he was afraid he would die. When I entered, I found the poor fellow extremely ill of a fever, and but indifferently attended. I sent for medical assistance immediately and provided a careful nurse; but all these precautions proved ineffectual; he died on the seventh day. A few hours before he departed, he spoke to me as I stood by his bed-side in the following manner: "My good Sir, you have been extremely kind to me, and that kindness prompts me to ask a favor of you, which I do not think I could venture to ask of any other human being, but I fear you will think me very troublesome."—"By no means, my friend, I replied); if by any means, I can be serviceable to you, pray mention it freely, and depend on my utmost exertions." "Then, Sir, said he, I wish you to be guardian to my poor Tom. Here's my will, continued he, (giving a bit of paper folded up very curiously); I have left the poor lad my all, and if you would but be his friend." "You may rely on me, said I, eagerly interrupting him; he shall be carefully educated, and properly provided for." "Oh you are very good cried the old man; but there is one thing more I have to intreat." Speak on said I. "Well then, continued he, pray be kind to poor Poll." I thought he had meant another grand-child; but I was soon undeceived, by the nurse bringing a cage to the bed-side, in which was an old grey parrot. "Do good Sir, said he, grasping my hand, do pray be kind to her, and not suffer her to be ill used. She is an old servant; she belonged to my poor dear young mistress, and when she died as she did, poor soul, broken hearted in America, I took Poll home to the Barrack, and promised for my poor Miss Sybbella's sake, I would never be parted from her, but I must leave her now, Sir." Simple as it may appear, I could not help being affected at the poor fellow's earnestness, it seemed a proof of his attachment to his mistress, whose fate I felt a restless curiosity to be acquainted with; but this curiosity was not to be gratified; for soon after I had given him my solemn promise that I would be equally careful of both my wards, he grew composed and fell asleep. I then left him, and found when I called the next morning, that he had breathed his last in the night without any apparent struggle. I gave the necessary orders for a decent interment, and then took my own *protegées* home. At the close of the summer I returned to town, sent Tom to school, and made Miss Poll my constant companion at meals, &c. She was a good natured creature spoke very fluently, and seemed at times almost to converse rationally.

Poor bird said I one afternoon as I stroked her head, poor bird, I wish you could inform me of the fate of that amiable mistress, of whom my old friend Thomas spoke with such affection—No doubt she has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune; perhaps bereaved of friends in a foreign country, she sunk under the accumulated evils of poverty and a broken heart—Perhaps deserted by an unkind husband, or plunged into ruin by a perfidious lover. While I thus gave the reins to imagination, Poll climbed up to my shoulder, and nestled her head close under my ear. When throwing myself back in my easy chair, I insensibly fell asleep. The same idea which had occupied my waking thoughts now took the lead, and I thought the bird on my shoulder, in a soft but articulate voice, thus addressed me.

I know you have, for a long time, indulged an unconquerable desire to be informed of the fate of my late mistress. I have it in my power to gratify you not only in this particular, but also to inform you of many interesting and entertaining circumstances, to which I have been a witness in the course of my life; but you must promise you will not once interrupt me, for the moment you break the thread of my narrative, I shall punish you for your impertinence and drop the subject for ever. I acquiesced to the proposal, and methought the bird continued thus.

I first received life in Africa, and was taken from my nest by a young negro lad as a present for his little favorite, who was called Unka; as she was extremely good natured, I was taken particular care of, and, in a short time learnt to pronounce almost every sentence after my kind mistress. I had not been long with her before an English ship arrived on the coast, and Unka being pleased with the dress and complexion of the Europeans, consented to accompany the captain on board, and, by her art, betrayed her faithful lover and his brother into slavery; but she did not go unpunished for her perfidy, as will be hereafter seen. As the captain considered me almost as great an acquisition as the negro girl, I was taken aboard with her, and had my station in the great cabin, where Unka at that time resided, and was treated with great kindness by the captain, though I cannot say I ever heard him make any great professions of love or tenderness. When the business was finished for which they visited Africa, we sat sail for Antigua, where we arrived free from accidents. The slaves were all sold but Unka, whom my master took on shore and presented to the wife of a rich old planter, who lived just without the town.—I also was presented to the same lady, and had no reason to regret my change of situation, as I was provided with a most elegant cage, fed with the greatest dainties from the fair hands of my mistress, and soon became a general favorite of the family. Unka was by no means pleased with her situation—She had whilst on board the ship led a life of indolence; it did not therefore much agree with her to be obliged to wait on a woman, whom she plainly saw was preferred by Captain Thornby to herself; however, she kept her discontent from being perceived, and waited only a convenient opportunity to take ample revenge. [*To be continued.*]

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——No. XXII.

Nocturnâ versat manu, versate diurnâ.

I HAVE often reflected with astonishment, on the vaness religious opinions, professed by the numerous sectaries which are to be found scattered over those parts of the globe, where all agree in one great fundamental principle; all acknowledging one universal Father, from whom this world, with all its multitudinous surrounding wonders proceeded; and one merciful Saviour, sent by the Father to ransom offending, degraded Man, from everlasting death. I am astonished, I say, when I reflect, that as all are unanimous in these material points, so much confusion, cruelty, and blood-shed, should have been caused by a trifling difference in opinion about mysteries too great for the human mind to comprehend; about the real meaning of words which explain them as we may, seem to have little or no connection with or influence over the gratitude and purity of our hearts, or the moral rectitude of our manners. How many of our divines spend their weary hours in writing sermons, which, when they deliver from the pulpit, weary their congregation as much in listening to; and after all this waste of labour on one side, and patience on the other, the chief part of his auditors perhaps have not understood a syllable of his arguments; and those who did in some measure comprehend them, have not been able to glean one useful idea from the whole harangue. How much better would it be if the generality of the teachers of religion would give plain practical moral discourses, such as the meanest capacity may comprehend, and every good man cheerfully practice, with the inspiring hope of reaping in futurity, the reward of his active obedience. It is much to be feared, that the contradictory opinions delivered from the pulpit, in regard to the means by which eternal happiness is to be secured, is of great injury to the real interest of religion. Our duty is certainly very plainly marked, both in the old and new testaments; so plainly that any one who can read, cannot be at a loss to understand it. With the multiplied injunctions contained in the mosaic laws, we have now nothing to do, but the laws of the decalogue still remain in full force; to which has since been added, from the mouth of the most wise, most holy, "Thou shalt love thy Maker above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself," and He who spoke this, expressly said, "This do, and thou shalt live." Who then shall dare to assert, that to act uprightly, to do justice, and love mercy, is of no avail; and that a man, in the constant practice of every good work, is in the high road to perdition?—That our existence is not confined to this transitory state, is certainly a delightful idea; in affliction, the mind naturally turns to the comforting reflection, that however agonizing our sufferings, they must terminate; and however gloomy the prospect here, once through the dark vale of death, we shall awaken to bright scenes of joy and gladness, in a region prepared from the foundation of the world, for those who love and serve their Creator. But this reflection loses its fascination, and assumes an appearance of terror, from which the mind shrinks instinctively, when drest in the gloom and horror of fanaticism and superstition. When the God of infinite mercy is represented as armed with thunderbolts and never ending torments, to hurl at the defenceless atoms, his fiat called into being, every rational reflecting mortal, who believes in a future never ending state, (and who that contemplates his own wonderous formation, the stupendous universe of which he is a part, can doubt even for a moment) must feel an anxiety concerning the happiness or misery attendant on that futurity. To me it appears that our duty is so plainly unfolded in the short emphatic sentence, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," that no one can misapprehend it. What a heavenly system of universal charity is comprised in those few words, not that charity which in divesting itself of a small portion of superfluous dross, thinks it has performed its duty. No, I mean that exalted charity which leads us in every action of our lives, to ask ourselves this question, "Am I acting by others as I would be acted by?"—But alas! opposed to this exalted sentiment, which, if universally practiced, would make even this life a paradise self-love exerts its imperious influence, and pride, in ostentatious language, speaks aloud, *I deserve more than others, I am honester, chaster, more holy than my brother Publican.* Great God! that pride should dwell in creatures so abject, so weak, so liable to be misled by every wayward pallion of the soul—"And why," cries Scepticism, "were such passions given us if we are to wage perpetual war with them?"—If it were a general custom to teach our children from earliest infancy to practise the great "Golden rule," their very passions would become instrumental in promoting the general harmony. Avarice, who now with gorgon countenance and iron heart, oppresses the poor, defrauds the public, and breaks every law of God to swell his own coffers with ill gotten wealth, only that he may gaze on, count it, and again lock it from public utility. This grinding degrading passion, would under the restriction of "doing as we would be done by," become only prudence, taking from selfish indulgence, what might alleviate the hearts of our suffering fellow creatures. Pride would be altered into that laudable sentiment which prompts to every praise-worthy action, from motives of general usefulness, from a wish to set examples of magnanimity, benevolence, fortitude, and self-denial. Ambition would be fired only from similar motives. Love separated from its humiliating semblance, would become the silken, yet indissoluble chain, that would bind the whole universe in the most harmonious union.—Envy, hatred, malice, would be banished from the earth; and all the strife would be, who should be kindest, humblest, most extensively useful. Enthusiast, cries some of my readers, how can such a system ever exist? It is a romantic, improbable fiction, impossible to be practised in real life; and existing only in the brain of the fabulist.——Fye! fye! Attentively read, carefully study the life of the divine founder of the religion you all profess, however various the forms under which you worship. This is no fable. Yet where shall we find such an example of patient, meek, long suffering virtue. He was the son of the Most High; yet he humbled himself to associate with, instruct, serve the meanest of mankind. He who might have been attended by legions of celestial spirits, have enthroned himself on the clouds, and rode upon the flaming elements; had no pride, no self-consequence, was clad in the plainest attire, fed on the simplest fare, and went about performing acts of mercy to all, even to those who reviled him. He who was the purest, holiest being that ever was robed in mortal clay. Assumed no superiority over others, condemned no one, but left even the most atrocious to the condemnation of their own consciences, accepted the penitent tears of *Mary Magdalen*, pardoned the offending wife, taught how the returning prodigal should be received, spoke words of comfort to the repentant thief, and even prayed that the sins of those who crucified him, might not be remembered against them.

Oh! ye! who unfeelingly spend your time in disputing whether to pray kneeling, sitting, or standing, be the sure way to heaven; whether it be right to wear the hat in public worship or pull it off; whether the baptismal rite should be administered by sprinkling or immersion.—Ye, who, for trifles, are ready to revile, persecute, torment, and depress each other, lay aside your folly. Study the life of your blessed Redeemer, to the utmost of your power; follow his example, and conscientiously teach your children the same. Have that faith in the promises of this benign Saviour, as may lead you to practise all the good works of Peace and Mercy, and humbly believe, that he who enjoined you so to do, will accept your obedience, as the most grateful sacrifice you can offer.

☞ DURING *the late suspension of the* GOSSIP, *several letters have been received, which shall in due time be noticed.*

TERTULLIAN.

[☞ Near the close of the second century, flourished Tertullian, one of the most intrepid and powerful among the early defenders of christianity. His apology for the followers of Christ, which he directed to the Emperor of Rome, was written, at a time when christians were suffering a terrible persecution; from their having been represented to the Emperor as traitors and enemies to the state. The extract, which we now re-publish from that celebrated apology, cannot fail to be gratifying to our christian readers, as it is a specimen of the eloquence and noble ardor of Tertullian; and also shows the state of the christian religion, at that early period.]—*Mod. Rel.*

"IF we were enemies to the state, (observed Tertullian, writing to the Emperor) you might then go and seek new citizens and countries or govern, since you would have more adversaries than loyal subjects in your empire. We (christians) have filled your towns, your provinces, your castles, your fortresses, your camps, your tents, your palaces, your senates, your market-places and your islands; only we have left your idolatrous temples to yourselves, all other places being full of christians. If we were enemies, what dangerous rebellions might we have made, even though our numbers were small in comparison with the rest of your people; since we so little value our lives, that we suffer ourselves to be daily slain by your hands: this therefore is your safety, that notwithstanding your unjust persecution of us, we are loyal, patient and obedient, and that the christian religion obliges us rather to be killed than to kill."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MAXIMS.

1.—IT is often said, that second thoughts are best; it were better perhaps, to say that thinking was best; as the generality of those to whom the proverb is applicable, are such as seldom or never think before they proceed to action.

2.—It is not an easy task to reflect judiciously; it requires both genius and experience; for which reason natural instinct inclines most men to ask advice.

3.—The true cause why we are willing to be counselled, is our self love, which prompts us to secure ourselves against crosses and disappointments. The cause of our neglecting advice is pride; which by pretending to more wisdom than falls to our share, defeats the good purposes inspired by self-love.

4.—We judge in common very justly of the conduct of others; and they in return pass as right a verdict on ourselves.

5.—The review of good or bad qualities in others, is, perhaps, equally pleasing: the bad ones administer some comfort to our vanity; and malice enjoys the most agreeable pastime in scrutinizing the good ones, in order, if possible, to deny them that title. Our friends are those whom we most rigorously judge. We do this on the principle of self-defence; for what can more offend that spirit of selfishness born with our nature, than to remain unguarded against the attacks of those who are nearest to us?

6.—We always endeavour to place our friends on our own level, in case their natural endowments have set them above us; and as industriously maintain the superiority, if it happens on our side.—This is easily accounted for, when we consider that superiority in this particular case is more grievous than any other; and at the same time more soothing and valuable to the vanity of the possessor.—Inferiority is seldom a bar to the sincerest friendship, but superiority proves often an insurmountable obstacle.

7.—Inferiors, if they would be at the pains of governing themselves, would often govern their superiors.

8.—Equality of rank makes people restive and jealous of each other; but where we are divested of that mutual diffidence, we hearken to what is said, more than to the layers themselves.—Hence it happens, that a man whose eloquence has been employed in thwarting what has been proposed in the company of his equals, shall, when retired to domestic consultation with the person whose under-station and respectful assiduity, have won his affections, listen with more willingness, because with less suspicion.

9.—A man of slender abilities is commonly more useful than a man of splendid ones. The former is like an adventurer, who, setting out with a small capital, husbands and improves it to the utmost—the latter is like a rich heir dazzled with the immensity of his wealth, and careless how he squanders and wastes it.

T. C.

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THE MONITOR—No II.

I INTEND the paper for this day, as a loose essay upon Friendship, in which I will throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we seldom meet with the practice of this virtue in the world. *Love* and *Esteem* are the first principles of Friendship, which is always imperfect where either of these two is wanting. Friendship immediately banishes Envy, under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friends being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue. A Friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one. The most difficult province in Friendship, is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage; their *grounds*, therefore, of a friend, should always be *strictly just*, and not too *frequent*. We are in some measure, more excusable if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation; since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent. As it has been said, on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger, with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure, which was once in his possession.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Mrs. MOLL PITCHER.

WELL, I have got myself into fine business scribbling to a Quaker and a Witch! I blush at this moment, to think I should so far forget my own dignity as to notice the impertinence of either. But, thanks to my stars, nobody knows who I am. I am sure if Ma or Pa, did but suspect that I had so degraded myself, they would disinherit me.—But writing to Quakers and Fortunetellers, is not the only thing I have done unknown to them; nor do I think it will be the last. They are so particular as to watch my very look and action; and I am never so perfectly happy, as when I can elude their vigilence, and do something that I think would plague them, were they to find it out. O, if they knew how many capers I have done out of their sight, what would they not say, what would they not do! I verily believe I should be shut up in a garret the rest of my life. But I have done nothing to what I intend to do. I mean one of these nights to run away with Albert Dashaway. Pa hates him, and will not let him come near the house; but I care not; I see him as often as I wish, notwithstanding all his precautions. One of these pleasant evenings, I shall ask permission to take a walk with my cousins—and then, good sir, when once I can obtain your permission to walk, I shall have no difficulty to obtain my own permission to take a ride; then, good bye sir, 'tis a wonder if you see Miss Mary Ann again very soon. But whither is my pen wandering? My heart is full of this new scheme; and my pen, obedient to its dictates, faithfully delineates each sentence.

Now, Mrs. Pitcher, let me tell you what were my intentions when I took up my pen. First, I was going to ask your pardon for speaking so disrespectfully of you, in my letter to that *young damsel* (for so she will have it) at Lynn. Really, my dear Mrs. Pitcher, I meant no harm, I dare say you are a clever and respectable old witch; and I don't believe one word about your making a league with the Prince of Darkness; about your taking a ride on his infernal majesty's back, &c. &c. And if you will be a good witch now, and tell me my fortune, I never will call you Moll again. Do now, that's a good witch, tell me whether I shall have a husband, and how many children I shall have, that's all I want to know.—That you may be as happy as you deserve, is the sincere wish of

Your most devoted, most humble servant,

MARY ANN SMARTLY.

N. B. One thing more I wish you to tell me, that is, whether Rebecca Plainly is an old maid, or not. As you live in the same town with her, I suppose you can tell without conjuration.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To MARY PITCHER.

THOU art mistaken, Mary, in supposing I designedly added to thy affliction; I never yet intentionally broke the bruised reed. Though I live in the same place with thee, I never beheld thy face, nor ever heard thee spoken of, as of a woman who pretended to dive into futurity, and to foretell what shall hereafter happen; for which service thou wert content to receive a return of money. Now, as I am not superstitious enough to believe in the possibility of living mortals holding converse with disembodied spirits, whether celestial, or infernal, I naturally did conclude, that thou, Mary, pretending to practise such an art, were an impostor, and my very spirit doth loath imposition of every kind. If thou art such as thy epistle hath set forth, why dost thou degrade thyself by such folly? Surely, every serious, industrious, well informed woman, may find means of support, without having recourse to such mean and despicable artifice. I tell thee, that if my mentioning thee gave thee pain, I do intreat thee to forgive me; for I would join love and die in charity with all mankind. But I must honestly tell thee, Mary, thou hast brought the mortification upon thyself. And moreover, I do conjure thee to quit such abominations, and betake thyself to some honest means of obtaining a livelihood. It is such lying prophets as thou art who lead young persons into many acts of frailty, and by foretelling what perhaps may never happen, incite them to take unwarrantable measures to prevent, or accelerate, the dreaded, or desired event. Accept my atonement, Mary, and profit by my well meant advice. I know thee not, thou hast never injured me, and even if thou hadst, I would not retaliate, or bear enmity towards thee; such acts are contrary to the principles of

REBECCA PLAINLY.

Lynn, 8th day of the 4th Month.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

QUERY.

If in two hours the gross and fulsome flattery of two of our modern polite Gentlemen, can make a Lady believe herself an Angel; how long will it take a man of sense to convince her she is a fool? ESQUIRE SNIP.

New-Haven, April, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IN the course of my reading, having met with the following, in the account of one of the prisoners in the Bastile, if you think it worthy a place in the Magazine, you will gratify one of your readers by inserting it. Yours, J. S.

THE LITTLE RED-BREAST.

AN EXTRACT.

"NEARLY a year had elapsed since my undergoing the torture, when one morning a small part of the window having been left open to let my prison, a Red-Breast flew into the apartment, and perching on the table, began to peck the bread which had just been brought me as half my days provision. I approached a few steps towards it, that I might the better observe it; for in my present situation, any object which engaged my attention, afforded me a moment of unexpected happiness. I perceived that it saw me, and I stopped, lest I should drive it away; but the food seemed to be a greater attraction than my presence was a cause of fear, and, to my satisfaction, it went on pecking the bread. Its plumage was rough, and ruffled against the cold, and it bore every mark of having suffered from the inclemency of the season, which was that of a severe frost; a deep snow had for some time covered the ground, and the eagerness with which it preyed on its newly found prize, showed that the weather had proved to it, (whose feeble claws were unable to turn up the depth of snow) a season of famine.

I pitied it for what it had suffered, and participated in its present apparently great satisfaction;—"Yet, poor foolish wanderer," I cried, "thy native timidity, when the call of nature is satisfied, will again force thee to the piercing cold and hunger from which thou hast now found protection! thou art not wise enough to insure it to thyself, and must perish perhaps for want of that which thou shouldst never lack by living here, could I but teach thee to know my good will towards thee!" In the energy of what I felt I drew nearer to the table; and the bird having finished his meal, or being terrified at my approach, flew two or three times round the room, in search of the spot by which it had entered, and having found it, vanished in a moment from my sight. "Thou art gone," I exclaimed, "never to return hither again!"—There was a charm in the last words, I had uttered, that seemed to render even the biting air and keen famine, to which the little animal would be exposed, an enviable situation when compared with my own. "Many are the hardships thou wilt endure," I cried; "but thou hast a balm for all thy sufferings—thou enjoyest LIBERTY, the choicest gift and richest blessing heaven pours on its created beings: deprived of it, all other ills in life are light. Knowing what I have learnt from experience of the bitterness of its loss, I would not be the wretch to inflict it, e'en on the little bird I have just beheld, no! tho' my own enlargement were the price of its captivity!"

On the following morning, to my great delight and surprise, the little bird again flew into my prison; I threw it some crumbs; it pecked them, hopped about the floor, flew upon the table, fluttered about the room, and again left me. Every morning I was now visited by the Red-Breast; I had nothing else to occupy my attention: and I found a great source of amusement in waiting the arrival of my feathered visitor: I never failed to feed him plenteously, and used every endeavour to divest him of his natural timidity, and slipped him to receive my carefles; and I even flattered myself that he began to view me without fear, as he sometimes remained several hours in my prison; but, alas! when spring began to exhale her inviting sweets, my little companion, wearing too much the complexion of the world he inhabited, forgot his sufferer in the hour of adversity, nor returned to soothe his solitary moments. Spring, summer, and autumn passed, and I began to think that some accident had befallen him, or that he had entirely forgotten the spot where he had been so hospitably received, and gave him up as lost. On the part of my persecutors also, a strict silence as to my doom had been observed towards me, and I began to fear I was a prisoner for life. Winter was now again advancing, when, as I was one morning reclining on my bed in mournful meditation, a fluttering in my room called my eyes to the part where I had heard it, and I beheld on the table my long lamented bird! I felt the glow of pleasure mount into my cheeks; and I immediately rose and crumbled for him a piece of bread; he chirped in thankfulness for my gift, and I even imagined he seemed as pleased as myself at the renewal of our acquaintance. During the winter he continued to visit me, as he had done the former one; and having made for him a perch, which I contrived, by means of a crooked nail, to form out of a long splinter which I had shaved from my table, and which I fastened up in one corner of my prison, by supporting it in a small niche I made in either wall; he often remained with me during the night, as well as the day, and sometimes for four or five days successively; and the pleasure which, (shut out as I was from all intercourse with my own species) I enjoyed in the unrestrained visits of this little bird, was undescribably great. With the spring he again deserted me, and with the winter he again returned to my prison, and thus, 'till the seventh year after his first visiting me, did he continue to be my companion during the winter season. It was one day, about the middle of the seventh winter, that he happened to stand sleeping on his perch, with his head folded in the feathers of his wing, when the jailor entering with my breakfast, and observing him, darted across the prison, and, e're I could stop his cruel arm, seized my unconscious favorite and wrung his neck. Need I blush to own that the tears burst into my eyes:—I would have remonstrated with the unfeeling wretch on his barbarity, had I not immediately considered that what I could say would be of no avail, but to gain me the derision of him who had deprived me of my only source of solace and amusement; and I contented myself with requesting him to give me the dead body: without answering me he aimed to throw it out of the window; but ruffling his coat, it fell back into the room; I sprang forward to seize it, but he snatched it up, and his second aim being more successful, it was gone forever e're I reached the spot. I followed it with my eyes, and when it disappeared I still stood gazing at the window. The ruthless jailor left the prison in the silence with which he entered it. I immediately placed the stool under the window, and sprang upon it, hoping I might find the body resting on the outward frame of it: but the hope was vain. I descended from the stool, and flinging with my arms folded in the middle of my prison, reflection again led me to draw a comparison between the present situation of myself and that of my lamented bird, and the only inference I could draw from a long train of thought, I expressed in a short exclamation, which I inwardly uttered, "Thou little bird art still the happier."

[*From London Papers to March 5*, 1803.]

THE Boatswain of a Man of War, that had just been paid off, sailing through Monmouth-street, with full pockets and a prodigal heart, was so captivated with the richness and finery of a velvet suit which was displayed at the door, that he immediately went in and bargained for it.—Having tried it on, he was so well pleased with his appearance, that he was easily prevailed upon by the merchant to

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complete his dress with the necessary appendages, a bag wig, a sword, and a chapeau au bras. Thus equipped, his next care was where to exhibit himself. The theatre readily occurred, whither he went, and placing himself in the front row of one of the side boxes, soon became attentive to the play. Notwithstanding his disguise, he was presently recognized by one of his shipmates in the upper gallery, who pointing him out to his comrade, asked him if that was not their boatswain; a question which the other answered in the negative, assuring him that it was "a lord or some other great gentleman." "We'll soon settle it," said the first, "for we'll hail him. Ohoy, the boatswain of the Romney, Ohoy!" who forgetting his situation, started from his seat, answering "Hollos!" and was discovered.

LEVITY.—A Link boy asked Dr. Burges, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the Doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you was hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a devilish dark one."

Artists, who understand anatomy, are fond of giving what they call *maps* of the human body. One, of this description, has lately published a *map* of the *foot*. This may be called *topography*.

An old man of high rank and fashion, who still affects the sprightliness and fame of the gay vices of youth, was, a few days since, pertly asked by a witling, "what might be his age?" "My age? my age?" said old —, looking somewhat foolish, "eight and forty perhaps."—"Eight and forty!" exclaimed the enquirer, in astonishment—"Faith!" said the Duke, "I do not certainly know my age. My rents I count; my stock dividends I count; my horses I count; but, my years, I never count; for, them I cannot lose, nor can any person steal them from me!"

Legal Measure.—"You are an excellent packer," said a *bon vivant* to a waiter—"I done understand you, Sir" replied the attendant.—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a *pint* decanter."

Robinson, convicted of *imprinting* his teeth on Ladies faces, says he was only imitating Sebastiani, by *biting the Chiefs*.

The learned Gentleman who has written on the *diseases* of the *tongue*, attributes them all to *want of use*.

The learned Frenchman who has invented a mode of *propagating grains*, vindicates its originality, by proving decidedly that it was not known before *his time*.

Mr. Francisco Badini, who has lately been conducted out of this kingdom, it is thought, has been dexterously instrumental to his own departure. This is the same adroit personage, who, a few years since, published his own *death* in the Newspapers, sent his wife about to collect subscriptions for his decent interment, and thus managed to live snugly in private, upon his own *funeral expences*, until he contrived to manage a more comfortable *resurrection*.

EPIGRAM

On the present fashion among Gentlemen of having their coat pockets made across the breast.

YOU discover at length, says a Belle to a Smart,
That your *pocket's* the thing which is *near* to *your heart!*

On Saturday last, a Lady proceeding to Wandsworth, was accosted by a beggar, who implored alms of her; and while the lady was examining her purse to relieve the miscreant, he suddenly snatched it from her, and run off without being apprehended. The purse contained two seven-shilling pieces, and 4s. 6d. in silver.

On Thursday last, an experiment of ingenious villainy was tried at the Post-Office, in Sheffield. A piece of wood, fashioned so nicely as to fit the side in the window and intercept the letters, was inserted therein, and suspended to the outside of the shutter with a wire at each end, so that it could be let down and drawn up at pleasure.

THE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FOR MARCH, 1803.

Evening Dresses.—1. A round dress of yellow silk or muslin; the back made plain, and very low on the shoulders, with a small frill of white lace at the bottom of the back. Plain sleeves of white satin, with full yellow epaulets, trimmed with lace.

2. A dress of blue muslin, made low and full over the bosom; a half handkerchief of patent net or lace, fastened on the shoulders, and drawn full over the bosom. Full sleeves of white satin or farfurt. Pearl necklace. An embroidered handkerchief twisted round the head, with one end falling over the right shoulder. A blue feather fixed on the right side so as to fall over on the left side.

Morning Dresses.—1. A round dress of white muslin, the back made full; long sleeves, with lace twilled round from the shoulders to the waist. White tippet, bonnet of white silk, trimmed and tied under the chin with a white silk handkerchief; the bonnet turned up in front, and lined with coquelicot.

2. A short dress of white muslin, trimmed all round with a wreath of white crape and beads. Plain short sleeves of worked muslin, trimmed round the bottom with puffings of ribbon. Petticoat with a long train, trimmed round the bottom the same as the sleeves. The hair dressed long and full over the face, and ornamented with a wreath to correspond with the dress.

General Observations.—Barcelona handkerchiefs of various colours, and with gold and silver trimmings, are much worn as turbans. A straw bonnet with a high dome crown, called the St. Cloud, has just been introduced. Pearl necklaces are much worn. The prevailing colours are blue, green, and amber.

PARIS—FOR MARCH, 1803.

THE fashionable shops still shew upon sale, hats of white, orange, rose, and flesh coloured satin. Some use a crape of an amaranth, a green, or a sky-blue colour. The most common ornaments of the hats, are knots of ribbons, swandown edgings, and peculiar decorations of cut crape. The turbans are of silvered crapes, or of crimson silk, embroidered with gold. Some women of fashion comb down the hair smooth, and simply bind it with a band of black velvet.—Golden arrows, lyres of pearls, or diamonds, and combs of rich materials, are still much in use. Topazes, instead of cameos, are now enchased in the centre of the combs. Cornelians are now out of fashion. The palm-branch necklaces are still generally worn.

TO THE CURIOUS.

Account of Dead Bodies in a high state of preservation.

OBERLIN, the professor, has published a short account of the two bodies found in such a high state of preservation in the small vault of the church of St. Thomas, Strasburgh, Germany; the body of the one is a male; the other is a female. The former was found with a covering of grey cloth, linen stockings, a vest buttoned, and shoes. He had on chamois gloves. His head, which rests on a silk pillow filled with scented herbs, is covered with a cap of silver stuff embroidered with lace. He has round his neck a ruff, as was the fashion of the 16th century.

His arms, which are painted at the head of his coffin, prove that he was one of the Counts of Nassau; perhaps Count Lewis, who died Canon of this Cathedral in 1542.

With respect to the young girl, she appears to have belonged to a house of great importance. She is clothed in a robe of green taffeta, ornamented with ribands. She has on her head a crown of flowers. From her shoulders depend two chains, the rings of which, brass painted black, are covered with gilt stars, white and black. A band placed on her neck, enriched with a ruby, two precious crosses suspended to that band, a gold ring on each hand, with the letters of the name of Jesus; all these circumstances induce a belief that the young girl was a *religieuse*. These two coffins appear to have been brought from some other place, and placed in this vault. As they are of wood, they did not tempt those sacrilegious wretches who, in the time of terror, profaned so many tombs. : : : *L. P.*

ASTRONOMY.

AT the meeting of the Royal Society, on the 10th inst. several papers were read, among which were two dissertations on the Transit of *Mercury* over the Sun's disk, by Mr. Herschell, and Professor Buge, of Copenhagen; and a paper by the former, proving that the telescope is not affected by the humid atmosphere, and therefore that astronomical observations may be made during a fog. : : : *Ibid. Feb. 25.*

USEFUL.

PRECAUTIONS TO FARMERS, &c.

GREAT care should be taken, in the spring of the year, to shut up fences and prevent horses and every kind of cattle from running over grass lands. Grass, at its first springing up, has no degree of hardness; it is too tender and delicate to sustain injury. The bite of cattle, while it is in this state, opens its bleeding pores, and, as it were, poisons it and prevents its future growth.—Moreover, the tread of the cattle's feet so wounds and mangles the roots of tender grass, as to divide them from their earth and nourishing their blades. The grazing of horses upon tender spring grass is more pernicious than that of neat cattle, as they bite closer, while the ground is soft, often take up a part of the root with the blade.

Early spring grazing has also this pernicious effect, that it lays the ground bare and exposes it to the rays of the sun, so that, in case of a nearly drought, the surface of the earth is hardened and the roots of the grass become scorched; which not only prevents the next ensuing crop, the soil for years to come. Farmers often do not know much they lose by a few days neglect of this in the spring. They had better pay double or even price for seasonable fencing than to let their fences lie and the cattle graze their lands. : : : : *Salem.*

THE Newark "*Gazette*," says, "a number of the most worthy and respectable Ladies of this village have lately formed themselves into an Association for the relief of poor and distressed persons. This association is governed by a written constitution—has already acquired a considerable fund—and is extremely well calculated to effect the highly meritorious purpose of its pursuit. Females of almost every age have united in this praise-worthy undertaking—they reap their reward in the sweets of an approving conscience, and the exercise of that noblest principle of the human breast, heaven born Benevolence." ☞ *Many Societies of this kind, have recently been formed in various parts of the Union.* "*Go thou then, and do likewise.*"

INTELLIGENCE.

INUNDATION.

A VERY extraordinary event has destroyed two thirds of the village of Vila Gaurdia, near Oneille, in Italy, consisting of 80 houses and 400 inhabitants. The village was situated on the brow of a hill, in a fertile soil, well cultivated, and abounding in springs. In the evening of the 22d of Nov. several great cracks were perceived in the ground, near the church—it rained without intermission the whole night, and on the following morning a considerable part of the mountain fell, and buried the church in ruins; and 37 houses sunk into the earth by degrees, one after another—the wretched inhabitants were witnesses to the scene of desolation which continued the whole day—the vineyards, gardens and olive fields yielding to the mass which had fallen from the mountain, were precipitated into the torrent; the remnant of the mountain is now a barren rock, and for four miles round it nothing is seen but wretchedness and ruin

THE Lexington, "*Kentucky Gazette*," says, "The shareholders in the Kentucky Vine-Yard yesterday held a meeting at the house of Capt. Postlethwait, when a sample of Kentucky wine was exhibited, which was supposed only to want age, to make it equal to any. The company will dine together this day, when they will drink their own wine."

LITERARY.

S. H. Parker has this day published, Mrs. West's excellent "LETTERS *addressed to a young Man, on his first entrance into Life, and adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the present times.*"

"Give me the boy at the plough, and the girl at her spinning wheel, rather than Master learning metaphysics, and Miss studying life and manners, in the pages of *Wollstonecraft* and *Godwin*." Vol. 1, page 73.

E. Lincoln, of this town, has now in the press an edition of Doddridge's Sermons, on Regeneration.

☞ *Answers to Correspondents in our next.*

MARRIAGES.

In Castine, Capt. Elias Litchfield, to Miss Lucy Mann. In Salem, Mr. Nathaniel Cabot Lee, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Mary Ann Cabot; Mr. Nathaniel Ropes, to Miss Elizabeth Cleveland.

In Boston, Mr. Aaron Austin, merchant, of Portland, to Miss Eliza Packard; Mr. Wm. H. Perry, to Miss Ruth Dillaway.

DEATHS.

In New-Gloucester, Miss Betsy Lane, Æt 20. In Salem, Miss Mary Burrill, Æt 25; Mrs. Elizabeth Very, Æt 77. In Beverly, Mrs. Sally Young, Æt 46, wife of Rev. Joshua Young. In Medford, Miss Mary Brooks, Æt 30, daughter of Capt. Caleb B. In Brookline, Mrs. Hannah Lucas, Æt 59, the virtuous consort of John Lucas Esq. In Dedham, Mr. Thomas Weld. In Roxbury, Mrs. Hannah Lovering, Æt 67. In Hingham, Mr. Lehan Beals.

"At Mendon, on Tuesday last, by the accidental discharge of a gun, Francis Stone, Æt 14, son of Mr. Thomas Stone."

"At Framingham, Mr. Benjamin Edwards, Æt. 72, formerly of Boston."

In Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth Salisbury, Æt 29, consort of Mr. Samuel Salisbury, jun. merchant—Miss Sally Dennie, Æt 20, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Dennie; James Carter Barton, Æt. 13 and 6 mo. son of Mr. John B—; Mrs. Sarah Hales, widow, Æt. 76; Miss Sarah Hillyard, Æt. 25; Mr. John Wiswall, Æt. 42; Mrs. Sarah Bennett, Æt. 2; Mrs. Sarah Henry, Æt. 20—a stranger from the Alms-House; and two children. Total this week, ending yesterday, 21 persons.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ******

WHEN sinking 'neath the western hill,
Sol seeks his Thetis in the sea;
I'll gaze upon the winding rill,
And sigh whilst I remember *Thee.*

When Cynthia sheds her placid light,
And tips with silver every tree;
Tears oft will hide her from my sight,
Starting whilst I remember *Thee.*

The cot, the shrubs, the road which curves,
Far o'er the hill as eye can see;
Each well known object daily serves,
To make me remember *Thee.*

And were these not—yet to my mind,
Thy worth, thy form would present be;
E'en whispering through the trees the wind,
Would bid me still remember *Thee.*

But will one wandering thought of thine,
Rest in its rapid flight on me?
Nor to forgetfulness consign,
The friend who loves to think on *Thee.*

Yes sure, thy fancy oft will fly,
To scenes which once were dear to thee;
Yes, when these lines shall meet thine eye,
Thou smiling may'st remember *Me.* **.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE FEMALE FRIEND.

GIDDY girls, who up and down,
Flutter through the rattling town;
Flirting here, and flirting there,
While you for distinction stare:
Think, while flatt'rers round you croud,
In your praise profuse and loud,
Think that in their painted eyes,
Danger lurking, danger lies.

Giddy girls, who in your dress,
Follow fashion to excess,
And with ev'ry aid from art,
Dress, from admiration start:
Think how oft in circles bright,
While appearance breathes delight,
Round a room by scandal tost,
Female characters are lost.

Giddy girls, I do not mean,
Urg'd by envy, urg'd by spleen,
What you pleasure call to blame,
Spleen and envy I disclaim:
But as human life's a race,
While you run from place to place,
Let reflection guard your hearts,
'Gainst all base bewitching arts.

Giddy girls with wildness gay,
Do not turn from truth away;
To a female friend sincere,
Lend, O! lend a list'ning ear;
Trust me, while your charms you spread,
By the hopes of conquest led,
You may, in a luckless hour,
Loose your heart-defending power.

S. R***.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

WHEN I look round upon my acquaintance, and find them *falling* on my right hand, and on my left, (I mean in *Love*) it seems to sound in mine ears the admonition, "Be ye also ready." Now, Gentlemen, I by no means feel myself ready; but I have a desire to prepare for the event should it happen; and as it is fashionable to employ the pen on those occasions, I wish to exercise mine a little beforehand. I may, as I find leisure, suppose myself in a variety of situations, and endeavour to suit my verse to them. I am serious, I assure you, and offer a few lines as a first address.

TO MY MISTRESS.

Ah, if the lustre of thine eye,
Disturbs my peace, destroys my rest;
If thy sweet smile creates a sigh,
And wakens tumults in my breast!

What unknown torture would be mine,
If frowns should cloud that brow so fair;
Should that soft lustre cease to shine,
And thou reject my humble prayer?

Yours, ZAMA.

AN ACROSTIC.

Judicious nature, well didst thou restrain
One gift from him, who thousand hearts might slain.
How richly cloath'd his mind with every charm,
Nor spar'd thy beauties on his graceful form.

But why is speech, thought's channel thus denied?
Refus'd the sense articulate beside.—
Entire his soul doth in its prison move,
Will sure at last a virtuous system prove—
Since he's forbid in terms to declare his mind,
To soothe his days, be fortune ever kind;
Elysian blessings, may they constant flow,
Repelling from his mind all human woe.

EVELINA.

[☞ *The above gentleman has the misfortune to have been born* deaf *and* dumb—*is son to* Dr. John Brewster, *of* Hampton, (Con.)—*and though nature has deprived him of the greatest blessing, yet, she has given him the genius of an able artist, in delineating and taking striking and correct portraits. He is now on a visit to this town, and we understand he may be found at* Mr Rufus Farnham's, *No.* 14, Summer-street.] Editors.

THE NOVELIST.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

[*Continued from page* 100.]

I HAD not long been in this family before I discovered that every creature in it had a different interest; my master was old, covetous, jealous, and ill natured; my mistress young, fond of pleasure, dissipation and extravagance; she had a most seducing person, and had married, I found, merely to secure an independence. The next personage was a Miss Bladon, who was an humble friend to Mrs. Lum, and who, with few personal and less mental endowments, had taken a violent fancy to Captain Thornby; but it was in vain, she made the most humiliating advances, the captain had neither ears nor eyes, for any woman but my mistress; and poor Miss Bladon found that all the artillery of her eyes and wit were entirely thrown away; she therefore consulted with Unka to play him some trick, which should avenge his seeming insensibility. To this end she was more than ordinarily attentive to Mrs. Lum, often deplored the hard fate of one so young and beautiful being married to a man so penurious in his disposition, decrepit in his person, and morose in his temper. Mrs. Lum was a weak inconsiderate woman; she listened to these consolations with evident pleasure, and at length confessed how much she preferred Captain Thornby to her husband.—This was the very point Bladon aimed to gain; she therefore encouraged their intimacy, and at length connived at a private allignation to meet the ensuing night, when Mr. Lum was expected to be out very late. Of the allignation she took care to apprize the old gentleman, so that just as the lovers were engaged in an interesting *tete-a-tete* he returned, and in an authoritative voice demanded entrance to his wife's dressing room. What was now to be done, there was unfortunately but one door to the room, no closet, no possible place where the Captain could be concealed. At length, after much whispering and bustling, he threw himself from the window into the garden. This Bladon had foreseen, and as he descended saluted him with a full pail of water, which she discharged from an upper window on his head. Without a coat, bruised by his fall, and miserably wet, did poor Thornby attempt getting over the wall into the street, which, after many fruitless attempts, he at length effected, but his tormenter had not yet done with him; for she had previously informed some of his companions of what might possibly happen. Three or four of them received him as he came over the wall, and, in the delightful pickle he then was, carried him by force to a tavern, and introduced him to a room full of young fellows, met there on purpose to be merry at his expense.

However glaring appearances might be against Mrs. Lum, she contrived to make her husband believe she was innocent, and had been falsely aspersed; in that his suspicions being entirely lulled asleep, when Captain Thornby's ship was ready to sail, she took all her jewels and a large sum of money from her husband, and taking Unka with her, embarked with the Captain for England.

When the elopement was discovered, I thought old Lum would have lost his senses; he raved, tore his hair, and cursed his ill stars that had led him to marry such a young jilt. "As to her," said he, "I would not care a jot if she was in the bottom of the sea, if I had but my money again; five thousand pounds, and all those fine jewels that cost as many more. Oh, I shall never get the better of it: But, continued he, rising in a passion, I will clear my house of all these vipers, these hasilisks, these crocodiles; I will not have a woman come near my dwelling." He then ordered all his female slaves to be immediately sold, and desired Miss Bladon to quit his house, and take me with her; for, said he, she is a female, and perhaps may have some method of tormenting and deceiving people as well as others. Miss Bladon's finances were but low, and as she had no friend in Antigua, to whom she could apply for protection, she immediately agreed with the Captain of a vessel bound for England for her passage. On board of this vessel was a Colonel Manton, who was returning home after a long absence, to his native country: He took a fancy to me, and offered Miss Bladon 20 guineas for me—The money was not to be refused by a person in her circumstances, and I was taken on shore by the Colonel as a present for his only daughter. [*To be continued.*]

POOR POMPEY!

MELVILLE was going to spend the night at Lambeth. Crossing Westminster bridge about dusk, he saw an old man looking through the rails, his head resting on his hands. His deep-fetched sighs attracted the notice of Melville, who stopped at a short distance from the spot, wishing to console the afflicted stranger, but hesitating to address him. The wish to benefit a fellow-man is not always sufficient to furnish the means; and it often evaporates without effect, on account of the uncertainty which precedes it—like those luminous exhalations which impart no heat, and irrevocably disappear on the least agitation even of the air which has produced them.

Melville however approached the old man; and after a momentary pause of silence—"Excuse me, sir," said he; "but may I ask whether I can afford you any consolation, or render you any service?"

"Ah sir," replied the stranger, "a dying friend had bequeathed to me his dog, had particularly recommended him to my care, and I loved the animal—he was so fond, so faithful a creature! Poor Pompey never quitted me—never till this dreadful moment—for I have just now drowned him!"

"Drowned!"

"I was no longer able to keep him. The times are hard—extremely hard! I have a wife and a child; and they you know, deserve the preference. I offered Pompey to several persons; Pompey was not a handsome dog; and they refused to accept him. I could not see the affectionate creature starve; and I determined to put him out of pain.—I had the courage to execute the deed; but I shall never be able to pardon myself.—Oh! if you had seen him at the moment while I was tying the fatal stone about his neck! He looked in my face, licked my cheek, my hands, and seemed to say to me, "I pity thee; thou art about to part with a friend." Twice, sir, turning my eyes aside, I attempted to push him off the battlement, without having sufficient strength to execute my purpose.

At length I called to mind my wife and my child—and poor Pompey went.—I cannot describe what I felt on hearing the noise of his fall into the water. Poor Pompey! I shall never see thee more!"

Melville was affected to the soul. Unable to offer consolation to the mournful senior, he wished at least to divert his sorrow—"You must," said he to the old man—when, lo! a dog ran up to them.—'Twas Pompey himself, dripping wet, and panting for breath. He leaped upon his late master, who, like a man recovered from a trance, looked now at the dog, uncertain whether the whole were not a dream. At length he exclaimed, "Gracious heaven, 'tis he himself! Poor Pompey! is it possible, how couldst thou escape from death?"

Melville conceived himself authorized to become Pompey's interpreter, and thus explained the transaction to the astonished stranger. "In your grief, your trembling hands had ill tied the knot which fastened the fatal stone; in the fall it fell off, and Pompey swam to land."

"Yes replied the old man, it must have been so; I could not see what I was a doing; my eyes were dimmed with tears; and I was all in a tremor. I shuddered even at the courage which I exerted. But I shall never again feel similar courage—No! my poor Pompey! I will feed thee though the loaf should rise to half a crown. Rather than see thee want, I will sell my———."

"Sell nothing," interrupted Melville—"let THIS pay for Pompey's keeping until provisions become cheaper."

"A thousand thanks, sir," exclaimed the senior—"But may I ask who is my benefactor?"

"A man of feeling," answered Melville, "whose most exquisite enjoyment of the gifts of fortune consists in the pleasure of sharing them with his fellow creatures."

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's *wing,*
And bathe in HELICONIA's *spring;*
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And throw them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——No. XXIII.

Ergo age, care pater, cervix inflamere nefas;
Ipse fubito hymenæis; ubi malacus hic gravabit.

THE following letter contains a complaint of such a heinous nature, that for the honour of humanity I should hope it was fabulous, were it not a melancholy truth that too many instances exist, to prove it a reality. May the simple statement which is made of the *Father's* industry and misfortune, and the *Son's* success and depravity, strike to the heart of the offender, awaken his dormant sense of filial piety, and prompt to a future steady, and cheerful performance of his duty.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR GOSSIP,

AN intimate acquaintance of mine, appears to be dead to every sense of filial affection. He is the son of a poor, yet honest *farmer* of the vicinity, who, unable to support his son at home, after giving him a common school education, succeeded in placing him under the instruction of an eminent *trader* of this town; where he discovered such abilities in the line of this profession, that in due course of time, by the assistance of his master, he became an eminent trader himself. Fortune appears to have bestowed their smiles on the efforts of the *son*, which she sternly and to the last, denied to the no less honest endeavours of the father. The son married, and had a promising family of children; the latter left the partner of his youth by death, the adversities of this life took from him his little all, and age has now rendered him unfit for the labours of the field. Under these circumstances, he has been induced to seek an asylum under the roof of his son; is it not the obvious duty of the son to receive, to support and to comfort his father, and to do all in his power to render the few last days of his life serene and tranquil? I have no doubt but you will answer, certainly it is. Alas! how different his conduct! he seems to have forgotten his duty, to ridicule the idea of respect to his venerable supplicant, and even refuses to admit him to his table. My heart recoils with indignation, when experience every day tells me, that "such things are."

Do Mr. Gossip, pick up a lecture for this unfeeling son, endeavour to awaken in him a sense of duty, lest his children in a like case, should follow his example.

"——*The fword can kill*
Man's body; Gold deftroy his very foul."

Yours, PHILO jun.

IT appears strange, that in a civilized country, where men are in general educated in the principles of moral and religious rectitude, such a species of ingratitude as is here pointed at, should exist. Love and gratitude to the authors of our being, is a principle, which it should seem, springing from the first pulsations of the heart, would "*Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.*" When remembrance reverts to those days of helpless infancy, when without the paternal care we must have suffered, nay, perhaps, have perished, under the pressure of cold, hunger and neglect; our limbs have become contracted from the want of frequent ablutions, and that attention to cleanliness, so necessary to health, and our minds debased from a total neglect of proper correction and instruction; when a recollection of that period of imbecility rushes upon the mind, how can we but love and revere, with the most enthusiastic fervour, those kind friends, whose care, prevented all our wishes, supplied all our wants, corrected the erroneous propensities of our natures, and cultivated with tenderness, every latent virtue. I do not know any point of view, in which the Patriarch *Joseph*, appears more amiable, than when we behold him assiduously striving to procure for his aged father, whom famine had driven to seek an asylum in *Egypt*, those comforts and conveniences, which smoothed the descent to the tomb, and gave to his last hours, a bright beam of tranquility. How beautifully fascinating does *Ruth* appear, employed in gathering the scanty gleanings from the fields of the wealthy *Boaz*, to support an infirm and beloved mother. The New Testament too, affords an example of filial love in our blessed LORD, who, in the agonies of death, looked upon his mother, and compassionating her desolate state, recommended her to the care of his chosen disciple, in these expressive words, "*Behold thy Mother.*" As another incentive to the cheerful performance of our duty to parents, we are expressly told that he who honours them, shall have long life. Nor are instances of the beauty of this virtue, or precepts to enforce the performance of it, confined alone to the sacred writings; profane history abounds every where with examples, exciting admiration, and prompting to imitation.

How do we venerate the filial piety of *Cymon*, who endangered his own freedom, and became responsible for a large sum, which at that time, he had little prospect of ever being able to pay, except by personal servitude, in order that he might pay a fine, which the ungrateful *Athenians* had laid upon his father *Miltiades*, and who had refused the corpse of that brave general interment, until it should be paid. But the dutcous *Cymon*, would have cheerfully submitted to slavery, rather than the body of his father should suffer indignity, he raised the money, paid the fine, and procured for his parent, the honor of public and respectable sepulchral rites.——The Grecian Daughter nourishing her famished parent in prison, is an object peculiarly interesting, and will be transmitted to the latest posterity, as a striking example of filial love.——And who that reads Virgil's beautiful description of Æneas, bearing his ancient Father on his shoulders, through the flaming ruins of desolated Troy, but forgets the admiration he had previously felt for the hero, in his love and respect for the filial piety of the son.——These examples, and the high veneration those who performed them, have been held in, through all succeeding ages, ought to call a blush of shame to the cheek of every ungrateful unfeeling child. Ingratitude, in every sense, is detestable; but ingratitude to parents, is the heighth of human depravity. He who can be guilty of it, is restrained by nothing but the fear of legal punishment, from committing every enormity to which his hardened heart may incline.

But let such disgraces to humanity remember an hour of retribution will come, and that probably in this world, happy for them if it does; for they may then perhaps escape the less sufferable torments in the world to come. I some little time since met with a story, though I cannot recollect in what book, that is apposite to the subject: I shall relate it, and leave every undutiful child to profit by the inference their own consciences will consequently draw.

A gentleman who being engaged in an extensive manufactory, had occasion to employ a large number of labourers, was desired by an anonymous note, one day, to visit his principal workman, and make some enquiry after his father, whom the note informed Mr. Wells, (for so the gentleman was called) was sick and confined to his bed, and that his son suffered him to languish unattended in an upper room, on a deplorable bed, and without a due. Mr. Wells, struck with horror at this information, hastened to the house of Dobson, the workman, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of the information. Neither Dobson nor his wife were at home, a child of eight years old opened the door, and on his enquiry for the old man, answered that "Granddad was sick up stairs"—"I will go up and see him," said Mr. Wells. "La, sir," said the child, "he's up in the book garret, and mammy will scold, if I let's any body go up there." "I will take care she shall not scold you," said he, "so shew me the way." "Granddad's very sick indeed," said the child, her face crimsoned with agitation, "Daddy says, he don't think he'll live long"—"And you are very sorry for that,' said Mr. Wells, willing to try how the child would answer, as by that he might form some judgment of the disposition of the parents. "N—o," said the girl, hesitating, "not very—he's very old, and mammy says, he's so tiresome," Mr. Wells had heard enough, he ascended the stairs hastily, the child shewing the way; but on entering the miserable chamber, he recoiled with horror from the heart rending scene. On a wretched flock bed, in one corner of a garret, the shattered casements of which exposed it to every inclemency of the elements, lay poor old Dobson, worn almost to a skeleton, by pain of body and anguish of heart; his beard was of a frightful length, his countenance of a livid paleness, and his eyes sunk and divested entirely of intelligence. Two dirty blankets were the whole of his covering; and on the floor by his side, in a coarse porringer, was a little small beer with a few crusts of bread broken into it.—"Great God!" exclaimed Mr. Wells, and caught by the door to support himself. "Ah! who is that?" said the aged sufferer, in a tremulous voice—"'Tis Mr. Wells," cried the half frightened child, "he would come up to see you, Granddad"—"Go down child" said Mr. Wells, "send for your father, and I will stay here until he comes." He then seated himself on an old chest, entered into conversation with the old man, and heard a most lamentable tale of the insults and cruelties he endured from his undutiful children, "I sometimes am a whole day without food," said he, "and when they do send me any, it is such scraps and bits, that my stomach refuses to take them. I have not known the refreshing comforts of clean linen for many weeks, and when I complain to my barbarous son, he says, I shall have a good clean shroud one of these days"—"Monster!" said Mr. Wells. In a very short time, the son returned, and terrified at hearing who was above stairs, with his father, ran up; but thinking to bear all out boldly, began, the moment he entered the room to bluster, saying, "he supposed Mr. Wells had heard a fine parcel of complaints." "I do not go by what I hear, but what I see," said Mr. Wells, sternly pointing to the bed.—"Well," said the unfeeling man, "it's as good as I can afford him—my wife, and the children occupy all the other beds, except one in the best chamber, which I keep for a friend;—and if you did but know how cross and fractious the old man is, how he is always wanting this, and that, and t'other—and finding fault with every thing;—and he has no right to complain, for he treated his old father worse; he did not allow him even a bed to lie on; and many a time have I been sent up into this very room with scraps scarcely good enough for a dog to live upon."—"Is this true," said Mr. Wells, to the old man. He made no answer, but hiding his face in the bed cloathes, remained silent. "However," continued Mr Wells, turning angrily to the son, "be that as it may, you have no right to punish the faults of your father; whatever may have been his conduct in early life, you experienced from him only acts of kindness, he gave you a good common education, had you instructed in a respectable trade, and gave you wherewithal to begin life with comfort;—from you, therefore, there is due towards him a large debt of gratitude. Go then, prepare a bed in your best chamber, as you call it, send your wife hither with clean linen, and refreshment for your father, let him have the comfort of being shaved and washed; remove him into a good bed, and send for a nurse and physician." The man hesitated. "Go,' said Mr. Wells, peremptorily, "do as I have said, or never expect another day's employment from me." This threat had the desired effect, he went down, and the old man, raising his eyes to Mr. Wells, said, "It is all true, and I am punished justly; I suffered my poor father to want every comfort, and to be for months in this wretched apartment, unnoticed, unattended." His whole frame shook violently, and a cold sweat burst from every pore. Mrs. Dobson entered, and a person with her, who, assisted by Mr. Wells, washed and shaved the penitent sufferer, and changed his linen, giving him at intervals, a spoonful or two of warm negus, with a small portion of biscuit, dipped into it. This done, they prepared to remove him down stairs, wrapped a large gown round him, and raised him on his feet; but a sudden faintness overcame him, he sunk down again, and feebly exclaiming, "Oh! God, thou art just! here on this spot, where I suffered my father to perish; here I must expiate ——" His voice failed, he groaned deeply, and expired.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——No. XVI.

"*Tyrants no more their savage nature kept.* POPE.

THE following little piece from the French of St. LAMBERT, has many beauties in the original; and to some it may not be uninteresting in its present rough dress.

"DURING the last wars in America, a party of Abenaki Savages defeated an English detachment. The vic-

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quished were unable to escape, from an enemy, more nimble in the course than they, and eager to pursue them; and were treated with a barbarity, of which there are few examples even in those countries.

A young English officer, pressed by two Savages, that attacked him with uplifted hatchets, had no longer any hope of life: he thought only of selling his life at a high price. At this instant an old Savage, armed with a bow, approached him, and prepared to pierce him with an arrow; but after having adjusted it, he suddenly dropped his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and the two barbarians who were going to massacre him; they retired with respect. The old man took the Englishman by the hand, reanimated him with his caresses, and conducted him to his cabin, where he always treated him with a sweetness that was never diminished. He made him less his slave than his companion. He taught him the language of the Abenakies, and the grossarts in use among this people. They both lived very contentedly with each other. One thing alone gave inquietude to the young Englishman; sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and after having regarded him, would shed tears.

At the return of spring, the Savages re-assumed their arms, and took the field. The old man, who was still sufficiently robust to support the fatigues of war, set out with them, accompanied by his prisoner. The Abenakies made a march of more than two hundred leagues through the forests; at length they arrived at a plain, where they discovered an English camp. The old Savage shewed it to the young man, and regarding his countenance, "Behold thy brethren," said he; "these are they, whom we seek to combat. Listen to me; I have saved thy life; I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows, and to surprise the elk in the forest; to manage the hatchet, and to strike terror into the enemy. What wast thou when I conducted thee into my cabin? Thy hands were those of an infant; they served neither to nourish nor to defend thee; thy soul was enveloped in night; thou knewest nothing; to me thou owest all. Wouldst thou be so ungrateful as to reunite thyself to thy brethren, and raise the hatchet against us?" The Englishman protested, that he would rather lose his life a thousand times, than shed the blood of an Abenaki.

The Savage, bowing his head, covered his face with his hands; after having been some time in this attitude, he looked upon the young Englishman, and said to him in a tone of mixed tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?" "He was alive," said the young man, "when I quitted my country." "Oh! how unhappy he is!" exclaimed the Savage; and after a moment of silence he added, "Knowest thou, that I have been a father? I am one no more. I have seen my son fall in battle; he was by my side. I have seen him die manfully; he was covered with wounds, my son, when he fell. But I have avenged him; yes, I have avenged him," he pronounced these words with energy; his whole body trembled; he was almost stifled by groans, which he would not suffer to escape. His eyes were wild. His tears flowed not. He calmed himself by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was going to rise, he said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou this beautiful sky, resplendent with light? Hast thou pleasure in regarding it?"—"Yes," said the Englishman, "I have pleasure in regarding this beautiful sky."—"Ah well! I regard it with pleasure no more," said the Savage, shedding a torrent of tears. A moment after, he fell with the young man a tree, which was in his train. "Seest thou this beautiful tree," said he; "hast thou pleasure in regarding it?"—"Yes, I have pleasure in regarding it."—"I regard it with pleasure no more," replied the Savage with precipitation; and immediately added, "Depart, go into thy own country, that thy father may yet have pleasure in viewing the sun, which is rising, and the flowers of the spring."

N. F. LAMBERT.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF PLUTARCH.

IT has long been a complaint, that those who teach us wisdom by the surest ways, should generally live poor and unregarded, as if they were born only for the public, and had no interest in their own well being, but were to be lighted up like tapers, to waste themselves for the benefit of others. This, however, did not apply to Plutarch, for he lived in an age that was favorable to, his virtues, and found a Trajan to reward him, as Aristotle did an Alexander.

It is agreed that Plutarch was born at Chæronea, a small city of Bœotia, in Greece; between Attica and Phocis, and reaching to both seas. Several called the moral spot of our author, a country of fat weather, owing to the foggy air; but be it remembered, that it nevertheless produced three men, which were comparable to any three Athenians, Pindar, Epaminondas, and our Plutarch. The year of Plutarch's birth is uncertain, but without dispute in the reign of Claudius.

Our author in his works speaks of his father as a man well read in learning and poetry, and commends his prudence and humanity. The father of Plutarch had many children beside him. Timon and Lamprias, his brothers, were bred up with him; all three instructed in the liberal sciences, and in all parts of philosophy. Plutarch evinced a great affection for his relatives, indeed they according to his own account, merited his esteem, for they were kind and affectionate.

Plutarch, at the end of Themistocles's life relates, that being young, he was upon tour on the house of Ammonius, the Egyptian Philosopher whom he brings in disputing with his scholars, and giving them instructions. The custom of those times was very much different from those of ours, where the greatest part of our youth is spent in learning the words of dead languages. The Grecians who thought all barbarians but themselves, despised the use of foreign tongues; the first elements of their breeding were the knowledge of nature, and the accommodation of that knowledge by several precepts to the service of the public and the private offices of virtue; the masters employing one part of their time in reading to and discoursing with their scholars, and the rest in appointing them their several exercises, whether in oratory or philosophy, and setting them to declaim and dispute among themselves. By this liberal education, study was so far from being a burthen, that in a short time it became a habit; and philosophical questions and criticisms of humanity were their usual recreations at their meals. Boys lived then as the better sort of men do now; for their conversation was well-bred and manly. Rods and ferules were not used by Ammonius, as being properly the punishment of slaves, and not the correction of ingenious free-born men. Plutarch therefore having the assistance of such a master as Ammonius, in a few years advanced to admiration in knowledge; for, like a true philosopher, who minded things not words—he strove not even to cultivate his mother tongue with any great exactness. As it was his good fortune to be moulded first by masters the most excellent in their kind, so it was his own virtue to suck in with an incredible desire their wise instructions; and it was also his prudence to manage his health by moderation of diet and bodily exercise, as to attain a good old age, and be vigorous to the last. We find that Plutarch visited Egypt, which was at that time as it formerly had been, famous for learning. From Egypt, returning into Greece, he visited in his way all the academies and schools of the different philosophers, and gathering from them many of those observations with which he has enriched posterity.

In his treatise which he composed on Content and Peace of mind, he has displayed a rich cabinet of matter. We may perceive in his writings the desire he had to imprint his precepts in the souls of his readers, and to lodge morality in families, nay, even to exalt it to the throne of sovereign princes, and to make it the rule and measure of their government. The Pythagorean, Epicurean, Stoic, and peripatetic philosophy, were familiar to him, but he was chiefly inclined to follow Plato, whose memory he so much reverenced, that annually, he celebrated his birth day, and also that of Socrates.

It appears that moral philosophy was his chiefest aim, because the principles of it admitted of less doubt, and are most conducive to the benefit of human life; for after the example of Socrates, he had found that the speculations of natural philosophy were rather delightful than solid and profitable; and thus they were obstruse and thorny, and had much of sophistry in the selection of appearances. He forgot not to be pleasant when he instructed, for he was no four philosopher. As to his religion it was heathen. Alas!—That he was no Christian is manifest; yet he is no where found to have spoken of our religion with contumely. Thus lost days of him, that we had heard of our holy gospel, and inferred many of our sacred mysteries in his works, which we may easily believe, because the Christian Churches were then spread in Greece. But leaving the soul of Plutarch, with our charitable wishes, to his Maker, we shall proceed on to more entertaining passages of his life, evading a disquisition respecting the doctrine of spirits.

Plutarch has spoken of his wife in language the most affectionate. He has extolled her conjugal virtues, her gravity in behaviour, and her constancy in supporting the loss of children. Some think the famous critic Longinus, was of Plutarch's family. It is evident to insist on his conduct in his family; his love to his wife, his indulgence to his children, his care of their education, are all manifest in that part of his works which is called his Morals.

Other writers have praised his profession, and he himself drops this testimony, "I had rather," said he "be forgotten in the memory of man, and it should be said, there neither is nor was a man, called Plutarch, than that they should report this Plutarch was inconstant, changeable in his tempers, prone to anger and revenge on the least occasion." There is a pretty anecdote related of Plutarch and a certain slave, who in his disposition somewhat resembled the harmless Sancho Pancha, excepting that his composition had more of the vinegar in it. Plutarch being justly offended at this fellow, gave orders for his correction; the slave no sooner felt the smart, than he howled out lustily, but on a sudden he left off his lamentations and began to argue the matter with more show of reason and accused Plutarch of not being the philosopher he pretended himself to be. Plutarch gave his reasonings a patient hearing; he assured his slave that in him he did not discover any symptoms of anger, for he was quite calm, and turning to the officer, bid him do his duty, whilst he and the slave disputed the matter.

We have strong reasons to conclude that Plutarch was at Rome, either in the joint reign of the two Vespasians or at least in that of the survivor Titus; and that the correspondence he had with the worthy Sossius Senecio, principally induced him to undertake the journey thither. On his arrival at Rome, soon was he countenanced by the wisest of that age, who, with the nobility frequented his house, in order to hear his philosophical lectures. About this time Plutarch was honoured with the friendship of Trajan; and it is said that this wise emperor made use of him in all his counsels, and that the happiness which attended him in his undertakings, together with the administration of the government, which in all his reign was just and regular, proceeded from the instructions which were given him by Plutarch.

Whilst at Rome Plutarch industriously applied himself to the Roman history and laws, and the native character; hence was he not only enabled to write the history of their great men, but to draw masterly parallels between the Grecian and Roman heroes. It is generally thought that he continued in Italy near forty years. The desire of visiting his own country, so natural to all men, and the approaches of old age, and perhaps also the death of Trajan, prevailed with him at last to leave Italy, or if you will have it in his own words, "He was not willing that his little city should be one the less by his absence."

After his return he was, by the unanimous consent of his citizens chosen archon, or chief magistrate of Chæronea; and not long after, admitted himself into the number of Apollo's priests, in which employments he seems to have continued to his death, of which we have no particular account, only it is evident that he lived to a great old age.

Thus much with respect to the life of this great man. We shall take a slight survey of his works, many of which are irrecoverably lost. His Lives are, however, of themselves, a stupendous monument to his fame, and his *Morals* crown this towering edifice with a sort of never fading laurel.

We might declaim with rapture on the beauties of history; suffice it, that it is a very prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. Biography, or the history of men's lives, although not possessing the dignity of history, nevertheless excels in pleasure and instruction. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks posterity can pay them; but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour, when they are thus contracted into individuals. Plutarch was fertile of this truth, and posterity have profited by his labours; Plutarch knew the value of good morals, and Plutarch was incessant in furnishing mankind with lessons of wisdom. Mankind, to their honour, have felt a gratitude to their benefactor.

CARRUTH.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER TO THE QUERY, IN THE LAST MAGAZINE.

IF it takes two hours for the modern fine Gentleman to make a Lady believe herself an Angel, it will take a man of sense just as long to convince her she is a fool, as it will the fool in question, to turn the brains of a fop, viz. *five minutes.*

Nahant, April, 1803. MIMA SNAP.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

HAIL, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail, thou unobstructed ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and, after a momentary space, are immerged forever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious, how awful are the forms thou displayest!

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Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed, when the morning silvers the level line of the horizon, or when its evening tract is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens! or whether we behold thee in thy terrors; when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds; when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay!

And yet mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss?

The mind staggers with the immensity of its own conceptions: and, when it contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does it shrink at the idea of that divine power which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice has fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!—*Keate's Sketches of Nature.*

THE MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following *coup de main* was played off at a shop in Oxford street a short time since. A well dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a woolen draper's shop, in the afternoon; he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a boy, like a servant or errand-lad, with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying "bid the taylor lose no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my lord's concert; I cannot go without it's done if I do I shall lose twenty guineas." The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase;—the draper asked the gentleman if he did not want lining, and trimmings, &c. The answer was, "Yes; I forgot that; God bless me! I must go to the taylor now myself with them."—He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green bag, for which my lord had offered him forty guineas, and which he refused. He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprize, but recollected he must have left it at the music shop, where he had been to buy a sonata! it was certainly safe; he had been no where else; and if the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw in a niche behind the counter, he would leave it till he returned with the money; but may be that he might not come till next morning, as it was probable he might stay late at my lord's, where he was going to rehearse with some amateurs.

The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman observing it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after another person came for some linnen trifle, and cheapened a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was "no: the owner would not sell it for forty guineas;" "It must be a good one," said the stranger; "permit me to see it." He took it; tried it, and was in raptures. "It's a charming instrument, Sir; I'll give you forty guineas." "Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it."—"I'll give thirty, Sir; do let me have it"—and he took out his purse. "I cannot" said the draper again. "Let me finger it a little more; Sir you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, Sir; Oh, by G—, that's a divine tone; I'll give three forty guineas, Sir, and pay you commission for having it; and I'll call to-morrow morning." "I shall do my endeavour, Sir."—

The draper now thought he should make a hit; the commission probably on both sides was not to be neglected. Early next morning came the owner of the violin, to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. "Will you sell your violin, Sir?" "No, sir—do you play?" "No, but I have a mind to make a present, and you say this is a good one. Will you take twenty guineas for it?" "I tell you, sir, I have refused forty." "Come, I'll give you thirty." "No, sir, I should affront my Lord if any body else was to get it." "Come, come, you say you have another." "Are, that is true, and as like this one, as can be." "Well, I will give you thirty four guineas and no more."—"Why, to be sure, I should not like to let my Lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it; so as you seem to like it, if you give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my Lord does not know one from the other." The thirty four guineas were paid. The draper has got a violin which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for. Such are the kind of hits which avarice sometimes makes; for the divine toned instrument proves to be a Dutch one of half a guinea price!

As a number of persons were one evening relating to each other the various extraordinary incidents which had fallen within their observation, a gentleman traveller attracted the attention of the company by the following:—"As I was once passing through a forest, I heard a rustling noise in the bushes near the road; and being impelled by curiosity, I was determined to know what it was; when I arrived at the spot, I found that it was occasioned by a large STICK, *which was so d—d crooked, it could not lie still.*"

Morristown paper.

[*From London Papers.*]

A SCHOOLMASTER hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced the word full; the master told him it should be spoken without the H, as thus, *onour*: "Very well, Sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Aye," said his master, "always drop the H." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait until it was cold; when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire, and *heat* it: "yes Sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, *eat it.* Presently the master calls for his muffin; "I have eat it, as you bid me," said the boy: "eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it." "But, Sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the H."

A GENTLEMAN setting down to write a deed, began it thus: "Know one woman by these Presents." A bystander interrupted him, and said it should be, "Know all Men by these Presents." "No matter," says he, "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

A SEA Captain having made some material blunders in his reckoning, and finding that he could not discover the latitude, walked the deck in great despondency, wringing his hands, and crying out in a pathetic tone, "Oh! if my dear wife knew where I was!" "By St. Patrick, (said a surly tar) I would much rather, Sir, that you knew yourself."

MAXIMS.

1. THE best way to appear respectable, is to appear happy.

2. There is no end to the inconveniences arising from want of order and of punctuality.

3. Happy the woman, who can distinguish the sincere but bold admirer, from the apparently modest gallant, whose heart is cold and barren as the island of Zembla!

4. It is in every body's mouth, "Much depends on the choice of your companions." I say books are companions; songs are companions; words are companions.

5. If you would never be ashamed, never do wrong.

6. Rich clothes are sometimes spoiled in making; but good deeds are often ineffectual, though the ungraceful manner, in which they are performed.

REMARKABLE.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

SOME years ago, as a gentleman was travelling from Strasburg, in company with a merchant of that city, attended by one servant, and a favourite dog, the merchant, for his amusement, stopped a short time under the shelter of some beautiful trees which grew on one side of the road; but on his endeavouring to remount his horse, the dog seized his coat, and held him with all its strength, growling and barking in a very uncommon manner. Unable to form any idea of the cause, the parties were all apprehensive of the animal's being mad. The master bade him forcerly, and at length getting from his hold, attempted to pursue his route; but the dog not only continued his barkings, but bit at the horse's mane and feet, intimating, that the merchant, who was a man of strong pulture, drew a pistol and wounded him mortally. Upon receiving the wound the dog fell, but in a few moments recovered himself, and casting a most piteous look at his enraged master, turned back, and crawled towards the city. The travellers pursued their journey for about three miles, when they stopped at an inn for refreshment. In attempting to discharge the bill, the merchant now found that he had forgot among the trees, a leather belt, made in the manner of a shot belt, in which, according to the custom of travellers in Germany, he carried his money; recollecting, however the precacy of the place, and that no other person had passed the road, he was not in the least uneasy at the event, and remounted riding back with his servant, to recover his property. His fellow-traveller, however, not only offered, but insisted on returning with him. Upon their arrival at the fatal spot, there lay the dog, and on it the sagacious victim of fidelity breathing its last breath in convulsions. A spectacle so extremely melancholy, forcibly affected the whole party; but how was the distress increased, when the merchant, seized by a violent phrensy, flew to his pistol, and endeavoured to lodge the contents in his own body, and his companion and servant were obliged to use the utmost force to prevent him from self-destruction. Having, however, secured him so as to prevent the immediate fatal effects of insanity, they returned to Strasburg; where, notwithstanding every medical effort, the unfortunate merchant in a few days died raving mad!

Lond. P.

INTELLIGENCE.

[*Boston, Saturday Evening, April 23, 1803.*]

MIDDLESEX CANAL.

IT is said, that the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal will shortly realize the fruits of their enterprize and perseverance. Immense numbers of raft, composed of large logs, as well as of such, as are designed for masts and spars are ready to be floated into Charles' River. We are credibly informed, that the quantity of timber, for this purpose, which is already swimming in the Merrimac, or on the banks of that river, amounts to at least *four millions of feet.* The price of timber is consequently greatly enhanced of late throughout the neighbourhood of the canal.

BERRY-STREET ACADEMY.

EVERY attempt to excite a spirit of virtuous emulation in youth deserves applause and gratitude. It was with peculiar pleasure that a most respectable company attended on last Thursday evening, to attend the exercises; their performances were highly gratifying, and received the applause so justly due; to select one over from this amiable school, as an object more particularly deserving praise would be ungenerous, and a reflection upon others not less deserving; from their spirited exertions to gain our esteem. Mr. and Mrs. Payne, their worthy preceptor and preceptress, merit every attention and encouragement, which a grateful public can bestow. Their system of education so admirably calculated to give birth to reflection, is evinced by the correct progress their scholars make in the various branches of useful knowledge and polite accomplishments.

To READERS and CORRESPONDENTS.

Ophelia's pretty verses shall grace our next.

Marcia to Zama, in our next.

Peter Prebe, Esq. will see his communication at a very early period.

Chase of the Wild Hog, on file.

The Confidant, on Flattery, shall be noticed.

Adonizmo's verses we presume, would not excite admiration.

S. in imitation of Southy—good.

We beg leave to decline a *pasteboard*, signed PEGGY.

Jack Packwood's intent is good, but the language is not such as we would present to the eye of our female patrons. The story contains an excellent moral, and we should like to see it in a better dress.

April—like the month it celebrates, neither one thing, nor another.

Cure for Love, and some extracts from a Halifax paper, sent us by a correspondent, very trifling.—We must also decline The Choice, by a young Lady.

Rebus on Beauty, not beautiful composition.

Verses to the Moon, vastly fine, but in in the first two we have ever heard of the silver moon beams *gilding* the trees.

Verses to Nancy—will interest no one but Nancy.

Verses by Morgan Rattler, too trifling and inaccurate for insertion.

On Calumny, by Observer, common place.

ORDAINED.

In Salem, on Wednesday last, the Rev. Samuel Worcester, as pastor over the Tabernacle Society, in that town.

MARRIAGES.

In Boston, Mr. Thomas Waterman, to Miss Mary Vaughan; Mr. Wm. Bicknell, to Miss Martha Bolton, of Salem.

DEATHS.

In Falmouth, Maine, Mrs. Mercy Paine, Æt 94. She lived to see her 256th child, viz. 22 children, 73 grandchildren, and 36 great grand children.

In St. Lucia, Capt. Richard Thompson, of Boston Æt. 26. In Marblehead, Mrs. Blackler, Æt 40, wife of Capt. John C. Blackler.—In Topsfield, Mr. David Perkins, Æt. 77. In Salem, Mr. Joseph Young, Æt. 36.

In Boston, Mr. Seth Baxter, jun. Æt. 28. Andrew A. Newell, youngest son of Capt. And. Newell; Capt Charles Procter, Æt. 48; Mrs. Mary Barker, wife of Mr. Daniel B. Dea. John Sale, late of Chelsea, Æt. 75; Mr. Wm. Porter, Æt. 83. Miss Elizabeth Bowrne, Æt. 75—and Mrs. Silas —Total, 9 for the week ending yesterday.

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Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed, when the morning silvers the level line of the horizon, or when its roseate tract is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens! or whether we behold thee in thy terrors; when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds; when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay!

And yet mighty deep! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss!

The mind staggers with the immensity of its own conceptions: and, when it contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does it shrink at the idea of that divine power which originally laid thy foundations so fure, and whose omnipotent voice has fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!—*Keate's Sketches of Nature.*

THE MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following *coup de main* was played off at a shop in Oxford street a short time since. A well dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a woolen draper's shop, in the afternoon; he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a boy, like a servant or errand-lad, with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying "bid the taylor he no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my lord's concert; I cannot go without it's done if I do I shall lose twenty guineas." The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase;—the draper asked the gentleman if he did not want lining, and trimmings, &c. The answer was, "Yes; I forgot that; God bless me! I must go to the taylor now myself with them."—He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green bag, for which my lord had offered him forty guineas, and which he refused. He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprise, but recollected he must have left it at the music shop, where he had been to buy a sonata! it was certainly safe; he had been no where else; and if the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw in a niche behind the counter, he would leave it till he returned with the money; but may be that he might not come till next morning, as it was probable he might sit by late at my lord's, where he was going to rehearse with some amateurs.

The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman observing it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after another person came for some small article, and cheapened a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was "no: the owner would not sell it for forty guineas:" "It must be a good one," said the stranger; "permit me to see it." He took it; tried it, and was in raptures. "It's a charming instrument, Sir; I'll give you twenty guineas." "Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it."—"I'll give thirty, Sir; do let me have it"—and he took out his purse. "I cannot" said the draper again. "Let me finger it a little more; Sir you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, Sir; Oh, by G—, that's a divine tone; I'll give thee forty guineas, Sir, and pay you commission for buying it; and I'll call to-morrow morning." "I shall do my endeavour, Sir."—

The draper now thought he should make a bit; the commission probably on both sides too was not to be neglected. Early next morning came the owner of the violin, to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. "Will you sell your violin, sir?" "No, sir—do you play?" "No, but I have a mind to make a present, and you say this is a good one. Will you take twenty guineas for it?" "I tell you, sir, I have refused forty." "Come, I'll give you thirty." "No, sir, I should affront my Lord if any body else was to get it." "Come, come, you say you have another." "Aye, that is true, and as like this one, as can be." "Well, I will give you thirty four guineas and no more."—"Why, to be sure, I should not like to let my Lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it; so as you seem to like it, if you give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my Lord does not know one from the other." The thirty four guineas were paid. The draper has got a violin which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for. Such are the kind of bite which avarice sometimes makes; for the divine toned instrument proves to be a Dutch one of half a guinea price!

AT a number of persons were one evening relating to each other the various extraordinary incidents which had fallen within their observation, a gentleman traveller attracted the attention of the company by the following:—"As I was once passing through a forest, I heard a rustling noise in the bushes near the road; and being impelled by curiosity, I was determined to know what it was; when I arrived at the spot, I found that it was occasioned by a large STICK, *which was so d—d crooked, it could not be still.*"

Morrisstown paper.

[From London Papers.]

A SCHOOLMASTER hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced the word foll; the master told him it should be spoken without the H, as thus, *onour*: "Very well, Sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Aye," said his master, "always drop the H." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait until it was cold; when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire, and *heat* it: "yes Sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, *eat it.* Presently the master calls for his muffin; "I have eat it, as you bid me," said the boy: "eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it." "But, Sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the H."

A GENTLEMAN setting down to write a deed, began it thus: "Know one woman by these Presents." A bystander interrupted him, and said it should be, "Know all Men by these Presents." "No matter, says he, "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

A SEA Captain having made some material blunders in his reckoning, and finding that he could not discover the latitude, walked the deck in great despondence, wringing his hands, and crying out in a pathetic tone, "Oh! if my dear wife knew where I was!" "By St. Patrick, (said a surly tar) I would much rather, Sir, that you knew yourself."

MAXIMS.

1. THE best way to appear respectable, is to appear happy.

2. There is no end to the inconveniences arising from want of order and of punctuality.

3. Happy the woman, who can distinguish the sincere but bold admirer, from the apparently modest gallant, whose heart is cold and barren as the island of Zembla!

4. It is in every body's mouth, "Much depends on the choice of your companions." I say books are companions; hangs are companions; words are companions.

5. If you would never be ashamed, never do wrong.

6. Rich clothes are sometimes spoiled in making; but good deeds are often ineffectual, through the ungraceful manner, in which they are performed.

REMARKABLE.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

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Ophelia's pretty verses shall grace our next.

Marcia to Zuma, in our next.

Peter Probe, Esq. will see his communication at a very early period.

Chase of the Wild Hog, on file.

The Confidant, on Flattery, shall be noticed.

Admirator's verses we presume, would not excite *admiration.*

S. in imitation of Southy—good.

We beg leave to decline a *pajtoral*, signed E***.

Jack Patchwork's intent is good, but the language is not such as we would present to the eye of our female patrons. The story contains an excellent moral, and we should like to set it in a better dress.

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Cure for Love, and some extracts from a Halifax paper, sent us by a correspondent, very trifling.—We must also decline The Choice, by a young Lady.

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Verses by Morgan Rattler, too trifling and inaccurate for insertion.

On Calumny, by Observer, came too late.

ORDE

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON QUITTING THE LADIES' ACADEMY AT MEDFORD.

ON fleeting wings the happy hours flew!
They are gone, and I muſt bid a laſt adieu
To ſcenes of happineſs;
To ſcenes impreſs'd on mem'ry's laſting pow'r,
(Not the impreſſion of a tranſient hour,
Which time will ſoon eraſe,)
But ſtrongly ting'd with gratitude's warm glow,
Which feeble language has not words to ſhow,
Nor yet my pen impart;
Fain would I ſtrive, but my young muſe is weak,
And language is inadequate to ſpeak,
Th' emotions of my heart.
I part from thoſe, whom friendſhip has endear'd,
From thoſe aſſociates, with whom I've ſhar'd
Rich education's ſweets;
But great the claims of love and gratitude:
My heart by the ſenſations is ſubdu'd,
And will be while it beats,
To'rds an inſtructreſs, infinitely dear;
Whoſe kind attention, tenderneſs and care,
Never can be repaid:
Who to infuſe the principles of truth,
Religion, virtue, in the minds of youth,
Leaves no art uneſſay'd.
But I no more ſhall her inſtructions ſhare,
Thoſe valu'd precepts never more ſhall hear
Which ſo impreſſive flow.
But to thoſe virtuous precepts to adhere,
And profit by them, ſtill ſhall be my care
And future guide below.
Fain would my willing mind make ſome return,
Fain paint the heart that will forever burn
With boundleſs grateful love;
But worth like hers in deathleſs fame ſhall live,
And at ſome future period receive
A bright reward above.

Medford, April 16th, 1803. M. W.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Written after having taken leave of a reſpected Friend for the night.

BELMOUR, o'er thy repoſing head,
May guardian angels wings extend,
Whilſt ſleeping, may they watch thy bed,
When waking, ſtill thy life defend.

May Peace reſide within thy breaſt,
Long may'ſt thy virtues grace the earth,
Be thou by fortune's favours bleſt,
Proportioned equal to thy worth.

Oh that my prayers had the pow'r,
To gain from heav'n a boon for thee;
Then ſhould'ſt dear Belmont from this hour,
The happieſt of the happy be.

May ſacred Friendſhip for thee glow,
May'ſt thou be bleſt in faithful love;
And ſhould thy breaſt one ſorrow know,
Their ſympathy the grief remove.

Calm be thy ſlumbers, ſoft and light,
And may the dreams thoſe ſlumbers bring;
Be pleaſant, yet as pure and bright
As is the ſoul from whence they ſpring.

TON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

R.

AGAZINE.

...e's known,
...with a clown;

With a letter beginning a very fine flower,
And a paſſion we all know has very great power;
A vowel belonging to a place of reſort,
And the ſeaſon of life beſt ſuited to ſport;
Arrange the initials and then you will find
A Lady accomplißhed, in virtue and mind. O.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AN ACROSTIC.

INERTELY ſordid every breaſt muſt be;
Stagnant in ſpirit that can tamely ſee,
Regardleſs even of a grateful buſt,
A daring warrior ſink in ſilent duſt.—
Encircling laurels let the trump of fame,
Long bind around the patient hero's name.

Peerleſs in proweſs, PUTNAM's name ſhall paſs;
Unfaded follow in the vet'ran claſs,
Teaching the world that thoſe bright deeds were done,
Maintain'd by ardor for our rights alone;
And while the faithful page its tribute pays,
No ſervile ſlander ſhall depreſs the praiſe.

A. Z.

THE NOVELIST.

ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

[*Continued from page* 104.]

WHEN I arrived at Portman Square, the place of the Colonel's reſidence, I was preſented by him to a young lady, the emblem of beauty and innocence.—She was ſeated at the breakfaſt table with her father and a maiden aunt, when the ſervant brought me in. "Here Sybby," ſaid the Colonel, "this is the preſent I promiſed you; 'tis a good-natured docile creature, therefore, I think, I need not deſire you to be kind to it." Miſs Manton, while her father had been ſpeaking, had opened the door of my cage, and taking me on her finger, "Pretty Poll, ſaid ſhe, raiſing me toward her lovely face, I ſhall ſurely love you for the ſake of the donor, and I hope my dear father does not think his daughter capable of being unkind to any thing in exiſtence that depends on her care and tenderneſs for ſupport and protection." "Oh, to be ſure, you are vaſtly tender hearted, (cried Miſs Dorothy, the maiden aunt,) nobody ever doubted that:" "And I would have her ſo," ſaid the father mildly, at the ſame moment caſting a look of the moſt benignant complacency at his child.

What! would you have her take all the beggar's brats in London under her care?

Beggar's brats, madam, ſaid Miſs Manton, reddening, I don't know what you mean by uſing that appellation to the offspring of Mr. Rowley.

The Colonel had appeared much ſurpriſed at this converſation between his ſiſter and daughter, and addreſſing the latter in the gentleſt accent, deſired to be informed of the cauſe of their apparent diſſatisfaction with each other.

I will tell you, my dear Sir, ſhe replied, and I flatter myſelf you will not think me quite ſo blameable, as my aunt does, in offering all my little aſſiſtance to one, who, though ſhe had greatly erred, was ſtill my fellow creature. Oh, monſtrous! cried Miſs Dorothy, how dare you place ſuch vile harlotry on a footing with the family of the Mantons. My dear aunt, replied the charming girl, we are by nature all on a level, and all our boaſted ſuperiority over a fallen ſiſter is, that we either have been happily educated in the ſtricteſt principles of honour and virtue, or we have not been expoſed to temptations which we poſſeſs not fortitude to withſtand.

Good girl, ſaid the Colonel, kiſſing off the drop of humanity that had fallen on her ruby cheek; but I am anxious for your tale.

You may remember, my dear Sir, that when you placed me with Mrs. Woodville, at Bromley, there was a young lady there of the name of Leſlie, ſhe was ſeveral years older than myſelf, yet I know not how it was, but a firm friendſhip ſoon was formed between us, which ſubſiſted unabated to the laſt hour of poor Matilda's life.

Miſs Leſlie was frequently viſited by her father, who always brought with him a young gentleman, whom ſhe addreſſed by the appellation of brother. I had obſerved Matilda to be uncommonly grave whenever this young gentleman viſited her, at which I was greatly ſurpriſed, as he was the moſt amiable young man I ever converſed with, handſome in his perſon, and inſinuating in his manner. The Colonel looked at his daughter and ſmiled archly, Miſs Dorothy, ſneering, toſſed her head, and the lovely Sybella bluſhing, proceeded.

One evening, after this young gentleman had made Miſs Leſlie a long viſit, I ſurpriſed her in tears. Dear Matilda, ſaid I, has any thing happened to your father or brother, that you are thus diſtreſſed? Brother! ſaid ſhe emphatically, and raiſing her fine eyes, would to Heaven, my dear Sybella, that I had a brother, I ſhould then be happier than I can now ever hope to be. The young gentleman I have juſt now parted with is not my brother, nor indeed any relation. He is the orphan ſon of a brave officer, who left him for inheritance nothing but an unſullied name. My father knew this man in his youth, and for the ſake of his worthy father, adopted the ſon, gave him an education fitting a gentleman, and George Rowley is equally beloved by him as his own Matilda; brought up from infancy together, how was it poſſible but we muſt love; we do love, but neither of us ſuſpected with what ardency, or did it exceeded the bounds of fraternal affection, 'till a few days ſince, when my father informed me I ſhould leave ſchool entirely the next holidays, and that now as I was eighteen, he wiſhed to ſee me ſettled in a matrimonial way, and had provided me a noble lover in the perſon of the young Earl of Storr. Though I have ſeen, this young gentleman, my dear Sybella, and acknowledge him an amiable and accompliſhed man, I feel, I can never love him, honour and duty will require, and at the ſame time I am convinced I ſhall ever in my heart prefer George Rowley to all the reſt of his ſex how is it poſſible then that I can reconcile duty and inclination, for I am certain my father will never conſent to my union with a man entirely devoid of the gifts of fortune.

During the time Miſs Leſlie remained at Bromley, in this converſation, I frequently liſtened to her on the ſubject neareſt her heart, and was ſorry to find that her paſſion for Mr. Rowley daily increaſed: At length the time arrived when ſhe was to return home; we parted with a mutual promiſe of correſponding, but after I had received two letters, I heard no more from her, 'till to day, the latter end of laſt week, when a man, in the uſual habit of a ſoldier, knocked at the ſtreet door as I was going up ſtairs, I ſtopped to hear if he enquired for my unwanted charity. My aunt was in the front parlour, and hearing the man aſk for Miſs Manton, threw open the door and announced herſelf as the perſon he wanted, at the ſame time demanding his buſineſs. I have a letter, ma'am, ſaid he, which I was to deliver into your hands only: Is there not another Miſs Manton? I have come down ſtairs, and taking the letter, ſaid, Perhaps, friend, it is to me: Who is it from? A poor dear creature, ſaid he, who you formerly knew, Miſs ——He paſſed, and was ſilenced in his eyes. I haſtily tore open the letter, and there contained only theſe words, though ſcarcely legible.

"If Miſs Manton has any compaſſion for the lateMiſs Matilda Leſlie, ſhe will come with the bearer to cloſe her dying eyes. Oh, Sybella, by the friendſhip you once bore me, refuſe not to come; I have a requeſt to make, which lies heavy at my ſoul, and you are the only friend to whom I can apply." [*To be concluded in our next.*]

LOTTERY.

THE Subſcribers hereby give notice, That they will commence the drawing of the *Third Claſs* of
SOUTH-HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY,
at *Boſton*, on the 25th day of June next, and that the Tickets which ſhall be unſold on the 15th day of May next will paſs from the Managers into the hands of a Committee who have contracted for them, whoſe agent has directed that none be ſold after ſaid 15th day of May, under *Fifty Dollars Fifty Cents*. The ſale hitherto, has been rapid beyond the moſt flattering expectations of the Managers and they hope the number to paſs into the hands of a committee will be very few. THOMAS DWIGHT,
JUSTIN ELY,
JONA. DWIGHT,
JOSEPH LYMAN, jun.
JOHN WILLIAMS, } *Managers*

TICKETS, HALVES and QUARTERS, in the above Lottery, for Sale, by *GILBERT & DEAN*, at the MAGAZINE and LOTTERY-OFFICE, No. 56, *State-ſtreet*.

Letterſſe, Wafers; black and red Sealing Wax; Sand Boxes, and black Sand; Ink Stands of all kinds; a general aſſortment of Penknives; variety Memorandum and Pocket Books, &c.

Alſo, for ſale, A general aſſortment of Commercial Blanks; Trial of Friendſhip, a beautiful novel; Jefferſon's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philoſopher; the Pealant's Fate; Specimens of Republican Inſtitutions; Aphoriſms on Man; the Art of Preſerving Health, by John Armſtrong, M. D.; Blunt's Practical Navigator and Coaſt Pilot; &c. April 18.

PRINTED *and* PUBLISHED, *every* SATURDAY *Evening*,
By GILBERT & DEAN.
Two Dolls. per ann.—One half paid in advance.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON QUITTING THE LADIES' ACADEMY AT MEDFORD.

ON fleeting wings the happy hours flew!
They are gone, and I must bid a last adieu
To scenes of happiness;
To scenes impress'd on memory's lasting pow'r,
(Not the impression of a transient hour,
Which time will soon erase,)
But strongly ting'd with gratitude's warm glow,
Which feeble language has not words to show,
Nor yet my pen impart;
Fain would I strive, but my young muse is weak,
And language is inadequate to speak,
The emotions of my heart.
I part from those, whom friendship has endear'd,
From those associates, with whom I've shar'd
Rich education's sweets;
But great the claims of love and gratitude:
My heart by the sensations is subdu'd,
And will be while it beats,
Tow'rds an instructress, infinitely dear;
Whose kind attention, tenderness and care,
Never can be repaid:
Who to infuse the principles of truth,
Religion, virtue, in the minds of youth,
Leaves no art unessay'd.
But I no more shall her instructions share,
Those value'd precepts never more shall hear
Which so impressive flow.
But to those virtuous precepts to adhere,
And profit by them, full shall be my care
And future guide below.
Fain would my willing mind make some return;
Fain paint the heart that will forever burn
With boundless grateful love;
But worth like hers in deathless fame shall live,
And as some future period receive
A bright reward above.

Medford, April 16th, 1803. M. W.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Written after having taken leave of a respected Friend for the night.

BELMOUR, o'er thy reposing head,
May guardian angel's wings extend,
Whilst sleeping, may they watch thy bed,
When waking, still thy life defend.
May Peace reside within thy breast,
Long may'st thy virtues grace the earth,
Be thou by fortune's favours blest,
Proportioned equal to thy worth.
Oh that my prayers had the pow'r,
To gain from heav'n a boon for thee;
Thou should'st dear Belmour from this hour,
The happiest of the happy be.
May sacred Friendship for thee glow,
May'st thou be blest in faithful love;
And should thy breast one sorrow know,
Their sympathy the grief remove.
Calm be thy slumbers, soft and light,
And may the dreams those slumbers bring;
Be pleasant, yet as pure and bright
As is the soul from whence they spring.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HOME.

While round the globe the wanderer,
With wearied flight may roam,
Thro' every change, in every clime,
Each thought still points to home.
Each dear domestic scene is still
By partial fancy drest,
And e'en the Greenland savage, thinks
His hatron feil the best.
So wheresoe'er henceforth by fate
That frame of mine may be,
Each thought, each wish fondly dwell
America, with thee. S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A REBUS.

THE name of a place where literature's known,
And a word that is common in use with a clown;
With a letter beginning a very fine flower,
And a passion we all know has very great power;
A vowel belonging to a place of resort,
And the season of life best suited to sport;
Arrange the initials and then you will find
A Lady accomplished, in virtue and mind. O.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AN ACROSTIC.

INERTELY fordid every breast must be;
Stagnant in spirit that can tamely see,
Regardless even of a grateful bust,
A daring warrior sink in silent dust.—
Encircling laurels let the trump of fame,
Long bind around the patient hero's name.

Peerless in prowess, PUTNAM's name shall pass;
Unfaded fellow in the vet'ran class,
Teaching the world that those bright deeds were done,
Maintain'd by ardor for our rights alone;
And while the faithful page its tribute pays,
No servile slander shall depress the praise.

A. Z.

THE NOVELIST.

ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

[*Continued from page* 104.]

WHEN I arrived at Portman Square, the place of the Colonel's residence, I was presented by him to a young lady, the emblem of beauty and innocence.—She was seated at the breakfast table with her father and a maiden aunt, when the servant brought me in. "Here Sybby," said the Colonel, "this is the present I promised you; 'tis a good-natured docile creature, therefore, I think, I need not desire you to be kind to it." Miss Manton, while her father had been speaking, had opened the door of my cage, and taking me on her finger, "Pretty Poll, said she, raising me toward her lovely face, I shall surely love you for the sake of the donor, and I hope my dear father does not think his daughter capable of being unkind to any thing in existence that depends on her care and tenderness for support and protection." "Oh, to be sure, you are vastly tender hearted, (cried Miss Dorothy, the maiden aunt,) nobody ever doubted that:" "And I would have her so," said the father mildly, at the same moment casting a look of the most benignant complacency at his child.

What I would you have her take all the beggar's brats in London under her care?

Beggar's brats, madam, said Miss Manton, reddening, I don't know what you mean by using that appellation to the off-spring of Mr. Rowley.

The Colonel had appeared much surprised at this conversation between his sister and daughter, and addressing the latter in the gentlest accent, desired to be informed of the cause of their apparent dissatisfaction with each other.

I will tell you, my dear Sir, she replied, and I flatter myself you will not think me quite so blameable, as my aunt does, in offering all my little assistance to one, who, though she had greatly erred, was still my fellow creature. Oh, monstrous! cried Miss Dorothy, how dare you place such vile harlotry on a footing with the family of the Mantons. My dear aunt, replied the charming girl, we are by nature all on a level, and all our boasted superiority over a fallen sister is, that we either have been happily educated in the strictest principles of honour and virtue, or we have not been exposed to temptations which we possess not fortitude to withstand.

Good girl, said the Colonel, kissing off the drop of humanity that had fallen on her ruby cheek; but I am anxious for your tale.

You may remember, my dear Sir, that when you placed me with Mrs. Woodville, at Bromley, there was a young lady there of the name of Leslie, she was several years older than myself, yet I know not how it was, but a firm friendship soon was formed between us, which subsisted unabated to the last hour of poor Matilda's life.

Miss Leslie was frequently visited by her father, who always brought with him a young gentleman, whom she addressed by the appellation of brother. I had observed Matilda to be uncommonly grave whenever this young gentleman visited her, at which I was greatly surprised, as he was the most amiable young man I ever conversed with, handsome in his person, and insinuating in his manner. The Colonel looked at his daughter and smiled archly, Miss Dorothy, sneering, tossed her head, and the lovely Sybella blushing, proceeded.

One evening, after this young gentleman had made Miss Leslie a long visit, I surprised her in tears. Dear Matilda, said I, has any thing happened to your father or brother, that you are thus distressed? Brother! said she emphatically, and raising her fine eyes, would to Heaven, my dear Sybella, that I had a brother, I should then be happier than I can now ever hope to be. The young gentleman I have just now parted with is not my brother, nor indeed any relation. He is the orphan son of a brave officer, who left him for inheritance nothing but an unsullied name. My father knew this man in his youth, and for the sake of the worthy father, adopted the son, gave him an education befitting a gentleman, and George Rowley is equally beloved by him as his own Matilda; brought up from infancy together, how was it possible but we must love; we did love, but neither of us suspected with what ardency, or that it exceeded the bounds of fraternal affection, 'till a few days since, when my father informed me I should leave school entirely the next holidays, and that now at eighteen, he wished to see me settled in a matrimonial way, and had provided me a noble lover in the person of the young Earl of Storr. Though I have seen, this young nobleman, my dear Sybella, and acknowledge him an amiable and accomplished man, I feel, I can never love him, as honour and duty will require, and at the same time I am convinced I shall ever in my heart prefer George Rowley to all the rest of his sex how is it possible then that I can reconcile duty and inclination, for I am certain my father will never consent to my union with a man entirely devoid of the gifts of fortune.

During the time Miss Leslie remained at Bromley, after this conversation, I frequently listened to her on the subject nearest her heart, and was sorry to find that her unhappy passion for Mr. Rowley daily increased. At length the time arrived when she was to return home; we parted with a mutual promise of corresponding, but after I had received two letters, I heard no more from her, 'till one day, the latter end of last week, when a man, in the usual habit of a soldier, knocked at the street door as I was going up stairs, I stopped to hear if he enquired for me, or wanted charity. My aunt, was in the front parlour, and hearing the man ask for Miss Manton, threw open the door and announced herself as the person he wanted to see; some time demanding his business. I have a letter madam, said he, which I was to deliver into your hands only; is there not another Miss Manton? I now came down stairs, and taking the letter, said, Perhaps, sir, you know me: Who is it from? A poor distressed creature, sir, he, who you formerly knew, Miss ——He paused, and tears gushed in his eyes. I hastily tore open the letter, and found it contained only these words, though scarcely legible.

"If Miss Manton has any compassion for the lost Matilda Leslie, she will come with the bearer to close her dying eyes. Oh, Sybella, by the friendship you once bore me, do not refuse to come; I have a request to make, which lies heavy at my soul, and you are the only friend to whom I dare apply." [*To be concluded in our next.*]

LOTTERY.

THE Subscribers hereby give notice, That they will commence the drawing of the 7th Class of the SOUTH-HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY, at *Boston*, on the 15th day of June next, and that the Tickets which shall be unsold on the 15th day of May next, will pass from the Managers into the hands of a Company who have contracted for them, whose agent has directions that same be sold after said 15th day of May, under *Two Dollars Fifty Cents*. The late lotteries, has been regarded beyond the most flattering expectations of the Managers, as they hope the number to put into the hands of a company will be very few. THOMAS DWIGHT,
JUSTIN ELY,
JONA. DWIGHT,
JOSEPH LYMAN, jun.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
Managers

TICKETS, HALVES and QUARTERS, in the above Lottery, for Sale, by *GILBERT & DEAN*, at the Magazine and Lottery-Office, No. 56, Cornhill.

Isinglass, Wafers; black and red Sealing Wax; Sand Boxes, and black Sand; Ink Stands of all kinds; a great assortment of Penknives; variety Memorandum and Pocket Books, &c.

Also, for sale, A general assortment of Connecticut Blankets; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel: Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dollar; Asiatic Hindu Philosopher; the Peasant's Fate; Specimens of the publican institutions; Aphorisms on Man; the Art of preserving Health, by John Armstrong, M. D.; Blunt's Practical Navigator and Coast Pilot; &c. April 23

PRINTED and PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening
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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

To our FRIENDS *and* PATRONS.

IT being now six months since the *Weekly Magazine* first appeared in existence, the EDITORS beg leave to return their acknowledgements to their Friends and Patrons, the Public, for the very liberal encouragement they have afforded them—and strangers to the world of literature, they cannot but be sensible of their obligations to those literary characters who have so generously assisted their undertaking; at the same time they presume to solicit a continuance of those favours which have highly contributed to enhance the value of the publication.

YOUNG and inexperienced as we are, we must be fully conscious that there have been, and still are, many defects, both in the plan and execution of our design—that numerous inaccuracies must have been visible, many improprieties may have crept in, and that when we have been most solicitous to please, we have, perhaps, been most liable to offend. We have been censured by some, for having so resolutely refused admission to any political discussion whatever; but as the daily papers abound with politics and party spirit, and as it is our desire to render the *Magazine* acceptable *to all parties, all ranks and sects*, we shall still persevere in the original plan, and confine ourselves to those subjects which may amuse or instruct.

IT has been our strenuous endeavour in every succeeding number, to add something to the interest and general utility of the work; and we shall still make it our study to collect such materials as may render it peculiarly grateful to our Fair Patronesses, for whose use and amusement it was originally designed. We have been favoured with an original Novel in M. S. entitled "SINCERITY," which we purpose commencing on the 4th of *June* next, by which time we hope to procure such good paper, and add to the *Magazine* such appropriate decorations, as may assist to establish it on a permanent and respectable footing.—We have also by us at present, several original Essays and Poems, which have been approved by persons of assured judgment, and many judicious selections from late European publications; which will, we trust, prevent the smallest appearance of sterility in our future numbers—and whilst we solicit the continuance of that Public support which it has been our happiness and pride hitherto to have experienced; we assure our generous patrons, we shall not be wanting in unremitting exertions to deserve it.

MAGAZINE-OFFICE, }
Boston, April 30, 1803. }

N. B. In about three weeks, the Editors will compleat, *at a very great expence*, the re-printing *thirteen* numbers of the Magazine; when those who have subscribed, with the view of commencing from the first, will please to call or send for their deficient numbers. To subscribers, who have been supplied, and have their files incomplete, the price will be four cents each number. *Letters, (post paid) duly attended to.*

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.——No. XXIV.

Accommodando, rerum simulachra ad animi deliria.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

PERMIT me to approach thy lofty and dignified station, that of overlooking the follies of the age, with the fullest assurance that what I shall complain of in the sequel, will receive from you that attention which I think it so deservedly merits. Be not surprised at my thus approaching you in so solemn a manner:—in truth, I think that if you cannot redress the many grievances that the present age labour under—if you cannot wholly root out the many fashionable vices of the times, your writings have an admirable tendency to expose them in their most detestable shapes, and, as the poet says, "to shoot folly as it flies" with the most wonderful effect: Of all follies appertinent to life, that of *Fashion* is the most foolish and insipid; it degenerates its votaries from the acme of human elevation to the level of empty and nonsensical affectation; and it too frequently debases still lower to the noisome shades of vice; then it is that virtue is assailed with all the bewitching allurements that it is possible for fruitful invention to bring forth:—meekness and lowly simplicity, which form the shield of virtue, are not always found adamantine enough to resist the pernicious *temptation*. Yes, I might almost say that Fashion is the basis of every Vice that disgraces human nature! For is it the fashion to be pure at heart? Is it the fashion to pursue meekness, humility, and christian sincerity? Is it the fashion to use toward each other, our neighbours, and those who ought to be our dearest friends, a system of pure, ingenuous and open-hearted friendship? No, certainly not; these are thrown aside as totally irrelevant to the present times—*they* are *ancient incumbrances*, not fit for the refined society of our modern *petitesse*:—Then if it is not the fashion to be *really* good, I certainly have not greatly over-reached in ascribing the existing vices to its baleful influence.—But where am I going! Alas, I have found that I have run upon a subject to which my intellectual acquirements are but poorly adapted to do justice:—I *feel*, but lack the power of expression to effuse those feelings in a manner that would be acceptable to you, and serviceable to those to whom I would wish to appear useful. Yet I hope I shall not have the appearance of partaking of too great a share of vanity; and that the assurance of my honesty of intention will amply compensate for every defect that your prying eye may discover. But to the sequel. Let me ask you in sincerity, whether or not your sex don't too often take ungenerous liberties in assailing the many weaknesses of ours! If they do not too often make us the subjects of their low witticisms, and newspaperial puns, with regard to the present fashions, without even deigning to cast a glance upon themselves? They can see a mote in the eye of the weaker part of their fellow-creatures, but cannot see a beam in their own. But, nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that *our* sex should be induced to make inroads upon modesty, because they have an example set them by yours; but I believe it may be entirely attributable to that ardent desire which has grown with their growth, to become pleasing and agreeable to their male companions; and I sincerely think, that if the males in general were to make a reformation in the department toward *their* female companions! if they were to adopt a plainness and neatness of dress, and a simplicity of manners; if all their empty and *polite* professions and complimentary protestations, which proceed from rotten views, were to give way to a generous and open-hearted avowal of their *real, honest* sentiments; in fact, if they were to appear divested of all disguise, the glaring result would be speedily obvious; they might then with some degree of grace, proceed to point out our many foibles;—then, if, instead of their exciting our vanity, by their high encomiums on our arrangement of the nicieties of dress, and the "*delicate*" exposure of those "*beautiful*" shapes which in ancient times it was considered a great virtue to conceal from the saucy eyes of men, were they to add example to precept, and encourage economy and plainness, which certainly constitute neatness, and censure all those extravagancies which directly tend to impoverish both our inventions and our pockets, they might be assured that the solicitude before suggested of becoming agreeable, would quickly eradicate those follies which now make us the subjects of their sneering and ungenerous wit——Pray picture to yourself one of your fashionable beaux, tripping to the ball-room, the theatre, or thrusting himself into a circle of females—I say, *look at him*—can imagination paint a grosser compound—a more ridiculous and unchaste figure? Does not his appearance and behaviour often border on indecency? I will not *here* pretend to describe *why*, for it would appear as indelicate in me to give him a *compleat* delcription, as his appearance ought to be disgusting to every lover of modesty and good breeding. Until such evils, such gross and glaring imperfections are pointed out and amended in your own sex, never look for perfection in ours.—Under these considerations, pray dont think me hard in complaining of your ungenerous conduct in submitting us to so much public ridicule, when, in fact, YOU are the very objects on which it should be exercised.——Now if you will just give some of your wholesome advice to those followers of the fleeting Goddess Fashion, of your own sex, be assured, as far as my weak influence can have any effect, I will try my utmost endeavours to discourage those follies of ours, but too often, I must confess, to justly complained of.

Yours, to serve, SARAH.

Danvers, March 1, 1803.

I PERFECTLY agree with Sarah, in thinking the outward appearance of the beaux and butterflies of both sexes stand equally in need of a reform; but it is only the vain and trifling of either, who would sacrifice propriety to fashion. A man or woman of sense, will never dress so far out of the fashion, as to be particular, nor so much in it, as to be either indelicate, or ridiculous. The dress of a person, to me, is ever a strong indication of the propensities of the mind; if that be pure and well regulated, the apparel will be ever peculiarly neat, sometimes elegant, but never gaudy. And this being allowed, the shafts of criticism cannot wound those who are conscious of not deserving that they should be aimed at them: Whilst there are fools in the world, Sarah, *wit* will laugh, and *satire* apply the lash—but what of that? "*It touches not us, we have free souls, let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.*"

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

I AM so delighted with the advice which you are giving, in the *Weekly Magazine*, to one and another, who seem to be struggling with difficulties, like me, though quite of a different kind, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of confiding you in my own case.

Presuming on your indulgence to my humble and respectful application, I take the liberty to tell you that, I am an Orphan Boy, at some distance in the country, where your good advice is read with so much avidity, that I frequently hear it, with other good things in the same paper, though I can very seldom get a chance to read myself. Having had the misfortune to lose my father when I was an infant, my mother placed me under the care and direction of his friend. This gentleman sustains an eminent character, and has a truly excellent family, who live in a considerably better style, as the saying is, than most others in the neighbourhood. Here I am put to all sorts of work that is proper for a boy to do, for which I am fed and clothed; and am expect, besides common school learning, to have something more; in short, I was led to believe, that if I should serve my time out, I might by good behaviour, and industrious application, get so good a share of learning, as to enable me not only to get a living, but to rise so much in the world, in some decent way, as to be as well off, as those whom I now look up to. But I am sorry to tell you, Sir, that I am much afraid, of late, that I shall be disappointed, and I

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hope it will not be doing wrong, if I take the liberty to tell you why I think so.

In the first place, I have a good deal to do about the house, and going of errands. I dont mean in the house, for there I have little else to do, than to make the parlour fires, but my heaviest work is about the farm, which, tho' not a great one, occasions me more hard labour, sometimes, than I can very well support. I have no play time, as other boys have, nor do I want any; if I might only be allowed to improve my little intervals of rest, in reading, and learning to write and cypher, I should think myself a rainer, by the lefs of play; but change as it may for me, my mother, though a very clever man, and a man of college learning too, whenever he catches me with a book of any fort, never fails of letting me immediately to work, and sometimes when there is very little to do, or nothing that needs doing at the time.

I am really indaftrious, as all the neighbours can teftify; and my mother himself, allows that I do my work well, and that I am remarkably careful, and yet, when I do ever fo much in order to get a little holiday, inftead of being indulged with a little time to read, &c. I am only required to do the more another time, because I have fhewn that I can do it. Now, there are bad things, and make me feel very unhappy. But this is not all. I was always looked upon and fpoken to fo unpleafantly,though I try all I can to pleafe and get the good will of my mafter and his family, and though I am not taxed with doing either idle or wrong things, that fmile of complacency, which feems to tell me that I have done well. Nay, though I am all eye and all ear in my maiter's fervice, always upon the fpring to obey his orders, and really always to expect my being put to my trade for his intereft. I have none of thofe reafonable indulgencies which other boys have, who don't do half fo much for their own parents. And he really appears to wonder when fhe put me to him, that he would treat me in every refpect as he would his own child. I could tell you a great deal more of the fame kind, but I am already afraid of troubling too much. Yet fome particulars, I cannot forbear to add. You will pleafe to underftand, that though I love a book better than I have my breakfaft, I am wholly reftricted in the books I read, and as I have little other time to read, than Sunday's, and my maiter a very prejudiced man, my books are moftly fuch as I do not fully comprehend, though to be fure, they muft be good ones. One day when I had occafion to wait a few minutes in the ftudy for my maiter to come in, I happened to take down a book, that treated of Geography and Aftronomy, and was ftruck with the wonderful difplays of inftruction that I found in it. I was perfectly enraptured with what I faw and read, in fhort, I was fo bid to every thing I read in it, that my maiter entered without my being him, and fairly convicted me of the crime of reading a book, which he had not prefcribed for me; and of reading it down too without his notice. I was extremely diftreffed, and thought my well fuppofed, not that I was afraid of being whipped, for he never ftruck me in a fimple inftance—nor had he need to; for, to me, his command is a law, his wifhes a command, and I have ftill more fo—and on this occafion he reprimanded me with more feverity than I think there was occafion for; he reproved me as you may well imagine, for what I had done, told you—and obferved to me further, that a boy like me, had no bufinefs with fuch books; that to be poring over them was a waife of time, and that the laft thing I could expect from them was to have my head filled with crude ideas about things, that it was not poffible for me to comprehend; and that it would be likely to make me a wonderful error—and perhaps to make me infidel. Thefe ideas were truly alarming! but they affected me chiefly as a mortal holy profanation that I fhould ever gain my purpofe by having here. And now, good Sir, you can fay, if I have ferious thoughts of leaving this good family, though I cannot do it by my mother's exprefs, as the has removed to a great diftance, I cannot but refolve to counter all the hinderances and dangers of interpretation, than to wafte my time in doing nothing that can turn to my advantage. Several of my acquaintances have been abroad, and returned fuccefsful, and they advife nothing, but recommend, and even than I have; that a good health, a good heart and an active difpofition. In a word, I know nothing of the world, and a little advice I wrongly I know would be of great fervice to me—But I am well affured that I fhall never get either by ftaying here—I propofe, fir, to give me your advice, but I hope you will not advife me to ftand it out, for I refpect your judgment very highly, and am really afraid, that I fhould not be able to comply with it.

I am Sir, your great refpect, Your very humble Servant,

HEZEKIAH MEANWELL.

N B. I am not bound, my otherway's than by *expectation*. The cafe of this poor lad is really pitiable, but is by no means an uncommon one. He afks my advice—though I greatly fear his bad preintervention not to take the only advice which prudence can dictate. He fays he is entirely dependent on this family: I would ask him then if he thanks, a young man entirely devoid of education, who offends thefe, whom the world will deem (whatever he may feel or think to the contrary) his beft friends, will be likely to fucceed in making friends elfewhere? It is true, he might go abroad, as he terms it, but in what capacity could he get employment? not as a common failor; and a common failor, without money or recommendations, is not likely to profit his fortune very rapidly forward, or to make a refpectable figure in life; befides, he would find the life a very laborious one, and his opportunities for mental improvement fewer than at home. Then, as to the world, his quitting the worthy family in which he has been placed by himfelf will have the appearance of ingratitude, and he can never look up for favour or fupport from a fingle branch of that family. Whereas if he has refolution to remain until the laws of his country make him his own maiter, he will moft probably meet with fome affiftance in his firft outfet in life; he will then have opportunities of cultivating his active and enquiring mind, without offending any one. To the unfolicitous and determined, every thing is attainable; and tho' it may be late to begin the purfuit of knowledge, a few years ardent application, though the time for application be ftolen from reft or paftime, will not fail of attaining the defirable and laudable end. He will, moreover, find, wherever in that cafe efcape the unkind animad verfions, and obloquy of the world, which, however unmerited, gives to a bofom poffeffing a fenfible pride or delicacy, more poignant anguish than the fting of a fcorpion, or the poifoned tongue of the adder.

ERRATA.—*In the matter to the laft number, for care, read* cares; *for* melodor, *read* melodies; *for* later, *read* alter.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No XVII.

"*Two ways to teach you from the peaceful night*
"*To fmile more welcome to the ftorm of light.*" ARMSTR.

SINCE without health there is no happinefs in life, and no pleafure to be derived from wealth or power, much of our attention ought to be directed to its preservation. No habits fhould be indulged, no pleafures purfued, no exceffes allowed, that have a tendency to deprive us of this balm of life.

Perhaps moft of our difeafes are inhibited between the time of the fetting of the fun and that of our retiring to reft. We are then moft expofed to injury. Our bodily organs are then moft relaxed, and the body in a condition to refift the damp, unwholefome air of the night; and it is then, too, that we are moft apt to indulge in thofe pernicious irregularities and exceffes, which bring us, in the morning, to a more or an untimely grave.

The ill effects of eating, immediately before going to bed, carry one home, but less take care to avoid. Hafty fuppers produce indigeftion, and reftleffnefs of the reft neceffary to the fupport of nature; we wake without being refreshed, and rife more weary and debilitated than we lay down. Many, after fupping heartily, go to bed at night repeat the fame indifcretion; until our conftitutions, worn down and deftroyed, become at length irreparable.

"*Sleep's foft and welcome fhade lay down to reft,*
"*With fenfe refrefh'd, and fpirits, full, or no ftuff;*
"*But be the fpell vouchfafe half matter'd,*
"*Eye yon to reftlefs indolence is fhut*
"*Your paffive limbs, like fenfeleft things the tools*
"*Of bravader of the day to bewaile toil.*
"*Return, ambe, to nothing; for the more's that reaks*
"*And that the more it ftrives to be bright,*
"*The only demon lurks in the main*
"*Overwhelm, or bury for ever under earth.*

The night air, moreover, is peculiarly injurious during a midnight, or later, is extremely prejudicial to health, premature old age. Is the certain confequence. Nothing is fo deftructive to beauty, or to impair fo fpeedily as to be avoided by the fair, than the deleterious practice. A wrinkled brow, a pale and deathlike countenance, and the eyes dim and funk in the fockets, will eafily difcover thofe, who pafs the midnight hours in the hours which nature defigned for repofe. To prolong the morning in fleep, is not a remedy. This ought to be a leffon to *fomers*, who wafte their bloom and beauty, their vigour and their health, by their forefights of being together until a late hour, and their inconfid.-rateness of the confequences.

"*Thofe who have health, that mighty bleffing, alreadey poffeft*
"*To fafe, fhould keenly ftrive to own more?*
"*O fhame! O pain! not with pale ghaftly,*
"*And midnight cares, the bloom of Adonis doth.*" H.

REMARKABLE.

FIRE! INSANITY! MURDER!

SALISBURY, (N. C.) MARCH 24, 1802.

ON the night of the 21ft inft. the houfe of Timothy Ivifhed goal for the diftrict of Salifbury, was deftroyed by fire, all to the ftone walls. When the flames were difcovered at midnight, they had attained fo much force, as to render every exertion ineffectual. The fire was occafioned, it is fuppofed, from the unfkilful manner in which the fire place was fixed. There were fire perfons confined in it, by one (Chriftian Brown). Old Ivifh had fome to their affiftance enemy; the other four being awakened to a fenfe of the imminent danger by the cries of the unfortunate. Sufferers of caged animals, we fhall not materially fo. The unfortunate man who was burnt had been for fome weeks in ftate of infanity and had excited by his conduct, a fenfe, kind of curiofity amongft the neighbours. It appears to about 8 years ago, Chriftian Brown (whofe father was a refpectable man, of German extraction, on the neighbourhood of Salifbury) had been reduced, but without any mifchievous propenfities, his malady yielded to medical aid, and for that period he had been reftored with no further fymptoms of that deplorable complaint. About the firft of January the fymptoms of his former diforder returned with increafed violence, to the great terror of his family (having at the period a wife and three children, whom he fupported by his induftry.)

His difeafe gaining ftrength, his wife took her children to his father's about half a mile diftance. Brown now was conftantly armed, threatning with death all who approached him, and on the 19th inft. he was taken from his family, and in goofe, cats, &c. &c. cutting off their heads with an ax, broke up the floor of the houfe to fearch for women and concealed enemies, and threatened to burn it. At this period a ftate warrant was procured to apprehend him, no fome feeble attempts were made, and his gun and a ftaff were taken from him. He remained in the houfe with a pitchfork, and keeps every body at bay, employing himfelf with deftroying his property, cutting up his furniture, piling down his corn in corners, throwing away his meat, and pulling off the clapboards. Another attempt was made to cure him, which he eluded by exercifing his pitchfork in ftabbing the people who attempted to take him. As this time his wife fent for her eldeft child, Catherine, to bring away fome meat; in which fhe fucceeded.—She was unfortunately firft a fecond time. Hannery Bradshaw was killed on the fpot, but miftake fince the one referred her, and about two hours afterwards, the dreadful cries of the child gave evidence of it, and though many efforts were made to refcue her from the flames, prevented any perfon immediately going to her relief.

The door fteps being very bloody, told a dreadful tale, while unbroth children prevailed in the houfe; but fuch was the inability of the people, that no attempt was made to inveftigate this fhocking prelude until next day, when with great difficulty and not till by wetting the floor, the coal was humbly burnt, and only fome of his legs much fhattered, could be feen. The fight that prefented itfelf on entering the houfe was of the moft horrible nature. Bradshaw, the unhappy deceased, and one

INTELLIGENCE.

Capt. Bofworth, arrived at Portſmouth, from Liverpool, bringe advices, that on the 23d March, in the river, he was boarded by a Lieut. of a Man of War, who informed him, that the DECLARATION OF WAR againſt FRANCE, had that day been received in Liverpool, from the Britiſh Admiralty.

AMUSING.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

[From London Papers to March 14, 1803.]

Advertiſement.—" Wittman's celebrated Hair-Dyeing Powder. The ſtartling apprehenſion which is daily be-ſtowed by ladies and gentlemen of the firſt rank, on this fineented *hairdreſſer*, for changing red or grey hair, to a fine brown or black, in a few hours, and by one application only, and fafely applied by any perſon, renders further encomium ſuperfluous. Sold at Meſſrs. Rigge's, Perfumers, No. 65, Cheapſide," &c. in bottles, at 3s. and 10s. each.

An Engliſhman, who had lately eſtabliſhed a brewery for the manufacture of a liquor ſimilar to the Burton ale, at Altona, lately conſtru a large cut to be conſtru made on the ice of the river Elbe. The novelty of the fight attracted vaſt numbers, and the projector is ſtated to have received 200l. by the firſt day's ſale, beſides creating a very conſiderable conſumption of his ale.

In the parish church of Sheffield, on Sunday laſt, thirty-ſeven children were baptized, and on the following day 19 couple were married!

Some years were a few days ſince ſtood 72 each, for drawing 2 pail one at Walkfield, for being drunk on Sunday

There is now in the Caſtle-yard of Chaille, in France, a Linden tree in bloſſom, whoſe trunk is 45 feet in circumference, it is 61 feet high, and has 6 perfect horizontal branches meaſuring 43 feet, ſo that the tree covers a circle of 317 feet!

Several uncommon inſtances of longevity are mentioned in the laſt yearly official ſtatement published at Peterſburgh, viz. twelve perſons of 120 years each, two of 121, one of 124, two of 125, two of 128, and *four perſons* of 130 years of age.

FEMALE COURAGE AND BENEVOLENCE.

MRS. PORTER, an eminent ſtay-maker in London, was a woman of conſiderable fortitude and ſingularity. It was her practice after the play, to drive herſelf home in a one horſe-chaiſe: her conſtant companions were a book and a brace of piſtols; for, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had taken the air in her one horſe-chaiſe, ſhe was ſtopped by a highwayman, who demanded her money. She had the courage to preſent one of her piſtols to him. The man, who had taken the air in the appearance of fire-arms, aſſured her that he was no common thief: that robbing on the highway was not to him a matter of choice, but neceſſity, and as nothing but relief to the wants of his poor diſtreſſed family. He informed her at the ſame time, where he lived; and told her ſuch a melancholy ſtory, that ſhe gave him all the money in her purſe, which was about ten guineas. The man left her; and before ſhe gave a jolt to the horſe: ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted out of the coach, and the chaiſe was overthrown: this occaſioned the diſlocation of her thigh-bone. Let it be remembered, to her honour, that notwithſtanding this unlucky and painful accident, the made ſtrict enquiry after the robber: and finding he had not deceived her, ſhe viſited amongſt her acquaintance about forty pounds, which the took care to ſend him. Such an action, in a perſon of high rank, would have been celebrated as ſomething great and heroic: the feeling mind will make no diſtinction between the generoſity of an *actreſs* and that of a princeſs.

LUCKY INCIDENT.

LAST week a porter took a heavy fack to the door of a Lady at Clifton, demanded half-a-crown for the carriage, and delivered a letter to the ſervant. The contents of which he immediately given to the Lady; but on the ſervant returning, the intelligence had decamped, and left the ſack behind him: on examining an encloſure, in their great aſtoniſhment, they found upwards of 400 guineas! It appears that during the late rebellion in Ireland, the manſion of the Lady had been plundered to a very conſiderable amount, and by the letter it appeared that this was a part of the proſit which ſome puncti ios of conſcience had cauſed to be reſtored to the owners; the letter alſo contained a promiſe that another ſhould be ſent to repair the loſs ſuſtained of the remaining property, and which ſhould as faithfully be reſtored. The ſon of the Lady is Colonel in the army.

CONVENIENT DINING TABLE.

BURTON Hall in Ireland is built on a little river that parts the counties of Carlow and Kildare, ſo that the manſion of the hall ſtands on thoſe two counties.—A few years ago the following curious affair happened there. A man who poſſeſſed a conſiderable eſtate, by unfortunate misfortunes came to decay; and a rigid creditor, by his ſuits, having notice that this unfortunate gentleman had gone to Burton Hall, hurried away to the Sheriff of the county of Kildare, and in company with him haſtened to the hall. The unfortunate debtor was then ſtill that perceived them coming up the avenue, and turned pale and fold to the company, "I am undone! The Sheriff of Kildare knows of the affair, bade him take courage, telling him that he ſhould dine in ſafety with his creditor and the Sheriff; and then placing him in a chair in the county of Carlow of the table, he invited in the creditor and the Sheriff to dine with him. As ſoon as the creditor entered the Hall, he cried out to the Sheriff, "There is your priſoner, take care of him." But he was infinitely diſappointed at the ſudden diſappointment and chagrin, that the priſoner (as he called him) was in the county of Carlow, and of conſequence that the Sheriff of Kildare had no power over him.

LUDICROUS PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

THE following whimſical fact took place, in Paris, a very few days ago:—A Dutchman, a celebrated *adroit*, and now the *wedded wife* of one of the moſt opulent *Parvenus* in the city, ſent for an eminent artiſt, and told him ſhe would give a hundred Louis d'ors for her perfect likeneſs: the Painter promiſed to do his beſt in order to the order, and exert his faculties to give ſatisfaction. He ſucceeded: on the hand his expectations and from the highly finiſhed portrait ſtone, it however appeared that a ſmall but material error was handed to the original, ſhe was ſurrounded by a ſwarm of loungers, who took a malicious pleaſure in repeating the ſuppoſed miſtake of the Painter, who (they one to his), through it may be a good likeneſs of your deceaſed grandmother"—Another added, "that a ſtupid and unmeaning look could never be a likeneſs for vexation and expreſſion of countenance."—A third *poked* his forehead, and "inſtead of a mouth, he has delineated an *ear*, and for teeth, he has given you long lips."—A fourth, *ſwore*, that, "inſtead of animation, ſhe has made *whole apricots*, reſembling two burnt holes in a carpet."—A fifth was going to offer his *critique*, when the enraged beauty rang for a *lacquey*, to order him out of the room.—Upon this, ſhe ordered to tell the *unfortunate* painter that if ſhe ſun the ſent did not inſtily him he might keep the picture.—The Artiſt, aſtoniſhed, told the ſervant to tell his miſtreſs that he gave him to his Miſtreſs, which he did as follows: " *Madame, portement ta difference*; or, *in familiar* Engliſh," he ſay *ſhe* the difference:" what then muſt have been the ſurpriſe of Madame, when ſhe underſtood that the Painter *Artiſt-Jew'd*! ſhe found *one half of the portrait*, and then learned from the domeſtic, that Monſieur G——had put the 50 Louis into his pocket.

HORRID DEEDS.

The following horrid act was perpetrated a few days ſince in the Iſle of Thanet, viz.—A Grocer reſolved the execrable deſign of poiſoning one of his daughters, kill the ſhould compel him, on her being married, to pay her 60,000 francs which her mother had left her. The wretched father put a large doſe of liquid poiſon which he deſtined for his victim; the unhappy woman drank off the fatal beverage, and in a few minutes after ſhe was ſeized with the moſt violent convulſions. The younger ſiſter hurried to her relief, and then ran to her father to get ſome tea, which ſhe thought might eaſe her. The father made the ſecond dreadful attempt upon life: the laſt portion terminated her exiſtence. The youngeſt ſiſter had taſted the tea, and was ſeized with convulſions. The father ſtigated the poor girl to ſwallow the reſt of the poiſon, who, by proper applications, reſcued her from the grave. The neighbours ſuſpecting all was not right, imparted their opinions to the ſurgeon; the body of the young woman was opened, and the father's atrocity became evident.—He is now in cuſtody.

On Saturday evening, about 11 o'clock, as a poor man, named Bingham, was paſſing over the bridge called Iron Bonbro' to Clowne, he was overtaken by a young fellow called Wells, whom he had ſeen before at a public houſe on the road, and who had left the houſe ſome time before him: ſtrikings, which he was carrying on his family. For the ſake of this purchaſe the wretch aſſaulted the old man, and after robbing him brutally murdered him, by beating out his brains with the hedge ſtake. Wells was ſoon after ſecured, and committed for trial. The coroner's inqueſt next day brought in a verdict of wilful murder againſt Wells; and during the whole of the examination he conteſted the fact, and declared that he only intended to rob the old man, but *a blind Eagle*, that flood by, advised him to commit the murder for his own ſecurity!

USEFUL.

A NEW OPTICAL INSTRUMENT.

THE Optical Inſtrument maker, of the Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm, Mr. Gabriel Collin, has invented an inſtrument, by means of which fiſhermen may be diſcovered and fought at the bottom of the ſea.

The King of Sweden ordered ſome experiments to be tried with this inſtrument, on board the Frigate of the Swediſh Sea Cadets, which were intruſted to the Captain. From them it reſults, that by means of the inſtrument, bright objects may be ſeen at the depth of fifty-three feet; in the Baltic others objects could be ſeen at twenty-ſeven, and clear ones at thirty-ſeven feet depth.

There is a contrivance in this inſtrument, by which the obſerver can look at depths into the water, in rainy or cold as in clear fair weather. The wind never hinders the uſe of this inſtrument, which only requires one perſon for uſe. His Swediſh Majeſty has rewarded the Artiſt with a donative of about 100l. ſterling, and the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, is to make a report of it.

NEW INVENTION.

A compoſition has been invented for regenerating decayed fruit trees, by which they will bear fruit of the moſt delicious flavor. This compoſition has alſo been applied to oaks and other timber. An experiment has been recently made upon a particular cherry tree in Kenſington-Gardens, from which his majeſty remembered to have gathered fruit when very young, of the flavor of which he was particularly fond. This tree which had been brought into England in the reign of King William had borne very little fruit, and appeared almoſt dead. It was by the King of England's command dug round, and one or two of the roots with a piece of the bark, about three inches in breadth were found alive; by cutting away the decayed parts, and applying the compoſition to the ſound, this tree in three years bore as well as any other tree in the garden, and the fruit was of a moſt delicious flavor, and appeared remarkably fine.—*Lond. P.*

[*N.B. The author has ſeen ſeveral whole apricots, not yet from the S. A. four thouſand guineas for the invention. You who is communicated to the public in a book written by Mr. Farm four copies of which, in bed of WAIT & GRENGE, No. 36, Cornhill, Boſton.*]

MARRIAGES.

In Lanſgard, (E.) Mr. Minett, Æt 86, to Miſs Maldon, Æt 86, after a courtſhip of 30 years!—In New Braintree, Mr. John Gleaſon, Æt 80, to Miſs Catharine Richmond, Æt 23. In Watertown, Dr. Abraham Sales, of Boſton, to Miſs Lilias Freeman. In Stoughton, Mr. Joſeph Capen, to Miſs Judith Morton: Mr. Elijah Atherton, to Miſs Ruth Tiſdale.

" At Weymouth, by the Rev. Mr. Norton, Mr. Stephen Pratt, aged 72, to Miſs Hannah Copeland, in the bloom of *twenty-eight!!*"

" At Providence, Dec. 1, 1802, by Paul Allen, jun. Eſq. Mr. Caſar Cannutt, A. B. to Miſs Caſſandra Wharton, both of Bridgewater."

In Boſton, Mr. Edmund Raymond, to Miſs Kitty Hatch: Mr. Wm. Gleaſon, to Miſs Tabitha Bowden. Mr. Samuel F. Jordan, to Miſs Hannah Greenough.

DEATHS.

In Menta, Mrs. Elizabeth Adam, Æt 105. In Andover, Capt. Henry Ingalls, Æt 84. In Medford, Mrs. Martha Adams, Æt 90.—Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, Æt 80.—Mr. John H. Boardman, Æt 22. In Cambridge, Miſs Mary Wiſſon, Æt 11. In Mendotomy, Mr. Ebenezer Prentiſs, Æt 67. In Stoughton, Mrs. Hannah Atherton, Æt 24, wife of Mr. Joſeph Atherton.—Mrs. Mary Barrett, Æt 92 —Mr. Silas Boutton, Æt 56—Miſs Abigail Nea, Æt 18, daughter of Mr. George Nea—and 7 others, including 4 children. Total, 13, for the week ending yeſterday.

[*N.B.* In this town, on Wedneſday laſt, Mr. William Harris, Repoſitor, blew out his own brains out by a piſtol!

" A child of Mr. Barnes, aged 2, was killed by the falling of ſome timber in the Hay market Theatre.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADVENTURE in NUBIBUS.

As on Olympus' lofty brow
The HEAVENLY FAIR assembled sat,
Look'd down on mortals here below,
And talk'd of this, and talk'd of that.

Says Juno, "Who, of heavenly birth,
Obedient to our high command,
Will freely wing her way to earth,
Awhile to grace the EPHESIAN BAND?"

NATURE, soft, simple, modest, mild,
In sweetest accents begg'd to go;
Fair VENUS kiss'd the prattling child,
And lent the magic *cestus* too.

Columbia owns her power to love,
The cold to warm, the savage tame,
With pity melt, or wound with love;—
And DARLEY, calls her *fav'rite* name.

OPHELIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

HAVING seen many of my most intimate friends called, without a moment's warning, into another state of being, [that of *matrimony*] I have thought it necessary to be prepared for to fashion an event; and have accordingly, for some time, been "also ready," "awaiting the appointed time till my change come." Partly to dissipate my accomplishments, and partly without the hope of gaining a lover, I have offered you a couple of stanzas, in answer to those of your correspondent.

To ZAMA.

AH! if the *thought*, fonie mere indolent fair,
Accustom'd long in love's wild spells to share,
In ZAMA's heart, *confesses*, may claim a flame—
Can wound my reft, and fright felf peace away.

What "unknown tortures" muft thy MARCIA feel,
If what is now but *fear*, fhould *real* prove!
Thy prayer'd vows fhould time too late reveal,
Or *hymen* flow their, infidel in love!

MARCIA.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of reafon,
Dearer far than that of love;
Love but lifts a tranfient paffion,
Friendfhip makes the blifs we love.
Who would feek the fecret pleafure
Felt when fond with foul unites?
Other blifflings have their anxieties,
Friendfhip without bound delights.

NOVELIST.

ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

[Concluded from page 108.]

ALARMED and terrified I hid the man give me the ederis where I was to find my dear friend, and requefting my aunt to accompany me, ordered a hackney coach to be called; my aunt refufed, I therefore took my own woman, and hailened to the place, the poverty and mifery of which filled my heart with anguifh. Here on a wretched pallet I found my poor Matilda, fupported by a woman, who, though meanly habited, had a countenance beaming with humility. Mifs Leflie put out her hand as I approached her, and I could juft hear her fay, "Kind, amiable Sybella;" but her voice was fo low, it was hardly to be diftinguifhed. I took her by her hand and fpoke words of comfort; fhe laid her head from my fhoulder, where fhe had reclined in on my firft ftarting down, and faintly fmiling, faid, "I am a poor unhappy girl, whom you never law before, but my dear Rowley, and he will never again behold me; he knows not my fituation, nor will he till I am low in my bed of duft. You muft not be fo much difturbed, my dear Sybella; I muft be brief and inform you that when I went home, my father prefled my union with the Earl of Stern. On various pretences I contrived to evade its immediate completion, or I almoft a year relied on, while I ftill preferv'd my liberty; in the mean time, I had frequent opportunities of converfing with Rowley; we loved each other with the tendereft affection; we longed for the moment when, by means of my whom there was no fear of intruders, and I frequently after I had retired to reft, arofe and went into the garden where, in a rudic temple, I met my expecting lover. Fatal imprudence, in thefe ftolen interviews—love triumphed; honour, virtue, was forgot, and we awoke not from the dream of felicity till my father informed Rowley that he muft prepare to go for Ireland, whither the regiment was ordered, in which he had purchafed him a commiffion. Dreadful to this ftroke was, I endeavoured to bear it as patiently as I could, but all my caution could not hide from the eyes of my father that I laboured under fome deep affliction. He queftioned me on the fubject. I fell at his feet and candidly acknowledged my affection for George, yet did I not dare to inform him to what unpardonable lengths that affection had carried me. He raifed me gently, and thus addreffed me: "Thefe are girlifh whims, I muft have you conquer them, Matilda; I love you, but I love the honour of my family more, and I would fooner fee you dead than degraded to the wife of a beggar. You fay you love this young man; now liften to me, child. If ever I know you hold the leaft correfpondence with him, from that moment I fhall be to you as a ftranger, than you juft neceffary to keep me from ftarving, refolved by poverty and penitence to expiate my offence. I left a note behind me ftigmatifing I was gone where I fhould never more be heard of, but in a few days received a letter from Rowley. I came to London, and took a mean apartment in this houfe, where, by a little needle work, I made fhift to earn a fubfiftence, as unable to be a burden to my parent in my expected confinement. About two months ago, this good woman and her hufband became my fellow-lodgers; the hufband, as you fee, is ill, and I have cared for him. I owe my life, being thus long preferved; her hufband knew me, for he formerly lived fervant in our family; I beared him write to Rowley for me to my father, but I rather fufpect they have written to Rowley. Alas! my dear Sybella, their kindnefs is all in vain; I cannot exift much longer, nor do I wifh it. If I live, ruin will involve the man I have reafon to believe has been my father; or perhaps forgive him and take my poor babe under his protection. I fend for you, my dear Mifs Manteo, to commit the dear little innocent to your care till her mother returns, or his grandfather confents to fee him. Oh, my friend, do not forfake him, guard his helplefs infancy, for the love you once bore his unhappy mother."

You muft think, my dear Sir, continued Mifs Manteo, that I was greatly affected at my poor friend's pathetic detail; I took the dear infant in my arms, and promifed in your name, my generous father, I confided, that, till efteemed by his natural protectors, he fhould think it a duty to fupply its every want. And you did right, cried the Colonel, his eyes ftanding with tears, and Mifs Matilda Darnley, if ever I heard the like: Why, you encourage the girl to do the fame herfelf.

No, father, he replied gravely, the woman who loves virtue for its own fake will drop a tear of compaffion for the follies of another, while her conftant prayer is, that the may be refifted the ever prefented from the like misfortunes: But where is this penitent Matilda? "Gone!" cried Sybella, while her eyes were elevated with a look of rapture, "to that blifs place where the ftate of penitence accepted as an atonement, and where her fins will ftrike fruitfully, as its itfelf angels, forever."

You talk of what you don't underftand, cried Mifs Peroboby, that beaten path of the joys of Heaven? Have you any felf-conviction, any delightful fecrety that you fhall ever take them?

I do my duty, faid Sybella, mildly, and hope with humility.

Ah! we are all loft creatures, cried the aunt, all our words are but hypocrify, and we can think to go to Heaven becaufe you give away your money.

At leaft it will not prevent my going there, faid Sybella.

Mifs Dorothy rofe aride, put on her pelifle, and declared it was time to go home. At that inftant the Mifs Manteo rang the bell, defiring the child might be brought. The Colonel took it in his arms, and was carefling it, when the door opened, and in rufhed Mr. Rowley. It would be impoffible for me to give you a juft idea of the fcene that followed. I will therefore juft in favor in filence, and inform you, that, from confiderly voting my fair maiden, from fainting and weeping with her over the helplefs fate of Matilda, Mr. Rowley began to frek and find confolation in the fmiling countenance of his child, who had obtained her liberty, and refore which, his regiment being ordered to America, fhe refolved to accompany him.

But, my dear Poll, what became of your firft miftrefs? Unke, faid I, you promifed to inform me?

Oh! Oh! you are at your queftions, faid the parrot; did not I tell you, the firft time you interrupted me, I would punifh you, by keeping over after perpetual filence. You fhall for it can keep my word; fo faying, overbought his head her wings, and flying from my fhoulder, hit me fuch a flap in the face, that I immediately awoke.

MORAL SIMILIES.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE NETTLE AND THE ROSE.

"*Our Bane and Phyfic the fame earth bofoms,*
"*And near the noxious* Nettle *blooms the* Rofe."

WE may conflder human life as a Garden, in which *Paffion* and *Nettles* are promifcuously fcattered, and to which we as often feel the fting of the wounding *Nettle*, as we enjoy the fragrance of the blooming *Rofe*. Thofe hours of delight, entwined with the woodbine and the jeffamine, under which friendly umbrage we feek fhelter from the noonday fun, frequently are the abodes of fnakes, adders, and other venomous creatures, which wound us in thofe unguarded fcenes of delight. As the year has its feafons, and winter and fummer are conftantly in purfuit of each other, fo, changeable like unto it, is the condition of mortals; and as the elements are frequently difturbed by ftorms, hurricanes and tempefts, fo is the mind: man frequently raffled and difcompofed, until the faithful and philofophic and reafon hath fet forth and difpelled them. Murmuring brooks, purling ftreams, and fequeftered groves, whatever the feftions of poetical imagination may have fuggefted, are but allowed to be the unmingled pleafure, nor the abode of uninterrupted happinefs.

The hapleft *Floria* paffed away fome months on the delightful banks of the *Severn*—but fhe complained of the cruelty of the lovely *Amelia*, and told her fad tale to the nymphs of that impetuous ftream, which hurried along, regardlefs of his plaints. He gathered lillies of the field; but the lillies were not fo fair as his *Floria*, nor the fragrance of the blufhing rofe fo fweet as her breath—the ftreams were not fo innocent; nor the rabor on the grafs half fo tender as her heart. *Floria*, however, his joy-ed *Floria* and *Amanthis* in the letters of weetnefs; and the plaints of the ftream are now changed. The *Amanthis* of the enchantment is now defcribed, and what he had before conflered as the only object worthy of his paffionate purfuit, he now contemplates with coolnefs, indifference and difguft. Enjoyment has metamorphofed the *Aphrodite* into *Nettle*.

Emertus, contrary to his inclinations, was compelled by his parents to marry the amiable *Clora*, whofe fenfe, temperance and virtues were the theme and the toaft of every focial *fun*—and what at firft gave him pain and difguft, by degrees became familiar, pleafing and delightful. The *Nettle* was here changed into the *Rofe*.

The wandering Palemine, who purfues the *Rofe* though the unfeeling pain of love; who tramples under foot every tender plant that entwines with his path, and will not cover from flower to flower, like the bee, only to rob of its fweets, will at laft lofe his way, and, when benighted be compelled to repofe upon the ruftick bed of furrounding *Nettles*.

The bleeming *Rofe* is an utter ftranger to the wiles of ambition, where gloomy clouds perpetually obfcure the beams of the joyful fun, where the gentle zephyrs never waft through the groves, but difcordant blafts are perpetually howling, and where the climate produces only *Thorns* and *Nettles*.

The *Rofe* reaches its higheft perfection in the garden of induftry, where the foil is neither too luxuriant, nor too impoverifhed, where the temperature between the extremes of heat and cold cement fweet atonement. Here the *Nettle* no fooner makes its appearance, then the watchful eye of prudence efpies it, and through it may not be poffible totally to eradicate it, it is never fuffered to reach to any height of perk ffion.

Since, then, human life is but a Garden, in which we and *Sorrow* are conftantly in purfuit of and throw—let us do what we can to encourage the culture of the *Rofe*; and guard it againft the fpreading *Nettle*. However barren may be the foil which we have to cultivate, a little affiduous culture will contribute not a little to make the Garden, at leaft pleafing and cheerful.

MARIANO.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To vast skill in Fancy's way,
And bathe in Hesperian springs;
Call every flower with the soul bless'd,
And give them their own native bend.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—№. XXV.

Obtrem perraxe hui vitetalis amice;
Tu mihi adultus in formidine prave.

AMONGST the virtues generally recommended, applauded, and thought necessary to complete the character of a christian, there are many, which indeed, or in fact, are undefined, as that of CHASTITY. There is one great and general mistake which the world runs into concerning this virtue, namely, that a little coolness and stiffness in address, is solely confined to the female sex. It is without a doubt, the haughtiest pen that can adorn the brow of beauty. It is the most forbidding repeller to form the chastity of an amiable woman, that the most superior talents, the most exquisite personal perfections, those not with half their native lustre, can ever illustrate, dip their pens and blot its purity. But what is this virtue, about which so many preach, so many affirm an undue portion of arrogance, and self complacency, whilst fancying themselves decorated with its attributes? Does the polish of the lip, the sparkle of the eye, point never to be expected in bows, will permit her tongue to utter impurities; who will listen to a double *entendre* from the lips of a christian young woman? Such a blush, last who by her loud laugh, and leering eye, will encourage him to proceed? Every person of common understanding will answer, no. In the whole range of female life, there is nothing so morally, an erring father, the sufferings of whole families and broken heart, has compassionated as the error; and the next moment receives with frolick and company, the father, or who had reduced the poor victim to her present state of humiliation and sorrow? No.—Can that woman be chaste, who is affectedly voluntarily with the man who laughs at virtue, ridicules it as prudery, and says he "don't care a straw for her?" No. She who loves Chastity for its own sake, not only practises it herself most regularly in thought, word and deed, but shuns, as she would the pestilence, every person, whether male or female, who does not do the same. That Chastity is not held in the high estimation it deserves, or as the superficial professors would pretend, is a most lamentable truth. How few soul has frequently resulted, when in a mixed society, I have heard a matron, whose daughter had barely gone to womanhood was present, indulge in conversation which ought to have called a blush into the cheek even of a frail daughter of error; nay, perhaps, encourage most of the most profligate manners, to address the young lady, and then laugh at the timid demeanor shrink from a being so uncongenial to the temperature of her mind, well taught it, and tell her, "a reformation makes the best husband." It has happened that my heart has sunk and my cheek turned pale, when I have heard lips, whose extreme youth might have been supposed, to have preserved them from contamination, uttering expressions in nearly bordering on indecency; that through the fear kpeker had a moment before, appeared to me an angelick light in the infantile form. Alarmed with confidence and of darkness; but what can be expected from the friend, when the flock from whence they spring is corrupt? And why is not Chastity as needfully a virtue in man, as in woman?

I have been led into these reflections by a circumstance which took place a short time ago, in a polite circle of which I made one. In one corner of the room was a group of females, some married, some single; an old bachelor whose health and youth had so sacrificed at the fortunes of Bacchus and Venus, and who within a few days years have withdrawn the want of power to continue his vicious career, for the want of will, and the providence of regret for pentential remorse, had set up for a reformer of mankind; two young men just returned from a European voyage, and a man who had dozed to put on the livery of Lucifer, which his corrupt heart overflowed with impurity which issued from his lips at almost every second word. It was at a small town a considerable distance from the metropolis, and as I was only a lad of perhaps, fifteen or there at the of a few days in the confidence of my years I was then taking; though I was one of the company, I was a mere a cypher only serving to increase the number; and after the compliments customary on such occasions had paid, I was forbidden to rest in silence; for what could I know of their neighbours or their neighbours concerns? to that except now and then a stinging jeer from some aldershot or mocking which required only a simple monosyllable to answer, I found nothing to call off the attention I was inclined to pay the conversation in the group before mentioned. It is not my intention to enter into a detail of all the trifling, insipid, or indelicate follies, which occupied the first part of the evening; but at eight o'clock a lady talking leave, pleading in excuse for returning so early, the attention due by her to pay to a large family of children, and an infirm mother; her absence gave an entire new turn to the conversation. Around this authoritative woman had a fairer who before engrossed the hearts of female differences, and was subjected to be more guilty than she really was. How was it to conduct, unveiled, how was her name mangled. I was a stranger, had never heard the name of the unhappy being; yet to me must the whole affair be detailed, and I was informed there was such a woman in existance, only to be believed also, that she had disgraced her sex, ruined herself, and heaped misery on a fond, aged mother, and brother, who was the sole support of his family. One was affirmed how Mrs. (the lady just departed) could show her face in company, and another, that a gentleman, brother, was determined to drop her acquaintance, she could not think it reputable to associate with a woman who countenanced such doings. Surprised at her ill fate to censure the female after her very reprehensible conduct. But do you think ma'am, said one of the ladies to her who let me, Mr. S. almost mount his chair, and with a look of more sharpness, lord ma'am that was not the person. No, said the old debauchee, I believe you will never hear such a story of Mr. S. as for getting a female to quit a *Joseph*. Ah, said the black control man, I have my doubts about that fair lady of *Joseph* to be sure upon second thoughts I suppose's were taught never born old and ugly, she to make the story upon to be more natural, it was necessary to describe her as young and beautiful, and in the former case his repugnance was natural enough, but what could be said to that, which will not offend my fair readers by repeating; the girls tittered behind their fans, the married women laughed very vociferously, and the dear little things ought to have been ashamed from every modest woman's society. The poor frail fair who had given rise to their animadversions was by unsuspectedly handled; her reputation was torn piecemeal by the wretchings of the hour, while the woman equally every pointed facetas and bellowed on them loud bursts of applause, seeming to exult with as much pleasure on the fall of her sex, as often after, I found them to (what was uncommonly beautiful and accomplished,) as the savage woman of Africa did when a subjected wife, expostured perpetual cachigation from the cervile. *Mandy Jones.* In the midst of this unfeminine and equally unmanly amusement, Mr. S. was announced, and a most interesting figure entered the room, amidst continued peals of laughter. In his hand, bore testimony to a fair and highly finished volume. He bowed respectfully to the lady of the house, paid his compliments gracefully to the surrounding circle, and placing me in a chair which stood near, left into early conversation with an elderly gentleman who had been almost wholly silent during the former part of the evening; whilst in the parlor brought loud laughs from the ladies, he addressed modestly whispered. "that's *Joseph*," accompanied by tittering, nodding, and such like girlish foolery, that I felt my face burn more than once. Mr. S. was a gentleman, I felt he might suspect who was the subject of their mirth. However to my great relief, in less than half an hour, another gentleman was ushered in by the name of Dashall. This the man, said the person who sat next me, that is Mrs. I.——s gallant. This man was dressed in the extreme of fash-on, he affected a lisping tone in speaking, and a lounging side movement, as bowing slightly to the company he threw himself on a sopha, and declared the room was insufferably hot. The moment this being entered, the attention of almost every woman in the room was directed to him—one ask'd him about the weather; another what news; a third asked if he dined with the governor of fan him, two others drew up together, and placing a chair in the midst, told him it was coolest at that end of the room, while he, yawning, replied, he was very much at his ease, and could not take the trouble to move.

Good Heavens! said I, mentally, is it thus thick women prove their love of Chastity? Is it thus they evince their abhorrence of vice? By courting and caressing a wretch, who is known to have seduced one woman from the paths of rectitude, and then left her to all the misery of a provoking conscience and an injured world; and who is thought by suspected of having a fixture for another? Why will not women know their own consequence, and shun their reproof for virtue, by obstinately banishing from their presence and denying their thrills to the man, whose unhallowed deeds have polluted its sacred shrine?

Speaking my sentiments on this subject the next morning, to the friend I was visiting, he told me with a shake of finde, that she feared there was very few men possessed of the virtue of Joseph. And if there were, Master, God bless, little penchant, I dont think they would be favourites with women in general. To judge from your observations made last evening, the replied mildly, perhaps you; yet you may believe there are women in the world, who can admire modesty in the opposite sex, and who think a man who is exotic master of his passions, an object of the highest respect and veneration. There are not many such men to be found, said I, but if there are such in the present, they are a disparat as observant, and as unadmiral as any unadorned silkbred Miss of fifteen can be; listen to the conversation of half a dozen young ladies for an hour or two and you enjoy what they call society. What is it but an incongruous jumble of all odd tales, of clashing bouts, gaining parties, & broken engagements very good occasions to the frippery of fashion, dancing, and intriguing, which make up the chit chat of a parcel of girls. You are severe, he replied, but there is no general rule without an exception. And this Mr. S. is one, this Joseph as they call him.—Madam! Madam! said I, if he has half the virtue ascribed to him in this quarter, which is applied by way of ridicule he is an honor to his sex, and ought to be held in the highest estimation by the other; and it is only by treating such men with the respect they deserve, and desiring every unprincipled libertine to keep his distance, that women can prove their small, shallow of that inestimable virtue, CHASTITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OF THE TERM RESPECTABILITY.

Mr. Editor, GILPIN & DEAN.

RESPECTABILITY is a term which is thus applied by two classes of people. The one thinks it consists in being rich himself, and having opulent and high born connections.—The other thinks it consists in moral worth and virtue. It will not be expected by the most liberal, that he who depends solely in the first application of the term for the lustic notice of society which he enjoys will acknowledge the invalidity of his claim, for should he be so admitted as to do this, having neither talents nor virtue, he immediately falls into the lowest place in which mankind and his ignorance would place him, were he divested of adherence. Keeping out of view this class of men, none others it is presumed will dispute that respectability is a term applicable in its literal finite only to those who possess talents and virtue—that it is due to these, that their desert be low, and that their of the other class, to whom the term is applied, they have a crown of glory, or thornly heads, which ought not to command the respect due to these to whom the crown naturally and legally belongs, but whose possession (from a custom of society) is basely allowed to deprive of it.

When it comes to be the case that an obscure person, born of poor but honest parents, cannot render himself respectable by the honest exercise of handsome talents, by a life of beneficence of talents and professing virtue, what object, other than the basest one merely to obey his appetite and meet his threats, can he have to continue a base life procedure, after he shall be able fully and easily to meet this object? Dispensing of ever being admitted into the best society, at the least time that he despises his

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company, and being thereby deprived of the fine delights which refult from the laudable ambition to pleafe and diftinguifh himfelf, he thinks he may as well retire from a fociety in which, being poor himfelf, and having obfcure connections, his moft hearty, active and ufeful exertions will not affift him to rife in any degree adequate to his ambition. With thefe impreffions he relapfes into a torpid inactivity, loft to the defire to diftinguifh himfelf, and thus fociety by her fooliih law of placing the ingenious poor beneath the ignorant rich, and by her unpardonable neglect of the former infinitely more at America than England, is deprived of many ufeful and ornamental members.

It is not contended, that there ought not to be a fuperior refpect paid to the richeft man of two, provided the abilities and virtues of both are equal, for befides being promotive of a fyftem of order which fhould pervade the whole body politic, the rich man is the proper ftimulus, and object of induftry. But it is contended, and it is too obvious to need affertion, that it can be proved from every principle of civil equity, that the ignorant, immoral and diffipated rich, ought not to find fo ready an admittance into the habitations of virtue, talle and brilliancy, while the laws of fociety exclude the well informed and correct poor. What is it but giving a free paffport to the vanity of the former, and checking all the ardent and afpiring feelings of the latter? Beautiful nature in the firft inftance deals to all alike—She intereffes us all into the fame world, tempered alike by the common feelings of humanity, differently organized to be fure, but all poffeffing originally, more or lefs, the capacious powers of mind, which, with proper culture, are capable of attaining to refpectability, if not to glory: but becaufe one has all the relative outward means of improvement given to him at his birth, without any exertion on his part being neceffary to attain it, is he in reality more refpectable than he who, being born of poor parents, inherits from nature very much fuperior abilities, and attains by application much more fplendid and ufeful accomplifhments, whofe whole life has been correct and benevolent, and whofe fervices to fociety, more than adequate to the extenfion of his means, and far more than would have been expected from the obfcure orbit in which he moved? If common fenfe does not immediately give the anfwer, I will not pretend to.

Whenever I feel difpofed to a little humour, I have a moft approved method of exciting refibility:—It is only to aik fome young man of the clafs who think refpectability conffits in riches and birth, if a perfon whom I feign not to know, be refpectable? He anfwers with much fcorn: fuffers, that the perfon is both rich himfelf, and has rich connections, and this, forfooth, he fuppofes is placing him on the very fummit of the abyfs of refpectability!! Nothing can be more diverting than to hear the verbofe talk of thefe would-be *daffling blades*—but who are the wouldnot-be-thought ftupid blockheads?—perching themfelves upon a foundation laid by the more active and enabling imaginations, which the ftupideft adverfe title may undermine, they really fancy themfelves, the legitimate lords of the univerfe, and I have almoft fpit my fides with laughter, when they have been mortified to realize that like what they term the minutiæ of mankind, they themfelves, alfo! exceedingly rich, were fubject to pain and difeafe, and the latter too of the moft fevere kind! what by fay fome, difturb the repofe of the grave!—for in the grave of infignificance thefe fellows reft. Perhaps even now they dream of large eftates, when the death of aged parents will foon put under their controul; and of confequence they muft purfue in imagination a long train of relative attendants, from this dear tye, to the laft we will not wake them, left they fhould find their parents ftill alive, perhaps enjoying a tolerable health, and with cheerful countenance, expecting the dear tye to live for many years. Oh! in this cafe, the mournful difference between the *dream* and the *reality!*

PETER PROBE, jun. Efqr.

MEDICAL.

(☞ We have been frequently, in a refpectful Correfpondent, under the "Chriftelton Medical Regifter," *refolved promifes to have ufeful publications. The following contains the general account of the character and defign of the work, we fubjoin, for the information of our readers.)*

THE PREFACE.

MEDICAL facts correctly ftated and diligently compared together, reflect great light on the practice of phyfic. Conformable to this eftablifhed principle, it muft be obvious, that annual ftatements of the principal events, connected with the health of the inhabitants, made by phyficians in different places, would be particularly ufeful. The more extenfively this was done, the better; but in the United States, the advantages of fuch publications are enforced by peculiar conffderations. In the old world the attention of learned men has been employed for many centuries, in applying the general principles of medical fcience. Knowledge of this kind, in America, chiefly refts with individuals. To bring it within the reach of the community, requires the joint labors of phyficians in every part. If one phyfician, in each of the cities and towns of the United States, and fevoral in the country parts of each ftate, were to favor the public with a yearly account of the ftate of difeafes, and of the circumftances connected with them, as far as their obfervations extended, there would, in time, be an accumulation of materials, from which we might obtain the following advantages:

1. More correct knowledge of the difeafes of the U. States.

2. A Comparative view of health and longevity of the inhabitants in different parts.

3. Authentic evidences of all changes of the climate that took place: and particularly of the effects produced on the health of the inhabitants, from clearing and cultivating the foil, and from the different modes and articles of culture.

4. Perfons laboring under any conftitutional predifpofition to particular difeafes, might feek, with precifion, a place of refidence, leaft likely to call into action the particular predifpofition, under which they labored. Such is the extent and variety of climates in the United States, that there is fcarcely a difeafe, which, without changing the government or language, to which perfons propofing a change of refidence, were accuftomed.

5. By fuch publications, direct inveftids to fuch a route in travelling, as would beft fuit their particular habits and difeafes: from the want of this local knowledge, improper routs are frequently taken by foreigners and latitude of places afford no certain rule. Their influence controlled by a variety of local circumftances, is by no means uniform.

The advantages of the propofed annual publications would not be confined to the medical department. The farmer and gardener, from an average of feafons, would be affifted in determining their opinion of the beft time for their refpective operations.

The enterprifing agriculturift, who wifhed to enrich his country with the valuable trees, fhrubs, &c. now cultivated when and where to make his experiments, by comparing the obfervations auxiliary to the practice of phyfic, with the ufual habits of the particular commodity he wifhed to introduce.

A facility might thus be given to the introduction of ginfeng, japan fage, of the almond, allspice, caper, clove, cinnamon, cardamon, red coman tree, and feveral other valuable exotics. There are, doubtlefs, portions of the United States fuitable to the culture of thefe articles; but their fubftitution is unknown, to foreigners, and equally fo to the owners of the foil. The fame obfervation applies to the introduction of new animals, and of new branches of manufactures. Silk might, probably, be naturalized, and fuctured by the degree of heat and cold, and of the moifture and dryneis of the atmofphere.

The foregoer, will tend to remove to this kind of equal rights would, alfo, be enabled to determine where to locate himfelf, in a ffruation leaft variant from his tranfatlantic refidence.

With thefe impreffions, the following contribution is refpectfully fubmitted to the public. However imperfect the execution may be, the plan is fuch, that if improved by the wifdom of others, it muft be the healthy of many enlightened phyficians, fome conffderable benefit muft refult to the United States.

DAVID RAMSAY.

Chriftfton, (S. C.) Jan. 1803.

MORAL.

THE MONITOR—№ III.

I HAVE always preferred *Cheerfulnefs* to Mirth, the latter I conffder as an aft, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is fhort and tranfient, cheerfulnefs fixed and permanent, thofe are often raifed into the greateft tranfports of mirth who are fubject to the greateft depreffions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulnefs, though it does not give the mind fuch an exquifite gladneis, prevents us from falling into any depths of forrow. Mirth is like a flafh of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and *cheerfulnefs* a warm and fteady and perpetual ferenity. One *fource* of cheerfulnefs is a good mind, as its conffderation of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet in the firft faint difcoveries of his perfections, we fee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious or amiable. Such conffderations which every one fhould perpetually cherifh in his thoughts will benifit from us all that fecret bleffednefs of heart which nothing even are fubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguifh which we fuffer from any evil that actually oppreffes us, to which I fhall likewife add thofe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than fupport it; and chiefly as fuch an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleafing to ourfelves, to thofe with whom we converfe, and to him whom we were made to pleafe.—SPECTATOR.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

THE way to be happy is to have nothing that we can fuffer, and not up to thofe who fhine in the world. The comparifon then would be fo much in our favour, that we fhould exafe to complain. So fhall we be from pining at the unequal diftributions of fortune, that we fhould fit down contented with our own lot, and be happy with the bleffings we enjoy—Our pride would be humbled, and our reafon would teach us, that in our moft amazings would be hufhed at the fight of others. A limited fou and common fenfe would point out to us the difficulty of our purfuits, and fhow how dangerous it is to run the deceitful track—How happy then might poor and what a figure might they make in the eyes of the world, were they to manage the liberality of fortune as common fenfe, and learn to defpife the fuperfluities of, from a want of this fprings all the unhappineis of the life, and from a careful obfervance of it, proceeds our fatisfaction we can with to obtain.

MAXIMS.

IN the choice of a wife take the daughter of a good mother. If thou haft wit and learning, get wifdom and modefty to them. Truft not him that *fwears* a great deal, for proves himfelf a knave or a fool. Be not a fpendthrift. Never enter into hot difputes concerning points of religion or ftate affairs. Meafure not men by fundays, with out expecting what they do all the week after.

I advife thee to vifit thy relations and friends; but to fo advife thee not to live too near them.

Let the fociety thou frequenteft be like a company of bees gathered together to make honey; and not of wafps which do nothing but hum, devour and ffing.

In thy judgment and eftcem of men conffantly prefer good temper to their wealth, and honefty of their adion above all the excellencies of their eloquence or knowledge.

AMUSING.

SINGULARITY OF RESEARCH.—AN ABSTRACT OF THE Rev. Mr. Cleaveland's printed catalogue of books that leads to greater confequences, than the concentration of application to fingular refearch."

"But this, from a general principle, his overfeers ffrange and ufelefs terminations, that may be called *finis naturæ* in mortals. As an inffance of this, I will put it you with the reffult of a man's labour for three years, or nine hours a day, numbers are excepted, in one of the works, words, and letters contained in the Bible.'

VERSES, : : : : :	31,173.
WORDS, : : : : :	3,566,480.
LETTERS, : : : :	3,566,480.

The middle and the laft chapter is the 117th Pfalm. The ffngular word is the 21ft verfe of the 118th Pfalm.

Jehovah is named 6,855 times. The middle one of Jehovah's is in record Chronicles, fourth chapter and 10th verfe.

The word *and* is found in the Bible 46,227 times.

The leaft verfe in the Old Teftament, is in firft Chronicles, firft and 10th verfes. The leaft in the New Teftament, is the chapter and 35th verfe.

"I look upon this to be a very ffngular occurrence in the bufinefs of human nature, that there fhould be a man, who, from a motive like that of employment, fhould fpend three years in fuch a talk."

PRESENT FASHION REVIVED

THE Ladies of Paris are as bufy as much as ever in their drefs, as thofe of London. A lady of diffinction there having become very confpicuous for the fingularity of her attire the other day, when fhe had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and contained Directs for Madame ——. It was brought up and delivered to her as an elegant draft for fuel ordered from her former, the lady refolved to treat her friends with a fight of this new invention of her fuccy. It was opened, and was appeared a *wine bottle*.

PUNCTUATION.

A PERSON a few days fince, having met with an acquaintance, a Printer, afked him if it was true, that he ffood put a PERIOD to his exiffence; no, faid Mr. Type, he only put a COMMA to it, for he is in a fair way of recovery.

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A FAITHFUL LAD.

IT is well known that Frederick the Second, rofe remarkably early in the morning, and in general allowed a very fhort part of his time to fleep. But as age and infirmities increafed upon him, his fleep was fhorter and diftarbed, and when he fell aflecp towards the morning, he frequently miffed his early hour of rifing. This beloved time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave ftrict orders to his attendents never to fuffer him to fleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingnefs to rife. One morning at the ufual hour of time, the page whofe turn it was to attend him, and who had not long been in his fervice, came to his bed and awoke him, "LET ME SLEEP BUT A LITTLE LONGER," faid the monarch, "I AM STILL FATIGUED."—" Your Majefty has given pofitive orders I fhould wake you fo early," replied the page, "BUT ANOTHER QUARTER OF AN HOUR MORE."—"Nay, unmerciful," faid the prince, "I am ftill tired, I am ordered to infift upon your Majefty's rifing." "Well," faid the King, "you are a brave lad; had you let me fleep on, you would have fared ill for your pains."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR. BROWN.

THE late Dr. Brown courted a lady feveral years unfuccefsfully; during which time, it had been his conftant cuftom to drink the lady's health before that of any other: but being obferved one evening to omit it, a gentleman wifhing to remind him of it, faid, "Doctor, come, drink your ufual toaft." The Doctor replied, "I have toaffed her for feveral years, and can't make her brown; fo I'll toaft her no longer."

PIETY AND BRAVERY.

THESE ineftimable qualities ufually accompany each other, as trait *piety* and *courage* were in Sir Humphrey Gilbert, an Admiral in Elizabeth's time, was an inftance of this: He was fcen in the dreadful tempeft which fwallowed up his fhip, ftting unmoved on the deck of the Veffel, with a book in his hand; and was often heard to fay, "Courage, my lads, we are as near heaven at fea as at land." He always wore on his breaft a golden anchor, fufpended to a pearl, which was given him by Elizabeth.

EXTRAORDINARY HONESTY.

A PERSON of the Quaker perfuafion, having, through misfortune, about 40 years ago, become infolvent; and not being able to pay more than eleven fhillings to the pound, formed a refolution, if Providence fhould in his future endeavours, to pay the whole amount; and in cafe of death, he ordered his fons to liquidate his debts by their joint proportions. It pleafed God, however, to fpare his life, and after ftruggling with a variety of difficulties, (for his lively houfe chiefly depended on his own labour) he at length fucceeded fufficient to difcharge every demand, and to the old man came with no inconfiderable fum, to the furviving fon of one of his creditors, who has been dead 30 years, and inftructed on paying him the money he owed his father, whom he accordingly did with fome difficulties.—Such a difplay of virtuous principle we record with infinite pleafure, as it not only reflects the higheft honor on a worthy individual, but alfo on that fociety to which he belongs, and whofe members have long been diftinguifhed, and defervedly refpected for their upright and equitable dealing. On this occafion, we may juftly borrow the moft expreffive language of Pope, "An honeft man's the nobleft work of God."

OBSERVATION.

AMONG the ancient Aflyrians, it was, it is faid, a ufual cuftom to aflemble together every year, all the girls who were marriageable; when the public cryer put them up to fale, one after another. Thofe who were moft amiable and engaging were firft fet up at public outcry, and were bought off by the rich at a high price; and the money that accrued from the fale was divided among the reft, to whom perhaps were difagreeable; and men in diftreſs circumſtances, took the laft mentioned clafs of girls, together with their portions.

Such is the prevailing avarice of the preſent day, that an attempt to promote matrimony by reviving the old Aſſyrian cuſtom would prove ineffectual; for it is preſumed that the rich would ſooner chuſe the ugly girls with fortunes, than to give money for as ſuch are amiable.

THE HAPPY MONK.

An Extract of a letter ſent by a Patriote to his Son.

Lyons, Sept. 7.

AMONG the other objects of attention recommended to ſtrangers who viſit this great city, is the monaſtery of the Chartreuſe, and particularly their fine church, dedicated to John the Baptiſt. I went accordingly and made the uſual round of the building, ſculpture, paintings, &c. and was indeed much gratified with what was ſhown. But I could not help feeling, and expreſſing a wiſh to ſee and converſe with one of that ſecluded and ſevere fraternity; and I was happy enough to obtain full ſatisfaction. Our guide conducted us to one of the father's ſequeſtered cells, and knocked. It was immediately opened, and we were ſaluted as ſtrangers from England. The good man came forth and courteouſly invited us in. He had juſt finiſhed his ſolitary dinner, and being friſky, it had been peculiarly meagre; but an air of habitual reſignation and contentment was ſeated on his forehead, and ſpoke in his eyes. He was neither fat nor lean, but healthy, and apparently about fifty years old. Yet in ſpite of the inroads of half a century, the uncouthneſs of his habit, and the auſterities he had undergone and ſtill ſuffered, he exhibited a figure which diſguiſe could not render unkward nor ungentteel, vigor and agility, which diſcovered only the firſt ſymptoms of decay, and an urbanity and politeneſs hardly to be expected in a monk. He conducted us into his antichamber. Every thing was ſimple, but neat and clean. From thence, by a narrow paſſage, into his library; the priſſage was ornamented by a well choſen collection of maps and prints. "by means of theſe," ſaya the monk, pointing to a map, "I ſtrongly confined to this ſpot, I travel like you from country to country, with this advantage on my ſide, that I am never incommoded by the weather, never obſtructed on the road, and never plagued with the exaction of poſtilions, and the impoſitions of the publicans and poſts and hotels." The library was in good order, but wretchedly ſcanty; had the choice refted with the monk it would have been better, but there he found the books provided for him, and there he muſt have them to his ſucceſſor.

From the window he pointed to his garden, it is one of the beſt incloſed and beſt cultivated I have ever beheld: thanks to himſelf for this, not to his order. The arrangement, the cultivation is all his own. "Are you fond of flowers?" ſaid he to me. "I am very much grown."—"Are pinks a faſhionable flower in England?"—"They are and the new varieties are infinite."—"Will you do me the honour to accept of a few?" "Indeed, ſir I ſhall be proud to receive a preſent of ſuch curioſities from a ſpot in your country."—"Moſt willingly, and if I live to ſee the flower diſclofe its beautiful ſtalks, I will think of the peaceful ſpot where I paſſed my days, and of the gentle manner in which it was tendered me." "This," ſaid he, "is my favourite amuſement; it is an innocent one, it is akin to our daily occupations, and it has the merit of good God and has rather more variety than the reputation of our office."—"Yes," replied I, "and this, in ſpite of the mortifications you have ſpoken of, muſt ſometimes be the father of a numerous and beautiful offspring and preſerve your vow unfullied." His eye beamed a little, but he ſaid nothing. "You muſt have the goodneſs to do ſecret unto my little garden and give me your opinion of it."—With much pleaſure I rejoice to ſee your ſituation admits of ſo much happineſs."—"I am very happy; I have no care but about another world; I want nothing, and never was more employed."—"Theſe graces are hardly ripe, but you will do me the favour to taſte them?"—"They have a reliſh which no ſugar ſhall ever equal," ſaid he ſmiling. He made me a bow, and the colour overſpread his cheek.

USEFUL.

GOOD CIDER AS EASILY MADE AS BAD.

To make Cider of early or late fruit, at will keep any length of time, without the trouble of frequent drawing off.

TAKE the largeſt caſk you have on your farm, from a barrel to a hogſhead, and if it be not ſound, or in the manner that houſe-wives ſet a lye-caſk, ſo as to raiſe a vacancy of two or three inches from the bottom of the caſk; then by over head ſtricks either a clean old blanket, or, if that be not at hand, a ſtrong piece of canvaſs of the ſize as to make a coat of about a quarter of inch thick when it is well preſſed down; then put in to much clean waſhed ſand, from a bed of river, to well cover about two or eight inches in depth of your veſſel; preſs all your cider from the preſs through a table cloth, ſuſpended by the corners, which will take out the groſſeſt part of the fediment; then pour on the ſand, through which it muſt be ſuffered to filter gradually; and as it muſt of by a tap inſerted in your veſſel in the vacancy made by the ſticks at the bottom, it will be found, by this only method, as clear as cider can be expected, after the moſt laborious proceſs of refining; and all the mucilaginous matter, which muſt in the firſt fermentation and working of cider, will be ſo ſeparated as to prevent that diſagreable conſequence.

N. B. Other methods may eaſily be invented for paſſing the cider through the ſand, which is the only eſſential part of the above proceſs.

NEW METHOD OF DESTROYING CORRUPT WATER.

TO a pint of ſoft water add half an ounce of alum previouſly diſſolved in a pint of warm water, which will render the former in 48 hours as clear as the moſt ſpring.

RADICAL VINEGAR.

A NEW and ſimple method of preparing radical vinegar, or acetic acid, has been given in the *Annales des Arts et Manufactures*, which is as follows:—Take any quantity of white vinegar, concentrated by the froſt, and pour to it half as much concentrated ſulphuric acid; then diſtil the mixture in a fand bath until the vapours of the ſulphurious acid begin to appear, when a light and ſtrong-ſcented liquid is obtained, which, however, requires to undergo a ſecond diſtillation, before it is the real acetic acid; and it is certain that acetic acid obtained by this new method, may be uſed without the diſagreeable conſequences that ſometimes ariſe from the drops. The French chemiſt warns the ladies, who uſe it as a luxury, to reflect, that when reſpiring its odour, they introduce into their lungs, more or leſs copper, one of the moſt powerful poiſons; at the ſame time, he urges them to diſcountenance the former proceſs, in order to introduce the acid made by himſelf.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF LINEN.

STAINS, occaſioned by fruit, are readily removed from the clothes, by wetting them, and placing them near lighted brimſtone; a few matches will anſwer the purpoſe. The fulphurous gals extracts the mark.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

A FEW days ago, a gentleman told me, that about ſixty years ago, he had ewe lambs every year as long as ſhe lived, and her offspring had ewe lambs regularly after every three years elapſed.—How many ſheep will the offspring of the old ewe, at 20 years of age?

A. B——n.

☞ *An Anſwer is requeſted.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Extract from a Farewell Addreſs to a Reader of Poetry, in ſeveral languages, and very indifferent poetry.—A Reader, by *G. S.* the ſame.

Alonzo's Verſes ſhall appear.—*Perſian Song* accepted.

Adieu to Folly, by *Amanda*.—Had better ſend ſome other ſentiment than ſcribbling rhyme.

The *Univerſal Portrait*, ſhall have a place.

Y. L.'s invitation on the wedding cake, like moſt dreams, incomprehenſible.

Ribon by *F. Z.* declined.—We muſt alſo decline the *Ode a Spring*.

Valentine's Day, out of date.—Riddle by *V. X.* not accepted.

A ſecond Epiſtle from "*Mall Patchet*," is received.

☞ *H.* is requeſted to call for an anſwer to his letter.

MARRIAGES.

In Hingham, Mr. Thomas Wright of Weſtbrewich, merchant, of Bolton, to Miſs Jane Norton, of Hingham. In Salem, Mr. John Willſon, to Miſs Mary Pritchard. In Menotomy, Mr. Samuel Fatherbanks, to Miſs Lucy Sanderſon.

DEATHS.

In Martinique, Mr. Samuel Welch, jun. Æt. 20, ſon of Mr. Jonas Welch, of Bolton. In Scituate, Capt. Richard Thomaſon, of Boſton. In Dover, Miſs Patience Olbourn, Æt. 20. In Auguſta, (Me.) Mrs. Sarah Whitwell, Æt. 29, wife of Benj. W. Esq. In Eaſt-Sudbury, Rev. Aaron Hatch, Æt. 70. In Lynn, Mrs. Hannah Breed, daughter of Mr. Aaron Breed. In Watertown, Wm. Hunt, jun. Eſq. Æt. 24, Aid-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Heath. In Charleſtown, Capt. Samuel Dexter, Æt. 40. In Dedham, Mrs. Sarah Emmons, Æt. 84.

"At Reading, Widow Heph. Gould, Æt. 79.—Precious in the ſight of the Lord, is the death of his ſaints."

In Boſton, Widow Lois Gray, Æt. 86; Mrs. Nancy Bates, of the Exchange Tavern.—Capt. Aiden Bats, Æt. 60. —Mrs. Elizabeth Bowdoin, Æt. 72, widow of the late Gov. Bowdoin, Eſq.—Her remains are to be carried on Sunday next.—Two children of Mr. James H. Loathebree.—

Total, for the week ending ſaturday, five.

THIRD CLASS SOUTH HADLEY LOTTERY.

TICKETS, HALVES and QUARTERS, in the above Lottery, for Sale, by *GILBERT & HAVEN*, at the MAGAZINE and LOTTERY-OFFICE, No. 56, *State-ſtreet*. ☞ Remember—after the 14th inſt the price will be 16ſ. as that the company who then take all unſold tickets, will certainly be entitled to the firſt prize.—Reader—don't you think it the beſt time to make hay when the ſun ſhines?

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POETRY.

[*Selected from the* Port Folio, *for the* Weekly Magazine.]

THE VOICE OF HIM I LOVE.

HENCE far from me, ye fenfeless joys,
That fade before ye reach the heart,
The crowded domes diftracting noife,
Where all is pomp, and ufelefs art!
Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and placid move;
So fate ordain I fometimes there,
My bear the voice of him I love.

I hate e'en mufic's pleafing power,
When giddy crowds my tones attend;
But love to fing at evening's hour,
To footbe or gratify a friend.
I love to breathe the plaintive lays,
Which Heory's heart and talle approve;
For oh! how fweet, how dear to praife,
Gift from the lips of him I love.

The praifes I from others hear,
May pleafure to my pride impart;
But Henry's wake the capt'rous tear,
Yet ftill I feel a joy more dear,
The' I thefe gems dafhing fee prove;
When in retirement's fcenes I hear,
The dulcet voice of him I love.

* * * * * * *

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE STRIFE OF REASON.

From the Life of LORENZO DE MEDICI.

RISE from thy trance, my ftarbearing genius, rife,
That ftrouds from truth's pure beam that thy torpid eyes!
Awake, and fee, fome reafon gave the rein
To low defire, thy every work how vain!
Ah, think how falfe that bliss the mind explores,
In futile honours, or unbounded ftores;
How poor the bait, that would thy fteps decoy
To fenfual pleafure, and unmanning joy.
Rouze all thy powers, for better life delighted,
And know thy native dignity of mind:
Not for low aims and mortal triumphs given,
Its means exertion, and its object heaven.

Hafl thou not yet the difference underftood,
'Twixt empty pleafure, and fubftantial good?
Not more oppofed—by all the wife conceit,
The rifing orient from the farthefl weft.

Doom'd from thy youth the galling chain to prove
Of patient beauty, and imperious love,
Their tyrant rule has blighted all thy time,
And mare'd the promife of thy early prime.
Thou bonny s gath thy wondering gaze may win,
Yet know that wifdom, that fhe does dwell within.

Ah! think how fair thy better hopes had fped,
Thy wifdom crying fteps had reafon led;
Think, if thy time a nobler ufe had known,
Ere that the glorious prize had been thine own.
Kind to thy ill, thy clear difcerning will
Had widely learnt to fever good from ill,
Thy fpotlefs hours could then have known delight,
Still'd fcarce fallen thofe thy wintry night?
With vain pretexts of beauty's potent charms,
And nature's fruitly blunting tender arms!

At length, thy long loft liberty regain,
Tear the ftrong tie, and break the ungletious chain;
Freed from falfe hopes, affume thy native powers,
And give to reafon's rule thy future hours:
To her dominion yield thy ftarting bofom,
And bend thy paffions to her ftrong control:
Till love, the tyrant that diftroyed thy reft,
Crufhed by her hand, fhall mourn his humbled creft.

OBSERVATION.

IT is a better employment of the underftanding to hear the *difcernment* that adfmilly belal us, than to penetrate into the thick that may.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

SWEET folitude! when life's gay hours are paft,
How'er we range, in thee we fix at laft;
Toil's through tempeftuous feas, (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and blefs the friendly fhore.
Our own ftrict judges, our paft life we fcan,
And afk if virtue has enlarg'd the plan:
If bright the profpect, we the grave defy,
Truft future ages, and contemn the die.

* * * * * * *

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPIGRAM.

SAID I, Apollo, pray advife
A friend, that's wotty more than wife.
Since you in kindnefs have thought fit
Above my peers to give me wit,
'Tis right you teach me how to ufe it,
Or how fhall any body know it?
Said he, "Unlefs you'd make a horfe fick,
Stick clofe to *Reafon and Arithmetick*." P.

THE NOVELIST.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT OF THE *ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.*

[From his Flight to Paris—in the Autumn of 1790.]

WHEN my ill ftate of health drove me again to Piermont laft fummer, to drink of its falutary fprings, my beloved wife, being then in the fifth month of her pregnancy, remained at home. Every letter I received from her, and we commonly exchanged three or four letters in the week, brought the moft pleafing accounts of her health, and the affurance that fhe had no wifh but for my return. How accidently I participated in this wifh may be eafily imagined! I, therefore, counted every hour of the moment when it was poffible to efcape from the medicinal ryke, and fly to her arms. This was the beginning of September. Our firft interview was at Goetha. She came thither to meet me. My tranfport at hearing her, our firft embrace, the heart-felt joy with which I contemplated her blooming cheeks manifeting pure health and content, the animation that fparkled from her expreffive eyes—all thefe I fhall ever to my imagination! How does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images! I am would my pen defcribe them in equally glowing colours, but words are unequal to the talk! Yet every one who has a heart can imagine them all.

Two months more paffed on. I faw, without alarm the moment approach when I was to be preferred with a new pledge of our love, fince nor confcioufnefs of alarm thus appeared. I did all that lay in my power to prevent danger. I perfuaded my wife to take more exercife than ufually every day, in the beautiful park at Weimar, which was indeed her favourite refort. How have we ftrolled about there arm in arm, or hand in hand, wondering what is in the air, forming conjectures on the future, reviewing the paft, and enjoying the prefent! Sometimes talking about our abfent friends, amufing ourfelves with fpeculations on what they might be about at that moment, what, and when, they fhould write to us, or where, and when, we fhould fee them again.

In the little hut made of the bark of trees, or at the waterfall, or upon the hill, or by the three pillars, or where we look over the meadows in the valley as upon a ftage—here we often ftood or fat, contemplating the varied beauties around us. Oh, my the fweeteft, the moft refreshing dew, fall upon ye every morning, ye trees and flowers, for you were witneffes of my happinefs! Ever may ftrong fhoots flourish and look gay, thou verdeent turf, for thou hart been prefied by the footfteps of my beloved wife! How would the long lafh whip me, if I fhould fometimes ftand upon his head, and fet the little dog barking with comic exagerefs at fo unufual a fight! Never, never, will a happier couple enjoy thy charms, thou lovely fpot!

Often, too, have we vifited Belvedere, and Tiefurth, country feats near Weimar. There did wife under a tree, and regale upon new milk, while my Frederica rejoiced at finding the weather ftill fo warm, that although in the month of October, we could remain out in the air, where as at home we were always creeping to the fire. Thefe little excurfions were always fo pleafant to her, that in every the moft minute incident fhe found a fource of delight.

About a month before her confinement, fhe accompanied me to Leipfick fair. She was on that day unufually cheerful and animated, and at our return *it was difcovered*, that the power in her life enjoyed any thing of the kind more highly. Oh, what greater delight can the world afford than to have contributed to the enjoyment of her whom we love!

Thus, amid a conftant reciprocation of pure and innocent happinefs, did the hours pafs on, till the moment approached at which neither of us entertained the leaft apprehenfion. My Frederica had always enjoyed uninterrupted health, her only medicine was ftrawberries, and never fince our abode at Weimar had the apothecary been enriched by her to the amount of a fingle *dreyer*.

At length on the eleventh of November, fhe was lafely and happily delivered of a daughter. For the firft three days the was remarkably well, and was all the while animation, laughing and adfuring us that a lying-in was a mere joke. Never, fhe faid, had fhe been fo well; never in the leaft threatened with fever, or a like fyndrom from pain. In fhort, every thing feemed to promife her fpeedy recovery, and the little cloud which muft at fuch a period inevitably *for a moment* overcaft the horizon, feemed entirely difperfed. Such was her own opinion, as well as that of all around her. Ah! was there then on earth a mortal happier than I? The whole creation feemed mine, and I its fovereign! Who could fuppofe that thefe were to be the laft happy days of my life.....

On the fourteenth fhe was feverifhly indifpofed. We believed this to be a matter of no confequence, only accuftomed by the milk, and were fatisfied nature relieves herfelf in various ways. On the fifteenth the again appeared quite well. Still on the following, when, after having fpent a very uneafy night with the idea of her indifpofition, at five o'clock in the morning I ftole foftly into her chamber, and crept to the fide of her bed, full of impatience to learn her tidings of her. She ftretched out her arms to me, and raifing herfelf up, affured me that fhe was then perfectly free from complaint. She defired I would endeavour to enjoy mind as a ftate of compofure. I afterwards read to her a fcene of a drama I was writing, for I always made her unfophifticated feelings the teft by which I proved the real merits or demerits of my works. What did not fhe lofe a year by that ftrict, bigoted out. Alas! to whole feelings can I refer in future? —My tutelar genius has forfaken me!—my firft critic is fatisfied!

She laftened to me on this morning with her accuftomed attention and pleafure, the gave her opinion on the whole with candour, but more mildly than ever fhe had done before. Never! Oh, never will the piece, of which this fcene was a part, be finifhed! I ftruck ftart back when I came to the laft words I had written, and threw away the book. The horrible idea of adding another line to them gave me a fritter of criminality. I could not for all the treafures the world affords, endure to hear that part repeated which I read to her. The recollection of it is of fuch a fpecies as I proceeds, would harrow up my foul! for, oh! was the laft approving nod I ever can receive from her.

On the laft night fhe began to complain of exceffive faintnefs, and from this day her fituation conftantly grew more alarming. I became extremely anxious about her, and called in the moft eminent and fuccefsful phyfician of Leipfick, in aid of Mr. Bu-bhalz, who had before been our fole attendant. The diforder rapidly increased, her fever grew hourly higher, and fhe began to utter delirious. Three days, which to me feemed like an eternity, thus paffed on, when my anxiety became intolerable.

On the twentieth, I hallened early in the morning to Jena, to call in the affiftance of the celebrated Dr. Stark, who was my intimate friend, and of whofe medical fkill I had the higheft opinion. Thus I thought nothing would be neglected on my part to fave a life fo dear—and that fkill Stron has been my fole fource of comfort in the midft of my defpair at her lofs. Heaven only knows what I fuffered on this expedition. My fancy could not forbear to dwell on the moft dreadful images, which, through their merely ideal, were, alas! but too foon to be realized.

My friend was fo good as to return with me immediately, and we found him at Weimar, accompanied by him, within five hours from my departure. He found my Frederica very ill, but yet did not think her cafe by any means defperate, and I once more began to breathe freely. Cathartics and diaphoretics were adminiftered. She was become from delirium very peevifh and obftinate, nor would take any thing but from my hands. Oh, with what trembling hand did I reach her the glafs with the medicine, but fhe fuffed me when fhe had taken it, and my foul could not but find fome confolation in this teftimony that amid the ftorms of ficknefs, and wand'ring of diftraction, her affection for me remained pure and unfullied.—*over!* [*To be continued.*]

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on Fancy's wing,
And bathe in Hesperian's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FLATTERY.

NOTHING misbecomes the man that would be thought a friend, like Flattery. Flattery, the meanest kind of base dissembling, and only ideal to catch the greatest fool.

Flattery, is both to virtue and vice, a falsegloss, rubbing the one fecm greater, the other less than it is; and if it light on a double dissembler, it is one to whisper as to bear the pain of itself. But otherwise melting with an easy over-weening nature, it devours the inheritance of fortune, and makes prosperity like to the fields of Egypt, which were devoured by numberless troops of flies. Men had need beware how they be too perfect in compliments; for be they ever so sufficient otherwise, their enemies will be sure to give them that attribute to the great disadvantage of their virtues. Admiration hath always a share in the office of flattery. He that is full of courtship, common-only puts to large a diffuse benefit his heart and his tongue, that they are seldom reflexions.

Praise is the reflection of virtue; but too much assignating of a man doth cause contradiction and procure envy; whereas the moderate encomium is not vulgar, but appropriate, is only that which doth good. All excess of praise, argues defect of judgment; for detraction transcends a thing beyond reason, either mocks himself or thofe that hear him. Flattery is a weed, that eats into the breaths of men, that breeds the lethargie of falling defects in honour; makes paltice look asquint, and blinds the eye of understanding. There is no harmony betwixt the tongue and the heart; they are not like clocks, where the wheel and hand go alike pace.

P.

ON THE DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

HONOUR, thy Father and thy Mother, fays the divine command. It is likewise remarked, that this commandment is the only one that has annexed in itself fuch great promises of temporal prosperity. The Almighty condescends to offer, as a future inducement—*and my days may be long upon the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee*—no doubt to imply his will, that this fhould have a preeminence over the other duties. This is a fecond table in particular manner; and certainly if it had not been the inculcation of divine authority—if no fuch commandment exifted, natural affection and gratitude ought to chain us to the obfervance of it. Let us look back on our firfteen or twenty firft: that, from the moment we firft behold the light, the anxieties of a parent are innumerable—with what care and attention are all our wants and wifhes, as far as they can be known, or guefled at, fupplied and complied with?—nor very exiftence (under God) depends on them; no talk is thought too arduous; and no pain, or watter's cold, and fummer's heats are alike difregarded, and all this totally forgotten by the parent, in the conlideration, that he bears them for the fake of fuftaining his beloved offspring; and how many inftances have we of fathers and mothers expofing their lives, and even cheerfully facrificing them, for the fafety of their infants. Nor does their care end with manage; when the child is grown up to be a perfon in our midft, we are ftill watched with the moft tender follicitude—if obliged to be dealt harfhly with, the diftrefs of the child is doubly felt by the parent, who will venture to affert, that no temporal calamity can afflict the heart fo much as the mifconduct or ingratitude of a favourite fon or daughter.

Since, then, we have fo many inducements to the obfervance of this beheft, fhould we not anxiefly enquire in what manner we are to honour our father and mother?—if we confine ourfelves alone to the honouring them with our minds, and that this principle does not extend to our actions, we only fulfil the half of our duty: therefore, we ought (as foon as we are enabled by ftrength of mind and body) to execute whatever part of their bufinefs may fall within the compafs of our abilities to tranfact, in a manner pleafing to them. But here, I would with to addrefs myfelf to each fex feparately: And firft, you whofe lofter minds and tender dilpofitions, particularly qualify you for fmoothing the ragged paths of life, and fweetening in the capacity of either child, wife, or mother, the many bitter vexations all conditions are fubject to; will, a thoufand little attentions to the will, comfort, and pleafure of your parents, be able to render them eafy and chearful, the moft delightful fatisfaction. The houfe is peculiarly your province, and to make the burthen of it, on your mother, as light as poffible, ought to be your peculiar care: do not think the facrifice of your time too great; you were born for a more exalted rank in fociety than merely to flutter at a ball, or to be confumedly reading the nonfenfical effufions of a lilly imagination, in which moft of our novels confift of. You owe it as a duty to the country you live in, to confider yourfelves of more importance: becaufe though an individual, you are an individual who may do good. Befides, from whom will you be fo effectionately inftructed in the dutie of a wife, as by her whofe conjugal affection and happinefs are fo confpicuous? and from whom elfe will you learn the more exalted duties and principles of religion, than from her's, whofe care muft extend to your eternal happinefs. Since we cannot but fuppofe that the one whofe mind is fo bent on your welfare in this life, will be much more careful to haveout preferved in a future ftate. As your wants and wifhes were watched, do you do the fame now with her, and endeavour in every inftance to contribute to the comfort and fatisfaction of thofe whofe fuffering hands have been the means of fupporting you fo far; and rely on it, that your duty to your God is rewarded, as you have it on the unqueftionable authority of God; who is Truth itfelf. Nor will any parent, defaving the name of one, if they fee you felicitous to pleafe them, deny you either that recreation or exercife, which is indifpenfably neceffary to the preferv ation of health and fpirits, efpecially in youth.

A. B.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE thanks of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY, are prefented to the following Perfons, for the *Donations* prefixed to their names.

JOHN ELIOT,
Correfponding Secretary.

FOR THE COLLECTIONS.

An original Letter in Dutch, to Gov. Endicott, 24th July, 1660, *Mr. William Gray*, junr.
An Original Deed of Conveyance of the place called Pukunumbquah, eaft end of Nantucket, from Wenachumauk, a Sachem, to Tuftan Coffin, and Thomas Macy, dated July 1662. *William Folger*, junr.
Specimens of the Indian Language, in Nantucket,
Medfis. Macy and R. Mitchel.
Bill of Mortality of Middleborough,
Hon. *Elcaz Thomfon*, Efq.
Defcription of Sandwich, *Wentell Davis*, Efq.

FOR THE LIBRARY.

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Rev. *Thomas Holland* and *others*, at Leghorn.
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Papers of the Agricultural Society, of Maffachusetts,
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Strabonis Geographia, fol. 2 vols; Clavers Geographia, 4to; Pomponius Mela de fitu Orbis; Ptolemy's Voyages, 4 vols. with an Atlas; De Lide's Atlas; Pigafetta's Voyages, 1519, '20, '21; La Hontan's Voyages, 2 vols; Frezier's Voyage to the South Sea; Robert's Voyage to the Cape-de-Verde; Condamine's Voyage; Gage's Survey of the Weft-Indies; Buccaneers of America; Cowpar of Florida; Defcription of Eaft Florida; Adair's American Indians; Long's Travels in F. America; Four Volumes of Tracts concerning the American Colonies before and fince the Revolution; Father Charlevoix's Travels; Father's Campaign; Memoirs of the Englifh and French Commiffioners, concerning the limits of Nova-Scotia, 1755; Hayne's State Papers; Gazette de Leyden, 3 vols; Maubelley's Journal through France and Scotland, 3 vols; Philip de Commines, 5 vols; Vertot's Revolution of Rome, Sweden, Portugal, 4 vols; Blackburne's Hiftory of Berlin; Mezzarai's Hiftory of Algiers; Hill's Dictionaire; Numismata Aurea Imperii, Rom.; Wife's Numifmata Bedlerana; Mufica des Monumens Francois, &c.
Mr. Stephen Higginfon, jun.
Hiftory of Acadie, by the Sieur Denys, Governor of that Colony, 1672; a number of Indian Books, Deeds, &c. from the Library of the late Peter Thacher, an Indian of Nantucket, *Mr. Walter Folger*, jun.
Copy in MS of the Ancient Laws of New-York, while Nantucket was under the jurifdiction of that State,
Mr. Charles Folger.
A Book brought out of Wales, in the ancient character,
Mr. Lemuel Cox.
Burton's Materia Medica, 2d edit. *The Author.*
A Tour through Holland, *Mr. Ebenezer Hobfon.*
Boftan Orientale, with Notes, *Rev. Abel Benedict.*
Emerfon's Oration, 4th July 1802. Sermon on the death of Dr. Thacher, *The Author.*
Adams's Addrefs to Maffachusetts Charitable Society. Oration delivered at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1802,
The Author.
Burdick's Oration on the Art of Printing,
Mr. *Nathaniel Willis*, jun.
Miscellaneous Sermons, 2 vols. Defoe's *jure divino*,
Rev. *T. S. J. Gardiner.*
Dr. Cotton Mather's Convention Sermon, 1728,
Refus Amory, Efq.
Dr. Cotton Mather's, and Mr. Foxcroft's, on the death of Mr. John Corey; P. Walter's Sermon, Thurfday Lecture, 1722, *Mr. Nathaniel Willis*, Efq.
An Account of Connecticut Miffions, 1802.
Rev. *David M'Clure.*
Dr. Thacher's Occafional Difcourfes,
Peter Thacher, Efq.
Sermon's preached at Edinburg, from 1791—1802, befides the Society *de propaganda fide*,
Mr. *Samuel Cooper Thacher.*
Bifhop of Norwich's Sermon, before the Society for propagating Chriftian knowledge, Mr. *David Wells.*
Firth's Sermon, after the Earthquake,
Miller's Sermon before the Miffionary Society, New-York,
The Author.
Strong's Election Sermon, at Hartford, 1802,
Rev. *A. Eaton*, Eftabl.
Tappan's Sermon, on the death of Lt. Gov. Phillips; Baldwin's do. Thacher's Sermon, at Mr. Tuckerman's Ordination; Alden's Century Sermon,
Rev. *Jofeph Lathrop.*
Barnes' Sermon on the death of the Rev. Mr. Hawley,
Rev. *G. Hawley.*
Mr. John Norton's Election Sermon, 1661; Sermon at the Thurfday Lecture, April 2, 1663; Willard's Sermon on the death of Lieut. Gov. Stoughton, 1701 —Stoddard, on the death of Mr. Edward Pinchon, 1702 —Letter of the Miniflers, to Sir William Aihrull, concerning the Indians, 1703, Rev. *T. M. Harris.*
Convention Sermon of Rev. Peter Thacher, at Malton, 1794, Rev. *Jofeph M'Keen.*
American Review, published at New-York,
Rev. *Samuel Miller.*
Columbian Phonix, Medfrs. *B. & T. Loring.*
Cenfus of the United States, 1800, Rev. *Dr. Cutler.*
The Lord's Prayer in more than *one hundred* different languages; Warner's Attempt to afcertain the Situation of the ancient Charleftown; Hiftory of the life of Wight.—a Report of the Committee of Arts, to the Firft Confol, on the Antiquities of Egypt; *Red Book*, or lift of fecret penfions paid out of the Public Treafury of France, under the late Monarchy, *Mr. William Coolidge.*

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Columbian Centinel, 1802,	*Maj. Russell.*
Boston Gazette,	*Russell & Cutler.*
Palladium,	*Thomas & Andrews.*
Worcester Gazette,	*Isaiah Thomas, Esq.*
Independent Chronicle,	*Adams & Rhodes.*
Spectator,	*E. Belcher & Co.*
United States Oracle,	*Wm. & Daniel Treadwell.*
Balance,	*Mr. Eben Sanford.*
Boston Weekly Magazine,	*Gilbert & Dean.*

FOR THE CABINET.

Two specimens of silver Ore from Peru; one of gold Ore, from the mines in Granada, S. America; a specimen of the malt of silver and quicksilver, brought from the mint at Lima; a specimen of Platina, in grains; an ancient Peruvian utensil, found with the bones of a native in the interior of Peru; several specimens of Peruvian bark; a small Chart of the Province of the Vice Roy of Peru, of 1793; three silver Medals; one copper Medal,

By James Perkins.

Two Etruscan Stone Coffins, whose antiquity can be traced back above *three thousand years*; a Jewish Shekel,

By Hall, of Lynn.

A suit of Cloaths, belonging to Dr. Franklin, which he wore when he signed the Treaty of Alliance, &c.

Mr. Elsworth Bartlett, of New-York.

Indian Stone Pipe, imitating the human form,

Mr. Daniel Tuttle.

The Bezhardek, or Indian Hog, *Mr. Forster, Esq.*

A white Otter from Pallatinapodgety, a river in this country, *Messrs. Henry Bass & Co.*

Shells found in digging a well at Nantucket, from 48 to 52 feet in the earth,

Mr. Joseph Mayo.

A Centipede, from Bengal, preferved in spirits,

Mr. Caleb Mayo.

A specimen of Ore, found near a Chalk Cliff, in the County of Hants, Great Britain, *Mr. William Coolidge.*

A Giant Clam Shell, weighing 447 lbs.

Mr. Josiah Waters, jun.

Mezzotinto Prints of Dr. *Jonathan Mayhew*,

Mr. James Green.

A valuable collection of Curiofities, from the North Weft Coaft of America,

Mr. Eben. Dorr, jun.

AMUSING.

TRUTH—an Indian Tale.

AS a fakir was talking his walk in a retired fpot the earth feemed to refound beneath his footfteps. He ftopped: "Fakir," faid he to himfelf, "I will perhaps difcover a treafure: what a happy man would it make me, fhould I be lucky enough to find it!"

The fakir began removing the pebbles, and foon obferved a fort of vault; but after undergoing fo much fatigue, he was greatly mortified at difcovering nothing but the mouth of a well, which had apparently remained there for feveral ages.

Whilft he was furveying it with an air of difappointment, a female fuddenly dipping it with a pitcher in her hand, and quite naked, fuddenly rofe up; and being exceffively beautiful, the fakir contemplated the figure with fo much delight, that he never once thought of covering her with his cloak.

"O thou who furpaffeft in beauty the daughters of Brahma," faid he, "tell me who thou art, and wherefore thou haſteſt in a well?" "I am Truth," fhe replied. The fakir inſtantly grew pale, and fell on his knees, as if a fabre had been coufh not to fubdy exift together.

The virgin being thus in alarm, advanced peacefully towards the city. A woman walking near, did not fo great a fingularity in India, as in other climates lefs favoured by the fun. There paffed by her, peoples, foldiers, and eunuchs.

"Ah," faid the poets, on beholding her, "how thin fhe is!" "How indifcreet fhe is!" cried the fultanas. "How fad fhe appears!" ejaculated the eunuchs. None of them feemed to care about her.

A voluptuous courtier happened alfo to paſs her. He perceived that fhe had a white fkin, and had her placed in his palanquin.

Scarcely was fhe ſeated, when the miſtreſs of the emperor appeared, riding on a dromedary, by order of her phyſician. "How odd it is!" cried Truth, "that the favourite fultana ſhould have a crooked note!"

The courtier trembled at this exclamation, and gave himſelf up for loſt; for there was a law forbidding any one from ſpeaking well or ill of the favourite's noſe. He cried Truth into the middle of the highway, ſaying, "What a fool have I been to trouble myſelf with this baubble!"

She arrived at the gates of the city, and obſerving a perſon of no inferior order, enquired of him where ſhe might find an inn/ylum for the night. The man conducted her to his home, not doubting but this acquaintance would make his fortune.

The hoſt with whom Truth had taken up her lodging, got his living by writing a gazette: where, each morning, every perſon in office read his own panegyric. Whenever, therefore, he went to the court, the ſtaves had orders to fill his pockets with the beſt remains of the kitchen.

The opulence of our traveller very much deranged the affairs of this poor man. He had ſcarcely time to prepare his gazette. Truth ſat down at work without ſaying a word, and when he had finiſhed, eraſed every thing that he had written. The publication was two days behind hand. The wife, angry at the delay, called for the writer, and after giving him fifty ſtripes, permitted him to ſpeak in his own juſtification. He did ſo with eloquence and propriety: ſo much the more was the miſtreſs, for the vile delinquent him with a hundred more laſhes than before.

This laſt puniſhment appeared ſingular to thoſe who knew not how very juſt the wife meant to be. She did this, becauſe he ſuppoſed the time which the puniſhment occupied, ſecretly to remove Truth from the gazetteer's houſe. Had he thought ninety-nine blows would have been ſufficient for his purpoſe, he had not given a regard for his fellow creatures, to have ſuffered one more to have been inflicted.

When the wife had gotten ſole poſſeſſion of Truth, ſhe hoped to make advantage of her againſt his enemies; but it being announced that the emperor was coming that very day to viſit his palace, and Gratify our above all his bodily wants, he ordered that, for the public good, ſhe ſhould be put to death.

Immediately four eunuchs placed her gently between ſilk cuſhions, ambergriſed and perfumed, and ſmothered her with every poſſible precaution. They afterwards threw the dead body into the moſt unfrequented ſpot in the garden.

The men in power imagined that Truth was dead, becauſe ſhe had been ſmothered ſome time: but this was not the caſe—the opium ſhe received her, and the cruſhed leaſhes of the darkneſs of the night to leave the garden.

She took ſhelter in a vaſt library, where the Brahmins had ſhowed up the learning and wiſdom of mankind for five thouſand years. The building cold, the inn is ſtrewed with ſome ſtraggling leaves, but there was ſo much inflammable matter in the place, that Truth had but juſt time to make her eſcape with a few half conſumed books.

The library was burnt, and the librarians too. The Emperor came to look at the conflagration, and find with pleaſure that the fire had conſumed every thing in the flames. His ſatisfaction was the more ſincere, ſince there had always been in India, a ſecret hatility between books and emperors.

The vile Truth had no ſooner left within who had thus eſcaped her cheſpe. In the morning the proclamation for that purpoſe was affixed to the public buildings. This diſpatch'd, the Emperor deemed himſelf, in every thing, every in the univerſe, there are always ſome of proſcription in readineſs againſt poor Truth.

At day-break the unfortunate fugitive found herſelf beyond the walls of the city, near a neat little houſe, which was ſurrounded by a ſmall garden: it was the reſidence of the ſage Pilpay.* She entered in without apprehenſion, declared who ſhe was, and implored an aſylum.

"This frankneſs pleaſes me," ſaid the ſage, in reply, "but it makes me tremble for you. If you ſhould be recognized, nothing can ſave you—follow me." They ſecluded a large gallery, which formed the upper ſtory of the houſe.

There were arranged in order the ſkins of all animals, the rind of every tree, the coverings of all ſorts of beings. It might be ſeen at once that it was the repoſitory of a ſage. Pilpay having ſhewn it to Truth, thus addreſſed her.

"Since you can neither hide yourſelf, nor be ſilent, you had better aſſume a diſguiſe. No one make you utter, at will, what you do not know. Be ſtudious, and there upon be infinitely attractive. You ſhall ſpeak under theſe new forms, and you ſhall, without danger, reproach even the vile himſelf with his crimes."

Truth accepted the propoſal, and was not ungrateful. The genius of her deliverer, inſpired by her, alternated all Hindoſtan. The Vedas were ſtripped, and Pilpay appointed in his room. He arrived in extreme age, fortunated by the bleſſings of the people; for Aſia has no balm ſo powerful to ſooth a life, as the habit of doing good.

An influence of ſuch high fortune, gave birth to a crowd of imitators, and the ambitious wiſhed to ſhare with philoſophers the labours of Pilpay; but Truth, who penetrated their views, continued to conceal herſelf in the works of the wiſe, and reſpired the reſt to the phantoms of their imaginations.

The inventors of fables found themſelves thus divided into two very different claſſes, of whom one wiſhed to inſtruct with gentleneſs, and the other to prevail at any rate. It will be rendering a great ſervice to mankind, to teach them by what traits they may diſtinguiſh them.

The latter aſſemble the multitude, and cry out to them from an elevated place, "Slaves of Brahma, believe or periſh; for what we are about to deliver to you is the Truth." Then they relate to them extravagant fables, which render the auditors either impoſters or madmen.

The former, with a mild voice, and affable countenance, ſeize the attention of the paſſing man. "Friend," ſay they, ſit alive to mirth, laugh a moment with us. What were going to relate to you is only a fable; but the gay manner in which we ſhall tell it, will amuſe the mind, and he will liſten to become better while he is amuſed.

DESCRIPTION OF A FARCE ACTED BY ALL MANKIND.

THE world is a theatre: mankind are the comedians, chance compoſes the piece, and fortune diſtributes the parts—philoſophers and politicians govern the machines; and philoſophers are the ſpectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and ſides, and the gallleries are for the poor. The women diſtribute their odd reflections, and all the ſubordinate ſtuff the box dies. Folly compoſes the overtures, and time draws the curtain. The title of the piece is, *Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur*—the world will be deceived, let it be ſo. &c. The opening of the farce begins with ſighs and tears: the firſt act abounds with the chimerical projects of men — the ſecond tragically diſplays the fatal effects of bad ſervices. Whilſt the fanguine bring their catcalls into play to damn the performance. As young in, a fort of money is paſſed called *treaches*, and in exchange a ticket is given, fabricated *only for a day*, which entitles the bearer to the entry of ſpectators which appear, for a ſhort time divert the ſpectators but the unraveling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill conducted, cauſe the laſt act to make the ſpectators—

We ſee giants who patiently become pigmies, and dwarfs who unexpectedly attain a monſtrous height. There we ſee a man encouraged with the hope of the reward of a good offiable plant, guided by prudence, and attended with preſervation, who are, nevertheleſs, circumvented in all their gaits, and ſhuffled to the end of the courſe; while here we obſerve a troop of indolent, carelefs fellows, who attain the higheſt ſummit of our dangerous ſociety. Such is the face of this world, and he who would chuſe to divert himſelf with what he has not, muſt take his place in front of the theatre where he may unobſerved be a ſpectator of the whole performance, and in ſafety laugh at it as it deſerves.

THE TWO BEES.

ON a fine morning in May, two bees ſet forward in queſt of honey; the one wiſe and temperate, the other careleſs and extravagant. The former ſtored up a golden cruſtacted with aromatic herbs, the moſt fragrant flowers, and the moſt delicious fruits. They regaled themſelves for a time on the ſweets of nature, but were ſurprized before they—the one leading his thigh at intervals with providence for the hive againſt the diſtreſs of winter; the other revelling in ſweets without regard to the morrow, and his future ſubſiſtence. At length they found a more abundant ſtore than they beneath the bough of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and expoſed to their taſte in the moſt delicious manner. The thing ſeemed ſingular in ſpite of all his friend's remonſtrances, he plunged headlong into the veſſel, reſolving to indulge himſelf in all the pleaſures of ſenſuality. The philoſopher, on the contrary, ſipped a little with caution; but being ſuſpicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyments of them. In the evening however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive, but found him ſatisfied in ſweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy himſelf. The next day he called again in his way home but his whole frame totally enervated, he was but juſt able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his laſt breath, that, though a taſte of pleaſure might quicken the relish of life, an unreſtrained indulgence is inevitable deſtruction.

ANECDOTES.

[For the Boſton Weekly Magazine.]

MISS Hannah More, expreſſed her ſurpriſe to Dr. Johnſon, that a Poet, who had written *Paradiſe Loſt*, ſhould write *four* ſonnets. The Doctor anſwered, "Miſtress, Mil-

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dam, was a portion that could not a collofius from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry ftones."

NEMO.

A SCHOOL-MASTER, in a neighbouring town, wifhing to difcourage the talents of his fcholars for *Geography*, abufive of the youngeft of them, what *Scite* he lived in? To which the boy replied, "*a ftate of fin and mifery.*"

[From London Papers.]

MR. Maundy, of Canterbury, Dr. Radcliffe, and Dr. Cafe, fpending an evening together, were very jovial over "Here brother Cafe, (fays Dr. Radcliffe) as a health to all the fools, your patients." "Thank you good brethren, (replied Cafe) let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the reft of the practice."

WHEN the great duke of Argyle was one night at the Theatre, in a fide-box, a perfon entered the fame box, in boots and fpurs. The duke arofe from his feat, and with great ceremony, expreffed his thanks to the ftranger, who, fomething confufed, defired to know for what reafon they were thus beftowed. The Duke gravely replied, "for not bringing your horfe into the box."

THE TWO BROTHERS.

IN a manufcript, in one of the libraries at Paris, we are told that the count de Lignerville, and count du Auricourt, twins, defcended from an ancient family in Lorraine, refembled each other fo much, that when they put on the fame kind of dreffs, and were in the habit of wearing a mafk, their fervants could not diftinguifh the one from the other. Their voice, gait and deportment, were the fame, and thefe marks of refemblance were fo perfect, that they often threw their friends into the moft embarraffing uncertainty. Being both captains of light horfe, the one would put himfelf at the head of the other's fquadron, without the leaft fuſpecting the change. Count de Auricourt having committed fome crime, the Count de Lignerville never fuffered his brother to go without accompanying him, and the fear of leaving the innocent inſtead of the guilty, rendered the ordres to arreſt the former of no avail. One day count de Lignerville feat for his barber, and after having fuffered him to ſhave one half of his head, he purpofely left the room, and went into the next apartment, and putting his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and tucking the cloth which he had alone his beard, under his chin, made it fit down in the place which he had juſt quitted. The barber immediately returned his operation, and was proceeding to finiſh what he had begun, when he perceived, to his great aſtoniſhment, he found, that a new beard, had ſprung up. Not doubting that the perſon under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and threw the razor into the floor. Whilſt they were endeavouring to call him to life, count de Auricourt retired again into the cloſet, and count de Lignerville who was half ſhaved returned to his former place. The barber was now confirmed in the belief, that he had actually been with the devil, and could not be convinced of the truth until he had held the two brothers together. The ſtratagem thus fuccefsfully between thefe brothers was no leſs ſingular than their reſemblance. If one fell ſick, the other was indiſpoſed alſo; if one received a wound, the other felt it; and this was the caſe with every misfortune that befel them: ſo that, on this account they watched over each other's conduct with the greateſt care and attention. But what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing, they often had the ſame dreams. The day that count de Auricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, count de Lignerville was attacked by the ſame in Bavaria, and would have ſunk under it like his brother, adds the manuſcript, had he not made a vow to a lady of Altenting.

REMARKABLE.

SNOW STORM!

ON Sunday, the 8th of May, 1803, about 2 or 3 o'clock, in the morning, commenced a Tornado, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and a ſnow full of rain; in which it came on to freeze, which, from the warmth of the ground, melted as faſt as it fell, but on the roofs of ſhe houſes it appeared to be rather more than an inch thick——The weight of ſnow and wind has broke down and deſtroyed a great number of Lombardy Poplars and Fruit Trees, in and about the city, and it is much to be feared the deſtruction has been great through the country.—A fall of ſnow is not remembered ſo late in the ſeaſon. About one or two and twenty years ago, we had a fall of ſnow on the 9th of May, which did conſiderable damage to the fruit.: : : *Phila. J. 18th In the town and vicinity, a large quantity of fruit is ſaid to be ſtored much damage has been done to early vegetation.* Editors.]

MATHEW, THE HERMIT OF NORWOOD.

THE eccentricities of the above unfortunate old man have for a number of years been the ſubject of much curioſity to thoſe who have viſited Norwood and its vicinage. Upwards of 30 years ago he obtained leave of the Governors of Dulwich College, to form himſelf a dwelling on their grounds in the neighbourhood of Sydenham Common and Dulwich Wood. This dwelling, which was the child of his own fancy, was ſo ſcheſted from any other, and conſiſted of an excavation in the earth, thatched in with fern, &c. In this cave or hermitage he lived for a ſeries of years, living entirely upon what he could get in the gardens of the neighbouring gentry, by whom, from his finplicity to manners, he was much liked. He always returned to his cave to ſleep, and on Sundays uſed to ſell beer to ſuch perſons as might chuſe to viſit his manſion, in the ſummer, there were many. About five or ſix years ago, however, ſome villains, inſtigated by the ſame motive that probably occaſioned his firſt, (or idea that he was perſecuted of money) broke into his cave, beat him in a moſt cruel and manner, and, agreeably to his own account, robbed him of 12s. For ſo wretched a man a ſum and a half after this he deſerted his abode, and uſually ſlept in the Stables or hayloſts of thoſe for whom he had been at work. Drawn, however, by ſome ſtrange impulſe, to his former mode of life, he returned to his cave, in the ſpot of which he altered, by digging it with a mouth reſembling an oven, into which he had juſt room to crawl, and when laid down, by curving his body to the form of the cave, he had a place of the entrance, ſcreed for a door. All theſe precautions did not, however, ſave him from the further attacks of his enemies, for, on Tueſday laſt, Dec. 6th, he was found, near the entrance of his cave, dead, with his jawbone broken in two places, and a ſevere wound in his cheek. The ſcull was diſcovered by ſome boys, who, at Chriſtmas time, had always made a practice of paying the old man a viſit; he was covered with fern, &c. and under his arm was an oaken branch, about fix or ſeven feet long, which he had uſed to ſpear his victuals with, in order not to hook him out, as the hook part was found broken off, which exactly matched with the ſtick, and from the nature of the wound in the face, it appeared that the hook had been hitched into his mouth, in the act of having a bole of the ſame ſtick in the hook; and in dragging him to the mouth of the cave they diſcovered the body to be his head, when diſcovered, was outermoſt. His jaw was broken, and, as is the opinion of a profeſſional gentleman on the ſpot, the extraordinary ſwelling into his throat, cauſed ſuffocation. The deceaſed had been at the French Horn, at Dulwich, on the Monday evening, and had changed half-a-guinea there, great part of which change he is ſuppoſed to have had about him, as ſeveral loſe ſome, none of which was to be found, as his pockets were turned out. A ſecret pocket, of which none of his acquaintance had any knowledge, was found ſewed in the lining of his waiſtcoat, as it was alſo turned out. Mathews, the deceaſed, was near 70 years of age, and was ſuppoſed to have been induced to adopt his ſingular mode of living from the affectionate remembrance and entertainment of a departed wife, by whom he had one daughter, Going, as we underſtand, tolerably well to ſchool. He was generally liked in the neighbouring villages, and remarked for the ſimplicity of his manners, and the punctuality of his dealings; from which circumſtance ſome of the gipſies, perhaps, who infeſt the vicinity of Norwood, might be led to conceive him worth money. Three men of the above deſcription, have been taken up on ſuſpicion.—*Lond. P. Jour. 5, 1803.*

USEFUL.

FARMERS have often injured themſelves by graſping after too much land. In many inſtances, it has been more the line of their ambition to own large farms, than to be fruitful farmers. It has been the prevailing ſtrugele, to extend every one his own domain and to add field to field. This however in a general view, is poor economy, and tends to poverty rather than to riches. It is the thorough cultivation of a few acres rather than the poſſeſſion of many, that fills one's barns and granaries. Whoever has been at the trouble of ſuch large farms as Mr. Boſton, and Mr. Coxe, muſt have obſerved, that, by reaſon of the high coſt of cultivation of their lands, a ſmall incluſure produces as much as a conſiderable farm commonly does in the interior parts of the country.

It is a neceſſary point of prudence for a farmer to proportion the dimenſions of his farm *to his means of improvement.*

A large farm requires a large ſum of money on hand to ſtock it and to defray the neceſſary expenſes of much labour; otherwiſe ſome part of it, which are not cultivated, and yet tax-ed, will be a bad of coſt as it will tend to eat up the profits of the reſt. Conſiderable capital is requiſite in having common lands into a ſtate of high cultivation, but this expoſure is ſure to be repaid to ex-ten-ſive ſoil; into, that it would be much more judiciouſly generally, for a farmer to lay out his ſpare money in the way of increaſing the cultivation of his land, than either to loan it, or to purchaſe adjoining woods and lands. A man, that has a large farm, but no money, and perhaps, is ſome in debt, derives from it but little clear profits. He is obliged to huſband his farm under ſo many diſadvantages, that it pays him but little more than for his labour—and of the ſmall amount he muſt firſt pay the rent, and lay out the proceeds in manuring and cultivating the other half; ſo that, in reality, he receives the barefans of his life and would be a ruſhic rate for it.

: : : : *Balance.*

MODE OF PRESERVING BUTTER IN TURKEY.

"THE butter which is moſtly uſed in Conſtantinople, comes from the Crim and the Caſtan. They do not ſalt it, but melt it in large copper pots over a ſlow fire, and ſkim off what rifes; it will then preſerve freſer for a long time, if the butter was freſh when it was melted. We preſerve butter moſtly by ſalting. I have had butter, which, when freſh, was melted and ſeaſoned in the Tartar manner, and then falted in our manner, which kept two years, good and fine taſted.

"Waſhing does not ſo entirely free butter from the curd and butter-milk, which it is neceſſary to do in order to preſerve it, as boiling and melting; when, then, fait is added to prevent the remaining curd from growing rancid, we certainly have the beſt proceſs for preſerving butter. The melting or boiling, if done with care, does not diſcolor or injure the taſte."

ON INDUSTRY.

"THIS is a country, which affords all the means not only of ſubſiſtence, but of wealth, to which man muſt be applied, or the end is not attained. Greater induſtry muſt be neceſſary here, than in ſome other climes: but this is no unhappineſs. A people that grow rich ſuddenly, and without much labour, grow wanton in luxury and effeminacy. They prefently ſink again into poverty; or their wealth is confined to a few. They loſe their ſtrength and vigour and the ſpirit of liberty; and fall an eaſy prey to the firſt powerful invader, or ambitious uſurper. A habit of induſtry is firſt acquired by neceſſity; and, once acquired, it may continue for a long time, even after the neceſſitous circumſtances alter too ſuddenly. It ſtrengthens the body, braces the mind and aids other virtues. It gives panſe to adverſity, courage to danger, and perſeverance in eſſe cuity. No people ever remained under liberty long, after they ceaſed to be induſtrious and became diſſolute and luxurious."—*Extracted from the Rev. Dr. Ruthergf. Eſqrs.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Montroſe and Francis have published their 4th No. of Shakſpeare's Dramatic Works, containing *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Love's Labour's Loſt.* We cannot ſpeak too highly of the typographical beauty of this work, and muſt encourage the preſent edition has over others, from its valuable notes, which are ſelected with great judgment from the mais of critical matter contained in Johnſon's and Steevens's editions.

Propoſals are iſſued at Haverhill, Maſs. for publiſhing, "An Eſſay on the Paſſions," in queſtions, and recollections of a practical nature; deſigned for the young by *Abiel Abbot*, Paſtor of the Church in Haverhill.

MARRIAGES.

In Roxbury, Mr. Oliver Fither, of Boſton, to Miſs Betſy Child. In Middlebrough, Mr. Ebenezer Shortliff, to Miſs Nancy Shaw.

In Princeton, John M. Pintard, Eſq. late Conſul at Madeira, to Miſs Eliza Smith, daughter of the Rev. Preſident Smith.

In Boſton, Mr. David M. Eaton, merchant, to Miſs Abigail Bentnall: Nathaniel Pellows, jun. Eſq. to Miſs Julia C. Mason: Mr. Eli Wareeller, to Miſs Barbary Bowen: Mr. Samuel Hildreth, to Miſs Mary Chaddick.

DEATHS.

In New-Bedford, Thomas Hammond, Eſq. In Newburyport, Capt. John Morris: Mr. E. Moulton. In Marblehead, Mrs. Deborah Leach, æ. 85: In Plymouth, Mrs. Lucy Harmount. In Philad. Hon. Stephen Chambers Foſter, Mr. C. Pum Virginia. In Lancaſter, Mr. Joſeph Kenerſon, late of Reading, æt. 83.

In Boſton, Mrs. Abigail Pond, æt. 74: Mr. Elijah Swift, æt. 73. Mr. Elizabeth Bartle, æt. 79: Mr. Elijah Swan, a native of England, æt. 74: Mrs. Boydine, æt. 79: Miſs Betſy Forrest, æt. 16—and 3 children. Total for the week ending 3d inſtant——

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

AMONG the multitude of *Sapphics*, which have appeared in imitation of SOUTHEY'S "WIDOW," I do not recollect to have been published in this country the following, which is extracted from the "Margate New Guide," and may perhaps draw a smile from some of your readers, for which purpose, it is transcribed.

SAPPHICS.

BOY, sweep the shop; the chocolate prepare, wife;
Here comes the Countess rustling down the high Street.
Hark! 'tis her chariot turning round the corner,
Boy, clear the counter.

Madam, permit me, opening the coach door,
Placing the step, and holding out his elbow:)
Sure the young lady will not like to wait long,
Better get out, Miss.

What will it please your ladyship to see first?
Plenty, farthers, lawn, or India muslin?
China silk here, what all the ladies wear now?
Clocks at the ancle.

This too deserves, my lady, your attention;
Where will you see so fewer a Calimanco?
None can excel 'it in Margate I affure you,
No, nor in London.

May I presume your ladyship to tempt now?
Nice and I for fo elegant a bobbin!
Boy, put her ladyship's things in the Couch——and
" Now——for my bill, Sir."

Three yards of cambric, eight and forty shillings,
Hofe, calimanco, calico, and muslin,
Juft twenty two pounds, feventeen and fixpence,
Right to a farthing.

THE TEAR OF REGRET.

WHEN the foft tear fteals ftedily down fcem the eye,
Take no note of its courfe, nor deem the flow figh;
From fome ftring of left, forrow is ever ftruck,
Some tender *remembrance* that weeps as it goes.

Ah! it is not to fay what will bring to the mind,
The joys that are fled, and the friends left behind;
A note, or a fong, or the fcene of delight
Strikes the key of reflection, and unwins on the ear.

Then' the pay fcenes of youth the remembrancer ftays,
Till mem'ry ftops back to grafp a fhadow or face;
Then ing ftudies thy tone feem, that glide filent away,
The minutes of yuth hours, and the ghoft of each day.

Let the tear then drop filent, nor mark the full eye,
The fray's fecret will ling the natural ftould yet?
Few fouls are prepar'd for a rife fo divine,
Nobility alfets at morning's fhrine.

TIME.

WHEN by *rotes* and languor pre'd,
We wait, expecting to be bleft;
When eager on the clock we gaze,
And think the hand on purpofe ftays,
We fay, and fad our accents flow,
"Why moves the tardy time fo flow?"

But when kind friendfhip's cordial fmile,
And focial chat, the time beguile,
The moments glide fo rwiftly by,
They feem with double fpeed to fly;
And fad we murmur when they're gone,
"Why fled the fleeting hours fo faft?"

THE GRUMBLER.

CORBUS unmarried, *grumbled* for a wife;
Married, he *grumbles* ftill, and fo does his wife:
A child is wanted; Heaven the blefling fent;
Yet ftill he *grumbles*, ftill is diffatisfied.
My boy, what's the matter, I cannot be ftrife and worfe!
The forrowful blubbing a turn'd into a curfe;
The mufic and mad'rife drain my pockets dry;
I've nought to keep the boy with by and by.
A purfe he finds; ye how, an hundred fhillings,
He *grumbles* on, "Had it been fo much more,
I might have left off labour, liv'd in peace;
But fo it happens all my fchemes are gentle."
He fickens; now he *grumbles* without doubt;
"When will my health return? my money's out."
Death came and ftruck him; ye one fatal blow,
He firft him *grumbling* to the fhades below.

MORAL.

A FUTURE STATE CERTAIN.

HOW can we imagine it poffible, that the Author of Nature fhould furnifh us with capacities for difcovering his exiftence and attributes, and our dependence upon him; with views of another ftate, and powers to contemplate the laws of many other orbs than this we inhabit; to roam through the boundlefs regions of fpace, with a mind that is never fatisfied with lefs than infinite, if it is to be extinguifhed by death? No! if we had not been defigned for another ftate, the apprehenfion and influences of it would never have been neceffary to the good government of men; eternity would never have been thought either of our hopes, or fears. If our exiftence were to finifh with this world, we might, like other animals, perform all the offices of fupporting ourfelves, and continuing our fpecies, without any views or expectations of another. It cannot be thought poffible to reconcile the creation, and condition of man, with the acknowledged attributes of God without the conideration and allowance of a future ftate.

THE FALLACY OF NOBLE BIRTH.

THE nobility take great pride in boafting of the antiquity of their houfes; but let them be ever fo ancient, there is a certain time the boundaries of which they cannot pafs, beft they fhould find themfelves beggars and poverty in their anceftry. The nearer men approach to their firft fource, the more they will be forced to refemble each other, and remounting to their origin, they will find no difference; all men were equal at firft:

"We are all the children of Adam; this is well known to every fcholar, and the whole world is the witnefs to the length fathered with labouring the earth; fome left off in the morning, and others in the afternoon."

A father may give to his child three different lives; natural life; education; and riches. Happy the child who at his birth has received with natural life the feeds of virtue, and a well inclined difpofition.

Thefe are not always necefary, for there are but too many examples of children whofe blood contaminates, and who degenerate from the virtue of their fathers. Alexander left to his fon worfe than himfelf, unknown to pofterity; and Auguftus had but one daughter, whom he was obliged to banifh for her indecencies.

THE NOVELIST.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT OF THE *ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.*

[Continued from page 116.]

ON this day a fecond *Gaftenberg and Repentance* was performed. I mention this circumftance only to introduce an anecdote, which, even amid the anguifh I then endured, gave me a fenfation of pleafure. About eighty of the fcholars at Jena came to fee the play. It was the ufual cuftom of thefe young men, upon fuch occafions, after having attended the theatre, to have a jolly fupper together afterwards, and about midnight to return home, in their carriage or horfe paffed my houfe, the whole party were quietly out of town by fome other road, that they might not difturb my fuffering wife. I mentioned this circumftance to her in the morning—fhe fmiled pleafed with the attention, and I take this opportunity of publickly expreffing my grateful acknowledgment to the gentlemen for it.

On the evening of the twenty-fecond, my Frederika continued much the fame. I here an expreis both mornings to Dr. Stark, with an account of the attention of his patient. I fcarcely ever quitted Frederika, and experienced fome fatisfaction at finding that fhe did not in general appear to have any apprehenfion of danger. Once only as I endeavored her, and told my child to do the fame, fhe fhook ftrain my tears, fhe feemed for a moment ftruck with a degree of anxious follicitude. This, however, foon vanifhed again, as I wiped my eyes, and endeavoured to refume a countenance of more than ufual ferenity. Sometimes fhe was commonly fo ftrange, that it was impoffible for her to be fenfible of her ftuation.

On the twenty-third, fhe was eafier and better. This gave me very flattering hopes. I went to bed much more compofed, and for the firft time fince her illnefs had fome quiet fleep. But the next morning, about half-paft four, I was awakened by the maid, with the dreadful intelligence that her miftrefs was much worfe. Oh God! with what horrible feelings did I fpring out of bed, and haften to her room! I found her extremely reftlefs. She complained of exceffive pain in her hearts, in her breaft, in her back, and particularly in her right fide about the lungs. She breathed very fhort, and her cheeks were extremely flufhed. For fome days, I had obferved this fymptom with great anxiety, but the day before had been much confoled about it.

I trembled fo that I could fcarcely ftand, for I thought her almoft at her laft hour, and knew not whilt was to be done. The nurfe and maid were the only people in the room with me. The latter I difpatched to Mr. Buchholz who was fo good as to come immediately, and foon after came my mother and Madame Mukaus, the widow of my brother's friend the painter. She cubbed the body of my poor fufferer all over with flannel, particularly thofe parts where the complained moft of pain. She found this a confiderable relief, the pain abated, and fhe affured us fhe was much eafier.

Oh how was my heart in thefe anxious hours, ftuffed about between hopes and fears! Yet fo horrible to me was the idea of her death, that I could not believe it poffible, how much foever appearances threatened that event. I could not perfuade myfelf that it was poffible it fhould take place. A ftill fmall voice feemed to whifper in my ear, this cannot be!—the affliction were too great to be endured!—fate cannot inflict upon thee fo fevere a misfortune!—Be comforted—think of thy children, of thy property, but abfurdly fhe will live thy wife! Ah that I could but have trafficked thus with fate! could thus have purchafed from death his devoted victim!

The phyfician hoped that the alarming fymptoms which had appeared preceded only the breaking out of an eruption. I was ftruck with horror before the every moment, to examine if nothing of this kind was to be perceived, when, about noon, after repeated difappointments, fome fpots and pimples on the breaft were difcovered. Oh! I ran immediately to both phyficians with the happy tidings, and wept like a child. They fhared in my joyful hopes, and prepared me, though not without fome reluctance to let her fe taken out of bed. Therefore fhe had frequently got up to have her bed made, and how ever on fometimes wifhed her not to be difturbed, fhe was foretimes by defires of it, that it was impoffible to put it off. I new therefore never ftirred from her room, fmoker her for me was fo much more powerful than her children, that when I fmoked in the next room, fhe ever was thin up night, I had down in the room with my clothes on, when Madame Mukaus, who, on this melancholy occafion, gave me all poffible attention, remained faithfully, that fhe appeared fhe had wearied, I fhould be inftantly awakened.

As five o'clock I arofe. I received the joyful information, that my poor Frederika had paffed a quiet night, and I found her eafy when I went to her bed fide, and kiffed her as ufual. This much increafed my flattering hopes. Madame Mukaus and the phyfician Mukaus went home early, and I fpotted my morning pipe, and retired for a fhort time into another room, that I might not difturb my wife in the leaft by my motions. I had not been long, before the maid came to me half breathlefs and pale with horror, bringing a bankercheif all over blood, which fhe had found in the chamber. What a new fource of alarm and anguifh! I haftened to her, and found her with a fhort cough and fpitting blood. I ran with all poffible fpeed to the phyficians, he ordered her a compofing draught, which fhe took with fome difficulty, and fell into a deep fleep. My ftrength was almoft exhaufted. The morning fun fhone on the oppofite houfes, the air was warm, the leaves fcarce. I refolved to make ufe of my wife's being afleep to breathe a little frefh air. I turned my fteps towards Belvedere. Here I fo defirble all my thoughts my feelings, my fenfations, my fears, upon this walk, they would fill a large volume of themfelves. It is not a ftrong argument in favour of the immortality of the foul, that our thoughts and feelings are not continued in time? That they pafs with fuch rapidity, that a fingle moment fuffices to fo volve in idea what would occupy years in action? That no man can fay fuch and fuch a portion of thoughts muft pafs in my mind in fuch a number of minutes, but that the acts of ages are involuntarily compreffed together in one momentary perception, and yet appear to that the mind is though ever fo much, every circumftance, were embodied before the eyes? When there exift this principle, that requires neither fpace nor time for its operations, yet works in all comprehenfively within—Can it be ought but fpirit? *(To be continued.)*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on Maro's wing,
And bathe in Helicon's spring;
Skill every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

The GOSSIP—N° XXVI.

Damenta quid non inuituit dies?
Aliæ patrum, pejor ætas, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

TO THE GOSSIP.

PRAY Mr. Gossip, have you any children? or are you totally indifferent about the happiness or misery of the rising generation? If you are not, I wonder you should remain so long silent on a subject which has, I do affirm you, given me much uneasiness, as well as filled me with abundance of chagrin. But perhaps you are a stranger to the evil of which I shall complain; perhaps you are an old man like myself, who, living in a retired spot, out of the world, know little of what passes in its busy scenes; your knowledge of human nature may have been gleaned from books, and having in your youth imbibed its gallantry, you judge of what now is, by what has been. But, Sir, there are follies in the world, at the present day, of which our forefathers could not even have dreamt; and these follies will lay the foundation for vices, until this once innocent nation, though but yet in its infancy, will prematurely be stained and disfigured with all the blots and murky spots, which deform the effigy and carcase of the most corrupted states; and which of old, flapped and enervated the Roman constitution, and at length wholesale that imperial mistress of the world in the gulf of eternal oblivion.

Mr. Gossip, I have been nearly eighty years; my father gave me, what in the period of my youth was called a good education, I mean by that, academical studies and polite literature, and at twenty-five years of age, found myself settled, on a small but cultivated estate in possession of an amiable wife, and in the enjoyment of the first and large circle of tolerably populous villages. My residence is seated by an hundred miles from the metropolis, which I have visited but three times since I finished my professional studies.

Forty or fifty years make great alterations in the manners of a young country. I see even around me surprising changes; fome indeed may be called improvements; but alas! the large part cannot be allowed to be improved in manners, amended the hearts, or added to the happiness of the community at large.

Well, this, to my story. I never had but two children; he died in his infancy, the other was just coming on the age of life, when those dilliculations with Great-Britain commenced, which terminated so highly to the honour and advantage of America. He had been married about ten months to a good and lovely girl, when the first American blood was shed by the British troops at Lexington, which roused every heart; and every one felt, that war was not chilled by cowardice, or palsied by age, in defence of nature's privileges. Of an active and enthusiastic turn of mind, it could not be supposed that my son would remain inactive at such a period, he joined his brave countrymen, and fell in one of the earliest battles. His widow, who had never been settled in a house of her own, continued with me. She had, during his absence, became the mother of a fweet girl; her health, from the period of its birth, had been extremely delicate; but her large fortune made up her fpirits, and the throve to perfection life for his take, who alone made it valuable to her. When that hope was annihilated by the death of her husband, exiftence was no longer worth preferving; a rapid decline hurried her to the grave, and the orphan daughter became the fole object of my care and undivided affection; for I had loft my wife feveral years before. In her now centered every tender feeling of my heart; to the cultivation of her mind, I gave up my leifure hours, and had the pleafure to fay, when the had reached the twentieth year, that fhe had never given me the leaft act of diobedience, or by one word or look of unkindness, neglect or difrefpect. At this period, fhe was addreffed by a gentleman of worth, of fuitable age, and very flattering profpects; though it was like tearing foul from body, I preferred her felicity to my own, and parted with her; for the man fhe had chofen, lived in the metropolis. I could not leave my native plains even to be nearer her; once a year fhe pays me a vifit, and at the birth of her eldeft daughter, I went to town to fee her; but I ftaid only a fhort time and made few obfervations. But Sir, about a month fince, my grand-daughter having prefented her huſband with a fon, I was earneſtly preſſed to make another journey. I own my old heart rejoiced at the idea of embracing a male defcendant of my fon's, and I haſtened to comply with their requeſt. On my arrival, I found great alterations had taken place in the families large and elegant manſion furniſhed in a ſtyle of magnificence I had never before witneſſed, was now their place of reſidence; the ſide-board was loaded with plate; large mirrors reaching from the ceiling almoſt to the floor, appeared in all the beſt apartments—harbies, carriages, and ſervants, according with ſuch a grandeur, completed the eſtabliſhment of my grandſon: but this is not my complaint, as his property was large and daily increaſing, I thought no one had any right to ſtand-over on his methods of employing it. A liberal minded *Lord* man, ſaid between me and I, Mr. Gossip, no man can be truly liberal who is not ſtrictly honeſt; makes trade and manufactures flouriſh, and is a real promoter of his country's welfare. My only fon's great grand child, is now above eight years old, and a fine ſprighty little creature ſhe is; and had ſhe the manners of a child, the ideas of a child, I ſhould be delighted with her; but here is the miſchief. This infant enters the room with a dancing ſtep, and fine womanly courtely, talks of the play, going to the Park and concerts; nay, if you will believe it poſſible, has balls and parties at her father's houſe. Yes, the abſolutely ſent cards of invitation to above fifty young ladies, who were accompanied by an appropriate number of young gentlemen—the beſt rooms in the houſe were made at an ſmall expence was provided, and cake, fruit, confections and ſweetmeats of all kinds, with wine, lemonade, &c. &c. liberally ſerved, and this about the middle of the month cleſt of whom, perhaps, did not exceed fourteen years, were allowed to daſh, dance, and do as they pleaſed, until nearly one o'clock; when they broke up, every one of which have been in bed by nine, at the latelt. The conſequence was, my poor little *Mary Ann* awoke next morning (or rather noon) with a ſick ſtomach, head-ache, burning hands; pale cheeks, and a frame debilitated by the fatigues of the preceding evening—and this, I underſtand, is a general practice, and that there are three or four of their parties in the ſhort ſpace of a week or two. I am told alſo, that many a child of the riſing-ſun

enty knowing her; as where she has friends, they are warm in her praise, who puts over her slight defects, and dwell only on her excellences—and had she *earlier* have had the advantages of a firft education, (which the appears late to have endeavoured to acquire) the would in all probability, have been an ornament to any country in which she refided. I do not mean to imply, that women fhould, in *every refpect*, receive the fame education as man, to play *foot* ball, and jump rope; (as the delicacy of their fex fhould always be preferved) but they fhould be taught to underftand every fubject that is introduced, and they prefume to fpeak upon. Want of that knowledge it is that makes gentlemen fpeak to ladies in the light manner they generally do; when I fee a gentleman coming towards a lady, I am fure to hear at firft the everlafting expreffions upon the weather, or the charms of the country, and then ftupidifhly walk off to the next lady, with the fame expreffions. This conduct proceeding from fools, might in fome degree be excufed, but when men of fenfe fo far degrade themfelves, (as I have fometimes) it cannot be from inclination, but want of refpect for the underftanding of the lady to whom they addrefs themfelves. I would not have it fuppofed I am an advocate for female independence. No, I am convinced a woman cannot be entirely independent of man without the lofs of reputation—ftie muft, in fome inftances, look up to him as her protector; for man is feldom fo fed away by the enthufiafm of fancy, as woman; and therefore has more of reafon upon his fide. A man alfo has better opportunities of feeing the world, and therefore ought to know more of human nature. A woman, who refpects and loves her hufband, will confent to be guided by him through life, in the moft trivial things, as well as the moft important, diding in every fituation what fhe has not the moft ample approbation. Vanity is faid to be the predominant quality of the female fex; every one muft know what they poffefs, the virtues I am not appearing to know it, which education will foon effect.

I know a perfon, who, with every perfonal beauty, combines an apparent unconfcioufnefs of it, the charm of the beholder—but which, upon a clofer view, is perceived to be the effect of a fuperior mind and education, as the motion of the moft rich renders evident, that the perfon is confcious of difcerning admiration; but a mind fo well informed and elevated, that in knowing the individual, we pafs over the external graces as fecondary poffeffions; which will ever be the cafe where there is mind. Let not beauty then be the honor of human nature, that women would attend more to the cultivation of their minds, that they may be dignified without formality; which has no affinity to familiar with dignity, than haughtinefs has proper pride, which will never ftoop to do a mean action, though I have known a haughty perfon do many. To be truly dignified, they fhould be modeft, affable, and refolute in their conduct.

> *" Coretti well fpoke, eloquent vetch eafe,*
> *" Intent to reafon, or polite to pleafe."*

If fops and potions pretend to the rank of the *fafhionably of mankind*, let them be dilpided and pitied, not difputed with; for it is that they feek, and that fhould be avoided: I cannot think exactly with Helvetius, that nature has made us diftinctions; for fhe certainly has not given to one man the ingenius to both fexes—fome we behold the *brighteft ornaments* of creation, while others, with the fame advantages, appear beftly of the fame fpecies; though there is a great mean fure, may be owing to themfelves, as where a perfon is defirous at being great, they will in fome degree accomplifh it.

A gentleman, a fhort time fince, affected in the way with the greateft gravity, that coquetry was characteriftic of the female fex; finding he was not to be convinced to the contrary, he as ferioufly upon the fubject, though regretting to hear fo defpicable a crime, declared it was the moft fafhionable—fhewing that a woman of fenfe and education, is above practifing the arts of coquetry, and would defpife the admiration of flattery which thofe arts could alone excite. She feeks firft the approbation of her own heart, and next the efteem of the wife and worthy. She returns the full fame admiration of the ftallow coxcomb with a fmile of contempt. And the infidious fophiftry of the libertine, with a picture of arrogant boaft. Satisfied with ftriving to deferve refpect, fhe leaves it to others to ufe and fo; fcorns to fpread their goffamer nets, to attract the admiration of infects as vain and fuperficial as themfelves. I.****.

AMUSING.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Czar Iwan, Emperor of Ruffia, who reigned about the middle of the fixteenth century, was as much admired for the unbridled manner in which he indulged his paffions, that he was beloved for the benevolence of his heart. Though it was impoffible for the Czar to drive poverty from his dominions, yet the indultrious and the unfortunate might always depend upon his care; and he frequently ufed to conceal his generofity under the garb of mifery, for the purpofe of difcovering objects who were really diftreffed.

One day he was refolved to try the difpofition of his fubjects, and for this purpofe he went unclothed to afford their fellow-creatures relief: for his purpofe he dreffed himfelf in tattered apparel, and fallied out into the ftreet. He walked to a village, a fhort diftance from Mofcow, and told a piteous tale, as an unfortunate man. He defcribed he feigned made no impreffion upon the inhabitants, and not one of them had humanity enough to give him the leaft relief. Highly incenfed at the cruelty of their conduct, he was juft going to quit the place, when he perceived a foldiery carriage, more humble in appearance than any of thofe at which he had begged. To this humble habitation he bent his footfteps, and knocked with apparent humility at the door, which was immediately opened by the poffeffor, who, on a view of his diftrefs, enquired what he wanted, or with whom he wifhed to fpeak.

"I am almoft dying with fatigue and hunger," faid the Emperor, "and implore you to give me a lodging for the night." "Alas!" replied the peafant, "you will have but poor fare with us; for, my friend, you are come at an unlucky time, as my poor wife is in labor, and I doubt you will not be able to fleep. But come in: for at leaft you will be fheltered from the weather; and fuch as I can give you, you fhall be welcome to eat."

The difpofition of the peafant, the little dwelling; and the firft objects that ftruck him were two children in a cradle afleep; another, about three years old, was lying upon an old rug at their feet; and the mother, in a corner, upon their knees, praying to the Almighty to *preferve* their *mother*, wherein complaining voice they heard from an inner room.

"Sit down," faid the peafant, "and I will go and get you fomething for fupper; for I have not any thing in the houfe." He foon returned with fome eggs, brown bread, and honey, of which he prefled the Emperor to eat freely eat.—My heart," continued he, "is too full to eat at prefent; for I feel too much for the fufferings of my beloved wife."

"Your charity and hofpitality," replied the Emperor, "muft bring down bleffings upon your head; and I am fure God will reward fuch goodnefs." "Pray to God, my good friend, that your wife may be preferved to me," faid the peafant, "for that is all I with for in this world."—"And is that all you wifh for to make you happy?" exclaimed in a tranfport of joy the Czar. "It is," he rejoined. "Ah! judge for yourfelf: I have five fine children; a wife who loves me tenderly; a father and mother, both in good health; and fhall not I be happy with fuch bleffings from all?"

"But your cottage is too fmall for comfort," faid the Czar. "I find it large enough, for it contains us all,"-replied the man. In fhort, the Emperor, in converfation, this contented being's happinefs was made complete; his wife was fafe; another fon was born, and the delighted parent pretended the infant to his royal godaft. "I took, look I" faid he, "it is the firft he has brought me! What a fine child it is!" May God preferve him, as he has done my others!" The Czar, affected at the domeftic fcene, took the infant from the arms of the father, looking in its face, declared he faw marks of future greatnefs deprefented in his features. The peafant fmiled at the prediction, and foon after the happy family returned to reft. Their beds were ftrictly made of ftraw; and the ruler of the great Ruffian empire ftretched himfelf upon a floor of earth.—The peafant and his family were ftruck with furprife at a *royal ftoop*; whilft the Czar, unaccuftomed to fuch a refpectable, fot upright, contemplating the fcene around him with furprife!

The peafant, as he was accuftomed, awoke at the break of day, when the Emperor informed him he muft return to Mofcow; but begged he might be *prefented* to the child, who, he was the cuftom of the country, was to be chriftened in the courfe of the day. "I will be with you," faid the Emperor, "in the place of a few hours. But prefents are to wait on the child's birth; I will remember the treatment I have received, to a benevolent, kind-hearted man, who, I am fure, will be your friend." The peafant promifed, and kept his word; but, as his expected gueft did not return within the time he named, the chriftening could not be delayed, when, juft as they were fitting out for church, the Emperor's body guards were feen proceeding in feveral elegant equipages, and followed by the Emperor in himfelf! The peafant, of courfe could not recognize his humble gueft in the lofty habiliments of the prince, and was perplexed with aftonifhment at obferving the fplendid retinue drawn up before his humble dwelling. The Czar ftepped out, and taking the infant from its father's arms, faid, "I promifed you a godfather this morning, and now I am going to fulfill my word. Yefterday you performed the duties of *humanity*; to-day I am come to fulfill the moft delightful duty of a fovereign—that of *rewarding* virtue. I will not remove you from a fituation to which you do fo much honor, and the innocence and tranquility which I envy; but I will befhow upon you fuch things as fhall add to your felicity. You fhall have numerous flocks, rich pafturas, and a houfe that will enable you to exercife the duties of hofpitality! Your new-born child fhall become reward; but you may remember, that *I prophefied*, he would be *fortunate*."

The happy father could not exprefs his joy, but tears of gratitude and duty flowed in his cheeks, more eloquently than words. The Emperor himfelf was quite affected, and fo were all who beheld the pleafing fight. As foon as the chriftening was over, the infant was reftored to the arms of its delighted mother, but with orders from the Czar, that, as foon as it was old enough to be weaned, it fhould be nurfed with his fovereign care; and accordingly it was fent to the palace, where it received the advantage of an excellent education, and the Emperor's prognoftic at his birth was completely fulfilled: for he was, at a proper period, placed at the head of one of the firft departments in the empire, which he filled with advantage to fociety, and honor to himfelf.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER TO A. BROWN'S QUESTION IN MAGA. No. 28.

THE Offspring of the Ewes, at the age of 20 years, is 1277. A numerous progeny indeed! The annual produce for the firft ten years, from the age of 2 to 12 inclufively, is in the following feries, viz. 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, 15, 21, 28, 36, 45, 120, 289, 253, 276. The fum of which feveral numbers, makes the number of the whole offspring C. D***.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

[Collected from a Set of London Papers, to April 5, 1803.]
Many kinds of Food, reflected from Paper.]

THE Counfel of ILLEGALLY lately loft her life, at Petterfburg, in a moft melancholy manner. In opening a letter fhe filled with fpirits of vitriol, it hurft in her hand, and the burning fluid fplafhed over her whole body with fuch rapidity, that fhe expired in a few minutes.

A LETTER from Cracovia, of the 29th ult. fays, that the moft dreadful ravages of the world has been extremely severe, and exafted much calamity. The waters role more than the oldeft inhabitant of the place ever knew, which the river overflowed their banks. A foldier going on a meffage was encountered by their ravenous fury, and was overwhelmed, not only difcovered by the tattered remnants of his cloaths and his musket. Many dogs have been rescued, and various parties have been fent out in the whole complaints all medical affiftance has proved ineffectual.

A FEW days fince, a man threw himfelf from the top of the gate of St. Denois, at Paris, on the pavement of the Boulevards. The moment he fell, he was dead. His head fell, he called out to the people who were paffing—"Take care, my friends, for I do not with to hurt you." He was killed on the fpot.

A MISER in *Atmo*, lately gave an entertainment to few friends.—When the juice of the grape had evaporated, he waited on a *Taylor*, and begged to be entertained gratis, on account of his having no cloaths to wear.

A POOR man, on his fick bed, was lately vifited by Field Preacher, who *confoled* the invalid, by telling him he would *foon be in the New Jerufalem*. "Oh! dear (faid the fick man's wife) I think the air of *Iflington* would do him more good!"

A DUTCH Phyfician fays, that *hunting* is a fpecies of, *mere exercife*, that feldom fails to *end in the ruin of thofe the purfue it.*

WHILE the noted Barrington, late High Conftable of Botany Bay, was in the exercife of his office, I AM Wentworth Efq. a gentleman of fortune, refiding in the Old Bailey, through fome a forgeon in the New South Wales Settlement, was brought before him. Barrington, as a Sheriff, ftated, that the prifoner had to take off his hat. "Sir," replied Wentworth, "it fhall never be faid that a *knowledgeman*, who has been known to commit murders in all parts of the world, fhall be obliged to take off his hat to any man." Barrington, upon Sheriff's hills in the middle of the day, ftruck over the prifoner himfelf by pulling his hat to a paltry pick-pocket."

A FEW nights ago, as a gentleman was paffing through St. John's Churchyard, Clerkenwell, he was alarmed by difmal moans and exclamations, which feemed to iffue from the grave of a perfon lately interred, as part of the earth ftill remained upon the ftones. The elerk, who juft ftruck the awful hour of twelve, and who was alfo led through the apertures of the tower, together with the howling of an unfortunate maftiff in a neighbouring ftreet

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worked up the ideas of the benighted passenger to a degree of apprehension bordering upon insanity. A few minutes fortunately relieved him from this situation, by bringing to the spot one of his friends, to whom he communicated the cause of his alarm. Another long-drawn sigh, and heavier manner, had nearly put the astonished pair to flight; when a fresh of humour suddenly awoke their courage, for the Gentlemen had been in a volunteer corps) and they proceeded hand in hand, "with cautious steps, and slow," to explore the gloomy mansions of the dead, and ascertain what manner of visitor this could be; when, lo! they discovered the living body of a well known disciple of Bacchus, grovelling, nearly suffocated, in the half-open grave of some parties buried there the evening before. They soon dilligently called him to life and wine again: and it remains a matter of doubt whether his friends thank the Gentlemen for the singular resurrection.

COMFORT FOR BACHELORS.

Matrimony.—A gentleman who took some pains in observing, about two years ago, the population of this country, has from local observations been able to furnish us with what he considers to be the perfect State of Matrimony in England, and the calculations the means of which he has collected, in the following way.—He observes, that if a man and woman, with little or no occasion, are often finding fault, and exercising each other in company, they are certainly man and wife. If a gentleman and a lady in the same coach, remain in profound silence, the one looking out at one side, and the other at the other side, it may fairly be imagined that they can be no harm to each other, because they are already married.

If a lady is observed preferring a gentleman with somebeing fair or near to him, and her head turned another way, speaking to him with a look and accent different from that she uses to others, the gentleman is undoubtedly her husband.

If a gentleman and lady are seen walking in the fields in a direct line, twenty yards distance from each other, he striding over a stile and gone on some considerable way before that she, by the usual wife, without fear of perjury.

If a lady, whose beauty and carriage attract the eye, and engage the attention of all the company, except a certain gentleman, who, spoke to her in a rough accent, not being at all affected with her charms, it may fairly be inferred that it is her husband, who married her for love, but now flights her.

If a gentleman that is courteous, obliging, and good natured to every body except a certain female who lives under the same roof with him, he may fairly be concluded to be fond and in love with her, and is certainly his wife and lady.

If a male and female are continually jarring, chiding, and thwarting each other, yet using the kindest terms and apellations imaginible; he MY DEAR, &c. they are no doubt man and wife.

From the above observations, our correspondent has deved the following statement, and which we present to readers, as an article that will afford them some amusement:

THE PRESENT STATE OF MARRIMONY.

Pairs eloped from their husbands, 6,810
Husbands runaway from their wives, 11,805
Married pairs in a state of separation from each other, 20,620
Married pairs living in a state of open war under one flame roof, 935,115
Married pairs living in a state of inward hatred or each other, though concealed from the world, 311,600
Married pairs living in a state of coldness and indifference for each other, 2,530,630
Married pairs reputed happy in the esteem of their world, 5,610
Married pairs comparatively happy, 675
Married pairs absolutely and entirely happy, 45
Total of Married pairs in England 4,362,240

[☞ *What is the precise state of matrimony in America, we cannot learn—but we can assert with confidence, that it is far better than the above statement.* Editors Mag.]

NOTICE.

☞ Editors have now completed, as a very great experience, the re-pearing thirteen numbers of the Magazine; those who have subscribed, with the view of continuing from the first, will please to call, or send for any fifteenth numbers.—To subscribers, who have been supplied, of those whose fifteen incomplete, the price will be four cents each number. ☞ Complete files from No. 1. of this volume, may yet be had on application. *Letters, (if post paid) will be attended to.*

May 21

THE FASHIONS.

*LONDON—*FOR APRIL, 1803.

TWO EVENING DRESSES.—1. An evening dress of blue muslin; the back made plain and very low; the fronts formed of a half square of the same muslin, which is fastened on each shoulder, drawn full across the bottom, and tied in a bow before, a full border of the same under it. The sleeves full and drawn up in the middle with quilled or puffed ribbon; the train very long and trimmed round the bottom with the same; the hair brown, the head ornamented with silver net, open at the top to admit the hair in large curls. White shoes.

2. A white crape dress over a farinet slip, made very low over the bosom with a lace tucker; the sleeves drawn up with fleet ornaments, and trimmed round the bottom with ribbons and fleet; the bottom of the train trimmed with the same as the gown. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner, and ornamented with a gold band.

HEAD DRESS.—1. Hat of white lace overpark faint; the hat turned up in front to show a pink crape under it.—Dress of plain muslin.

2. A lace cap over white satin. Handkerchief of worked or embroidered muslin.

3. A straw bonnet with a dome crown.

4. Dress of plain muslin. The head ornamented with a twist of muslin fastened on the right side, one end falling over the right shoulder.

5. Evening dress of peach-coloured taffety; the flowes of white tarie, with full epaulets the same as the dress, drawn up and trimmed with a turban of the same, ornamented with blue feathers, fastened on the left side and falling over the right.

General Observations.—The most fashionable colours are, pink and pea-green. Pelices are superceded by fur tippets or white cloaks. Straw hats of various shapes with some crowns are becoming general. Ornaments of gold, three or four, are universally worn in full dress.

USEFUL.

HOW TO PRESERVE FRUIT TREES IN BLOSSOM FROM THE EFFECTS OF FROST.

[*Extracted from the Encyclopedia.*]

THE Chevalier de Bressenberg of Prague, we are told, has discovered a method of effectually preserving trees in blossom from the effects of frost which often destroy almost the whole of the spring delicate produce of fruit. His method is extremely simple. He furrounds the trunk of the tree with a well of straw and a mat over the top. The end of this he links by means of a stone tied to it, in a veffel of spring water, at a little distance from the tree. One veffel will conveniently ferve two trees; and when the frost is expected to be severe and keen, before its end is plunged into the water. It is necessary that the veffel be placed in an open situation, and by no means shaded by the branches of neighbouring trees, that the fruit may produce all its effects on the water, by means of the cord communication with it. This precaution is particularly necessary for those trees, the flowers of which appear early at the same time as the leaves, which trees are peculiarly exposed to the ravages of the frost. The proofs of its efficacy, which the author had opportunity of obferving in the spring of 1787, were remarkably striking. Seven apricot espaliers in his garden began to blossom in the month of March. Fearing that they would suffer from the late frosts, he furrounded them with mats as above directed. In effect, pretty sharp frosts took place fix or eight nights: the apricot trees to the neighbouring gardens were all frozen, and not one of them produced any fruit, whilst each of the chevalier's produced fruit in abundance, which came to the great perfection.

A SPIRIT FROM POTATOES!

A METHOD has been discovered and practised with freedy by Mr. Bertrand, at Blois, of obtaining a spirit from potatoes. The process is as follows: Take 200 lbs. of potatoes, and boil them in steam when their quantity of an hour and they will fall to pieces on being touched.—The veffel in which they are boil d, should be half full of water allotted. In the lower part of it are two bins, one for the purpose of bringing in the steam produced in another veffel over a coal fire, and the other made to carry off condensatily the condenfed water. After the potatoes are boiled, they are crushed and diluted with hot water till they are of a liquid consistency; then add twenty-five pounds of ground malt, and two quarts of water; the mixture is to be stirred, covered with a blanket and to the temperature of 68° of Reaumur, 86° of Fahrenheit. A fermentation, and the subsidence of the grounds on the matter sinks down and is fit for distillation. By means of two stills this mass may be rectified in one day, and it will produce about forty quarts of spirit. The refuse from is good food for hogs.

INTELLIGENCE.

Boston, Saturday Evening, May 21, 1803.

CHOLUMBIAN MUSEUM.

IF in with much pleasure we learn, that Mr. Bowen, with uncommon attention and liberality, has again fatisfied a great desire of the curious in all those who have a taste for *works*, natural philofophy, and the fine arts. This gentleman was ever happy in the selection and arrangement of thole articles which compofed his Museum; and it is particularly fo, in the re-eftablishment of it, that it may be compared to the young Phœnix, rising with superior beauty from the ashes of the old; and we doubt not will, in a short time, be a "World in Miniature."—The Museum, was opened on Thursday evening last, for the first time since its re-eftablishment—and we were happy in obferving a large and refpectable company of ladies and gentlemen, who were much gratified with the collection of Wax Figures, Paintings, &c. We hope the laudable enterprize of Mr. B. will be fufficiently patronized by a liberating public.

Mr. E. Lincoln, has juft published the 9th Number of "Cheap Repository Tracts, entertaining, moral, and religious."

MELANCHOLY.

ABOUT three weeks fince, the houfe of the Rev. Mr. Dunbam, at Shamshire, (Penn.) took fire, and was confumed. It was at midnight, and an immediate efcape was neceffary, for the preservation of life. Mrs. Dunbam however, immediately re-entered the houfe, to fave, if poffible, an aged relation, who flept in a lower room. After much exertion in the attempt, and succeeding in removing her patient from the room where the fire raged, Mrs. D. was forced to abandon it; the flames having cut off her retreat by the door, the form of one of the lower windows, where she was extricated from the devouring element, though then unconfcious that she had fuffered her life, to render its preservation but a few moments efforts. In the upper ftory of the houfe were two young men, nephews to Mrs. Dunbam; who being awakened by their uncle; they were urged to attempt the efcape, by a tremendous roaring in the entry of fire; the youngeft, foon exhausted in the attempt and overcome by the heat of the fire, refigned himfelf to his fate; his brother, however, determined on fecuring his way through, by placing a pillow on his head and running with great violence against the weather-boarding he fell to the ground very much bruised, and furvived the catastrophe about the fpace of ten days. Of the five perfons that were in the houfe when the fire took place, Mr. Dunbam is now the only fervivor. A fcene of more extreme diftress has seldom occurred than the one he now feels. Mrs. Dunbam and her nephew were burnt in a manner too fhocking to relate—in the moft deplorable fituation, they were found by their unfortunate husband and uncle of the night before any affiftance or relief could be procured.

CARD.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Zeno fhall be early attended to.

On Converfation, next week.

Song on the Vicar and Moles—*The Window*, a Sonnet—Song by P. Sec—Rubin, figned Caroline—Poetical advertisement—we muft beg to decline. Alfo, Lines found among a country gentleman's papers.

We would rather not infert Ceda's geometrical jangle.

MARRIAGES

In Taunton, Mr. Jeremiah Wales, of Randolph, to Miss Fanny Cobb. In Concord, Robert Field, Efq. of Greenwich, to Mrs. Mary Jones. In Brookline, Mr. Thomas White, to Mrs. Hannah Pierpont.

At Bolton, Mr. Jacob Stiles, to Miss Ann M'Farland—Mr. Noah Burrington, to Miss Nancy Brewer.

DEATHS.

In Exeter, Mr. Thomas Barnard, Jun. 30; Mrs. Sarah Robey, Æt. 78, wife of Mr. Henry Robey. Mr. John Cutwell, Æt. 56.

On Tuesday last, Hon. John Cochran, Efq. Æt. 82. A moft worthy, industrious, and exemplary citizen; and whofe lofs is fincerely felt by the whole community.

Yefterday morning, Mr. Elias Randall, Æt. 82, fon of Mr. Robert Randall. He has left behind him a reputable character, at a time, when his infirmities rendered it impoffible for him to do any exertions are requefted to attend, without further invitation.

Mrs. Lydia Reed, Æt. 32; Widow Mary Newcomb, Æt. 68. Lately, at the work ufing laft evening.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LIFE and FRIENDSHIP.

LET Cynics and Stoicks continue to rail
At life, and pretend to defpife every pleafure;
I know there are joys, whofe fource never can fail,
And life by enjoyment, alone will I meafure.

The Stoic will tell you that pleafure and pain,
Alike fhould be fhunned, nor difturb our repofe;
I'd laugh at the latter the former to gain,
Though the thorn wounding hand, yet I'll ftarch at the rofe.

They warn us of falfehood, and folly, and pride,
And paint as chimera's both friendfhip and love:
Say few are the friends by adverfity tried,
And affection but dwells in the reft of the dove.

That women are torments, the plague of man's life,
That wealth is the fource of all mifchief and evil,
That he muft be wretched who once takes a wife,
And he who is wealthy muft go to the devil.

But vain are their croakings, I never fhall retire,
T' imbitter life's cup, tho' not filled to the brim;
The man who is hunifh I'll own for my friend,
And though fenary my portion divide it with him.

Then as to the women, why women have charms,
Wit, talents and beauty, at leaft there's a path to forfake;
Who tho' the muft never be prefs'd in thefe arms,
And though icy her heart, yet that woman alone,

Convinces me ftoics and Cynics miftaken,
Have fmarted without readers, and railed in vain,
For the coldeft would from his indiff'rence awaken,
Had he but a woman like her for a friend.

Heaven grant me of wealth fuch a competent meafure,
That want may ne'er tempt, Satan's paths to forfake;
And Lotta's esteem, 'tis a bleffing, a treafure,
Exagenes fcill might have with't to partake.

Affured of her worth, then to read chafte affection,
Regards'd in each eloquent glance of her eyes;
He'd have banifhed at once ev'ry frigid reflection,
Owo'd life had its pleafures, and friendfhip its joys.
May 25th, 1803. CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A SIMILE.

YOU fay, fir, once a wit* allow'd
A woman to be like a Cloud;
Accept a fimile as fure,
Between a woman and the moon;
For, let mankind fay what they will,
The fex are *heavenly ladies ftill.*

Grant me to mimic human life,
The Sun and Moon are Man and Wife;
Whate'er kind Sol affords to lend her
Is ignanced'd upon *midnight's* fplendor.
And when to reft he *lays him down*,
She's up and ftirr'd at, thro' the town!
From him her beauties thefe conftaining,
And only in his *abfence fhining*.

Or, elfe, fhe looks like fallen tapers,
Or, elfe, fhe's lonely in the *vapours*;
Or worn at once, a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in *oppofition*.

Say, are not thefe a needleft pain—
Where each for other feels no care?
Whole days in *fo rate wonder* living,
Whole nights to keep *ajunder* ftriving—
Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying *one a mantle* together:—
In one fole point, alike the exile is,
On *her own head*, the *horns* fhe places.

* DEAN SWIFT. ALONZO.

LOVE.

The following lines, fent by Prince HENRY to the Infanta of SPAIN, during his romantic visit to that country, in 1623, are very quaint and expreffive:—

SWEET! is to me, the fire, the wound, the chain,
By which love burns, and binds, and gives me pain;
To quench this fire, thick precious floods in boaft,
Or to all thefe wounds, I would not exchange,
Strange fickneſs, where the wound, the chain, the fire,
That pains, that binds, that burns, I ftill deſire.

MORAL.

Extract from an Addreſs, delivered by the Rev. D. B. WARDEN, *Preceptor of Kingſton Academy, (New-York) to the Students of that Academy.*

HAPPY is that youth! whom wiſdom rutors: whom ſcience leads to her abode. Her immortal charms invite our warmeſt ſearch. Her beauties, however, cannot be diſcovered without examination. Methinks I ſee your bloom glow, inſpired with love. If you ſeek her early, the will conduct you to a garden full of fragrance. She will lead you to enchanting groves where a thouſand beauties dwell.

Whilſt you are perufing the Roman and Grecian authors, may the conſtancy of a Scipio, the virtue of a Cyrus, the contempt of power and wealth in Cincinnatus, the juſtice of Ariſtides, and the love which Camillus bore his country, inſpire you with the energy of virtue. And, while you are reading the hiſtory of your own country, may all thoſe virtues of the antient worthies, which ſhine forth in the life of the illuſtrious Waſhington, awaken, in your breaſts, a noble ambition, and inſpire your minds with amiable and benevolent ſentiments.

Now is the time for laying the foundation of your knowledge. If, in your preſent years, you miſtake the true path, it will deſtroy the peace and miſlead the reputation of your future life. He who ſtill continues to drink of folly's cup, or, who allows himſelf to ſink in the bed of indolence, will ever remain a ſtranger to thoſe delightful ſenſations, which fways the breaſt of the diligent and attentive youth.

THE NOVELIST.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[Continued from page 120.]

POWERFUL are the charms of nature. Even on this awful day her enchantments for a moment engroſſed my ſenſes, and lulled my anguiſh. The warm beams of the ſunſhine aſſimilating itſelf with what it found congenial in my boſom, ſome rays of reviving hope, they ſeemed, for a while, by their combined powers to inſpire me with. I began to regret there.

Ah!" I ſuddenly exclaimed aloud, *"all will yet be well!"* Fancy ſupported this blifled idea, and rallied within me a crowd of tranſporting images. I ſaw the roſes of health once more ſpread itſelf over the cheeks of my beloved Prederices. I ſaw her walking up and down the room, ſome what weak indeed, but ſupported by my arm, reproaches free of no further danger. I fought out for her the beſt old Rhenifh wine that could be procured, omitted nothing that might contribute to her entire reſtoration, and when this unſeaſonable diſtreſs ſhould be finally removed, I thought of ſolemnizing a little feſtival to commemorate the bleſſed event. My eldeſt boy I determined ſhould learn a poem by heart, two ſmaller children ſhould be choſen, and a circle of ſelect friends invited. After dinner, as we were ſitting round the table, a band of muſic ſhould ſtrike up in the next room, *Lobet Gott wer preiſet ihn!* When we filling our glaſſes, and raiſing them up towards heaven, I, with my other hand round the neck of my beloved wife, would ſing in chorus, *Lobet Gott, preiſet ihn!*

Oh flattering fancy! For one moment diſdſt thou here make me happy! It was a drop of cordial to enable me to ſtruggle with new ſorrows!

Amid theſe meditings, I inſenſibly reached the Caſtle of Belvedere, above half an hours walk from Weimar. I bought a noſegay for my wife, and a roſe-buſh in a pot, for ſhe was always very fond of flowers. The noſegay I carried home myſelf. I reached my houſe about half paſt one, when I found my Prederica ſtill aſleep, nor had ſhe coughed during the whole time of my abſence. About two o'clock ſhe awoke: I gave her the flowers: ſhe ſeemed pleaſed with them, but it was only a momentary pleaſure, the form reſumed into her accuſtomed indifference to every thing. The emption meanwhile continued: and this kept my hopes ſtill alive. But in the afternoon the cough and ſpitting of blood returned, and continued for a long time. In the evening it abated, the breathed very ſhort, and ſcarcely knew any body. Leeches were applied below her right breaſt, but the did not appear to feel them. The roſe-buſh I had bought in the morning was brought in, and placed by her bedide, but ſhe paid no attention to it. I am ſilent as to my own ſenſation, it may be conceived, it cannot be deſcribed.

About ten o'clock ſhe ſeemed to be in the laſt agonies. Her throat rattled, her eyes were ſtrd, and a ſymptom of phyſician, as well as myſelf, thought there was every ſymptom of approaching death. My friends intreated me not to ſtay and ſee her die; and remained me, that I owed to our children the preſervation of my life and ſenſes. I was ſo ſtupified, that I knew not what I did. I took leave of my wife, who neither heard or ſaw me. Only for one moment, when I threw myſelf upon her, and preſſed my burning lips to hers, did the feem in ſome degree ſenſible, and returned my kiſs very faintly. This token of her love gave me the ſudden relief of tears, they ſtreamed down my cheeks: I laſted her again and again, and ruſhed out of the room, in the fatal conviction that theſe were the laſt kiſſes I ever ſhould give this beloved wife.

I was ſolicited to leave the houſe, but while any hopes of her life remained I was abſolutely irreſiſtible. I threw myſelf upon a bed in another apartment, where I conſumed in a ſtate of mind little ſhort of diſtraction. My mother remained in the room with my Prederica.

How ſhall I deſcribe this long and miſerable night? Every moment I expected to receive the laſt fatal tidings. As often as I heard the door of my poor wife's chamber open, my heart was ready to beat through my breaſt, and all my limbs ſhook—I expected it to be the meſſenger of death. About midnight, I heard the ſound of coffee grinding in the kitchen. Oh God! ſhe ſeemed an old nurſe at that ill was over, that thoſe who were watching with her had no other object of attention remaining but themſelves.

A thouſand times had I reſolved to go and ſatisfy myſelf upon this dreadful ſubject, but anguiſh held me back, the idea of ſeeing her corpſe, the corpſe of my Prederica, was perfect agony. Still, ſtill, I thought a ray of hope remain in my boſom, ſhall I deprive myſelf of that by ruſhing on a dreadful certainty? Amid theſe horrid reflections, I continued toſſing on the bed, experiencing torments not to be exceeded by thoſe of hell. No! the ſatisfaction of a criminal whom the following morning is to lead to execution, cannot be half ſo dreadful.

Yet one more trifling interval of hope was in ſtore for me. Sometimes the lamp in my room appeared nearly extinguiſhed, and then again quickly burned bright and clear. This ſeemed a type of human life, and I thought that my beloved wife might revive again, as the flame of the lamp.

Pour o'clock had juſt ſtruck, when I heard the door of the ſick chamber open, and my mother's footſteps approaching mine. My boſom ſwelled with joy: I could hear my heart beat: I looked wildly at her as ſhe entered—*"Sie iſt ſtill alive,"* were the firſt words ſhe ſpoke. What a hallſtun were they to my wounded ear! I burſt into a flood of heart relieving tears. I had no power of ſpeech, I could not aſk a ſingle queſtion, but my mother told me, with a countenance of confolation, that immediately after midnight, the dreadful ſituation in which I had left my wife began to amend, the became eaſy, and had not coughed ſince; ſhe now knew every body, and had aſked ſeveral times for me. With one ſpring I was in her arms. Oh God, what a bleſſed change! She knew me, ſhe ſmiled, ſhe returned my kiſſes, and laid tweetly, *I can kiſs thee now joyfully: trouble age it was joyful to me!*—She was perfectly rational, and aſſured me ſhe found herſelf better. I brought her the roſe-buſh, ſhe ſeemed highly delighted, and even reached out her hand to find it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

What! Miſs GODDESS, *is this you again!*

THOSE who feel diſpoſed to be in fortune's way, are invited to ſtand candidates for the many valuable prizes in South-Hadley Lottery, which commences drawing the 15th of next month.—What a charming ſum is 8000 Dollars!—what a glorious "pride to riches!" ☞ Tickets for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. May 25.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—№ XXVII.

Inter opus cæsamque, tinnitus inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxe supremum.
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora.

THE subject of Mr Homebred's letter, which I presented to my readers in my last number, has often employed my thoughts; with him I sincerely lament the trifling, dissipated manner, in which the youth of both sexes are allowed to waste the precious time, both fastest and most improvement of the mind, and when every care should be taken, that while that great and first concern is attended to with all possible circumspection, the frame should be strengthened by active exercife, sports, and even labour, purfued in the open air; and the conftitution rendered firm by temperance, early rifing, and habitual felf-denial.

Life is fo uncertain, and at beft fo fhort; that to lengthen out the fpan by our own exertions, is the moft ufeful fcience that can be taught; in order to this, every ftage of life fhould have its proper portfuits; and neceffary indifpenfable reftraints, impofed in childhood, render the pleafures which naturally attend the joyous feafon of youth, more acceptable. This allowed, that one be more ufeful, than to enfnare children, in their very infancy, to partake of amufements, (if they may be fo called) which are more appropriate to the period of approaching manhood.

Let us fuppofe a girl of five years old, according to the prefent fafhionable fyftem, at the time when fhe fhould be working her fampler, or dreffing her doll, when a rambler in the fields, a journey into the country, a glafs of milk, fruit, or fimple cake at a farm houfe, or a fight of fomething rare and curious, which might give her at once information and entertainment, would be moft pleafing and delightful to her; this very dawn of her exiftence, fhe is taught, that to drefs the fmall, that is, the moft expenfively; to dance the beft; to talk moft manfully, or what is the fame thing chit-chat girls are allowed to indulge in,but nonfenfe in the extreme?) to have the largeft party; is to be moft refpectable, the moft worthy imitation. Before fhe has attained the age of fifteen, fhe has run through the whole routine of fafhionable follies—has perhaps, fancied herfelf in love, becaufe fome ogre-grown boy has told her fhe was an angel; that fhe was always perfect in mind and body, and has appeared in him fo beautiful or accomplifhed. Her mind poifoned by fuch language from one of the oppofite fex,the miffchief is increafed by an indifcriminate perufal of all the fentimental novels,&c. &c. &c. commonly called Novels; fhe entertains a correfpondence with fome child as thoughtlefs and uninformed as herfelf, and writes letters; which, if they were fhewn her, at a more advanced period in life, would crimfon her cheek with fhame, has the fay fenfe of fhame left. This routine of dreffing, dancing, vifiting, filling in love, having all been gone through with, fhe is yet a child, what can the poor girl do as the approaches womanhood? The fame fcenes are tafteleis and infipid: fhe finds no pleafure in the fociety of men and women of fenfe and information, (for there are many fuch in the world at prefent, how many there may be to be found in the next age, I will not take upon me to fay) fhe finks into languor and inanity, there is nothing new to awaken her attention; a laudable curiofity has never been called into action; the world is a blank before her, becaufe fhe has never been taught to read the delightful and inftructive page of animated nature. She finds no longer entertainment from external objects, and knows not how to feek it within herfelf; from mere habit, fhe follows the fame unmeaning follies, though her foul fickens at the repetition—her mornings are fpent in idlenefs, her noons in walking the ftreets, from mere want of better employment—her evenings in diffipation; perhaps before fhe is twenty, fhe becomes a wife and mother, without one qualification to make thofe important characters refpectable—or, perhaps, from extreme inattention to her health, from fallowing imprudent fafhions, and other indifcretions, fhe is hurried to a premature grave, by that remorfelefs tyrant, Confumption.

Our young men too, inftead of being inured to hardfhips, fitted for fatigue, and taught that to be induftrious, frugal, temperate, brave ; in fhort, to be ufeful members of fociety, is laudably to fulfil the part allotted them in life—are brought up in habits of effeminacy and indolence, for foreign fafhions, and foreign manners; to revile religion ; to call vice of all kinds by the gentle appellation of the errors of human nature—to treat women with abfolution to their faces, and contempt behind their backs ; to ridicule age and its infirmities ; to drink, game, fwear, and frequent impure fociety—to fquander money, which by right belongs to the honeft artificer and manufacturer, and to give this ftanneful abufe of time and talents the name of life ! fpirit ! fpunk ! How many beginning thus, terminate their diffolute career in a jail ,or by fome fudden ftroke of fate, haftened by their vice or their folly in an early death ; or fhould they live to advanced age, find it without comfort, either internal or external, enveloped in penury and obfcurity.

That fuch things have been in former ages I will allow ; and that fuch circumftances will occur, in all ages, to the remoteft period of time, is moft probable,for the mode of bringing up the youth of the prefent time is fuch, as threatens to multiply the examples of this miferable folly and prodigacy, until Morality fhall become a name ; common honefty be totally neglected ; religion forgotten,and the nation fink into one great abyfs of bankruptcy, ruin, and and corruption !

But where is the remedy or preventive to this threatened evil ? Education ! Education ! You multiply your Academies in vain, unlefs you reform the manners of thofe feminaries. One great caufe, and a moft fatal one, is the multiplicity of the Public Schools, in the indifcriminate intermixture of the fexes. What good can be expected to accrue from a fchool kept by a man, who has a preacher or corrector's providence, to attend at certain hours of the day, to inftruct them mechanically, in a few common branches of knowledge, when difcipline is over, the little attended to,that a ruffling fuperiority,in the rank or fortune of the parents, will fcreen the child from correction, however glaring the offence ? Where, when the immenfe hours of leaft any pafs,the boys and girls eat, play, walk together ; are continually in the fame houfe,without any one perfefling any right or authority, to correct or controul them. It were better than ftrange, that fuch fhould be the cafe, which in woman's higheft ornament ; and robbing not young men of that refpect and veneration for the other fex, which would lead them, for the future to take, in their heart's blood, the rights and freedom of their native land.

What made the Spartan foldiers almoft invincible, and their women Heroines ? what but their ftrict mode of education and rigid difcipline ? The boys were inured to lie hard, eat coarfe food, wear thin cloathes fummer and winter ; ufe much exercife, and little reft. The girls were taught induftry, decency, and all the ftrict virtues.—The fexes never mixed together, but upon public or folemn occafions, until arrived at an age when reafon had power, aided by a ftrong conftitution, to controul paffion, to curb, with a powerful hand, the impetuofity of the paffions. I would not recommend a renewal of the Spartan mode of education in all its rigours ; but I would have our Seminaries of Inftruction, conducted in fuch a manner, as fhould make our women virtuous and refpectable ; our men brave, honeft, and honourable—and the *American* People in general, a STRANGE *of wonders, and the admiration of the world.*

The following letter, received about a month paft, perhaps will help to prove my aflertion, *that the prefent mode of Education, is no* PROMOTER *of* VIRTUE *or* DELICACY.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR MR GOSSIP,

I HAVE had the misfortune to be educated after the old fafhioned method of our anceftors, who were fo ignorant as to inftill modefty as a virtue into their female pupils. Now you muft know Sir, this place is filled at prefent with a polite fet of ladies; members of a fociety with fo hard a name, that I am afraid I fhould fpell it wrong, fo I will omit it) who have heroically refolved to put all modeft virgins out of countenance, by ftaring them terrifically in their faces. This behaviour adds to many new charms, and renders them fo agreeable to all they converfe with, that I would gladly affume a little of this modern accomplifhment ; but the prejudice early imbibed is fo ftrong, that inftead of anfwering a fmart in his own way, I cannot forbear blufhing, both for him and myfelf. Thofe who are diverted with his prodigious wit. I beg you will eftft me to conquer thefe ill-bred fhafhes, or prevail with the ladies to confefs their fex, by a grain or two of modefty, out of compaffion to fexural fofterers ; and particularly fo,

Your obedient fervant. ANN GLOWCHEEK.

N. B. It would not be amifs, if you would appoint different hours of public appearance, for the vaft club-fets of beds, and bafhfuls. S****, 1803.

Selected from the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

THERE is no part, perhaps, of focial life, which affords more real fatisfaction, than thofe hours which one paffes in rational and unrefrved converfation. That converfation, however, may anfwer the ends for which it was defigned, the parties who are to join in it muft come together inclined to pleafe and to be pleafed.

In the conduct of it, he not eager to interrupt others, nor uneafy at being interrupted ; fince you fpeak eafily to amufe or inftruct the company, or to receive thofe benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to fpeak in turn. Hear with patience, and anfwer with precifion. Inattention is ill manners ; it fhows contempt ; and contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not with to be troubled with thofe of others. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you.—You will oreed no other rule whereby to judge in this matter.

Contradict with decency and propriety, that each perfon may have an opportunity of difcuffing or of the fubject with which he is beft acquainted. He will be pleafed, and you will be informed. By obferving this rule, every one has it in his power to affift in rendering converfation agreeable ; fince, though he may not choofe, or be qualified, to fay much himfelf, he can propofe queftions to thofe who are able to anfwer them.

Avoid ftories, unleis fhort, pointed, and quite *a-propos*. He who dealis in them, fays Swift, muft either have a very large ftock, or a great memory, or much effront to face his company. Some have a fet of them ftrung together like onions ; they take poffeffion of the converfation by an early introduction of one, and then you may have the whole rope ; and there is no help for it, for every elfe, perhaps, for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk often, but not long. The talent of harranguing in private company, is infupportable. If the majority of the company be naturally filent or cautious, the converfation will ftagnate, unleis fupported by one among them, who can ftart new fubjects. Forbear, however, if poffible, to broach a fecond before the firft is out, leit your ftock fhould not laft. There are thofe, who will repeatedly crofs upon and break into the converfation with a frefh topic, until they have touched upon all, and exhaufted none. Economy here, is neceffary for moft people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour ; leave that to the company.

When the converfation is flowing in a ferious and ufeful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jeft. The ftream is fcattered, and cannot be again collected.

Difcourfe not in a whifper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill breeding, and, in fome degree, a fraud ; converfation ftock being (as one has well obferved) a joint and common property.

In reflections of abfent people, go no further than you would go, if they were prefent. I prefume (fays Bifhop Beveridge) never to fpeak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule ! the obfervation of which would, at one ftroke, banifh flattery and defamation from the earth.

ADVICE.—There is nothing of which we are fo liberal as of advice. We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct

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BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF WM. CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH.

"TO him, all realms addicted themselves, to the very last. The bishops and clergy for preferment; the puritans for favourable treatment, and relief from ecclesiastical oppression; fugitives in foreign countries for pardon, which he granted in consideration of their useful intelligence, relapsing the defigns of the nations among whom they fojourned; the lieutenants of counties for inftructions and advice; the admirals for fleets and failing; and the ambaffadors for inftructions of theirabroad, and its domeftic tranquility at home, were provided for, and preferved by this accomplifhed ftatefman, to his final hour.

"But no honours or diftinctions can ward off the ftroke of fate. Age advanced, with all its train of ills; and though his diffolution was flow, and the gradations eafy, after languifhing two or three months, he paid the debt of nature, on the 4th of Auguft, 1598.

"Now might one fee the whole world mourning; the queen for an old and true ferrant; the council for a wife and grave counfellor; the court for their honourable benefactor; his country and the commonwealth trembling, as it were at one blow to have loft their head ftricken off; the people, widows and wards, lamenting to lofe their protector; Religion her patron; Juftice her true minifter; and Peace her upholder. His children bewailing the lofs of fuch a father, his friends of fuch a friend, and worldlings of fuch a matter; all men rather bewailing his lofs, than hoping ever to find fuch another. Yea, his very enemies did now feem for his death, and with his life to lay down all malice.

"In perfon, Burleigh was rather well proportioned than tall; he was very upright till bent by the infirmities of age, and very active and alert in all his motions.

"Viewed in every poffible light, his character rifes on our eftcem. To the moft patriotifm he united fuch a capacity for bufinefs, as is fcldom equalled. In his private affairs he was frugal, rather than avaricious; and though he left a good eftate, it was raifed by no meanneft. It defended to his two fons, who were both ennobled, and whofe pofterity ftill continue to be encreafe of honours. In public expenditure he was a rigid economift; and when we compare him, in this refpect, with the moft celebrated Miniflers of modern times, we fhall meet with a ftriking proof of his inflexible worth. He never fuffered the wealth of the nation to be diverted for fatisfier ends, or diverted to wrong purpofes. To uphold the honour and dignity of the government, were the fole objects he propofed in raifing money; and what was levied from the neceffities or the fuperabundance of the people, he took care fhould be applied for their honour and advantage. He was never known to add to a penfion; no venal fupporter of his power with a job. It was a maxim with him, that when the treafury, like the fpleen, grew too great, the reft of the body languifhed and pined away; he therefore wifely confidered private opulence, the fureft wealth of the ftate; and was wont to declare, "that nothing is for a prince's profit, that is not for his honour alfo."

"Having lived long enough to nature, and long enough to his own glory, but not long enough to his country, he refigned his ftul to God, with much peace and tranquility, that the greateft enemy he had, freely declared, he envied him nothing, but that his fun went down with fo much luftre.

"Certainly he was a moft excellent man; for he was fo liberally furnifhed by nature, and fo polifhed and adorned with learning and education, that every way he fhone by gravity, temperance, induftry and juftice, he was a moft accomplifhed perfon. He had an eafy and flowing eloquence, which conflicted not in words and fentences of words, but in a mafculine plainnefs and fignificancy of fenfe. He was a matter of prudence formed on experience, and regulated by temper and moderation. His loyalty was true, and would endure the touch, and his wifdom was feafoned by his piety, which, indeed, was eminently great. To fum up all, in a word, the queen was happy in fo great a counfellor, and the ifland of England will for ever be exalted to him for his fage and prudent counfel. He was one who lived and died with equal glory; and while others regard him with admiration, I am rather inclined to contemplate him with the facred applaufe of filent veneration."

JOHN HOWARD.

THE benevolent John Howard, having fettled his accounts at the clofe of a particular year, and found a balance in his favour, propofed to his wife to make ufe of it in journey to London, or any other way for thofe. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her anfwer. This charitable hint met his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

MORAL.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

PARENTS naturally enquire, in what manner fhall we educate our children? Shall we train them to habits of induftry, knowledge and virtue—or to idlenefs, ignorance and vice! One is the way to wealth, honour and happinefs —the other to poverty, infamy and mifery.—Between thefe two, no perfon of common fenfe can hefitate to choofe: yet how many do we daily fee, who can fay with truth, *video meliora proboque, deteriora fequor*—I fee the the right way, and I approve of it; ftill I purfue the wrong.

In the education of children in general, three things are principally to be attended to—*ftudy family government, common fchool education, and attention to public worfhip.* If any one of thefe is neglected, others will be imperfect in their effects. : : : : *Penn. Gaz.*

DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.—To reverence and honour them, to efteem and imitate their good qualities, to alleviate and bear with, and fpread as much as poffible a decent veil over their infirmities or weaknefs, to be highly grateful to them for thofe favors, which it can hardly ever be in their power fully to repay, to fhew their gratitude by a ftrict attention to their wants and a fedulous care to fupply them; by a fubmiffive deference to their authority and advice, by yielding to, rather than contending with, their humours, as remembering that they have been perfectioned by thirne; and in fine, by footh ing their cares, lightening their forrows, fupporting the infirmities of age, and making the remainder of their life as comfortable as poffible—to pay thefe, and all other duties of a return in, no according to Plato, to pay the old eft, beft, and greateft of debts, next to thofe we owe our fupreme and common parent. They are duties indifpenfably neceffary to the moft fundamental laws of *Gratitude, Honour, Juftice, Natural affection and Piety*, which are interwoven with our very conftitutions as men, and which, therefore, are executed rather than *nature*, and contradicting thefe laws.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

AN aged widow had an only fon, who repeatedly tranfgreffed the rules enjoined in the facred *koran*, to be obferved by all true believers. In regard to the ordinary ablutions, he gave no alms, and eat meat before the ftars appeared during the holy teaft of *Ramadan*," when the gates of paradife are open, and hell are fhut; he even frequented himfelf with opium and wine, and bowed not his body to the omnipotent *Allah*, the maker of the world.

His mother, moved by fuperlative unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberlefs methods to reclaim him without effect. At laft, with great difficulty the prevailed upon him, when he committed a *bad action*, to write a mark into the wall of his chamber, and when he performed a good action, to take one out. In a fhort time the wall was nearly covered with the marks of his guilt; but the fecret ftratagem fucceeded well. After a long time had elapfed he began to refrain from his evil courfes, and concluded himfelf with fo much propriety, that the nails gradually difappeared, as he acted in the manner of which circumftance he cautioufly informed his venerable parent, who, with the greateft compofure, addreffed him as follows:

"My fon," faid fhe, "you have, it is true dutifully attended to my advice, and entered into the pleafant paths of virtue; but be not too proud that the nails are all drawn out, for the marks will ftill remain *here* ftill remain; for, likewife, the eftrum of your former mifdeeds, will not be eraled from your character, unlefs you continue to purfue the road to the bleffed realms of Paradife, and never replunge into the dreadful gulph of pollution, from which you have fortunately efcaped."

* *Dur ing the three days of Ramadan, the Mahometans neither eat, drink, fmoke, nor wafh their mouths, until the ftars appear in the firmament.*

AMUSING.

FEMALE COURAGE AND HUMANITY.

ON the 16th of Sept. as two ladies were walking along the river fide at Chelfy, near Paris, their attention was engaged by two children, playing in a boat. Alarmed at their danger, the ladies entreated them to come to the bank. The children laughed at their fears, continued their play, and one of them fell into the river. The ladies called in vain for help; no perfon appeared, and the little unfortunate was going to difappear forever, when the eldeft of the two ladies, confulting only her humanity, darted forward with the rapidity of lightening, half fwimming and half fuftained by her clothes, into the river. She got up to the child at the moment when he was finking, caught him by the hair, and brought him to land with equal addrefs and good fortune. The child fainted; the fame lady affifted him to recover. He faultered out his thanks, and requefted his fair friend that he fhould be eftabliffed by his parents, when they were informed of the adventure. His fair deliverer took him by the hand, brought him to his mother, pleaded his caufe, examined his pardon, threw fome on the table, and difappeared!

ON SINCERITY.

SINCERITY is an openefs of heart which is rarely to be found. That which commonly perfonates it, is a refined diffimulation, whofe end is to procure confidence. A deeper trick of cunning than the open liar. For there whatever light we chufe, makes the main of our fincerity.

METHOD OF COINING MONEY IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

AFTER they have taken the famine, or plates of metal, out of the moulds into which they are caft, they make the pofs and regulate between the fevers rollers of the lamineing engine, which by being brought gradually clofer to each other, gives the plates an even and exact thicknefs. The workmen then make ufe of a fteel inftrument called a trunpan; it is hollow, and of a roundifh figure, with ftrap edges, to cut out as many planchets or circular pieces of metal as the plate contains. In order to prepare thefe planchets for receiving the defigned impreffion, they are compared with ftandard pieces, to fee that they are of a proper thickneft; they are then fuperficially cleaned, and laid or feraped off; and laftly, they are boiled and made clean, before they are conveyed to the machine for marking them upon the edge. The principal pieces of this machine are two laminas, in the form of rules, with a fine chain. One half of the infeription is engraved on the thicknefs of one of the laminæ, and the other half on the thicknefs of the other. Thefe laminæ being placed parallel, as they are called, are ftraight, although the planchets to be marked with them are circular. One of thefe laminæ is fixed tight with fcrews, while the other is moved by means of a wheel. When they ftamp a planchet, it is placed between the laminæ in fuch a manner, that the edge of the planchet may touch the two laminæ on each fide, and that each of them, as well as the planchet, lie in the fame ftraight plane, which is fuftained upon a very thick wooden table. The ftaling laminæ cauies the planchet to turn fo, that the edge receives the impreffion, both the laminæ being put very ftrong and half-crown pieces, only, are thick enough to bear inferiptions on their edges. The coining engine, we mill, puts the finifhing ftroke to the whole piece. The machine is fo commodious, that a fingle man may ftamp 20,000 planchets in one day. Gold, filver, and copper, are all of them coined with a mill and preffure. The inferiptions, commonly called dies are fathered; that of the face beneath, in a fquare box fattened with fcrews, and the reverfe above; in a like box fixed in a fimilar manner, the planchet is fixed upon the figure of the face, and the reverfe in the prefcribed on both fides, in the twinkling of an eye, by turning the mill once round. Thus completed, the coin undergoes an examination of the matter-worker's officers appointed for that purpofe, and then is offered into circulation.

CHIMNEY SWEEP AND THIEVES.

A POOR fweep travelling through Stretton, laft week, being benighted, knocked at the door of a farmer, and begged he might fleep in the ftraw of a barn for the night; but was refufed. The labourer, however, hearing the anfwer, and having more humanity than his maiter, fuffered him to take his repofe upon fome ftraw in the barn. It happened about 2 o'clock in the morning, two villains came with a horfe and cart, with an intent to rob the barn, and having nearly filled one bag, faid, 'twas a pity they had not engaged another man to hold the candle; the poor fweep hearing this, and imagining the men belonged to the houfe, ruffled from the ftraw, and exclaimed, "O, I'll hold the candle!" The villains, at this unexpected interrupt, and the appearance of his black face and white teeth, haftily decamped, leaving bread, cart, and bags, at the difpofal of the fuppofed devil! : : : : *Lond. P.*

A PERSON making it a practice to buy fix loaves every day, a friend aiked him what he did with them. He replied, "I keep one loaf, another I throw away, two leaves I return, and two others I lend." The friend faid, "I don't comprehend your meaning, fpeak plainly." He replied, "The loaf which I keep, I eat; the one which I throw away, is what I give to my wife's mother; the two which I return, I give to my father and mother; and I lend two loaves to my fon."

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ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO TOM JONES.

WHEN Fielding had finished his Novel, being much diftreffed, he fold it to an obfcure Bookfeller for 22l. on condition of being paid on a certain given day. The time came he fhewed the Mfs. to Thomfon the Poet, who was immediately ftruck with its great merit, advifed Fielding by all means to get free from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the bookfeller was not capable of eftimating the value of his purchafe. Thomfon recommended the work to Andrew Millar, and the parties met at a tavern, and a bargain was ftruck with Millar began with faying, "Mr. Fielding, I always determine on "affairs at once, and never change my office. I will not "give one farthing more than two hundred pounds." Two hundred pounds! "Yes Fielding!" yes," fays the other, "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whofe fpirit arofe from joy, and not difappointment, ftook him by the hand, fealed the bargain, and declared in two months that Millar got a very large fum by the fale of the book. He at different times during his life, affifted Fielding with 250l. which debt he cancelled in his will.

SOME time ago as Mr. A*** was returning home with his pocket-book full of bank-notes, about 3 in the morning, they accidentally met with the watchman, who was regularly crying the hour. In the mirth of heart they were in, they thought proper to make free of the bank-notes for a fupper upon them for keeping bad hours. Mr. A*** therefore infifted that the fellow fhould cry paft eleven o'clock inftead of three, and on pain of corporal punifhment. After fome remonftrance, the poor man was obliged to comply; but, before he had finifhed his oration, fuddenly recollecting himfelf, he laid ftrenuoufly, I know the *hour* I am to cry, but pray, *gentlemen, what fhould you wifh to hear of to-morrow? Sunfhine*, you fcoundrel to be fure, *funfhine*,' upon which (notwithftanding its raining very violently) he began bellowing out, "Paft eleven o'clock, and by a moft "profpect hey, *Paft eleven o'clock, and by particular defires, a fine "fhining morning!*"

A BANKER had two fons—one of whom was extremely diffipated, and dreffed in the *ton*—the other was domeftic, and ftrictly attended to the *banking* bufinefs;—which peculiarities occafioned a wag to name the firft *coaft*, and the other *Channel*.

IT was at Inverary, Scotland, a difappointed traveller, who had been confined to his inn three or four days by the wet, peevifhly exclaimed at his departure, "What, "is the rain here always?" To which, the landlord replied, with great fimplicity, "it fnaws awhiles."

REMARKABLE.

A PETERSBURG, (Virg.) paper of April 21, 1803, fays, It will probably not be long before the very rabble of the fingular cafe of the death of two white women, which happened laft Friday night, the 15th inft. within a few yards of my houfe in Blandford, both by the name of *Daniel*. The firft was a little advanced in life, the other a healthy and handfome girl about 18 or 19 years of age. The day before the above event, and both in good health, were, in perfect health, had made an excurfion from home, and were overtaken by night in their return, but ftill had advanced in the dark fo far as to go within forty or fifty yards of their dwelling; and fhouting and clattering down to us, fat down fide and fide, and made their icy bed. Both were difcovered in the morning by the darling fon of the elder, who has juft approached the gloomy fpot, found that death had done his office, and the lifelefs corpfe feparated from each other by one fingle tobacco-ftill. An unquit being often, and every particular examined, and on fo extraordinary an occurrence, no poffible difcovery could be made of any violence, either by themfelves or any one elfe. No furmife can yet be made what produced the mortal change, unlefs the ftimulus of fpirit, the exertions of the day, and the inclemency of the night, fhould have combined to ftrike the fatal ftroke."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.

"AN emigrant Lady had arrived with her child to Augfbourg, where fhe believed the French would never come to trouble her. She was, however, miftaken, and became diftreffed with fear. Thinking only on the fafety of her infant, and taking it in her arms, as her only treafure leaving all her valuables behind, the rufhed forth; but in her delirium miftook the gate, and inftead of finding fhelter in the camp of the Auftrians, fhe fell into the hands of the French out-poft. As foon as fhe difcovered her miftake, fhe fainted away. The attention and humanity of the foldiers could not revive her; fucceffive fits of fainting rapidly followed each other. On being informed of this event, the General kindly ordered her a fafe conduct into the town where fhe meant to have withdrawn. Unfortunately her infant was forgotten, and the unhappy mother, in the agitation of her mind, did not perceive it. A grenadier, however, took care of the child; he learnt where the mother had been conducted, but not being able to carry immediately this little treafure to its parent, he caufed a leathern bag to be made, in which he placed the child, and always carried it with him. The grenadier often refufed himfelf, nevertheleis, he fought, and never abandoned the infant. Whenever he was called upon to encounter the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground, in which he placed the infant, and after the battle returned for it. At length an armiftice was concluded. The Grenadier collected fome money among his comrades, to the amount of 35 Louis (2ol. Sterling) and fet out in fearch of the child, and carried it to its mother. The joy of the latter had nearly been attended with the fame fatal confequences as her former fears. In a fhort time, however, fhe received, to put forth bleffings on the favlour of her child."

USEFUL.

A BOAT THAT CANNOT OVERSET!

THE inftructible and incredible Boat, conftructed by a French gentleman in this town, M. A. Du Bue Marentille, was launched on Monday laft, near the market-houfe, in prefence of a concourfe of people. The boat ftoodd to anfwer the purpofes for which it is defigned, it will prove no doubt one of the greateft acquifitions to the feafaring clafs ever yet invented. Its conftruction is in a manner, as to render it actually in the heavieft ftorm at fea, fuch as will neither fill, fink, nor overfet—it is to be taken to New-York this day for infpection and further experiment.

Pap.

☞ The Salem Regifter, of Thurfday laft, remarks, "the boat never to fink, offers to us an experiment of the greateft importance to the public. If it anfwer to the prefent means of fafety, will be embraced with great joy by all friends of the human race. Commerce alks this affiftance, and fo do our ordinary pleafures."

BUTTER.

THE farmers in the parifh of Udney, in the county of Aberdeen, practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great fuperiority above that of their neighbors:—

Take two parts of the beft common falt, one part of fugar, and one part of falt petre;—beat them up together, and blend the whole completely; take one ounce of this compofition for every pound of butter, work it well into the mafs, and clofe it up for ufe.

The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich marrowy conliftence, and the colour, and never acquires a brittle hardnefs nor taftes falt—Dr. Anderfon fays, 'I have ate butter cured with the above compofition, that has been kept three years and it was as fweet as the firft.' But it muft be noted, that butter thus cured, requires to ftand three weeks or a month, before it is begun to be ufed; if it be fooner opened, the falts are not fufficiently blended with it; and fhould it be ufed in this ftate, the effect will then be perceived, which totally difappears afterwards.

☞ The above is certainly worth the attention of every Dairy-Woman in the Country.—Cleanlinefs and Dairy-Boundary, a valuable work, is now publifhing at Philadelphia.

METHOD OF DESTROYING LICE ON ANIMALS AND TREES.

M. DE THOSE having found that oil of turpentine, when applied to animals which were covered with vermin, deftroyed thofe vermin without hurting the animal—the author hereof tried it on feveral kinds of tree-lice and other infects; all of which it killed, without hurting the trees. He then mixed fome oil of turpentine with fine earth, fo as to make it incorporate well, and added water ftirring it carefully until the whole was brought to a conliderable degree of fluidity. In this mixture he dipped branches of fruit trees covered with infects, which were entirely deftroyed by it, eggs and all, without hurting the fruit, branches or leaves. The compofition muft be got off by watering, or left to be waffed off by the firft rains.

From thefe experiments, he thinks that oil of turpentine may be as well employed for killing various kinds of lice that infeft domeftic animals, and fometimes produce difeafes on fruit trees. Experiments will afcertain how far this remedy will prove efficacious in different cafes.

BROWN PAINT.

MR. HATCHET has pointed out the great utility of pruffiate of copper as a pigment. "During fome late expe riments," fays he, "I was much ftruck with the beauty of this precipitate, and was therefore induced to make fevegral trials of it as paint: the refult exceeded my moft fanguine expectations." It has alfo been tried by Mr. Weft, Mr. Trumbull, and Sir H. C. Enfield, who agree that in beauty and intenfity it furpaffes every brown paint now in ufe. It forms, with white, various fhades of blue colour, which do not appear liable to fade, like thofe which are formed by means of lake. The pruffiates obtained from acetate, fulphate, nitrate and muriate of copper, are all very beautiful; but the blue and dark green colours afforded by the muriate. The beft mode of forming this pigment is to take green muriate of copper, diluted with ten parts of diftilled or rain water, and to pour in a pruffiate of iron, until the whole is precipitated: the pruffiate of copper is then to be well waffied with cold water, on the filter, and to be dried without heat.—Nicholfon.

CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY.

Yefterday the *Mt. Paffaghetts Charitable Fire Society*, celebrated its 5th anniverfary. The Officers of the laft year were unanimoufly re-elected.—The Society then went in procefflon to the Chapel Church; where, after feveral mufical performances, the Dedicatory Poem, fung by a felect choir—Prayers and Leffons, adapted to the occafion, by the Rev. Dr. KIRKLAND, and the Anniverfary Ode, fung by Mr. BOWER, a fpirited and chaffic Addrefs to the Society, on the principles of the Inftitution, was delivered by the Rev. JOHN S. J. GARDNER. A collection of 217 dollr. was made for the benefit of the Society's funds; and an ode compofed for this anniverfary, was very fcientifically fung by Mr. BOWMAN.

LITERARY.

Mr. David Carlifle, has juft publifhed "*The Speech of Canonnicus*, or an Indian Tradition: a Poem, with explanatory Notes, by JOHN LATHROP, A. M."—It was originally publifhed at Calcutta, by Mr. Lathrop. "The work is entitled to high commendation for its poetical excellence, as well as the hiftorical notices which it contains, of the traditions and mythology of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. The verification is chafte and harmonious; though the ftyle in fome inftances rifes into that hyperbolical ftrain characteriftic of the genius and tafte of the people where the Author refides."

☞ Mr. BOWEN'S Columbian Muſeum, is re-eſtabliſhed in Milk-ſtreet, and will be open every Day and Evening, Sundays and Saturday evenings excepted.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Rewerle, by a correſpondent, too fanatical and gloomy.

Thalia's letter is very good, but it is fo nearly a repetition of the ſentiments contained in a late number of the *Cyclop*, that we muſt beg leave to decline it.

The letter about Academies, we are at a loſs to underſtand, and we apprehend that our readers would be in the ſame predicament.

Hope, ſhall appear.

Agnes's communication ſhall be early noticed.

We are highly pleaſed with the ſacred and beautiful Poem in blank verſe, called "*The Pains of Imagination*," and ſhall give it early inſertion.

On a favourite Cat, very good.

Rehau's are in general unintereſting to all but the compliminetor, and complimented; and very often the latter is more mortified than gratified at having their names made thus public. Gentlemen of Mt. Maſſaqua, muſt not therefore take it amiſs that we decline their favours.

Z's communication ſhall have a place.

In our paper of March 26, we requeſted "H." to ſend for an anſwer to his letter; but as he did not, we now inform him, we will receive his Eſſays with pleaſure, and have little doubt of their proving acceptable to our readers.

MARRIAGES.

In Windſor, (Vt.) Mr. Alpheus Dunham, merchant, of Boſton, to the amiable Miſs Grace Learned, of New-London. At St. George's River, Mr. Henry J. Knox, only ſon of Gen. Henry Knox, to Miſs Eliza T. Reed, of Waldoborough. In Andover, Mr. Jona. Gleaſon, to Miſs Sally Bolter.

In Boſton, Mr. Robert B. Lloyd, to Miſs Sally Phippa.

DEATHS.

In England, April 6, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Æt 74. He was a man of the moſt extraordinary endowments, and his memory will be dear to the literary world.—In Saybrook, (Con) Mr. Gilbert H. Hubbard, formerly of Newton, in Sturbridge, Mrs. Abigail P. Lane, Æt 28, conſort of the Rev. Otis Lane. In Salem, Mr. Angier Mollrice, Æt 42: Mrs. Mayſhop, Æt 35: Miſs Abigail Poole, Æt 26. In Cambridge, Mr. Joſeph Perry, Æt 39.

In Boſton, Mrs. Ann Swift, Æt 45, wife of Mr. Elijah Swift, ſon

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A PERSIAN SONG.

[From a prefs tranflation by Sir WM. JONES.*]*

LO where the dawn advances in the eaft,
Veil'd with red rofes, and in purple dreft;
The tears of morning wet the Floral race,
And dew-drops trickle down the tulip's face:
Bring then the draught my Phœbus, and the cheerful dinner,
The morning goblet, fill'd with fparkling wine.

Our blooming gardens, in the fruitful dale,
Pleafant as Eden, breathe a fpicy gale:
O bring the wine! renew the generous bowl;
Joy fhall be boundlefs, mirth without control.

Where yonder bower difplays its cooling fhade,
Her env'rad throne the queen of flowers has fpread:
Reach then the juice, which like the ruby glows,
Quaff the mild nectar, while it freely flows.

Still at the inn does fleep extend its sway?
Rife, ftumblers, rife! your fparkling flores diſplay,
Nor wafte, on beds of down, the prime of day.
Hafte, thou in love, and freely talte the wine—
Ye fons of wifdom, bleft with ftill divine,
Rife from your dreams, and to the King of Heav'n,
Let your loud fongs and morning vows be giv'n.

The fmiling morn the frolic youth invites,
To harmlefs fports and innocent delights;
Bids him awake, and feek his favorite fair;
With love's firft muſic charm her ravifh'd ear;
And like young HAFEZ, mid the embowering grove,
Drink from the virgin's cheek the lip of love.

HARLEQUIN.

THE NOVELIST.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT OF THE *ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.*

[Concluded from page 22a.]

MY tranſport was unbounded, and I inwardly thanked God for his mercy with an ardour feldom perhaps experienced. I conſidered my wife as reſtored. I thought within myſelf whatever has attended to the utmoſt height it can reach, muſt neceſſarily fall again. My Frederica's diſorder had laſt night reached that height, and now is in a decſent. I waited with impatience the dawning of day, when I haſtened to the phyſician, who was aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure to hear me ſay, *My wife is better.* He recommended over all the ſymptoms of approaching death that had appeared the preceding evening; and ſince theſe had fubſided, he exerciſed no hope with me, that the criſis was paſt, and the might yet be reſtored.

He ordered her ſome medicines, with which I will own I was not confident; for I could not help apprehending that there was great danger of the exertion of taking them bringing on again the cough and ſpitting of blood. But ſince they were recommended by both phyſicians, and I had great reſpect for their abilities, I yielded my own opinion, and had them prepared. But alas! what I had feared actually enſued: ſhe immediately began again to cough. I hitherto once more to the phyſicians, though with much leſs ſanguine feelings than before, and told them what had happened when they deſired that all attempts at medicine might be reſign'd.

Alas! never ſhall I be able to banifh the dreadful idea, that had ſhe been ſuffered to remain quiet that morning, and not been diſturbed in the way, her youth and exceilent conſtitution might at length have worn out her diſeaſe. Yet let it not be thought that I mean to caſt a reflection upon our two worthy phyſicians. I am confident, that they were ſincerely deſirous of being uſeful to ſave a life ſo dear to us all; and I doubt not were actuated by the fear of omitting any thing at ſo important a moment, that had the utmoſt chance of proving beneficial. But when a houſe is burnt down, people are very apt to ſay, that a pail of water thrown earlier on this or that ſpot, might have ſaved the whole edifice. The world muſt not be ſtrove with a man under misfortune.

I ſent once more to Jena, to beg my friend Dr. Starke's attendance. I charged the *Feldjæger* to make the utmoſt poſſible haſte, and to return inſtantly with the Doctor. The *Jæger* fellow, who loved his miſtreſs ſincerely, and who, indeed, did not love her? was gone only three hours and a half. He brought me a note from Dr. Starke, with a promiſe that he would be with me himſelf in the afternoon. It was now noon. Exhauſted with fatigue and anguiſh I had lain down on the ſopha, and endeavoured to ſleep; but when I heard the ſound of the horſe galloping along the ſtreet, I ſprang up, and haſtened with the note into the ſick chamber. There I found the ſame ſymptoms of approaching death as the evening before, the ſame rattling in the throat, the ſame fixed glare of the eyes, and the ſame deſpair in the countenances of all the attendants. The looks of the phyſician, too, plainly conſiſted that his art could do no more for her.

Ah! he could not!—and God would not!—Why the thus tore aſunder one of the happieſt couples that ever were united? Why he ſeparated ſouls that only wiſhed to live for each other? Into theſe two things we are forbidden to enquire:—But, Ah! let not any one preſume to ſay to me as ſin that I complain!—The Lord gave her to me!—The Lord hath taken her away!—I am no diſſembler—I cannot add, Bleſſed be the name of the Lord!

Of what paſſed in this and the following hours I have but a confuſed recollection. How I kiſſed her for the laſt time, with what even rapture, for the return to her evening before: how I ruſhed out of the room, unable to ſupport the idea of beholding her laſt ſtruggles; how I ran to the houſe of a friend a few doors off, and what horrible feelings there rent my boſom, I will chuſe to oppeat to no as the harraſſing images of ſome fearful dream.

Not many days before, I had ſaid to this friend, that I was conſident my feelings never could ſupport the loſs of my wife: and earneſtly entreated him, ſhould this dreadful cataſtrophe actually take place, to think and to act for me, and endeavour, for the ſake of my dear motherleſs infant, if poſſible, to refuſe from deſpair a father who had himſelf ſtood for three years on the brink of the grave. I charged him, when the fatal blow ſhould be over, inſtantly to order a chaiſe, and fly with me where no whither, only to take me from the place that had been the ſcene of all my ſorrows—from the place where every joy muſt be buried in the grave of my wife.—He promiſed to comply with my requeſt, and kept his word. He went himſelf to my houſe, my wife had breathed her laſt, and he ſent inſtantly to the poſt.

I repeat it, that I had no clear idea of my own feelings. My brain was all confuſion; overpowered with anguiſh, I could not remain in the houſe of mourning, every place ſeemed too confined for my hurſting boſom; no tears came to my relief; I ran half frantic into the ſtreet. A bleak north-wind blew directly through it; yet even there I felt as in a burning fever.

I told my friend I would wait for him at the gate of the town; and thither I haſtened, though I ſcarcely know myſelf how I reached it, ſo much was I ſtunned and ſtruck by the way I met my perſon with whom I was acquainted. I only recollect ſince, of this my anguiſh reminded me, ſeeing the ſtreet had been a few weeks before had driven my wife and me to Leipſick.

I remained for two hours without the gate, accompanied only by the moſt violent deſpair. The weather was cold, rainy, and ſtormy, but I was inſenſible to it. I walked up and down by the ſide of a ditch, endeavouring to collect my ſcattering ſenſes, and to reflect calmly upon my ſituation; but it was impoſſible. Once or twice a few tears came to my relief, but they were few. Heaven was ſparing of this leſſeſt balm.

After a while, an old man in a foldier's uniform, probably a penſioner of the neighbouring hoſpital, whoſe attention, I ſuppoſe, had been excited by the wildneſs of my appearance, came up to me, and aſked if I was ill. I anſwered, yes, and paſſed on. *"Ah! that's plainly enough to be ſeen!"* I could hear him ſay in a compaſſionate tone, as I continued walking forwards. I know not whether it was this appearance of participation in my ſorrow that gave a new turn to my feelings, but I burſt into tears, and wept violently for ſome minutes; yet this was ſoon paſt, and I reſigned into my former ſtate of ſtormy ſtupefaction.

At length, towards evening, I ſaw my own travelling carriage approach, the ſame carriage into which I had fo often handed my wife, and in which ſhe had enjoyed for many happy hours by her ſide. I got haſtily into it, the little dog which had been my wife's favourite was there, and jumped upon me, whegping piteouſly. God! what painful recollections did it call into my mind. Every thing in the carriage bore ſome reference to my Frederica. In one pocket was a ſtain, made by a bottle of medicine which ſhe had once broke. There was a needle, with which ſhe had been at work; there, the mark of powder from her hair: and yet what was ſtrange, reminded me of her ſo more painfully than what ſight was preſent. At our departure from Reval, I had a couple of ſmall pillows made, covered with leather, to reſt our heads againſt on the journey. On theſe my wife had lain during her illneſs, as ſhe found the pillows belonging to her bed too warm.—on theſe ſhe died!

We proceeded onwards, the clouds kept in deſpair, and the moon appeared. Not a word was ſpoken. My friend's ſelf-ſenſibility, that at preſent my attempts to conſole me were vain, he well underſtood, and in my heart acknowledged this as an obligation. I ſtared my eyes ſtedfaſtly upon the clouds, which the wind blew into a thouſand varied forms, at firſt only with a vacant ſtare, but after a while they caught my attention, and my fancy found a melancholy gratification in likening to ſuch images as were moſt accordant with the ſituation of my ſoul. In one I ſaw a coffin, in another, a funeral proceſſion; in another a hut, with a long cadye hatband. I found in the heavens a picture. I fought: never was my imagination ſo fertile in forming reſemblances. At length about eight o'clock we arrived at Erfurth.

Soon after I had left my houſe, Dr. Starke arrived, and opened a letter from my poor Frederica's hand, but in vain. Nothing could ſtretch from the grafp of death the ſweeteſt, moſt ill wiſhes he ever feized. For the firſt time ſince my union did that moſt cruel tyrant ſeparate—*he died!*

I was afterwards informed by letter, that the event was occaſioned by the milk, it had fallen upon her lungs, and was the cauſe of her diſeaſe. A thouſand tormenting reflections upon this ſubject oppreſs my heart. It is true, I do not doubt that my Frederica now bears teſtimony to our great Judge, that I did every thing the tendereſt love could ſuggeſt to ſave her; yet I remember, that the idea, that if this or that thing had been done or omitted, ſhe might yet have been alive; ſo often does the reflexion of diſtruſtful man lead him to the ſingle circumſtance, in ſome accident apparently of the moſt trifling or inſignificant nature.

I am normally haunted by the recollection, that in the laſt days of her illneſs, my beloved wife called very often it is true only amidſt the wanderings of delirium, for the *Reſſen medicine.* She frequently endeavoured to explain herſelf more clearly, but my poſſible effort to recollect me underſtand what ſhe meant, yet never could think of the right name: ſhe could only ſay the *Reſſen medicine.* I complained myſelf at the time of exerciſe what I was on which her diſtempered fancy dwelt, but it has ſince occurred to me that ſhe doubtleſs referred to a powder of very common uſe in Ruſſia, which I had given the phyſicians may declaim againſt it, and conſider it as quackery, has moſt certain often atchieved wonders. And, I believe, we own and have ſeen it given given over by the phyſicians the powder, it is very probable that this powder might feel confidence in its power to reſtore her alſo. O Heaven! who knows what might have been the effect this powder's being adminiſtered on that laſt fatal day, during the ſhort interval when her breath was eaſy, nd her cough quiet? But how ſhould I have allumed courage to recommend it! I dared not! I dared not! I had conſidered myſelf as her murderer, and been even more wretched than at preſent.

Alas! it was determined by a higher than mortal power, that thus it ſhould be and no otherwiſe. "The great wheel that guides our deſtinies is not to be ſtopped by a blade or ſtubble." She is dead! and all my hopes and joys died with her!—I have no more to mention on this ſide of the grave! I may yet perhaps ſometimes laugh, but my heart will never more be really cheerful! Many years may yet paſs of my life, but I regard it as the moſt treaſure of my ſoul—I may drag on a proſtaſtinated exiſtence, but never can I really live, ſince I am deprived of the better part of my life's ſupport!—What remain's of me will only be, will only figh for the time of its re-union, to this perfect half, and the ſole conſolation my ſorrows can ever know, will be in confidently looking forward to that bleſſed period.

Then ſpins ſoul, behind it's abod'd,
Oh draw me in love's bands tow'rd thee!
Draw me to thy heart, ſweet angel,
That I may reſt in thy boſom!

[☞ Upon the above beautiful piece we may juſt remark, that the extravagant grief of its author would have been happily moderated by the ſoothing influence of the Chriſtian revelation. Ed.

LOTTERY BUSINESS.

ON the 15th June, the 3d clafs of South-Hadley Lottery, will commence drawing in this town. Thefe are few tickets unſold, which may be in the hands of company, who will, of courſe, continue to enhance the price. The following are the inſtructions of the company:

"*Springfield, April 15, 1805.*

"Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

"I HAVE been appointed Agent of the above Company, and you will pleaſe to take notice, that no tickets of laſt third ſd clafs, are to be ſold after the 15th of May, at leſs than 5 dls. 50 cents. SAMUEL LATHROP."

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP——N° XXVIII.

Ipfa dies alias alio ledit ordine Luna
Felices operum. Quisquam fine? pallidus Orcus,
Exoriare aliquis.

THE idea of lucky and unlucky days, whofe influence acts upon every thing undertaken at thofe periods, has, in all ages, amongft all nations, been more or lefs entertained, but particularly in the more favage and unenlightened countries, ignorance being the parent of fuperftition; and this we fee clearly proved, by the great folly of this fuperftition, which prevails the lower claffes of people even in the moft civilized nations—and it often happens, that perfons of ftrong natural fenfe, and liberal education, having imbibed fuperftitious prejudices from thofe who had the care of their infancy, find it almoft impoffible to fhake them off, even when mature judgement, and ripened underftanding, teach them to laugh at their abfurd ideas.

I know a man of fenfe and fcience who would not cut his hair in the decreafe of the moon, nor his corns in the encreafe, leaft the former fhould fall off and leave him bald, and the other increafe until he could not wear a fhoe fmaller than the foot of a French poffillion's hall-boot: and a woman, of excellent underftanding, who would not, on any account, begin a piece of work on a Friday, leaft during the time that work is upon on that day is never finifhed, either death, or illhefs, or misfortune of fome kind or other, intervening, to prevent its completion.

The great OLIVER CROMWELL was infected with thefe fuperftitious notions, and imagined that any thing undertaken on his birth-day, would be fure to fucceed; and indeed the moft extraordinary events of his life, certainly took place on the anniverfary of that day; and on that day, the laft feene of its eventful dramas clofed. In his time was the reign of fanaticism and fuperftitious enthufiafm; and not only lucky hours and days were attended to, but witches were abfurd to have been feen, and immediate divine revelations to have been made, by fupernatural agents.

Where thefe follies have power to affect the human mind, they are generally attended by a train of chimeras, equally as ridiculous as fuperftition; a belief in dreams, a fear of diftinguifhed fpirits appearing in their human fcrabbiter, foretelling future events, portending death, or revealing fecrets of horrid or momentous import.

When I was a child, the domeftics in my father's kitchen, were much infefted with nonfenfical fears of dreams, ghofts, &c. &c. Every morning at breakfaft, the dreams of all were recited, and the countenance of each individual was either cheerful or fad, according to the portent of the vifion of the preceding night. In the evening, they gathered round the fire and told tales, which, at that time of the day of any favourite maid, ftung clofe, and hid my face in her bofom,

> *" Fearing my young Mind,*
> *Made each particular hair to ftand on end,*
> *Like quills upon the frefful Porcupine."*

And a waged domeftic, dying when I was about eight years old, I remember I was not half fo much affected with grief at his death, though he had been uncommonly fond of me, as I was with fear leſt I fhould fee his apparition. Of ftories, of fupernatural appearances, witchcraft and conjuncts, with the devil, I knew a furprifing number, and was ready to vouch for the truth of every one. But was it until within a few years paft, that I was freed entirely, of this ridiculous folly; nay, even now, any appearance or noife for which I cannot immediately account, will make me ſtart, and give a palpitation to my heart, which I cannot for a moment recover—though it is my general practice to afcertain by enquiry and infpection, the real caufe of my alarm.

I am well acquainted with a young lady, who lived in continual trepidation from fears of this kind. If by chance, the fire the new moon over her left fhoulder, fhe turned pale, from the idea that fhe fhould meet repeated difappointments in the courfe of that month's revolution. To be left alone in the dark, was almoft death to her; and no human power could have perfuaded her to go near a burial ground, after night fall; and thefe terrors were increafed, by her reading every book which treated of omens, witches, fpells, charms, and fupernatural agency of every kind; I have heard her fay that fhe had read *Glanville* upon witches, until even at noon day, fhe had been afraid to look behind her, leſt fhe fhould fee the *Demon of Darknefs* ſtanding at her elbow. Nor did fhe get the better of thefe terrific ideas until fhe had reached her twenty-fifth year. Her cure was then effected in the following manner.

Her father poffeffed a country-houſe fifteen miles from the metropolis; it was an antient building, having been one of the firſt that was erected in a ſtyle of refpectability upon the declining that part of the new colony. It was his cuſtom to go to this houſe about the latter end of *April*; *Lucy* had always accompanied her mother, and many young vifitors from town being invited to ſpend part of the ſummer there, the attention neceſſary to pay them, and the cheerful parties formed in the neighbourhood on their account, prevented her from purſuing her favourite ſtudies, and confequentially, in ſome meaſure, repelled her fears. In the winter of ſeventy-ſeven, the laſt her mother, and, from the fatal effects of the war, then ravaging the country, her father's eſtate was ſeized as confiſcated, for he had a brother in the army, and was in conſtant appoſy of miniſtry, eating every trifling circumſtance which took place, into an atom of ſtraw. The houſe was unoccupied—watched, the ſtarks ſuddenly bouncing from the fire, from the explofion of confined air, were examined with a ſcrutinizing eye. In this frame of mind the was obliged to accompany her father to the country houſe, where, with only one domeſtic, and a little girl about ten years old. Fortunately, this child had been brought up free from ſuperſtition of every kind, and was ſo large and ſtrong with *Lucy* to have inſtilled any of her ridiculous notions.

The night after their arrival, her father was obliged to go from home, and left the houſe in charge with the ſervant was ſent for by her mother, who was very ill, and lived at a diſtance, of ſeveral miles. What was to be done? Poor Lucy was half dead with fear, but the caſe was irremediable, and the dread ſhe muſt undergo in paſſing the night, without any company but little Kitty. As ſoon as her father was gone, the ſervant round the houſe, that every door and window, faſtened them carefully, and then returned to her own chamber, determined not to quit it again, until day-light had in ſome meaſure quieted her apprehenſions.

They had not ſat more than half an hour, when a noiſe was heard in the room beneath them, a kind of ſcratching, and then a deep groan. "Oh mercy!" cried Lucy—"A rat, perhaps," replied her companion, and in the laſt diſcouraged. Again the noiſe was repeated more violently, then a tremendous crath, as if a whole window had been broken in, and the groans multiplied. "I ſhall die with terror," ſaid Lucy. "I will go and fee what it is," ſaid Kitty, taking up the candle, and before her trembling companion could prevent her, ſhe was out of the room. She ran nimbly down ſtairs, Lucy flew after her, impelled forward by the mere fear of being left alone in the dark—Kitty threw open the door of the apartment from whence the noiſe proceeded, the air of opening the door eaſily extinguiſhed the light, and Lucy faw two glaring orbs of fire before her one moment—the next, ſomething ruſhed violently by her, with a biſſing noiſe; ſhe ſcreamed, and fell. "Why Miſs Lucy," ſaid Kitty, laughing, "what are you afraid of? it is only the great black cat!"—Lucy felt aſhamed; ſhe argued within herſelf on the folly of her conduct, and ever after, when ſhe found her former fears returning, thought on the two little Kitty and the black cat, and bade the feal fland defiance.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

" BY THE PATIENCE OF HOPE."

HOPE! thou beſt of heaven's gifts! When the gloom of diſtreſs gathers around me, and the never ſetting ſun, ſeems of thy all ſtreeching ray. But can I ever want thy preſence? When I conſider the perpetual change of nature, I am ready to hope my ſuffrings will have their change. I ſee the ruddeſt ſtorm ſucceeded by the gentleſt calm; the duſkneſs of night by the glimpſe of day; and the thick gathered clouds diſperſed by a breath, clearing the expanſive firmament. The diſtreſſes of nature are ſtore changed to cheerfulneſs. So it is frequently with man. The rude blaſt of fortune ſubſides into the calm of patience, the heart oppreſſive ſorrow is diſperſed by the ray of hopeful expectation, and our congregated griefs are exiled by a flower of trust. Thus our afflictions, like envenomed ſerpents, bear with them an antidote for their ſtrong ſting. When I conſider the changes of man, Hope is always my companion. Fortune's wheel of life being in continual rotation, is the cauſe; as fame deſcend, others aſcend—and if I am on the loweſt ſpoke, I may reaſonably expect to be higher; as my rate I cannot be lower. As the ſun does not ſtop in its meridian glory, but continues deſcending, until it is entirely ſet, and leaves no trace of its courſe; ſo let not the man who has reached the pinnacle of his ambition, exult—but rather bear his approaching decline, which ſoon may end, and leave not a trace of his having ſo gloriouſly exiſted.

I have always conſidered Hope as the gale of our life, which fills the ſails of our bark, and prevents its laying as a bulk on this ſea of trouble. Another reaſon why I am not without its comforts, is, reflecting that every man hath his different courſe. How then can the gale be propitious to us all at one time? While it is adverſe to me, others are ſailing to their different ports—then the whiſpers me, deſpair not—to-morrow the wind may change, ſo as to wait you to the port of your deſire. Y. C.

BIOGRAPHY.

Communicated for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FLECHIER THE CELEBRATED BISHOP OF NISMES.

THE charity which he exercifed towards that part of his flock which had wandered from the fold,* was ſtill more conſpicuous—toward a young lady, the ſubject of the church itſelf, had occaſion for his indulgence and ſucceur. An unhappy young woman while paſſions had conſtrained to take the veil, to which ſhe was not ſuited diſpoſed to love, had ſo unfortunate as to give way to a ſentiment forbidden by her vows, and to be unable to conceal from her ſuperiour the deſplorable conſequences of her weakneſs. Flechier was informed of this ſcandalous affair, and puniſhed her in the moſt cruel manner, by ſhutting her up in a dungeon, where, ſtretched upon a little ſtraw, and reduced to a morſel of bread refuſed her, ſhe invoked death, as the laſt termination of her woes. The Biſhop repaired to the convent, and after much reſiſtance, vaulted the door to be opened of the horrid retreat, where the poor creature lay languiſhing in deſpair. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw her Paſtor, ſhe ſtretched out her arms to him as to a deliverer, ſent by the mercy of heaven. The Prelate calling an eye of horror and indignation on the Superiour, ſaid to her "I ought, did I only liſten to human juſtice, to cauſe you to be put in the place of this wretched victim to your barbarity; but the God of mercy, whoſe miniſter I am, commands me to practice, even towards you, that lenity, which you have not ſhown to her. Go, and for your only penance, read every day in the goſpel the chapter of the woman taken in adultery."

He immediately relieved the poor Nun from her dreadful habitation; ordered that the greateſt care ſhould be taken of her, and ſtrictly watched over the execution of his orders. But the charitable hand which had freed her from her priſon, could not relieve her to life. After ſome

* *Ses Contſpalins.*

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months of languishing, he died, pouring blessings on the name of the virtuous bishop, and hoping from the supreme goodness, that pardon, which had been denied her by monastic cruelty.

While the bishop of Nismes alleviated as far as lay in his power, the evils occasioned by the malice of mankind, he comforted his unfortunate flock under the afflictions, with which Providence was pleased to try them. To an aged and infirm person he wrote—" Resign yourself into the hand of God; he sends upon his children no sufferings beyond what they are able to bear."

In the Century of 1709, his charities were immense, and equally shared between Catholics and Protestants, the measures being what they endured, not what they believed. He relieved to employ the fund destined to alms, in the construction of a Church. What Artisans, said he, are of equal value with the benedictions of the poor; and what spectacle is more worthy the sight of God, than the tears of the indigent, wiped away by his Ministers? The most excels of his zeal and charity were mentioned to him. " Are we bishops for nothing?" said he. He has been seen more than once, with a sportsman's fowling piece in his hand agen, walking through the Protestant Nismes, distributing alms with one hand, and his blessings with the other. He thought their public act of spiritual benefaction, the full answer to the enemies of the church. He knew however, to conceal this benediction when it fell upon persons forsaken by their condition to make a secret of their indigence. He then called to the recital of their misfortunes, and to those delicate attentions which prevent alms from being humiliating, but which piety itself thinks it unnecessary to observe, towards the wretched, when it exercises charity rather as a religious duty, than as the gratification of a feeling heart.

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF MALKIN.

THERE has died lately at Hackney, in England, a youth of fix years and an half old, who was a prodigy of learning and genius, named *Thomas William Malkin*. He understood his own language, and spoke and wrote in with uncommon facility and correctness, and had so far advanced in his study of the Latin language as to read eafily the most facultious works of Cicero. He had made some progress in French, and knew fo much of Geography, that he not only was able to reply without hesitation to all questions respecting the situation of the principal countries, rivers and towns, but he could execute charts with a neatness and precision, quite surprising. Without any leffon, he had purfued his talents for painting fo far, that he had taken copies of the heads of Raphael, if not with the fweetnefs of the firft fcholars, yet with a ftyle and expreffion which difcovered original genius, and a knowledge of his models. But what diftinguifhed him moft, was the ftrength of mind, and a readinefs to comprehend all fubjects, even fuch as were moft foreign from his ftudies. With all his love of ftudy, he ftill lacked in health; for he was but a child of fix. At his ftudies only he appeared more grave, but it was not difficult to detach him from any ftudies, by propofing any active fport to him. He had the fenfibility of a child in imagination, a courtney which he called Alleftree, of which he was to be king. His was a kind of Utopia to him, though he never had heard of that celebrated political romance. He wrote the hiftory of this country, and drew a curious and ingenious map of it, giving names of his own invention to the principal towns, mountains, and rivers. And as he had a fondnefs for finance, he founded Univerfities, eftablifhed profeffors, and gave ftatutes and rules to them. His laft ficknefs, which he fupported with patience and courage, gave him an opportunity to fhew that he knew how to employ the treafure he had amaffed, for his own confolation, and to fortify his mind againft diftrefs. He employed himfelf in bed writing what he had read, feen, or done while in health. The moft indifferent objects paffed as diftinctly before his mind, as if they had appeared for the firft time. One day when he was very ill, he wifhed to know the ftate of his affairs, and, before, which he had read upon a grave ftone. He fpoke often of his recovery, but never with impatience. The triumph of his mind over the body was fo great, that, when he was but half an hour before his death, he appeared perfectly engaged with his maps of Geography. Without entering into the manner of conftruction of the human body, we, of fuch extraordinary powers, we cannot agree in the opinion that an early development of the faculties of mind is made at the expence of health and life. The head of young Malkin was open'd after his death, and examined attentively. The brain was of an extraordinary fize but in good order. The feat of the evil was in the ftomach. This youth, with his perfect organization, might hope for the age of man, had he not fuffered from thofe accidental evils to which man is expofed in all periods of his exiftence.

Extract from Bigot.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE is a jewel, which the poffeffor may deem invaluable—it is the parent of induftry, of health, of refpect, and the only way to enfure an happy and venerable old age. How often we fee the middle aged and even youth, go down prematurely to the manfion of the dead, through intemperance—how often the tendereft ties of fociety are rent aſunder, when unfeeling death has feized the deep rending ſighs of a loving wife, bedewing with her tears, her fhivering and ſtarving offspring, by the folly of an unfeeling and brutal huſband. O Man! that he ſhould thus forfeit the bounties of a benevolent Providence—that he ſhould ſo far forget the dignity of his nature, that reaſon, his boaſted poſſeſſion, ſhould be overpowered, by the gratification of ſenſual appetite, his, in common with the beaſt of the field.

Misfortune is no excuſe, his relation to his God, to his family, to the world; call aloud upon him to exerciſe the nobler faculties of his ſoul. Let him learn fortitude, let him practiſe refignation to that overruling will, who hath numbered the hairs of our head.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

A WRETCHED youth, ſtiffened with love, was wandering through the deſerts he had uncovered, and his feet hare—tormented by hunger, and unable to procure the ſmalleſt morſel of bread, he murmured againſt Providence, and exclaimed, that the creation of man was in fault, in want of food." At this moment a grafly and half-damaſhed wolf ruſhed on the affrighted wanderer, and began, with horrible growlings, to tear his garments." Generous God (cried he) pardon my impious murmurs—life is ſtill ſweet —wretched as I am, let me not be deſtroyed! I now behold a creature more afflicted by hunger than myſelf—why juſtice has conferred on me the gift of human ſpeech but that my mercy can ſtill extricate me from them." When the proſtrate youth had uttered theſe words, the wolf retreated from him, and vaniſhed in the deſert.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL SURGICAL BON MOT.

IT is well known that the Veterans who preſide at the examination of Surgeons, queſtion *minutely*, thoſe who wiſh to become qualified. After anſwering very ſatisfactorily to the numerous enquiries made, a young gentleman was aſked what he would do if he ſhould be called to perform a profuſe perſpiration. He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines, in vain the firſt failed, and had thoſe hopes he ſhould ſucceed in the ſecond, he would carefully examine thus continued; " Pray, Sir, ſuppoſe none of theſe ſucceed, what then would you take next?" " Why, Sir," replied the bewildered and weary young *Eſculapius*, " I would feed him here to be examined; and if that would not give him a ſweat, I candidly confeſs I do not know what would."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A Letter from a Gentleman, who advertiſed for a Wife in the public papers. [From the French.]

" THE moſt common defect in women is coquetry; but I would not have my wife poſſeſs that unruly talle for the *toilette*, for common at the *Opera*. The brilliant alterations of gauze, flowers, feathers, and lawn, with which the heads of our fine ladies are ſo heavily loaded, do not embelliſh them.

Shall I aſk, what it is to be pretty?—It is here, that my hand trembles. . . . Well!—I am obliged, as *Montaigne* ſays, to diſcover my weakneſs, as many others are in the ſame predicament, and I am obliged. " I call a pretty woman, one, whoſe figure announces a combination of ſpirit and ſenſibility; a ſweet and forward air, joined to a play of fatirical phyſiognomy; what, in her manner of ſaying and doing, has a certain grace, more eaſily imagined, than defined. . . . I would not diſire a woman, who is the *Colloſſus* of learning, for I am not learned enough for me, to have all the men for enemies. Let her be neither too tall, nor too groſs: theſe qualities give them a ſolemn air, which does not pleaſe me. . . . Brown or white, the outſide, here, is of no conſequence.

I would not with her a wit (*bel-eſprit*) carping and deciding upon all; much leſs, a learned woman. *Deciſive* had rendered me a fool. I ſhould like as well to marry *Sauvagis* or *Coſſardon*. Beſides, I have not forgot, that from the tone of *Martial*, huſbands made ſolecifms.

Let her not be wiſe, for ſome time paſt, has been call'd a *Philoſopher*; becauſe I have remarked, that a great number of them have falſified the etymology of the word.

Education is of too much conſequence to the happineſs of human life, not to deſire it in the woman of my choice. I ſhould wiſh, then, that her mind might be cultivated;—that ſhe might have a tincture of the great events which have already paſſed, and be diſpoſed, by her inſtruction, to take part in thoſe which are paſſing under her eyes. It is not neceſſary that ſhe ſhould have read *Voltaire* or *Diderot*; but I would not have her take *Freteguenbet* for a Roman, nor *Corneille* for a Greek. To marry a wife without education, is to attach one's ſelf alive, to a ſkeleſs corſe.

Epigram on a Coquet.

" *Ceſt de l'eſprit; ces briſes n'aument point.*"

I call wit that facility of ſaying, with agreeableneſs,things which divert or move us;by ſwaking in us ſentiments ideas or ſenſations, which we did not eaſily imagine.

I ſhall not take a *pedeſtan* for my wife. I will explain myſelf: capacity, talents, among women, conſtitute quality; the mind alone is noble; all fools are *pedeſtans*.

Let my wife be modeſt, and even a little timid. I cannot endure thoſe impudent looks, which appear to dispute audacity with man.

Let her be virtuous and chaſte; not, however, relembling thoſe dragons of virtue, whoſe ſham-modeſty is certainly blustering againſt what they ought not to know.

I wiſh her to poſſeſs a tender heart and a feeling character: without the one, there is no happineſs in marriage —and without the other, it is affliting at a banquet without appetite. I ſee no obſtacle to my gleaning in the field of widow-hood.

With reſpect to her age, it muſt not be under eighteen, nor over five-and-twenty. Sooner, the fruit is not mature; later, it begins to be too much ſo. I do not deſire an old woman; it would be neceſſary to tickle her, in order to make her ſmile: I have loſt that habit.

I am for forms, but I do not like to ſee a laſt a theſtled crowns reats. I aſk too much, without doubt, and ſhall, perhaps, be found too exacting: but of this I do not excuſe myſelf; it is one of my failings.

I adverſife, however, bar, that with reſpect to things, I could compound a little; and this reflection determines me to ask her *portion*, as that which ſhall decide her becoming my dear wife."

MATERIALS FOR THINKING.

MR. Burton, a literary gentleman of Northumberland, has now in the preſs, an octavo volume of eſſays, entitled, " *Materials for Thinking.*"

THE COUNTRYMAN AND WATCH.

LORD Brooke, being in the road, accidentally left his watch on the ground; it was of great value, and the call'd it with diſpatch, but could not find it. At laſt, one of the company aſked what o'clock it was. This made him feel for his watch, which he immediately remembered having left. They all rode back with him, and near the place ſtood a countryman, and aſked him if he had ſeen a lady's watch? " What's that?" ſaid he, having never ſeen one before. They told him it was a thing that clicked and ſtrut red. " O! I ſay (ſays he) I have it; I have mended it, and made it give over clicking, with my thack. You may come near it, it will not hurt you, I warrant you."—He had barricaded the watch to pieces, thinking it from poſſeſſous animal!

HEARING CUNSEL.

AN indolent youth being aſked why he was ſo ſhamefully fond of his pillow, to the neglect of every of his reputation—replied, I am engaged every morning in hearing counſel: *Indolence* and *Health* advise me to riſe; *Sloth* and *Idleneſs* to lie ſtill; and their pleas and reaſons are ſtrong, pro. and con. It is my part to be ſtrictly impartial, and hear patiently what is ſaid on both ſides; and by the time the cauſe is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table."

AN ARITHMETICIAN OUT-WITTED!

A YOUNG man, who had attended conſiderably to arithmetic, and formed pretty lowering ideas of his ſkill in that ſcience, the other day addreſſed himſelf to an African in the following manner: " Boſtion, I can take a pen and ink, and in a few minutes, tell you how many hairs are in your head, and how many minutes you have to live." " Cuppa you, maſſa, you muſt be a very good cipher indeed. I aſk you a queſtion. Which can be firſt, *you have to die, or you die without eyes?*" " Pho, that's no queſtion at all." " I aſk you another, *you be to-day reck to Nobol's, how far you call him away wid you broke?*" " That I can't tell neither," replied he. " Well, aſke one more, *you fifty nail make one hood, how many he take to make a hood-great you?*" So many unanſwerable queſtions quite confounded our young conceited arithmetician. He began to think he did not know every

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thing, and retreated from the lifs of his African antagonist with shame and confusion.

PUNISHMENT OF CRUELTY.

EARLY in the 15th century, a Highland robber having taken two sheep from a poor woman, she declared the would wear no shoes until she had complained to the king. The savage in ridicule of her oath, nailed horfe-shoes to her feet. When her wounds were healed she proceeded to the royal prefence, took her dues, and forwed her fast. The jult monarch inftantly dilpatched orders to feize the thief, who being brought to Perth, and condemned, the king commanded that he fhould be cloathed in a canvafs-frock, on which was painted the figure of a man fattening horfeshoes to a woman's feet. In this drefs he was exhibited through the ftreets of the city for two days, and dragged at the tail of a horfe to the gallows, and hanged.

REMARKABLE.

METEORS.

☞ The electrical phenomena of Shooting Stars, as mentioned in the papers, to have been feen at *Richmond*, Vir. was at the fame time feen at *Stockbridge, Medway, Parfmouth*, &c. The following is the account from the latter place:

SIR, *Portfmouth, May* 24, 1803.

AGREEABLE to your requeft, I will give you an account of the circumftances of the Meteors falling—I think it was about four weeks ago, on Wednefday morning about one o'clock, I went to the door; as foon as I opened the door, the heavens feemed to be all on fire, for I could fee the fky in every direction; four, fix, or eight, would fall at once towards the South, that I could count, (you will obferve that I could not count all that fell) and I could fee the fire of them which fell toward the North, but could not count them—I watched 167 in about ten or fifteen minutes: I found I could not count them any longer, and fo I left off and counted no more; I ftood there until about two o'clock, I then went up to go to bed, and looked out of the window towards the North, and they continued to fall in the fame manner as before; I ftood there for about an hour, and then went to bed—this was about three o'clock.

The circumftance of one was very peculiar, the firft I faw of it was directly over my head, and appeared about one foot diameter; it fell to the Eaftward, the houfes prevented my feeing how far it fell—There was light enough to fee a pin on the ground, the ftar of it was about one minute difappearing. Your very humble fervant, D.

UNCOMMON PHENOMENON.

THE London Monthly Magazine, for 0.9. laft, fays, "About the middle of Sept. a very uncommon phenomenon prefented itfelf in a mountain that borders on Loch Lomond in the highlands of Scotland. It is fhepherd's property to be pafturing his flocks about the fummit of the mountain, when he was fuddenly furprifed by a number of ftones which fell all around him. Terrified at fuch an unufual appearance, he haftily ran down the mountain to the villages ftuated in the low-grounds beneath, and told the aftonifhing prodigy which he had feen. Several perfons gave him little credit; yet, as ghofts and other ftrange appearances are not altogether difbelieved in that part of the kingdom, he at laft prevailed on fome of them to vifit the place and afcertain the fact. On coming to the place, they were no lefs furprifed than he to find the ground all ftrewed over with a vaft number of loofe ftones that evidently were the marks of having recently fallen there. On looking round to difcover the caufe of this ftrange appearance, they perceived an aperture in the earth, of a cylindrical form, about the bottom of the place from which the ftones were fcattered. From this aperture the ftones had evidently been emitted, but by what impulfe they were unable to difcover. The circumference of the aperture meafured twelve lieue mere more than twenty miles diftant in a ftraight line from the village of Comrie, where fo many convulfions of the earth have been felt. An uncommonly violent ftorm took place at Comrie, from which the appearance of the above phenomenon; from which we may conclude that they muft have had fome connection together."

CHICKEN WITH A HUMAN COUNTENANCE!

LAST year, fays the London Monthly Magazine for Feb. 1803) a hen exhibited for money at Peftin, in South ruffia, a chicken with a human countenance. This chicken was hatched on an eftate near Wreichen, (Pol. Wrzenia) the diftrict of Peftin; and the Jew had accepted of as equivalent for a taylor's fhill due to him by the owner of the eftate, who affected, that another ftmilarly-formed fe kten had been at the fame time hatched by the fame ea, but foon after died. The chicken which was fhewn by the Jew furvived, had a very lively appearance, was full grown, and above a yeat old. The body was covered with variegated feathers, and, as far as the part of the neck where the head begins, in no refpect diftinguifhed by any fingularity from other chickens. The head did not exceed in late that of other chickens; but it was without feathers, and covered with a fkin of a fomewhat bluifh colour—The fockets of the eyes were fhaped exactly as in the human countenance, and over them two arches of very fine down formed regular eye-brows. The upper part of the bill was fo bent and blunted off as to form a well-fhaped nofe, except that it was of a horny fubftance. Under the nofe a regular human mouth with lips, but the row of clofely united white pointed teeth, completed this fingular *lufus naturæ*. The tongue was rounded and fhaped like a human tongue. The whole countenance had fo aftonifhingly exact a conformity with that of a human being on a diminutive fcale, that, to difcover it, there was not the leaft occafion to call to the aid of the imagination. The above account of this phenomenon was figned and publifhed by M. Schwarz, a gentleman holding a refpectable office under the Pruffian government at Polen.

USEFUL.

THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

CALCULATED TO INSTRUCT CHILDREN AT HOME.

LET us lay before our children the plaineft inftruction, refpecting our duty to them and their duty to us. Let us entertain the moft ftrong inferences of their dutiful conduct here and hereafter—and we may infpire them with a refolve for reading. One reafon why children do not read newfpapers, and other things, is becaufe we do too fimplify our inftruction, and fpeak to their underftandings.

Parents and maiters fhould queftion youth on the plaineft things and on the plaineft leffons, that they may make correct and plain definitions, on plain thing around us, and they will foon liften to us, and begin to ufe means for informing themfelves. They will foon begin to aik queftions, which will afford the fitteft opportunity of giving them important counfel.

My children, I wifh you to feel daily ferfible, that God, our heavenly father, moft powerful, moft wife, and moft juft—He gives you life and all you enjoy—You muft love and obey him—Do you this day feel dependent on him? Do you think him ever prefent?

My children, I wifh you to enquire about God, every day, fo as to remember his favors, and feel his goodnefs—He is your beft friend—He is the fire in the—he guards and directs us—In him we have our being—He gives us the air which we breathe. Every day you muft learn fomething of God—give him praife—think on him, and make grateful returns to him. God requires me to train you up, to get you food and raiment. I give you to God, who gives us all things.

You are given to me to train up for God. Now I will you to be mindful of God. I lay out money for your good. I wifh you to learn your letters, learn to fpell, read and write. God has given us leifure, that we may know our duty. Now at fchool you muft be obedient, and improve your time, fo as to acquire learning, and I will get you bibles, that you may ftudy your courfe wifely through this world. : : : : *Rev. Jeremiah.*

TO NAVIGATORS.

IT is of importance to be known, that relief may be expected to navigators fhip-wrecked on a defart coaft, by means of inclining an account of their eafe in a bottle, well-corked and cemented, and committed to the waves, put in a bottle, and thrown overboard at the entrance of the Bay of Befsy, was, in nine months taken up on the coaft of Normandy, in October, abandoned to the waves at 42° lat. eaft of the meridian of Paris, a fcientific traveller 120 leagues in three weeks, and was taken up on the ftrand at Cape Prior. It was addrefled to M. B. de St. Pierre, and was immediately forwarded to him by the French Vice-Conful at Ereuil. A third traverfed upwards of 900 leagues, in a direct line, and landed at the Cape of Good Hope, containing an added letter, which was fent to the Governor of the Ifle of France.

LITERARY.

WE have feen with pleafure the late edition of Zollikofer's Exercifes of Piety, from the prefs of Mr. Thomas, jun. at Worcefter. It has paffed through the hands of the ciafficul and pious Mr. HARRIS, who was able to judge of the merit of the work, and was difpofed to recommend the fpirit of true piety which it promotes. We have long been in the collection of the original works of Mr. Zollikofer, and have regretted that the Englifh reader could not enjoy the inftruction of his knowledge and piety. The work thy Mr. HARRIS, it appears, entertained the fame fentiments, and has affifted in preparing an edition, which we receive with great approbation, becaufe we are perfuaded that no book has yet appeared, which is better adapted to promote true piety, and the principles of the Chriftian faith. We are ftill more abundantly gratified in the profpect of an American edition of that part of Zollikofer's Sermons, intitled the "DIGNITY OF MAN." They who know the character, and are acquainted with the talents of this great and good man, will confider thefe a great acquifition; and the other difcourfes, which are miscellaneous, have an univerfal worth, and, as early as in 1772, many of them had paffed through three editions at Leipfic, the place which enjoyed the plous labors of this eminent preacher and ornament of his country, who died in 1788, in the 58th year of his age. The Exercifes already published, are a proper book for all families, and are adapted to anfwer the benevolent purpofes of thofe fincere Chriftians, who think it fmall portion of their wealth not ill beftowed in the diftribution of the beft books of piety and devotion.—*J. Rep.*

Juft received, and for fale at this office, a few copies of "A Sermon, delivered March 4, 1803, at the Ordination of the Rev. Thomas Beede, to the care of the church at Wilton—by WILLIAM EMERSON, Paftor of the Firft Church in Bofton."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We would willingly gratify "*Mary*," but the fubject treated of, we think, would enervate the tale, from too frequent exercifing. We will fee the merit given.

Several Communications are on hand.

We are indebted to a valuable Correfpondent, for the loan of a volume of the London "Monthly Magazine," up to January, 1803; from which we have made fome extracts.

We thank a Portfmouth friend for the bill of mortality of that town, for 1802. The number of deaths was 152. The account gives the various difeafes of which they died, and is the moft particular, of any we have ever feen. It was drawn up by Dr. Jeremiah Nichols.

The Decorations for the Magazine, which we promifed, are not yet completed.

ORDAINED.

In this town on Wednefday laft, to the paftoral care of the church in Federal-ftreet, the Rev. Mr. *William Collier* &c. The officiating clergymen, were, the Rev. Meffrs. Holmes, and Tappan; Rev. Dr. Ofgood, Rev. H. Channing, Rev. Mr. Thackerman, and Rev. Dr. Eckley. The performances were conducted with the greateft order and decorum, to a large and refpectable affembly.

MARRIAGES.

In Norton, Mr. Thomas Child of Brookline, to Miss Elizabeth Wifwell. In Menotomy, Col. Jedothan Willington to Mrs. Elizabeth Winnck, of Bofton. In Dracut, Mr. Jofiah Bartlett, of Haverhill, to Mifs Abigail Varnum, daughter of Gen. Jofeph Varnum.

" At Chelfea, Mr. Benjamin Watts, aged 42, to the amiable Mifs Mary Watts, aged 19, eldeft daughter of Lieut. Samuel Pratt, of that town.

In Bofton, Capt. James Gorham, to Mifs Charlotte Kneeland; Mr. Robert Mitchell, to Mifs Elizabeth Clarke; Mr. Charles Cowdin, merchant, of Hartford, to Mifs Jane Carter, of this town.

DEATHS.

In London, Mrs. Addeley, *Æt.* 15. A lady of the higheft refpectability. She was in the act of catching a favorite fquirrel, for the purpofe of putting it into its cage, and overfet the candle which immediately communicated to her cloaths. In this frunation the ran down ftairs, and threw herfelf in the paffage. Mrs. C. opened the door, calling out for aftiftance. The fon of Mr. Piddington, the watch-fmith keeper, happening to pafs at the moment, flew to her aftiftance, and with much difficulty, fucceeded in extinguifhing the flames. She was conveyed to bed, burnt in a moft dreadful manner. Medical affiftance was immediately procured, but fhe was fo much burnt, that after languifhing until fix o'clock on Saturday morning, fhe expired.

In Scotland, the Rev. Dr. John Erfkine, one of the minifters of Edinburg. In England, Dr. Samuel Arnold, a rel pectable ornament of the medical world.

In Charlefiown, Mr. Lemuel Lee, *Æt.* 18, fon of Mr. Lemuel, Lee, of Amherft, (N. H.) In Watertown, Mrs. Eleanor Gardner, *Æt.* 69; Mr. Daniel Hidings, *Æt.* 54. In Concord, Mr. Phineas Paine, *Æt.* 61—one of its firft townfmen.—In Little Cambridge, Mr. William Millaize, *Æt.* 19. In Roxbury, Mrs. Penelope Butler, *Æt.* 55. In Salem, Mifs Ann Gridley, *Æt.* 75.

In Bofton, Mr. William Ball, *Æt.* 87; Mrs. Nancy Smith, *Æt.* 43; Mrs. Nutter; 3 others; and 5 Children. Total for this week, ending yefterday, 18 ms.

Thomas's Jr.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

AFTER ZAMA's firſt Addreſs to his Miſtreſs, fancy did him ſuppoſe himſelf an innocent wanderer, or a careleſs lover; but ſenſible of the impropriety of his conduct, he prayed for forgiveneſs; but what ſurpriſes him beyond conception is, that "Marcia" ſhould be able to foreſee what he would next ſay, and read his very ſoul. For though ſhe is too, much too fevere in her conjectures, yet there is ſuch a ſimilarity between the ſituation that he was willing to ſuppoſe himſelf in, and the one ſhe has thought fit to deſcribe, as applicable to him, that the following Addreſs deſigned for no ideal miſtreſs, will, with the alteration of her name, bear to be inſcribed, and it accordingly is,

TO MARCIA.

WHY fond Marcia, wilt thou not,
Again believe me kind and true?
Although I've oft *myſelf* forgot,
I never have forgotten you.

I own mine *eyes* have often rov'd,
And dar'd ſurvey ſome form divine;
But tho' they wander'd, ſtill they lov'd
To meet, and gaze on none but thine.

Theſe *hands* too, often would trangreſs,
And ſeize on one almoſt divine;
But did they e'er with ardor preſs,
My ſoul would whiſper, 'twas not thine.

This ſoolish *heart* too, thought 'twas bound,
And ſigh'd as if it would be free;
But no asylum could be found,
And now it fights to reſt with thee.

Receive it then, and *bid it reſt*,
And banish all its guilt and pain;
Secure within thy peaceful breaſt,
It will not, cannot, rove again.

But if thou doſt with fleady will,
Deny it ever can be *mine*;
Then it muſt be a wand'rer ſtill,
For it can ne'er again be *mine*.

ZAMA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Adapted to the Air of "*As perfect I thought on my love.*"

AS twilight grew pale in the weſt,
I penſively watch'd its decline;
I thought on the friend I love beſt,
And wiſh'd that his virtues were mine.
Whilſt fancy delighted to dwell,
On ſcenes that to mem'ry were dear;
I knew not alas that they fell,
'Till I felt on my boſom a tear.

A duſky ſhade ſtole o'er the ſcene,
The landſkape was hid from my view;
Its vernal and beautiful green,
Was wrap'd in the ſun ewing's hue.
The moon her faint crefcent diſplay'd,
Yet ſtillſhe graces the ſky;
Is ſeemed to my fancy ſtill,
"So brief are thy moments of joy."

And few are the joys I require,
And few are the wiſhes that riſe;
Yet I own I do fondly deſire,
The reſpect of the good and the wiſe:
Oh! grant me kind heaven but this,
I would not to many be known;
And to fill up my meaſure of bliſs,
I aſk the eſteem of but one.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Selected from an old Magazine.

OLD John, who had in credit liv'd,
Tho' now reduc'd, a ſum receiv'd;
This lucky bit, no former hand,
Than clam'rous duns came ſwarming round.
To the landlord, baker, many more,
John paid, in all, pounds ninety-four.
Half what remained, a friend he lent;
On join and half, one fifth he ſpent;
And when of all theſe ſums bereft,
One tenth of the ſum receiv'd he left.
Now ſhow your ſkill, ye learned youth,
And by your work the ſum produce.

An Anſwer is requeſted.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI, *tranſlated by* ROSCOE.]

Fanciful deſcription of the formation of the LOVER'S CHAIN.

DEAR are thoſe bonds my willing heart that bind,
Form'd of three chords, in myſtick union twin'd:
The firſt by *beauty*'s ruby fingers wove,
The next by *piety*, and the third by *love*.
The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,
Saw in ſweet union, heaven, and air, and earth;
Serene and ſoft all other breaſts'd delight,
The ſun diffuſed a mild and tempered light;
Now leaves the trees, ſweet flowers adorned the mead,
And ſparkling rivers ruſh'd along the glade;
Repos'd on Jove's own breaſt, his favourite child
The Cyprian queen, beheld the ſcene and ſmil'd;
Three ſtrict bold hands, from her ambroſial hand,
And amorous breaſt, a flower of roſes fled.
The heavenly flower diſcending ſoft and ſlow
Pour'd all its fragrance on *my ſoul* below;
While all beneath the ruler of the ſphere
To founds celeſtial open'd mortal ears.

The Fiery Temperament of an *Habitual Drunkard*, is deſcribed by the following whimſical hyperbole.

HE ſneezed: and as the burning humour fell,
The duſt with vital warmth begin to ſwell;
Heat, moiſt, and dry, their powers unite,
Up ſprang a frog, and leapt before our ſight.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER I—SARAH *to* ANNE.

London, May 19, 1775.

YES! Anne, the die is caſt—I am wife. But a leſs cheerful bride; one who looks forward with leſs hope, perhaps never could be more ſurpriſed, you ſay, to hear me whom I had relinquiſhed my friendſhip and heart—leave out the latter, Anne, it had nothing to do with the tranſaction. Why were you not here, you ſay, to have preſented a huſband which you are moſt certain will not conduce to my happineſs. You cannot be more certain of it, than I am; but what could I do? Frederic gone to India; bemoned myſelf with ſome fortitude, who I am more than half convinced, urged me to this meaſure, fearful I ſhould be burthenſome to them; another thing, I was told it was neceſſary for the peace of my mother's mind that I ſhould accept Darnley. I had no natural protector; my father ſo far diſtant he was the ſame as dead to me; Frederic gone; my huſband not ſufficiently eſtabliſhed to enable me to undertake the voyage, and diſtreſt before you left England in my finances reduced to a very ſmall portion, and though moſt earneſtly entreated to forbear, Darnley continuing his viſits. I found I muſt accede to his propoſals, or be thrown on the world, confined by my relations, robbed of my good name, and being poor, open to the pallion and inſults of the profligate. One thing ſtrongly encouraged me to hope I might be tolerably happy in the union was—though my heart felt no ſtrong emotions in his favour, it was totally free from all partiality towards any other. He always appeared good humoured and obliging; and though his mind was not highly cultivated, I thought time might improve him in that particular; however, I was candid with him; told him the ſituation of my heart, and aſſured he could be content with receiving attentions which would be only the reſult of principle. He ſeemed to think this only maidenlike affectation, and perfectly convinced within himſelf that I loved him already. I have read and heard much of the hilarity of a wedding day. Oh, God! my dear Anne, when my aunt entering my room told me it was time to riſe, my ſoul ſunk within me, and like a condemned wretch who hears the bell announce the laſt hour of his exiſtence, an involuntary ejaculation aroſe that I might eſcape from what on its near approach ſeemed more terrible than death itſelf.

My aunt Vernon, who had invited me to her houſe a few days previous to the one which determined my fate; and when ſhe was convinced I ſhould ſoon have a houſe of my own, was very officious about dreſſing me; ſhe obſerved the languor of my looks, and the redneſs of my eyes, and attempted to rally me; my ſpirits could not bear it. I burſt into tears, "oh why! why!" ſaid I, in an agony, "have I given my aſſent to a tranſaction which my better reaſon diſapproves. Anne, dear Anne, indeed I do not love this man; and I fear"—" Nonſenſe!" ſaid ſhe haſtily, "you are a ſilly romantic girl, you are too young yet to know any thing about love; marry him firſt, you will learn to love him afterwards." "But ſhould I ſee one I may like better?" —Her look petrified me—"Impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, "impoſſible, a woman whoſe paſſions are kept under the dominion of reaſon, will never let a thought wander to another, when once ſhe is married, though ſhe may not love her huſband, ſhe will not love another." "I am very ignorant in this reſpect," I replied, "and I hope God will enable me to do my duty in that ſtate; I am reſolved to enter." I endeavoured to aſſume a tranquil appearance when I went down to breakfaſt; Darnley was there; he roſe, put a chair to the breakfaſt table, ſeated himſelf beſide me and took my hand. Why my dear, ſaid he, you look pale, are you in caſe that it is not colder than my heart, ſaid I, and even now, Mr. Darnley, I think you would conſult your own happineſs by declining this match, I ſhall aſſuredly fail of what will promote my own happineſs than you do; I love you, I cannot live without you; and I will conſpire you to love me; pay, you do love me now. A couch was at the door, I ſtrove to ſwallow a cup of tea; it was impoſſible; the moment was arrived when I muſt daſh at once into the tempeſtuous ſea of wedlock; or recede and perſiſt in the ſtain of calumny, reproach and ignominy, that would ſtark upon me from all ſides. I roſe haſtily; Darnley led me to the coach, my aunt and her daughter followed. At the church we met two gentlemen and the father of Darnley. I know to repreſs my emotions as I knelt before the altar; I prayed for grace to fulfil the duties which would be required of me: Tears roſe to my eyes; I endeavoured to chaſe them back to my ſwollen heart. I ſucceeded, but the ceremonie was worſe than had I ſuffered them to flow; for juſt as the clergyman pronounced us man and wife, my noſe guſhed out with blood; my handkerchief and cloaths were ſuffuſed with the crimſon torrent; it ſeemed to relieve the poignancy of my feelings, for my temples had throbbed violently, and my boſom ſeemed ſwollen almoſt to burſting. I felt a faint ſickiſhneſs come over me, but a glaſs of water and the air prevented my appearing like a foolish affected lady fainting. The derangement of my dreſs obliged a return to my aunt's. When I got into my chamber I begged to be left one hour to myſelf to compoſe my ſpirits. The moment I found myſelf alone, I threw myſelf on my knees by the bed ſide, and covering my face in the bed cloaths gave a free vent to my tears. I cannot deſcribe my ſorrows. I did not pray; I could not collect my thoughts. Oh! that I could call back time paſt, ſaid I, but I cannot, I have vowed; I muſt, I will ſubmit.

The remainder of the day was ſpent at Windſor; when we returned to town, an elegant ſupper was preſented to Darnley's own houſe, and I was placed at the head of the table as its miſtreſs. Henceforth it is my home. I have not ſuch touch company. I have been comfortably indulged; my bodily complaints have returned; I was for a fortnight confined to my chamber; I am now convaſ'cent. Darnley loves ſociety—I muſt not make his houſe a dungeon—I will riſe myſelf from the lethargic ſtupor which has for more than two months prevaded every ſenſe. I ſee I may be tolerably happy if I do not wilfully ſtum the path that leads to peace. Perhaps, Anne, my heart was not formed to be agitated by thoſe violent emotions which ſome experience. It is probable the paſſions ſo forcibly portrayed by the pen of the fabuliſt, dramatiſt, or hiſtorian, are merely the children of romance, and exiſt only in a heated imagination. You tell me you ſhall not return to England until autumn. I anticipate the moment of your return as the moment in which I ſhall taſte pure unmixed felicity. Adieu, my dear Anne, may the pleaſures that hover round your head and wait upon your ſteps, be equal to the purity and integrity of your heart.

S. S. D.

AN excellent motto, for all thoſe who with to make a fortune, viz. "NIL EST DESPERANDUM!" Tickets, halfs, and quarters, in Hadley Lottery, which will commence drawing in eleven days from this date, for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. A correct liſt of all the prizes and blanks, will be exhibited during the drawing.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP.—N° XXIX.

Quid teque tuosque
Ante peregrinos, &c.

I PRESENT my readers with several letters which I have lately received, and shall take up the subjects of which they complain as occasion may offer.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I SUPPOSE you are not unacquainted with Philadelphia, and that you can delineate easily, as well as events; I request at least you will hear me with attention. Unrivalled late, I was the most happy youth in the neighbourhood where I reside; every thing was in idyllic beautiful: I was ever charmed with the varieties of nature—my mind usually at ease, and fasted to the enjoyments of life, each fashion had its peculiar pleasure. Spring, the fashion which in many respects, may be compared to youth, creates the most delicious sensations; the murmuring rivulet, freed from its icy fetters, sporting with every thing that fell in its way, winding through fields covered with the richest verdure, at length tumbling down the frightful precipice, and lost to the eye, reluctantly to the distant hill; the bleating of the grazing herd, the bleating of lambs, sporting with each other while the attentive dam seemed anxious to procure nourishment for the playful innocents; the warming influences of the sun, and the beautiful ferments of the sky, all combined to heighten the scene; but of late every thing in nature, seems to have changed, the objects which so lately, I admired, have had direct influence; I wander from place to place, with a meeting with any thing which seems to please; I am not satisfied, often having exerted myself to the utmost, in any thing I undertake; the sun, in its magnificient appearance of the heavens, where thousand of worlds all reside in the greatest harmony and regularity, each planet and satelite, keeping within the limits of its orbit prescribed by nature, in running on the unincumbered velocity—the whole seems nothing but confusion; why this unaccountable change, what have I done, thus to have my peace of mind destroyed; I found something within me which is not right, language is not adequate to explain it. I cannot convey an idea of my feelings. Experience may enable you to inform me of my situation; could you be the means of restoring my usual cheerfulness and serenity of mind, gratitude on my part shall never be wanting.

LINDUS.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

I HAVE had the privilege of a religious education; having been taught to fear the Lord, and shun the appearances, from my earliest years; and on part of divine worship, has ever appeared more solemn, more exalted, more analogous to the blessed object of my fervent prayer, therefore was ever more pleasing to me; this has often made me lament the indifference with which it is heavily dragged on in many parts of the country to this day: Hence I have long wished some reformation in our church music, but wished in vain. Until a few weeks ago, my parents sent me hither to a boarding-school: I attended public worship at the Old Brick, where I found all I had complained of, corrected: the singing was conducted in such a manner, as was, at once, expreffive of the truest devotion, and conducive to check the wandering mind, dirted to elevate the languid soul, and admit other reproofs or yet untouched heart. Next day, a friend invited me to spend the evening where a singing party were to meet for the improvement of the learners, I was much pleased with the opportunity and went, but to my great surprise, I found a large company, in all the spirit of gaiety, profeffedly convened for amusement and instruction, and declaring by their whole conduct, that was all they meant; yet employing in nothing but what followed under the Deity, in prayers, confeffions, praises, &c. After tuning notes to fuch langage, as I have heard our worthy pastor say, I'm sure, I dare not sing impiety, even for the license to sale in church, unless in the fullest assurance of faith;" the most elevated sentences of the inspired psalmift, paraphrased and filled for the fweetest moments of the cheerfulest life—No, the DALLELUJAHS of the enraptured choir above dwelt on the fingers lips, the whole evening; interrupted now and then by a cheerful joke, a glass of wine, or the repeated plaudits of the hearers: perhaps it is owing to myruftic education, but I sat dumb, shocked, and greatly offended. Confidence whispered, in me this is Reform indeed; DALLELUJAH! or do thefe mean what they say? 'Sdo, happy fouls! If not, is it not lying to the feather of hosts? Blasphemy! O horrid telling, with the most solemn air! Such the thoughts I was not a little checked, by the presence of a reverend divine: for fure (methought) I judge amiss; otherwife his great knowledge and dull unqualified guilt would not suffer him, by his countenance alone, to give such a prefidce in which, the Lord hath declared he will not hold any man guiltless: This however, did not fatisfy me. I dared not go again. I sent my own pastor a message to fatisfy my and being a stranger and unknown, I have no access to the sentiments of thofe who would inftruct me; I am therefore at fault, obliged to be, in the most painful refpectful terms I can, that you would condescend to favour me with fuch light on this fubject, that may relieve a mind that is burthened. *I am your humble Servant,* CLARISSA.

Boston, May 1800.

TO THE GOSSIP. [*Boston.*]

MR. GOSSIP,

BY making the following the fubject of one of your numbers, you will oblige one who has been better days, but is now reduced to penury and want. I was born in this town in the year of 1760, and was the only child the town afforded; was an only son and a favorite child. My parents were in great credit, and in very good circumstances, on which account I received a liberal education. When I arrived at the age of nineteen, my fatherfied. Of my tender mother I took the greatest advantage, and too, too soon, threw off the yoke, and that kind of obedience that was her due. At two years of age I received fifteen hundred dollars left me by my father, which procured me many of what I then thought friends. At twenty three I married well, and in the course of fix years, had four beautiful children, and kept along with fome reputation, until within the fix years past; and I date my ruin from the room. use of spiritous liquors, and the companions and friends that met as conftant as the day (Sunday excepted) at 11 o'clock A. M. and 5, P. M. at a certain place, in order to club for strong drink. So infatuated was I to it, that I neglected all bufinefs; at length I became alcoholized, my cuftomers and all government in my family and poverty came upon me like an armed man. And now alas! what am I, poor difpofed, defolate wretch, every misfortune to fuffer. But oh! the cutting reflections—the addres fting I fometimes feel. Have I ruined myfelf alone? No! my once virtuous wife, and children, have been involved in the same ruin; from me —who should have been their Guardian, Friend, and all. But that fatal, though flow poifon, too freely by drams, called rum—has been playing onus, and it is be? Yes, true it is, I tell you that I have driven my children to drink; and more, their parent with them; have known them pilfer in order to obtain a morning dram; but I forbear; I could not be eafy in my mind, until I had given the above account: And from no other motives have I done it, than that there should be any others treading in the fame path, they may be early prevented. And I unwillingly call upon all parents, maifters, &c. to keep their children and apprentices, from using ftrong drink. I know a likely lad, fon of a good family, who was ruined from living at the houfe where the above encanioned club reforted. Many will with to know the author of the above: What further I have to fay, is, that in a fhort time I muft be known; unleis fome relief from an uncle in a neighbouring town (which God grant) prevents it.

Yours, A REPENTANT BACHANALIAN

TO THE GOSSIP.

RESPECTED SIR,

I AM a young man, twenty years of age. The place of my birth is in a country town, about forty-eight miles from Boston.—My parents were very careful to give me a religious, though not polite education—and particularly under their good inftruction and example, I foon conceived the moft ferious thoughts of the Sabbath, and paid a facred regard to the duties of it. About three months since, I paid a visit to an uncle, who lives in Boston. My uncle's family were remarkable for their orderly life in public; and fince they were fo careful to improve fix days of the week in fecular employments, I expected the feventh day would be the Lord's. But how great my difappointment! How changed the cafe, from what I had feen at my father's houfe! The bufinefs of the week revealed late into Saturday evening, and when I arofe, early on Sunday morning, as I had always been taught to do, I was furprifed to find that not one in the houfe, but a fervant quitted his bed until 9 o'clock—From this time, breakfaft, &c. (for prayers they had none,) brought them to nearten o'clock; at which time public worfhip was to begin. The young ladies excluded themfelves from attending in the forenoon, because it was fo late, they had not time to drefs. My aunt thought, fhe had attended meeting all day the two Sabbaths paft, fo the thought fhe would not go—My uncle without any great ceremony put on his great coat; and the fame fafd that they, would be there before prayers were done, which they thought time enough. Our entertainments were very ferious and profound. The moft important matters were recommended to our meditations.—When we returned, we found thofe that tarried at home, almoft attired and ready for the afternoon meeting. In the afternoon, fome, I heard no religious difcourfe, are obferved any of the family take any book in their hands; the young men walked abroad I know not whither; but returned at one o'clock. We dined; the young ladies complained their fhoes and all the fervants and one of my coufins, who faid he felt dull and defatigued, went to meeting in the afternoon. After fervice aunt went to fee a neighbour—The young ladies had fome friends to vifit and drink tea with them; who fpent the remaining part of the day in merry chat, upon new fafhions, &c. Some time in the evening, I was but juft able, while I retired to another room.—I having declined the invitation of the young men, to walk down the Long-Wharf, and above town for amufement, they went without my company, and returned at dark, with a number of their acquaintances, who fpent the evening in converfation upon news, fafhions, and what they obferved peculiar in the drefs or behaviour of any at public worfhip the day paft. And thus the day ended.

It ftruck me with aftonifhment to obferve a Sabbath fpent in a manner fo different from that I had ever before known. But I ftattered myfelf that this was an unufual latitude which would not be frequently taken, and hoped to fee more religious upon future Sabbaths which I fpent in town. But was fadly difappointed, for this was but a fpecimen of what I obferved upon all the Sabbaths while I remained in town.—Their behaviour was indeed diverfified; but their abfurdities were not for a variety of amufements, and not in favour of religion. And I cannot but own, that being acquainted with fuch behaviour upon holy time, for feveral months together, I became fome degree of the acquaintance of it. At the end of three months I returned to my father's houfe, not without fome thoughts that Sabbath was obferved there in no great degree of ftrictnefs; efpecially I though I really abhorred that diffolute conduct I had lately been acquainted with—My father feemed fomewhat furprifed with what I told him I had obferved at *Boston*, though he faid he feared it was too much the fame, in many families in the country.

The firft Sabbath after my return, our Minifter happened to difcourfe upon the fanctification of faid day, from thefe words "*Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy.*" His fentiments were peculiarly ftriking. He made it evident the delight of the Sabbath was religious—with many other things much to the purpofe: which made me with thofe difcourfes made public and difperfed through the country; and efpecially through the town of *Bofton*.—Though

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t have no reason to think but what the worthy Minifhers of that town, do faithfully treat upon this fubject in turn; though it feems without the leaft fuccefs. As I am told we have excellent laws in this ftate, to prevent the profanation of the Sabbath, I have been almoft ready to fufpect the negligence of thofe whofe bufinefs it is to execute thofe laws. Sure methinks the matter is weighty enough to engage the attention of all who regard the honour of God, the intereft of religion, and the profperity and happinefs of this land. And I humbly hope, that you will make this fubject of one or more of your enfuing numbers. Accept my beft wifhes for your profperity, and when you fhall leave this world of fin, may you hear the glad found of "*well done good and faithful fervant.*"

Truro, Oct. EZRA LOVEREGGO.

Forty eight miles from Boſton, on the 3 great poſt road to New-York.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE INSTRUCTOR—No I.

VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW!

THAT "Virtue alone is happineſs below," the moſt profligate will not deny. YET PLEASURE ſtill courts her fycen voice, and ſpreads her ſilken net with ſucceſs; and the trains of avarice and ambition, continue as numerous as ever.

The gentle gales, by which man was intended to waft his little veſſel through the ocean of life, he has ſwelled to his own deſtruction. The paſſions, deſigned to excite the ſoul to action, aſſume, when indulged, the moſt deſpotic influence; and the ſeverity of all Slavery, is the ſubjection to theſe paſſions.

Obſerve the votary of ambition, how abjectly he crouches to a wretch that he deſpiſes and deſpiſes! with what care he regulates his looks!—how he ſmiles, ſighs, and flatters! Can ſuch a one be ſaid to be free? Is he not a moſt voluntarily lives in a ſtate of ſervility, who had rather cringe at the leaſt of a prince, than enjoy the dignity of independence, in a ſhed, or a hole, ſhaded from the ſun? Let him attend the height of his diſdain, let him be exalted above his rivals, and rewarded with the honors of the ſtate: yet then, even then, he has plunged deeper into miſery. He is ſurrounded by paraſites and ſycophants, whom he dreads and miſtruſts, he has no friend whom he can confide; no confidant to whom he can open his boſom—and the moment of his enemies, languiſhing in a dungeon, may look down on him with pity, though his brow be crowned with a diadem, and his throne encircled with guards.

Can a more melancholy ſcene be contrived than the man of pleaſure, who complies with the impulſes of appetite, and wafts his youth in the indulgence of licentious paſſions? The animal ſpirits ſoon forſake him, the ſtrength of life is ſoon exhauſted; and he ſinks into a ſtate of weakneſs and decay, alive only to the terrors of conſcience, and the pains of diſeaſe.

From theſe terrors, from theſe pains, is the PEASANT free. Yes, happy man! Thy pleaſures are permanent; thy life is calm and ſerene. Though thy morals are ſimple, they are pure; though thy bed be hard, thou ſleepeſt the ſlumber for it.

A man may devote his whole life to the attainment of knowledge; he may read all the books that have been written; ſtudy all the ſyſtems that have ever been formed: yet all his reading and all his ſtudy, will amount to no more than this—*that* VIRTUE *alone is productive of true felicity.*

If this is preſumed to be loſt, the virtuous have no reaſon to repine. The ſweet reflection of having acted right, is an higher reward than the world can beſtow. The ſun-ſhine of pleaſure, caſts a light on every object, and brightens every ſcene. It muſt be *ourſelves* in a great meaſure, it is of little conſequence whether he *favored* or not.

What nothing earthly gives or can deſtroy,
The mind's calm ſun-ſhine and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

Good heavens! what would he have befides? Dijection to only to be expected from a villian, when guilt points the arrows of adverſity. The enjoyments of the reflective principle, are the higheſt of all enjoyments; and thoſe who poſſeſs them, are ſuperior to the evils of life. Philoſophers may talk juſt as they pleaſe; they may declaim a thouſand a day on thouſand times on the folly of expecting happineſs in this ſublunary ſtate—man's happineſs does not depend on his ſituation; it depends on himſelf; and he who has reſtored his boſom to obedience, may fear no reverſe of fortune. PROSPERITY cannot intoxicate; ADVERSITY cannot depreſs him. He reſembles the oak, which continues firm and erect, whether the ſun ſhines, or the ſtorm batters. I. P.

☞ *To theſe authors I ſhall preſent my readers, under the title of "The Inſtructor," ſome ſelected, and ſome original pieces: and hope they may derive from them—inſtruction and improvement.* * * Letters addreſſed to *"The Inſtructor,"* left at this office, will be thankfully received, and duly noticed.

BIOGRAPHY.

CATHARINA I, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WOMEN ALL is ſaid, are naturally formed for great cares themſelves, but to ſoften ours. Their tenderneſs is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their protection; and the calk and cheerfulneſs of their converſation, our ſolace after retreat from the fatigues of intenſe application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domeſtic aſſiduity; and when they ſtray beyond the ſphere, and conſequently without grace.

Fame then often has been very unjuſtly diſpenſed among the female ſex. Thoſe who leaſt deſerved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applauſe; while many who have been an honour to humanity are paſſed over in ſilence. Perhaps no age has produced a ſtronger inſtance of miſplaced fame than the preſent: The Semiramis and the Thomyris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character infinitely greater than either is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Dorpat, a little city in Livonia, was born to the moſt deplorable lot of the variety and frugality of her parents. Her Father being dead, ſhe lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with ſtraw; and both though poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands ſhe ſupported her parent, who was now incapable of ſupporting herſelf. While Catharina ſpun, the old woman would read ſome pious book of devotion.—Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would ſit down contentedly by the fire ſide, and enjoy the frugal meal with cheerfulneſs.

Though her face and perſon were models of perfection, yet her whole attention ſeemed beſtowed upon her mind; her modeſty and humility gained her the affection of her maſter inſtructed her in the maxims and duties of religion.—Nature had furniſhed her not only with a ready but a ſolid turn of thought, not only with a ſtrong but a right understanding. Theſe happy talents ſoon procured her ſeveral ſolicitations of marriage from the peaſants of the country, but their offers were refuſed. For the loved her maſter too tenderly to think of ſeparation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died; ſhe now therefore left her cottage and went to live with the Lutheran miniſter, who had been her friend from the days of childhood. In his houſe ſhe reſided, in quality of governeſs to his children; at once reconciling in her character amazing prudence and ſurprizing ſimplicity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her inſtructed in dancing and muſic by the maſters who attended the reſt of his family: thus the continued to improve until 1702, by which accident ſhe was once more reduced to her priſtine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time waſted by war, and lay in a moſt miſerable ſituation. Marienburg, the metropolis was every day more fierce, and her private ſtock being intirely exhauſted, ſhe reſolved at laſt to travel to Marienburg, a city of great opulence.

With her little wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, ſhe ſet out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miſerable by nature, but rendered ſtill more hideous by the devaſtations of war, which at that time happened to become maſters, plundered it at diſcretion; but hunger had taught her to deſpiſe the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as ſhe had entered a cottage by the way-ſide, to take up her lodgings for the night, ſhe was inſulted by two Swediſh ſoldiers, who inſiſted upon quartering here, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their inſults into violence, had not a lieutenant officer, accidentally paſſing by, come in to her aſſiſtance. Upon his appearing, the ſoldiers immediately deſiſted; but her thankfulneſs was hardly greater than her ſurpriſe, when ſhe inſtantly recollected in her deliverer, the ſon of the Lutheran miniſter, her former inſtructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina: The little ſtock of money ſhe had brought from home was by this time quite exhauſted; her cloaths were gone, piece by piece, in order to ſatisfy thoſe who had entertained her in their houſes; her generous countryman, therefore parted with what he could ſpare, to buy her cloaths, furniſhed her with a horſe, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gwlik, a Swediſh friend of his father's and ſuperintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful ſtranger had only to appear, to be well received; ſhe was immediately admitted into the ſuperintendant's family, as governeſs to his two daughters; and though yet but fifteen teen, ſhe well be ſcrife capable of inſtructing her ſcholars in the moſt polite ſtyle. Such was her good fortune, that in leſs than half a year, ſhe reſided in a ſtate of ſervitude, but with ſo great ſplendor, that ſhe thought proper to refuſe. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, ſhe was reſolved to continue with her family, even though ſhe had loſt an army, and was otherways diſtigured by wounds in the ſervice.

In order to prevent further ſolicitations from others, as ſoon as the officer came to town upon duty, ſhe offered him her perſon, which he accepted with tranſport; and their nuptials were ſolemnized as uſual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be ſtriking, that very day on which they were married, the Ruſſians laid ſiege to Narvaenlength; the unhappy ſoldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleaſure of matrimony; he was called off before conſummation to an attack, from which he was never after ſeen to return.

In the mean time the ſiege went on with fury, aggravated on one ſide by obſtinacy, on the other, by revenge. The war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peaſant and the harmleſs virgin often fell victims to the fury of both parties. Marienburgh was taken by aſſault; and ſuch was the fury of the aſſailants that not only the garriſon, but almoſt all the inhabitants, without diſtinction, periſhed in the purſuit by the ſword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor but ſtill was free; ſhe was now to conſtitute, to herſelf, the firſt and ſtarkeſt of wretches ſlave: In this ſituation, however, ſhe behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet ſhe was ever chearful. By her modeſty and reſignation, reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Ruſſian General; he deſired to ſee her, was ſtruck with her beauty, bought her from the ſoldier, her maſter, and gave her in waiter the direction of his own ſiſter. Here ſhe was treated with all the reſpect which her merit deſerved, while her behaviour improved every day with her good fortune.

Her fame at laſt reached the ears of the Emperor Peter the Great paying the Prince a viſit, Catharina happened to come in with ſome dry fruits, which ſhe ſerved round with peculiar modeſty and grace. The mighty monarch was ſtruck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful ſtave, aſked her ſeveral queſtions, and found her underſtanding even more perfect than her perſon.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of intereſt, but had never found a ſincere friendſhip ſince in his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the hiſtory of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the veil of obſcurity, through all the vicciſſitudes of her fortune, and found that her virtues were all alike.

The moments of her birth was no obſtruction to his deſign—their nuptials were ſolemnized in private; the Prince and Princeſs Menzikoff were the only perſons preſent.

The meaneſt of her birth was no obſtruction to his deſign—their nuptials were ſolemnized in private; the Prince and Princeſs Menzikoff were the only perſons preſent.

us for the volumes, some are in folio, some in quarto, some in octavo, and some in duodecimo; some are plain bound, others more elegantly; some have piety and godliness for their subject; but great numbers are mere romances, pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every one there stands a word which is *Finis*, and this is the last word in every book; such is the life of man; some longer, some shorter; some weaker, some stronger; some finer, some coarser; some holy, some prophane; but death comes in like *Finis* at the end, and closes up all, for that is the period and conclusion of all—and therefore unto all men one to die, and after death then comes the judgment.

A MERRY writer in one of the Jate periodical papers, who is disposed to treat of the fluffing of thofe fafhionable ftocks, appropriately called puddings, thus adverti[fes] —— " NEED OR NOTHING."

" The curious in matters of news are informed, that Nicholas Van Neck has prepared a new and unparalleled affortment of fluffing, capable of containing twelve fhirts and two fuits of clothes. They are admirably contrived, as to cafe of long fea voyages to Canton, the coaft of Africa, or Botany-bay, to include a complete mattrafs, bolfter, pillow, &c. Mr. Van Neck ftatters himfelf that no object, fo he with fo many conveniences, will neceffarily meet with due encouragement." : : : *P. Folio.*

I HAVE often remarked, fays a facetious novelift, that giddy thoughtleis people, when they are to ftir a coal in the fire, are never burnt; while your prudent well meaning folks, are conftantly getting into fome curfed fcrape or other. : : : *Ibid.*

LOW nonfenfe is like fmall beer in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tafteleis, and infipid. High nonfenfe is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more ftrength and fpirit than the other, but has more froth and bounce, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the paffions of a much nobler liquor : : : *Ibid.*

THE broad pronounciation of *a* in *Cato*, notwithftanding the ftrong recommendations of fome *wits* men, has failed. Mr. Beard was ftrongly encouraged at Covent Garden, in fomewhat of a *fpoutling* tone, a funny member of the gallery, difcovered all thofe around him, by *Cat* —— : : : *Ibid.*

AN Oxford fcholar being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, fo that he could never rife before dinner; being asked how he liked the place, he faid, " well enough, but that there was no forenoon there." : : : *Ibid.*

JARVIS and Sons, have advertifed *improved Coffee*, for the *fcarcity* of the dead. Their advertifement runs thus: " It muft afford a great comfort, and a *pleafing* fatisfaction to any gentleman or lady, to be certain that no one can fteal their bones after they are dead; and they defy any one, who is *pleafed* to be buried in one of their coffins, to be taken out by any means." : : : *Ibid.*

A MIDDLE aged man lately prefented himfelf at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman having furveyed the man for a moment, faid, " my friend, I think you have a wife already living ?" " It may be fo, Sir," faid he, " for I have a very treacherous memory." : : : *Ibid.*

SATURDAY EVENING's MONITOR.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

TO explain the nature and caufe of extraordinary appearances, falls within the province of aftronomers, aftrologers and philofophers. This is very often done to fatisfaction and feeming probability. Ingenious men may, with much eafe, account for any appearance in the extraordinary nature as that which happened at Richmond, on the 18th of April, (and at feveral other places) we are conftrained to withhold our explanations, or from giving reafon, or affigning caufes, from natural deductions or principles. That phenomenon, in my opinion, was deligned *for fome great end and purpofe, by a power fuperior to all*, at whofe command the elements muft form or gather themfelves, to execute his will. It is an eternal truth, that power which created and called all things into being and exiftence, can command them to form themfelves into any fhape or figure he pleafes.

I am neither an aftronomer, aftrologer, philofopher or prophet; I fhall therefore not attempt to fhew that fuch appearances are produced by a collection of fulphuric vapours exhaling from the earth—but to fhew that thefe are he figns we are to look for, as they are recorded in the pages of truth. I am induced to believe, *from the many extraordinary occurrences and phenomena, which have appeared within 30 years paft, to the laft of my recollection, that the time is at far diftant, when this world will be vifited in a manner not paralled by many ages.* It is written—the ftars fhall fall from heaven—the firmament of the heavens fhall be fhaken; then will appear, in glory and majefty; HE, (who is now denied and mocked by many) and call to judgment the hardened and ftiff-necked atheifts and order them to a place fuited to their ftate and condition.

I am well aware this kind of prophecy will not be well received by many. It is always moft pleafing to us to hear good things, which promife falety and fecurity—Good prophefying, though pleafing to the paffions, defires and natural feeling, produces no good effect: if at ever did, I am ignorant of it. But I am certain it is a duty we owe to profeed ill effects, deftructive to many. True prophefying, however difagreeable to the paffions, defires and natural feeling of the feafonable, has always had a good effect upon fome, if not all. Jonah often been a means of changing and turning many from the road to ruin and deftruction. Confidering man in a ftate of nature, without fear of future punifhment for crimes committed in this life, which remain unknown, or a fure hope of a future reward for a well fpent life; every fenfible and rational thinking man will and muft admit, *that nothing but a dreadful profpect of events and decrees from the commiffion of horrid and fhocking deeds*—"Let none defpife prophefying" True prophefying always proved itfelf true. Good prophefying always proved itfelf falfe in the end.

Let the daring profligate, who bids defiance to divine admonition—let the fly, fecret and deep defigning rogue, who fecretly ftudies how to take in and injure his neighbour both in perfon and property, take it into ferious confideration, why all thefe extraordinary appearances; he may confider himfelf, *that we are faft approaching an awful period, when every one will weigh, be held juftified as he fhould have done.* SAY NOT WITHIN YOURSELVES, THE LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING—BUT ASSURED HE WILL COME; PERHAPS SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT. *Philad. Paper.*

USEFUL

TO FARMERS.

YOUR Indian Corn is now in the ear when birds commit their depredation on it, and fometimes nearly deftroy whole crops; an attention to the following directions may perhaps be worthy your notice.

" Pieces of rags dipped in a mixture of train oil and bruifed gun-powder, and hung upon hedges or poles, will effectually protect newly fown corn from the depredations of crows, rooks, &c."

DIRECTIONS FOR THE CULTURE OF THE CURRANT BUSH.

THE currant bufh, thofe beautiful a fhrub that grows almoft fpontaneoufly, requires nevertheleis fome dreffing; in regard to which the following directions may be of fervice.

Plant this bufh round the edges of your gardens, that they may have the benefit of the dung and culture annually beftowed thereon, which will conlequently make the berries large and of a fine colour. The red currant is preferable to the white, as yielding richer juice, and in much greater quantity.

Take the moft luxuriant ftipes or fhoots of a year's growth, fet them in the ground about eight inches deep, and not leis than twenty-four diftant from each other; thefe never fail of taking root, and generally begin to bear in two years. Prune the tops of them, from time to time, but treated as efpaliers (but not againft a wall) obferving to keep the roots, efpecially in the fpring of the year, free from fuckers and grafs.

This treatment is the more neceffary, as the goodneis of the wine in a great degree depends on their having the full benefit of the fun and air, to maturate and give the berries a proper balfamic quality, by which the due proportion of their acid watry particles—*Am. Muſeum.*

NEW KIND OF BRICKS.

MR. Rawftborne, the architect, has lately invented a new kind of bricks, done into catch each other, for conftructing are for the ceiling of rooms, &c. in lieu of timber. This method requires very little, if any, additional thickneis of walls or abutments, and it may be confrudted fo as to be perfectly feure againft fire. The expence of finifhing buildings by it is little more than that of timber.

LITERARY.

Mr. CARLISLE, is now reprinting Grandpre's Voyage in the Indian Ocean, and to Bengal, commenced in the year 1790, from the ifle of France. It will form one volume in duodecimo, from the London copy in two vols. 8vo. publifhed there in the prefent year. Much local information will be found in this work, combined and agreeably diverfified with a great variety of pleafing anecdotes, and interefting occurrences, in which the author was perfonally engaged. The character and arts of the people of India are brought into view, with fome remarkable religious rites of the inhabitants of Bengal.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Allegory, by " Gillies," too incorrect for infertion.

Verfes from an Englifh Magazine, ſigned " X." we beg to decline.—— " The Circle of Leeve," incorrect.

We are obliged to " H." for his Eſſay—are ſorry he did not underſtand that we never meddle with politics.

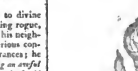
Verſes on a tomb ſtone, trite and common.—— " Morning's Excurſion," the ſame.

" Dialogue between a Gentleman and Lady," by no means intereſting or ingeniouſly carried on.

N***'s communication is too long; could he convey his ſentiments on the ſubject, (which every one muſt deem worthy admiration) in fewer words, we ſhall be happy to give them a place in our Magazine.

☞ Mr. BOWER's COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, in Maiſtreet, is opened every day and evening, Sundays and Saturday evenings excepted. The Muſeum is the moſt pleaſing ſcfort for rational amuſement, ever offered.

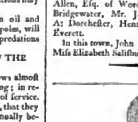
HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Salem, Mr. Wm. Treadwell, to Miſs Betſy Bancroft; Mr. Nathaniel Andrew, to Miſs Eunice Bowles. At Quincy, Mr. Darius Beardman, of Bolton, to Miſs Hannah Adams. At Dedham, Mr. Rowland Hatthorne, to Miſs Betſy Guild. At Lancaſter, Capt. Jonas Whitney, to Miſs Mary Hawkes. At Brookline, Joſeph Allen, Eſq. of Worceſter, to Mrs. Hannah Kellam. At Bridgewater, Mr. James Cary, to Miſs Hannah Wales. At Dorcheſter, Henry Gardner, M. B. to Miſs Joanna B. Everett.

In this town, John Leverett, Eſq. of Windſor, (Ver.) to Miſs Elizabeth Salisbury.

OBITUARY.



DIED]—At Watertown, Miſs Lucy Jones, Æt. 23—Mrs. Sybilah Alden, wife of Mr. Jonathan Alden. At Dorcheſter, Capt. Caleb Champney, Æt 63. At Scituate, (ſuicide) Mr. Tylon Nath. At Hingham, Mr. Thomas Berry, Æt 71. At Needham, Mrs. Mary Daniel, Æt 56, wife of Dea. Joſeph Daniel. " At Porte-de-la-Ville, S. America, in Oct. laſt, Mr. Joſeph Babcock, jun. of Milton, mate of the ſhip Traveller." At Londonderry, (N. H.) of the lock-jaw, from a bruiſe on the end of one of his little fingers, Mr. John Ramſey.

In this town, Mr. Joſh. Amory, mer. Æt. 74; Mrs. Sarah Henderſon, Æt. 78, wife of Dea. Benjamin Henderſon; Miſs Ellin Minzies, Æt 19; David Sweetſer, Æt. 17, ſon of Mr. Joſeph S.—James Foſter, tertius, Æt. 14, ſon of Mr. James F. jun.; Mary ann H. Dyer, Æt. 5, eldeſt daughter of Mr. J. F. Dyer; and Mrs. Dykes. Total 8, for the week ending laſt evening.

" *I'LL BAIL THE BOAT !*"

BUT hark ye—out of a multitude of candidates, only *one* can have this honor; and for his ſervices, will be entitled to the enormous ſum of 8000 dollars! Where is there one then, that would not ſay, " *I'll bail the Boat !*"

NOTICE.—Next Wedneſday, the Hadley Lottery will commence drawing; higheſt prize 8000 dollars.—Tickets, halfs, and quarters, for ſale by GILBERT and DEAN.—☞ The price of tickets will be six dollars, after Wednesday.—☞ ATTENTION THE WHOLE !" June 12.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you think the following, occasioned by reading the *Sapphire* in your 29th number, will answer for a Supplement, you perhaps will publish it, when you have nothing better. If it be not so fortunate, as to "excite a smile," it may shew some of your fair readers "their own image."

Here comes Miss LIGHTHEAD and her tatty sister;—
Jack, oh! the counter, wait upon the ladies;
Show 'em what they call for, tell the price of each piece,
But don't be so plain 'em.

"Have you any ribbons, that are yard and half wide?
What's the price of that piece of taper-striped dimity?"
"Three and six-pence, madam"—"Let me see a better—
Give me a pattern.

"Have you any stockings, very nice, with lac'd clocks?
What are these a pair, sir?"—"Madam, they're eight
[shillings"—
"I'm fuce I saw much better, for only six, at FALES'S—
They will not answer.

"I'll look, sir, at that shilling—is light-and-fit the lowest?
I'll give you seven shillings"—"That's less than what it
cost, ma'am"— [take it?
"I'll give you seven-and-sixpence"—"Madam, you may
"I'll call again, sir."

May 28. CORNHILL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE rose, when dews of night are shed,
That folds its leaves and hangs its head,
Shall to the genial beams of day
Its blushing beauties full display.—
Ah! when shall I—a beauteous rose
Again to life's chefe longing eyes;
Eye's that must clofe in endless night,
If the delay to charm their light.
She comes, the lovely virgin fair,
She comes again to love and me,
Before the radiance of the eye
The gloomy shades of horror fly.
Not fo reviving morning's light
To flower's that wither, chill'd by night;
As the sweet hope's her smiles impart
To cheer with joy my drooping heart. L.....

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MISANTHROPES.

FAR from the noife and tumult of the world,
In a deserted vale, did Shalum dwell—
Detach'd from man, he was from vice detach'd;
No strife, no quarrels, had he e'er to quell.
Beneath a cragged rock, a little hut,
Built by himself, of brush and bark of trees—
A bed of *wyfre-bells*, on which to sleep—
All thefe were Shalum's, of happy Shalum thefe.
Before the sun he ever us'd to rife,
Compell'd against his will to quit his thells:
Rarely he slept, the hungry crows without
Did fo disturb his ears with hideous yells.
"Voluptuary" oft he would exclaim,
Casting fcap contpu'd of *leguvod of pet*;
"Know you best little of contentment, eafy
Of luxury lefs," he'd cry, and touch his lips.
Oft on his thrll—" when death hath fcatch'd me
No hypocrite for me shall shed a tear. [hence,
I have no children, to disturb my peace;
No wife, thank God, my *love, my dear.*"
So Shalum liv'd, unknown, unfought, unfeen,
Save by the fowls without, owls, crows, and jays.
Thus Shalum liv'd; and thus, O God, let me
In a deserted vale—not spend my days.

Cambridge, 1803. F. F. E.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER II.—ANNE TO FENTON.
LONDON, Nov. 1775.

Dear Madam,

I AM pleased to find by your favour of the 13th* that you are pleased with your fituation. The pleasure I enjoyed in your society during our journey from Brussells, and one little week's fcrufe he chanted, has made me anxious to preserve the esteem of a perfon fo amiable. I have no doubt but Lady M******d, will be more than fatisfied to have to explain a woman take the charge of her infant daughter. She must first learn fully to appreciate your value, and by every proper attention endeavour to secure to them as they advance in life, a continuance of your valuable inftruction assisted by carefully by your example. I will confefs, dear madam, that I am fo much of an English woman, as to prefer my own country women, in almoft every refpect; efpecially where the education of the young mind is concerned, and where the future happiness and refpectability of life depends greatly on the morals, manners and general habits of thofe with whom the early period of youth is paft. I am delighted with the vivacity of the French Ladies, I am convinced their manners are more captivating than thofe of the English, but while I have been charmed by their air and mien I am awed by the very high polith of their manners; I could not help fecretly wishing that been tempered and corrected by the modeft reftraint of the Englifh lady, which shews a characteriztes a well bred Englifh woman. You, my dear madam, by a long refidence abroad, have moft agreeably blended the vivacity of the one, with the chaste propriety of the other, and your perfect knowledge of the French and Italian languages, joined to an extenfive knowledge of your own, renders you a very able inftructor in all. I presume you will have an opportunity of renewing an acquaintance fo pleafantly commenced, and which I truft will ripen into a lasting friendship. But in the mean time, I am not forgetful of your request to be informed of the principal events in the life of Mrs. Darnley, who fo much interested you, the few times you saw her previous to your journey into Berkshire—I did not then intend, on the fubject very freely, because there is no incident in her ftory life, which she could with concealed, and fome that reflected on her character fhe has been happily unmarried, but being of a difpofition to bear all things with patience, to look on the bright fide of the picture, and not think of an approaching evil, before it comes, one gleam of funfhine left, I think it poffible fhe may draw comfort from various fources, which the irritable or difcontented mind would carelefsly overlook; and the certain concern, where another would be little lefs than wretched.

Mrs Darnley is the daughter of a gentleman who held a poft under government which yielded him above a thousand pounds per ann. She loft her mother at a very early period, and her father's bonfhold was condoffed by a maiden fifter of her father's, forbidding in her looks, rigid in her principles, and hard and unbending in her manners. She had herfelf enjoyed little of the advantages of a polite education, thinking and affecting at all times, that if a woman could read, write, dance, various accomplishments, fuperintend domeftic arrangements, underftood the etiquette of the dining table, and drawing room, knew how to give every perfon their proper place, and pay them the proper degree of refpect due to their rank or wealth, had attained the fummit of female excellence. Having no tafte for the fine arts herfelf, fhe treated as ridiculous every profeft of the kind, and as to a learned woman, fhe treated the idea as a mere chimera, or if exifting, a monfter in nature, which though worn-herfelf, was only laughed at by one fex, feared and fhunned by the other. Sarah, for fo I fhall call her, fhewed early talents for nufic drawing, and was delighted with reading the beft Englifh Poets; I have heard her father fay, that at ten years old, fhe read with propriety and feemed fully to comprehend all the beauties of Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, and other works of the fame tendency; Spencer, Shakefpeare, and other authors who lived at the fame period, were great favorites with her. Sarah is an only child, fhe inherited from her mother a fmall patrimony, about 1500 pounds, it was in the funds, and the intereft would have been fufficient to keep her at a very genteel fchool, but her father had an utter averfion to fchools, fhe was therefore attended by maflers in all the polite branches, her aunt documented her about, economizing, flourifhing about the houfe, but the larger part of her time, (her father being engaged at bufinefs or pleafure, her aunt in praying, fcolding the fervants, quilting, and paying, or receiving vifits)—Sarah was left to amufe herfelf with the fervants, or read any books which her father's library afforded, or chance threw in her way, without any one to direct her choice, or correct her tafte. Poffeffed of fingular quick imagination, it may eafily be conceived that the works of fancy were read with uncommon pleafure; but this was not the worft, the read books of religious controverfy, nor did the pernicious writings of fafhionable freethinkers escape. Her mind eager in the purfuit of information, embraced it with avidity, in whatever fhape it offered itfelf. Nor is it forprizing that from fuch a heterogeneous jumble, her ideas fhould become confufed, infidelity, unfounded fuperftition, and fceptical boldness; for, contrary to thefe fentiments are, they each in turn, predominated in the mind of Sarah Darnley. Her father a great deal of company, chiefly gentlemen. A girl fenfible, witty, and of an underftanding uncommonly expanded for her age, introduced into the company of men, becomes early accuftomed to the delicious and intoxicating poifon of admiration, too often fall victims to the fentiments thofe flatterers awaken in their fouls, before cooler and fixed principles have power to counteract and repel the powerful impulfe of youthful paffion. Had Sarah been of a temperature eafily exiled into adfion, fhe could not have efcaped contamination in the fcenes to which fhe was too often a witness. Her father was not a man of ftrict morals, he had fupported a woman as a miftrefs for many years, and was frequently fo imprudent as to take his daughter with him, in his vifits to this woman. But Sarah's fenfe would revolted at the approach of vice, and when the underftanding character of her father's *fair one was*, she refolutely refused ever again to enter her houfe. Her aunt was fo far forewable to her that fhe early inspired her with a love of virtue, and a veneration for religion, which I have no doubt through her life, in the midft of her errors and follies, will ever be the leading trait in her character. She was juft turned of fifteen when I become acquainted with her, and though then was fcven years different in age, her fenfe was fo matured, her converfation fo fuperior to the generality of women, even at a more advanced period, that I contracted a friendfhip, eftablifhed it, and found her tender, ardent and fincere, (if I may be allowed the expreffion,) even to a fault. Totally unacquainted with the world, fhe believed it to be fuch as the books fhe had read reprefented. She believed every profeffion of love or regard made to her, and would give her laft farthing to relieve an object of diftrefs, without ftaying to enquire whether the diftreffes genuine or not. I have faid her father was a deift, he was, befides, thoughtlefs to a fuperlative degree in his expenfes, for that when Sarah had reached her feventeenth year, found himself fuddenly blazoned by his friends and deferted by his diffolute companions, he was found bereprived of his place, the duties of which he had for fome time fenfibly neglected. About fix months previous to this difpofition of his affairs, Sarah had loft her aunt, and when her father to avoid his creditors went off to India, fhe found herfelf caft unprotected on the world, for having declined her relations to befpeak the moft pelling of her father's debts the moment fhe could feil out money fufficient for the purpofe; her relations declared their difapprobation of a conduct which they thought fhe would leave her a very fmall ftipend, and were cautious of inviting to their houfes, a perfon likely to become in fome degree a burthen to them. I fpoke to Sarah of the church, her anfwer was, "I am fully aware, Anne, that no one can oblige me to pay thefe fums, and that in retaining my little fortune, I fhall be fecure from dependence, but one of my father's creditors, is a poor labourer, who has a large family of children and a fick wife; another is a widow, in very depreffed circumftances; what right have I to retain money which, they whofe actual property I have helped to waffe, driven to extreme neceffity, while by paying them what is lawfully their due, I reftore them to a ftate of comparative comfort." This eloquence was unanfwerable, I did not attempt to diffuade her, fhe fold out a thoufand pounds at a very confiderable lofs, paid thefe fhe thought were moft in need of the money, and remained the remainder in her father. If you fhall be interefted in my narrative, I will renew it in a fhort poft; but do not expect any romantic fcenes, flaming lovers, or cruel fathers, what I have to relate, are evidents, perhaps, frequently to be met with in common life; but I love Sarah, and all that concerns her is interefting to me. Adieu, my dear madam,

Believe me yours, with affection,
ANNE.

* *All letters foreign to the principal fubject of this correfpondence are fuppreft.*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——N° XXX.

Quid te exempta juvat spinis de plebibus una ?

THE world, it is true, abounds with sin and folly; there is sufficient cause of complaint on which even side we turn; a fit complaint alone will make but little progress in the work of reformation. Would every individual fet about ftrictly ferutinizing and amending his own conduct, mankind would grow wifer, better; and undoubtedly happier than they are at prefent. But all complain, and few think of the remedy; every one can for, and point out, the neceffity of reformation in fome one or two tickly habit, conftitution, or education, he is not handelf prone—yet continue totally blind to thofe bofom faults which mark his own conduct; and which are, perhaps, equally prejudicial to fociety in general. I have been led into thefe remarks, by the letters publifhed in my laft number. In which, the very heinous offences of Intemperance, Sabbath Breaking, and want of reverence to our Creator, are ably marked by fubjects. It is true, the *Repentant Bachanalian*, complains not of others, but of himfelf; yet muft ftill ingenuoufly where in the rule of complaint, if we would find the remedy for. Perhaps there is no vice to which human nature is liable, fo difficult to conquer, as habitual intemperance; and it is a certain fact, that at the inftant a lufh wretch makes the mind to every other fpecies of fin and folly. Reafon of herfelf is often too weak, even in her full vigour, to ftem the torrent of unreasonable inclination; but when muft man become, when even that guide is driven from her throne, and the paffions inflamed beyond their natural turpitude, reign furious and tyrannical maflers. It is a fad truth, that this vice produces more calling fins, than any other; and that although the nuddling and lower orders of people, perform thofe fupport, and that of their families, depends up them daily exertions, yet the higher claffes, from their wealth and economy, not only maintain themfelves in comfort, but refpectability, will labour through fix days with perfeverance and induftry; and here is a double enormity committed, inftead of fpending that feventh in grateful fervices of homage and praife, to the giver of all good, for his bounty in beftowing health, ftrength, and abilities, on the creatures of his pow; that enables them to procure, by the prosper ufe of thofe talents, food, raiment, every comfort of life—they facrifice to the damon of darkneſs, the laſt, beſt gift, their reafon, and blafpheme the name of the Moſt High. So, with a truly diabolical fpirit, they accufe him of imperfection, for not giving them that rank in fociety, that eafe and affluence, which their own folly has rendered their ftation. Nay, fervants, who by hard and inceffant labour, earn five or fix fhillings a week, will fpend three or four pence a day for rum or gin; and defraud, by the moſt grofs of that property, are led to pilfer from their employers, to purchafe the poiſonous draught, and by daily renders themfelves unfit for the duties of their ſtation, are at length turned out to want, mifery, and fhame ; or perhaps are brought to an ignominious punifhment for crimes which the devil of intemperance alone prompted them to commit. But what can be ſaid to deter people from this foul clafhing practice, that has not already been advanced by the wiſeſt and beſt writers of all ages and nations ? or what can be hoped towards reforming it, whilſt the Cur-can draught is offered from a thouſand different ſprings, whilſt houſes of public reſort are ſo eaſily and frequently licenſed ; and where, though there is an exiſting law to prevent publicans from keeping their doors open on the Sabbath, it is ſo lightly enforced, or there are ſo many ways of evading it, that on that day they generally expect, and much fear too often do, reap the richeſt harveſt. The hypocrite of a ſtate depends on the wiſdom of its laws, and the integrity of its governors ; but with laws and upright legiſlators, and true ſervice, if the inferior officers whoſe buſineſs it is to ſee thoſe laws put in execution, are remiſs in their duty, and ſuffer a bribe to blind both their eyes and ears, I have often wondered, that among the many legal and ſalutary ſtatutes that have been inſtituted for the benefit of this riſing nation, nothing has been thought of to reſtrain the vice of intemperance—for how unable or ſlow to be exacted from every perſon who was ſeen in a ſtate of intoxication, ſome law that would oblige patents to give a certain portion of their daily earnings, to the ſupport of their families ; and by that means, prevent their becoming a public charge, and too frequently a public ſhame, and nuiſance. But the pious and modeſt bard, COWPER, has diſguſted a caſe, why the legiſlators of every land are ſo remiſs in puniſhing, or endeavouring to reſtrain, this vice, in the following lines :—

Drunkenneſs (firſt plague of the two thouſand roll)
Forever ſtrikking out thoſe baſe contents,
Touch'd by the midas finger of the ſtate,
Bleed gold.

But I forbear, and leave the ſubject to abler pens and wiſer heads than mine, moſt fervently wiſhing that ſome able champion might ariſe, whoſe ſtrength of reaſonings, poignant ſtatue, or fevere ridicule, may argue, aſk, or laugh, the votaries of Bacchus out of their blind, and almoſt mad infatuation.

As to the complaint of my friend “ Lemuel,” “ I hardly know what to anſwer ;” for by his own account, that himſelf has ſtrictly adhered to the rules of temperance and propriety ; and from the nature of his complaint, it muſt be evident, that he is not himſelf addicted to the vice of which he complains. Perhaps there is no vice to which human nature is liable, ſo difficult to conquer, as habitual intemperance ; and it is a certain fact, that at the inſtant a lufh wretch makes the mind to every other ſpecies of ſin and folly. Reaſon of herſelf is often too weak, even in her full vigour, to ſtem the torrent of unreaſonable inclination ; but when muſt man become, when even that guide is driven from her throne, and the paſſions inflamed beyond their natural turpitude, reign furious and tyrannical maſters. It is a ſad truth, that this vice produces more calling ſins, than any other ; and that although the ſtudding and lower orders of people, perform thoſe ſupport, and that of their families, depends up them daily exertions, yet the higher claſſes, from their wealth and economy, not only maintain themſelves in comfort, but reſpectability, will labour through ſix days with perſeverance and induſtry ; and here is a double enormity committed, inſtead of ſpending that ſeventh in grateful ſervices of homage and praiſe, to the giver of all good, for his bounty in beſtowing health, ſtrength, and abilities, on the creatures of his pow; that enables them to procure, by the proſper uſe of thoſe talents, food, raiment, every comfort of life—they ſacrifice to the damon of darkneſs, the laſt, beſt gift, their reaſon, and blaſpheme the name of the Moſt High. So, with a truly diabolical ſpirit, they accuſe him of imperfection, for not giving them that rank in ſociety, that eaſe and affluence, which their own folly has rendered their ſtation. Nay, ſervants, who by hard and inceſſant labour, earn five or ſix ſhillings a week, will ſpend three or four pence a day for rum or gin ; and defraud, by the moſt groſs of that property, are led to pilfer from their employers, to purchaſe the poiſonous draught, and by daily renders themſelves unfit for the duties of their ſtation, are at length turned out to want, miſery, and ſhame ; or perhaps are brought to an ignominious puniſhment for crimes which the devil of intemperance alone prompted them to commit. But what can be ſaid to deter people from this foul clafhing practice, that has not already been advanced by the wiſeſt and beſt writers of all ages and nations ? or what can be hoped towards reforming it, whilſt the Cur-can

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For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON CONJUGAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

FLORIO and CAMILLA, though in reality they had a regard for one another, were fo unfortunate as in an impatience of temper, that they continually rendered each other miſerable. FLORIO was a man too eaſily dejected, and CAMILLA interpreted this into ſullenneſs. In conſequence of which, ſhe would accuſe him of peeviſhneſs, or elſe for whole hours with a look full of the pangs of diſdain ſhe ſighs, as if they were the puffs of an old pair of bellows.—If FLORIO diſlired her to avoid a particular thing, ſhe eſpecially conſidered him as laying a fort of command upon her, and therefore thought it incumbent on her pride, to do every thing prohibited. If FLORIO begged of her to obſerve any point of good breeding, which CAMILLA might through accident have forgot, ſhe reproached him as a ſquamiſh creature. If he appeared particularly deſirous to purſue ſome fcheme of no conſequence, it was imputed to a love of contradiction. And thus two people, really lovers at bottom, tortured one another, without any ſolid cauſe. MEANWELL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE NECESSITY OF PARENTAL RESTRAINT IN THE EARLY PART OF FEMALE LIFE.

DID not daily experience convince us to the contrary, one would hardly think it poſſible that the parent could be ſuch a being as a cruel parent ; and yet I am ſatisfied, in my opinion, that parents in general, are oftener guilty of folly than cruelty. Whatever may be the diſpoſition of a man to ſeverity, yet the fond endearments, wheedlings and careſſes of his children, whom he conſiders as part of himſelf, will ever prevent him from acting the part of a tyrant, unleſs he be void of all feelings, and diveſted of all the aſſs of humanity. I believe it will be found upon enquiry, that one half of the errors which children commit, and our daughters eſpecially, owe their exiſtence to the folly and ambition of their parents ; who, under the ambitious idea that their children ſhould ſhine as well as their neighbours, ſuffer them to run in all the extravagance of fashion, and thereby ſow in their little hearts, thoſe ſeeds of pride which ſpring up all the reſt of their lives, and effectually exclude the beautiful plants of reaſon. Though pride may, in ſome degree, be conſidered as the nutriment of female virtue ; yet like a treacherous guard, it often betrays them, and leads them into the moſt fatal errors—for a girl having once been taught to conſider her dreſs as an eſſential point, ſhould the locks her parents at friends, by whom ſhe is ſuppoſed in her gaudy parade ; yet the pride of her heart is gratified. Her lot is ſubmitted to, and ſhe before conſidered as a vulgar drab, as noble gameſters, after a run of ill luck put up their eſtates at auction in order to pay their debts of honour : ſo it is much to be feared that the proud female heart, humbled by the loſs of parents or friends, rather than to appear humbled in the eyes of the world, will harbor her virtue for folly, and turn her diſgrace and ruin in the arms of the aſſaſſin of innocence.

To know how properly to deny or comply with the ſtrong will of a child, ſeems to be one of the nicelt and moſt eſſential points of a parent ; to deny them what is unneceſſary and fatiable to his own condition and circumſtances, is cruel and unjuſt ; to grant them more, is madneſs and folly —but here will ariſe the moſt intricate, who is to be the judge of what is neceſſary, the parent, or the child ? I fear the child too often determines their point, and the parent gives up what he ſhould invariably ſupport and maintain, by his own opinion. When once through our weakneſs and affection for our children, we thus ſuffer them to triumph over us, we then take a laſting ſtep in the road of ruin and diſtreſs—attention ; and we muſt not complain, ſhould they then up ofe us in every ſtep we take—deſpiſe our authority ; look upon us with indifference and contempt ; and at laſt, accuſe us of being filly dotards, and the authors of the ir ruin.

I am well aware that this kind of doctrine will draw a frown on many a pretty face ; but yet I write not to flatter the folly of any one, nor to infuſe the ſpirit of vanity. I ſhall addreſs a few friendly words to the Female Sex :

Remember my fair friends, that there is nothing truly valuable in this life but virtue, and that the parade and glare of dreſs, is more its enemy than its friend, though modeſtly, peculiar and graceful in your ſex, will not permit you to own, yet certainly true it is, that your fondneſs for dreſs owes its origin to the wiſh of procuring yourſelves rich and opulent huſbands. Your gaudy dreſs may indeed catch the fool or the coxcomb ; but what girl of ſenſe would wiſh to make a huſband of either ; the ſenſible man will not be deceived in the choice of a wife by her ſhow,

her likes, or her fatins; but by the maternal perfections o' her mind—he will confider how far the is capable of giving up the garties and pleafures of life, to the painful talk of managing her family; he will conflder that as the will partake with him of all his pleafures and comforts, fo the will be of a mind that will footh him amidft the cares, troubles, and difappointments of this life, and think no home like her own, no man like her hufband. Happy muft be fuch a union; equally miferable the reverfe.

However morofe you may conlider thefe reflections, the time may come when you may, with a figh, acknowledge the truth of them. HUMAN NATURE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meffrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I HAVE tranfcribed a paragraph from "Gregory's Conjpectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ," refpecting MUTES, which, if it meet your approbation, you may infert in your Magazine. AMICUS PHILOCOPHO.

"UNIUSCUJUQUE ætatis ratio profecutus, et morbi exhibitio partium quæ formatur, fedulo obfervatione detexit; neque tantus labor generi humano prorfus inutilis fuit: hac enim notitia, varia loquelæ vitia corrigere docemur. Immo funt quibus unum opus eft, fermonem motos docere. Hi plerique furdi natorum, non organis loquelæ manci aut imperfecti, nafcuntur; nec voces paffim imitantes, quas nunquam noverunt audire. Quos ergo fi jam loquentes, fi cafu quovis furdi fiant, obmutefcere folent. Nunc vero utrique, five natura five morbo furdi ex ideo muti facti funt, tacito et vifu exercitio, ad fenfum dum loquitur aliquis, difcunt literas diligenter et tandem fuis cogitanis pro ferre; opus revera tardi plenum fed nobilepremium."

[*Libraries juft pours her bleffings on thofe, whofe infirmities we all pity; and it is to be hoped, that the following will meet attention from thofe whom it concerns, that the Mutes of our own State, may be the firft in America to become fubjects of the above-mentioned experiments.*]

FROM THE CENTINEL.

A CARD.

To the Rev. the CLERGY *(of every perfuafion, and denomination) of the State of Maffachufetts.*

IN order to alleviate the miferies of the *Deaf and Dumb*, in this Commonwealth, (the ftate, and practible improvement of whole condition, have lately very greatly excited the attention of the world) I moft refpectfully make thefe enquiries and defires that authentic return of the individuals *to their prefent dicament*, of every Township, Parifh, Congregation, or community in *Maffachufetts* might be tranfmitted to the Capitol, by the *refpective minifters*, with the names, Sex, Ages, *Refidence*, and circumftances, of each *Deaf* and *Dumb* Perfon.

And as the motive is the probability of eventually *promoting the caufe of humanity and alleviating its miferies*, it admits not of a doubt that every gentleman of the Miniftry will readily concur therein: I therefore (the more with confidence) refpectfully felicited, to fend as foon as convenient opportunities may occur, *without poftage or expence*, to the Printers at Boston as many *Lifts* of all fuch *Deaf and Dumb*, within their knowledge, enclofed under cover to Mr. JAMES WHITE, *Bookfeller, Court-ftreet, Boftan.*

PHILOCOPHUS.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

THE NECESSITY OF LIVING BY STATED RULES.

IN order to ftake of the tyrannical government of paffion, ambition, and felf-will, mankind we may not be hurried by every motion of our mind, it is neceffary to have fome fixed and ftated rules of good and evil; without which we fhall never live as becomes reafonable creatures. Such is our ignorance, that we fhall not always know by our own reflections, which we apply to fome rule for information; and fo many and great are our temptations, that they will prevail, unlefs we keep fome ftated rule for our actions. He who acts always according to prefent thoughts and inclinations, will never be able to refift temptations to fin—fuch alfo are our inconftancy and forgetfulnefs, that it is neceffary to fix fome rules for our actions, to which we bind ourfelves; for thefe will fharn and enlighten conficience; and conftancy is the forteft help to memory.

Our inconftancy to ourfelves makes it neceffary, that fo every thought, every company, every accident of life, may not alter our minds and actions.

The way and means by which God communicates himfelf are the public ordinances, and the private duties of religion. Thefe are like the tabernacle and ark of old. As they were fometimes filled and covered with the cloud, fo thefe with fpiritual and invifible glory. But a bare attendance on thefe is not our communion with God. This conflits in having our fouls fuitably affected with the matter of them. When the heart is hot, the affections moving, and grace exercifed; when a threatening awes us, a command delights us, and a promife enters the ear like good news in a perilous time; when a difcourfe of Chrift inflames the foul with love and defire; when a difcourfe of heaven raifes the mind above the world; when truths are accompanied with light and love, fo that the foul grieves to them, and hungers upon them; this is communion with God; and thefe are ordinances and duties filled with the Holy Spirit.

Memoirs of Pious Women.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN I fee leaves drop from the trees, in the beginning of autumn, juft fuch, think I, is the friendfhip of the world. While the fummer profperities laft, my friends fwarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend. S. T.

AMUSING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION

Of a fingular chafe of WILD HOGS, in the ifland of *Sumatra*, by Mr. JOHN MISSIONARY, at Tranquebar.

THE kingdom of Siak, in the ifland of Sumatra, is in fact the refufe of Malacca.

There is found there two fpecies of Wild Hogs, one kind lives in the foreft, thefe flefh is excellent, but they are commonly very fcarce. The other kind, which are numerous in thickets, upon the fea-fhore, living upon crabs and roots. They are fmaller than the European Hogs, their colour is grey-ifh, and they live in large herds. They are much fought after by the Malays of people, called in the language of the country Sulettians. The people of this Pagan tribe are better made, and have fairer fkins than the Mahometan Malays, their women are very handfome, and remain for a longer time; at 40 they are as handfome as the Malay women are 20. They have but one wife at a time, and are very much attached to her. They abhor all Polygamy. The latter who are the ftrongeft, not only will not let the Sulettians live among them, but even let them come near them. So that during the fummer months, they are obliged to live in the boats covered with mats, lived more upon fea than upon land. They are attached to the Dutch, who fell them fpirituous liquors—and are much afraid of the pirates of Malacca, who make fcares of them. Attacked by the latter, they defend themfelves with bravery, making ufe of a fort of javelin, which they throw with a great deal of force and dexterity, at a great diftance. Invifible difeme they ftrike the Fifh that fwims near the furface of the water. In war, they dip the point of this weapon in fimon juice, which makes the wound of it very dangerous.

Other Sulettians inhabit fome fmall ifl nds in Sinkapour Strait, but they are not fo civilized as the reft, the country of Siak, and when they meet with Portuguefe Fifhermen or others, they conduct with them as badly as the Europeans do with the wild people of Africa; they take from them, catry them to thole places where traffic is made of ftaves and foft them. The Sulettians hunt, or rather fifh, for the wild Hogs at the periods when thefe animals guided by inftinct, leave the woods in fearch of corn of the fea in order to feek a place lefs exhaufted than that one they have abandoned.

Thefe paffages are commonly from one ifland, to another—or from one fide of the river Siak to the other, towards its mouth, where perhaps, it may be a league and a half broad. They are then in a ftate of fpecial fatigue, fometimes before they fet them. As foon as notice is given of their approach, all their boats, canoes, &c. are collected—they are placed along the fhore, which by their lafhing, frighten them, and prevent their gaining the thickets, from which nothing could draw them. The fpectacle that this army of fwimming hogs prefents, is really curious. They are arranged in long and very regular files, which advance one befide the other. The males are at the head of each column, then follow the females, and the young Pigs bring up the rear; each one bears his fnout upon the back of the one which precedes him.

The hunters, men and women go to meet them, in fmall flat bottom boats. They begin by throwing in their way large mats made with the leaves of the Pandanus Odoratiffimus.

The heads of the files, who then finds with a redoubled activity to clear the obftacle, get their feet entangled in the mats, and foon can advance no further. The reft of the file are not at all alarmed, and each one keeps his place variably. Then commences the attack upon the fhe; the men row with rapidity, and the women, armed with long lances, pierce as many as they can reach; they alfo alfo javelins that they throw on or all places with an unerring addrefs; rarely do they mifs their blow.

As it is impoffible to throw mats enough to ftop all the front of the army, a party efcapes, and continues to run its good order, towards the place, where infpired by this they ought to find a neutralizing refource. Thefe are not abundant—and for this time, they keep themfelves out of danger until their number having augmented, and their ftrength diminifhed, they again fet out in queft of a more abundant fource. The hogs that have been killed, ftay on the furface of the water—they are collected in an upon-one of the boats, and the women who follows fo clofe, purfue. The other Malays do not buy this kind of meat, alike, as in their quality of Mahometans they abhor all whatever that has been touched by the fnout of the Sulettians, pillage their effects, and fometimes maffacre them as well as their children. For the abfolute ignorance of thefe mifcreants, entered of freedom ftefh, the better it is. The Sulettians are fo well avenge themfelves of this oppreffion.

They kill the booty to the Chinefe, who have eftabliffed themfelves in all the great markets all over Malacca—they pay about a piftre for every animal that has an inch an half in thickneffs of fat, and for the remainder in proportion. The Sulettians cannot underftand, that for a fmall piece, try out the fat, and give the flefh to the dog to eat, either becaufe they know not how to perfevere—or that they are afraid of the walk of it. As for the Europeans, it is thofe parts of the coaft that are untrammeled by the Mahometan Malays, (as they would come out and fword, in the middle of their operation,) there they melt the fat and put it in earthen pots called *Jarres*, fo are made at Siam, after which they carry it to fell in the *Chinefe Malak*. The poor families make ufe of it inftead of butter, and the poorefl: for a butter in lamps, inftead of oil.

FUNERAL CUSTOM AT ALEPPO.

IN prefiding the Hiftory of Aleppo, (the principal inhabitants of which are Turks) we find the following curious account of the manner of their funeral ceremonies —

When a Turk dies, the women begin to fhriek, and continue their clamorous lamentations, until the will is buried; as foon as dead, they immediately wafh the remains with all its natural paffages with cotton, and wrap it up in a coarfe cloth, which is put in a coffin; at the head is erected a ftone ftaff, in which is placed a head dreffed after the fafhion of the deceafed; the liner is carried in their hands, almoft all that happen to be there prefent: The male relations follow the coffin, and the women follow at a diftance to the mofque, where the imaum fays a fervice, the graves lies eaft and weft; they lay the head to the weft turning the body on the right fide, that the face may be towards Mecca: the grave is below the furface with the ftones, that the earth may not fall in upon the coffin and in a word all that are ufed by the imaum to the deceafed is as follows:—

"Oh man! from the earth from the earth thou was firft created and to the earth thou fhalt again return, this grave fhall be the ftep of thy progrefs to the manfions of the other world. If in thy actions thou had been virtuous, thou art cherifhed by God; but if, on the contrary, thou haft not been fo, the terrors of God fhall overwhelm thee hereafter."

If Mahometans, who live under a difpenfation fo dark as it refpects the worfhip of God, poffeffes fuch comforts of a benevolent and lively Chriftianity, were to embrace and proclaim fentiments more profoundly refined, he would feem appear to all around like the horn of plenty, from which fhould iffue his gifts, and through the chaotic mazes of expanding day, unfil arrived at his meridian centre, when fhades fhall vanifh, and a creation be acquainted with effulgent efficacy of divine love.

LOCKMAN,

THE celebrated Perfian moralift, relates the following ftory of himfelf: "Some years ago," fays he, "a pear I had not wherewith to buy me a pair of fhoes, and was obliged to go bare-footed. However patient I had been them here, I now became very difcontented with my lot, and entered the temple at Cuffa extremely melancholy and difcontented. There faw a man who had no legs; confeffing on which, I could no longer complained of wanting fhoes, but gave thanks to God, from the bottom of my heart, that I could ftill walk, though bare footed. Much better it is, thought I, to be without fhoes than without legs! If this poor man could recover his legs, he exclaim would be happy, though he fhould have no fhoes

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HASTE OFTEN MAKES WASTE.

[The following is more particularly applicable to the Farmer, but will apply to many other classes.]

MAKE no more haste than good speed, is advice worth observing. Some lofe more by three precipitancy, than they gain by their indufiry. They are in fo great a hurry about one thing, that they forget other things and accomplifh nothing. They have half a dozen defigns in their heads at once, demanding attention, and like a litter of pigs, puthing away one another.—They are bufy in collecting; and what they gather with their hands, they kick away with their feet.

Yervidus is one of this fort of men. No man is more bufy, or does lefs to the purpofe. A piece of ground muft be ploughed to-day. To-morrow another piece muft be done. He hires a plough—tackles his team—drives them on a full run into the field—has forgot his plough—whips the boy, becaufe he did not think of it—halloos back after it—the boy runs home—it is noon before he can bring his matters together—and he does but half a day's work. In the courfe of a fummer he overturns feveral loads of hay. There is the appearance of a fhower, he goards on his cattle; and inftead of looking at his ears, looks at the clouds: his load is overfet, and out in the rain. He rifes in a winter morning, with a determination to find home three loads of wood. He muft firft get his boots tranded. He runs to the barn—throws fome hay to the cattle in the ftables—forgets thofe in the yard—never ftuts the door—halloos to the fhoe-maker, but has left his boots at home—runs back after them—finds his cattle in the barn, and his oxen at the corn-crib—drives them out with a vengeance —goes into the houfe in a foam—ftrikes the firft he meets, for leaving the barn door open—concludes his oxen will die—cooks a meal to prevent the fatal effect of the corn they have eaten—in his hurry kicks it over—and then prepares another. He gets no wood to-day—keeps himfelf in a fret and his family in a ftorm. He gives his people no orders how to employ themfelves—they lofe their time —and it might be is in a rage becaufe not a foul has done any work. Fervidus fully believes the doctrine of perfectcraft: and his family are fobered of opinion, that there is an evil fpirit. : : : : *Amer. Mufeum.*

ANECDOTES.

[Tranflated from the French, for the *Magazine.*]

IN the 13th century the Portuguefe at the time of their conquefts in America, were befieged by the Indians in a city of the new world. A Portuguefe, by the name of Rodriguez, took a barrel of powder on his back, and crying to his companions, "take care, I carry my death, and that of others," he threw himfelf into the midft of his enemies, with a lighted match in his hand. He immediately fired the barrel, the explofion of which, threw into the air, and deftroyed more than one hundred of the natives. Rodriguez, by an aftonifhing good fortune, efcaped alive from this perilous enterprize, and continued to give fignal marks of his valour.

ALEXANDER the great, feeing Diogenes look attentively at a parcel of human bones, afked the Philofopher, " what he was looking for ?" " That which I cannot find —the difference between your father's bones and thofe of his ftaves." Id.

THE name of a juror on the lift at the Old Bailey, being called the other day, upon his not anfwering to it, the ufual notice, that he would be fined, was denounced againft him. Upon which, a perfon in the Jury Box, gravely faid to the Court, " you may fine him if you pleafe, but I dont think you will ever recover the fine of him, for I faw him buried about a week fince." Ib.

IT is poffible the inventor of Cards had a *moral* leffon in view.—Let us fuppofe he reafoned thus to himfelf. " The man who has the HEART (that is the fpirit) to play for DIAMONDS, (that is money) may get into a *pretty fcrape*, may introduce CLUBS, which may occafion the neceffity of bringing in SPADES, to dig a *grave* for his *concern*."—*Ibid.*

A POOR unfortunate Irifhman was brought before a magiftrate as a common vagrant. The juftice afked him, " what brought him over to this country ?" " A fhip, your honor." " A fhip !" echoed the magiftrate, " you impertinent fellow do you mean to banter me ?" " By my hands, your honor; I am a hay maker"—" and how long have you been out of work ?" " Pleafe your honor, our trade has been rather dull this winter ! "—*Ibid.*

A PARISIAN wit fays, that the faftions for the month of *Nivofe* were *watering eyes, chattering teeth,* and *red nofes !*

A PEDANT lately entered into a Tallow Chandler's, in Whitechapel, and afked for a *pennyworth of candles*, in the following fublime ftrain:—" pray give me a pennyworth of your *fubtilem compofitan to illuminate my eyf.ere cubicle.*"

USEFUL.

CURE FOR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.

I AM neither Phyfician, Surgeon, Apothecary, or Noftrum-monger (for a correfpondent)—but totally ignorant of the Materia Medica, except that I have fwallowed large draughts of it to cure me of painful returns of St. Anthony's Fire at fpring and fall—in vain, alas ! and I wellnow—for the Saint was confiant in his vifits at the accuftomed time, notwithftanding the repeated prophecies of my doctor and apothecary to the contrary. Fortunately for me, ten years fince, I was favored with a vifit, from a good lady Bountiful; during a fpring confinement, fhe told me, that if I would at the time the Elder tree bloffoms, and in the fpring of the year, eat nothing for about a month, drink every morning faffing, half a pint of Elder Flower tea, and the fame quantity in the afternoon, that it would drown the Saint. The next feafon of the Elder tree bloffoming, I followed her advice, as alfo the fpring following, and have done fo for thefe nine years, fince which time the Saint has never tormented me in the leaft. I have recommended this excellent tea from my experience of it, to ten of my fellow fufferers fince my own cure, every one of whom hath found it a fpecific remedy.—A fufficient quantity of thefe flowers fhould be gathered in a dry day, and dried with great care for fpring ufe. The tea is made by pouring a quart of boiling water on two handfuls of Elder Flowers, when green, when dry, a lefs quantity will do. It may be drank hot or cold, as beft agrees with the ftomach. Each fingle bloffom is not to be pickt off, but the heads from the main ftalk. : : : *K. I. Pop.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, in the MAGAZINE, June 4, 1803.

Suppofed fum received,	£400	Suppofed fum received,	£300
Paid Landlord, &c.	94	Paid Landlord, &c.	94
Lent a friend 3-4.	153	Lent a friend 3-4.	103
Spent 1-5th on Joan,	80	Spent 1-5th on ditto,	60
1-10th Remaining,	40	1-10th Remaining,	30
	367		287
Error,	33	Error,	13
Suppofe £400	33*	paoof.	
	£300	Received,	£315
	13†	Paid Landlord, &c.	94
Errors,	33	Lent I remaining,	70 10
	9900	Spent one fifth,	47
	3300	Remaining 1-10th,	31 10
Error	26,4700	Sum received,	£315
	£315		

NATH'L. HOWLAND WHITAKER.

Boflon, June 25, 1803.

INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domeftic character. As a mother fhe fhone in a confpicuous manner, by the attention which fhe paid to cultivating the difpofitions of her children. Of her majefty's fuperior talent for that tender office, of her addrefs in feizing the happy moment to inftil virtuous principles, the following anecdote records an inftance, which ought never to be forgotten :—

The princefs royal was accuftomed at going to reft to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her until fhe ftould be afleep. It happened one evening that the lady who was appointed to perform this office, being indifpofed, could not without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of ftanding. The princefs was attentive to her fituation, and fuffered her to continue reading until fhe fell down in a fwoon.

The next day fhe informed this the next morning. Her majefty faid nothing upon the fubject, but at night when fhe was in bed fent for the princefs, and faying that fhe wifhed to be fhaved to reft, commanded her to read aloud to read aloud. After fome time the princefs began to be tired of ftanding, and paufed, in hope of receiving her order to feat herfelf.—" Proceed," faid her Majefty. In a fhort time a fecond ftop feemed to plead for reft. " Read on," faid the queen. Again the princefs ftopped—again fhe received an order to proceed; until at laft faint and breathlefs, fhe was forced to complain. Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear indulging herfelf in eafe, while fhe fuffered her attendants to endure unneceffary fatigue.—An illuftrious example to mothers how to create and improve occafions for forming the difpofitions of their children.

LITERARY.

Meffrs. Munroe & Francis, have iffued their 5th number of *Shakefpeare's Dramatic Works.* This number, is executed with the fame neatnefs and accuracy of the former —and we are happy the public have given encouragement to this great undertaking.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

" N." fhall appear next week.

We are obliged to " H." and fhall make an early ufe of his favour.

" Memento Mori," very good.

Several other Communications are received, and fhall be duly noticed.

We thank our Correfpondents for feveral anfwers to the Mathematical Queftion, publifhed the 6th inft. ; particularly the one from our young friend, inferted this week.

INSTALLED.—On Wednefday laft, the Rev. Mr. Williams, was inftalled paftor of the Baptift Church and Society in Beverly. Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, charge, by the Rev. Dr. Stillman, of Boflon.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED]—At Bafflown, (N. Y.) Mr. John Marvin, merchant of that city, to Miff Amy Stevens, of Washington, Maffachufetts.

May Heav'n's propitious, every ill repofe—
Each year increafe thofe mutual happinefs :
May pure joys, on all their loves attend,
And all their virtues, on thofe vows defend.

At Salem, Mr. Edward Stanley, to Miff Esther Waters; Mr. John Patterfon, to Miff Sufanna Enfon. At Portland, Capt. Samuel Shaw, to Mrs. Rachel Hilton. At Bath, Mr. Samuel E. Duncan, to the amiable Miff Sally Webb. At Kennebunk, Mr. Jonathan Harding, to Miff Perfis Stevens.

In this town " by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Timothy Crofby, to Miff Ruth Pope, daughter of the late Dr. John Pope ;" Mr. Edmund Tilefton, of Dorchefter, to Miss Nancy Minne.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At Salem, Mrs. Sarah Chidds, Æt. 65 ; Mr. James Thomas, Æt. 83, formerly a noted fhop-keeper in Boflon—Mrs. Hannah Archer, Æt. 86 ; Mrs Dorcas Phillips, Æt. 80. At Beverly, Mr. William Gallup, Æt. 53. At Monmouth, Maine, Mr. Daniel Rand. He was accidentally killed by the difcharge of a gun, by perfons who were firing at mark.—At Eaft-Sudbury, Mrs. Judith Adams, Æt. 34, confort of Mr. Seth Adams. At Milton, Mr. Stephen Bradlee, Æt. 33. At Dorchefter, Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, Æt. 55, wife of Mr. John Baker. At Port Antonia, (drowned) Mr. Wm. G. Southack, Æt. 23, of this town.

In this town, Maj. John Rice, Æt. 70 ; Capt. William Downe, Æt. 48 ; Mr. Daniel Cufhing, Æt. 53 ; Mrs. Hannah Breed, confort of Mr. William Breed ; Mr. P. W. M. J. Bailey, Æt. 19, only fon of Capt. Mofes Bailey : Miff Hannah B. Sturgis, Æt. 16, daughter of Mr. Samuel Sturgis Mr. James Neal ; and 4 others. Total 11, for the week ending laft evening.

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POETRY

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To *. *.

THE blossoms on the locuft tree,
Recal paft pleafures to my mind;
For I have wander'd a with thee,
When they perfumed the evening wind.

When Cynthia in meridian light,
Had thrown afide her parody born;
And ftone the full orb'd queen of night,
Nor difappeared till envious morn

Withdrew the curtains of the eaft,
With fingers of vermilion dye;
Difplay'd her gorgeous topaz veft,
And chas'd her down the weftern fky.

How bleft the hour, how calm the fcene,
When upward as we trod the ftope;
My heart beat light, my thoughts ferene,
Borne on the bail fpread wings of hope;

Who whifper'd I might often trace,
The path, the ferne, again with thee;
Laft to thy voice, behold thy face,
Bleft as mortality can be.

Pure were the pleafures I enjoy'd,
And pure thatfcorce as living ftream;
Oh! be thofe pleafures not deftroy'd,
Hope! fleet not from me like a dream.

Dear were the hours whofe lofs I mourn;
Thrir fubftitute I ne'fhall find;
And I would purchafe their return,
At any price, but peace of mind.

But peace refumes her placid reign,
For to my confcious foul 'tis known;
I could not thy eftcem retain,
Should I unhappy love my own.

Come then *. *. and bid the hours,
As with unwearied wing they fly;
Drop on my path unfading flow'rs,
Of the rich amaranthine dye.

Which friendfhip plants and virtue rears,
And honor bids to flourifh here;
Whofe fragrance the faft bofom cheers,
And checks anhilic affliction's tear.

Hafte then my friend, behold my home,
In nature's gayeft livery drefs'd;
Where pleafure waits, till friendfhip come,
To give domeftic joy a zeft.

Oh! come, the locufts bloom anew,
My vines are trimd my cott a neat;
Come a. s. come, there waits but you,
To make my happinefs complete.

* * *

Solicited for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI, *tranflated by* RUSCOE.]

HOPE, AND HER ATTENDANTS.

IMMENSE of bulk, her towering head fhe fhews,
Her floating trefs feem to touch the ſkies,
Dark melt her *wefeful braid*, her *eyes* profound,
And on the mountain's top her dwelling lies.
As when the clouds fantaftic fhapes difclofe,
Forever varying to the gazer's eyes,
'Till on the breeze the changeful hues efcape,
Thus *vague* her *form*, and *unlike* her *fhape*.
Elnfive beings round their fovereign wait,
Deceitful *dreams*, and *augories*, and *lies*,
Innumerous *arts* the gaping croud that cheat,
Predictions wild, and groundleſs *prophecies*;
With wondrous words, or mirrors rolls of fate,
Foretelling—when 'tis paſt—what yet ſhall rife;
And alchymy, and aſtrologick ſkill,
And dear confeſſion—alas in time of ill.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER III.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

LONDON, DEC. 9, 1775.

YOU flatter me by the fatisfaction you expreſs at the receipt of my laſt, I am at once gratified by the praiſes beſtowed on my friend, and the approbation you ſo delicately conveyed, of the ſtyle of the narrator; for I will frankly own I poſſeſs a good portion of that ſelflove, which occaſions my heart to diſate with pleaſure, when I am applauded by thoſe whom I eſteem, and of whole diſcriminating judgment I have an high opinion.

Sarah having thus diſcharged thoſe duties which the ſtrong ſenſe ſhe entertained of mutual reciprocal duty impoſed on her, ſhe began to think of ſome method to enlarge her income by induſtry, and thus prevent her becoming troubleſome to her friends; for ſhe had a ſpirit more than to live with me, but in vain. "What is the reaſon" ſaid ſhe, "that I muſt not be allowed to ſupport myſelf? Why ſhould I become a charge to you? It is kind of you to offer it, but what right have I to aſſume myſelf of your generoſity? when I have health and abilities to render myſelf independent. You have a mother to ſupport, and not the moſt plentiful fortune to do it with; you have children to whom you can always find employment for any little ſums you have to ſpare; continue to me theſe ſentiments of eſteem which it has been my honour to poſſeſs, and my pride to endeavour to deſerve, and I ſhall be happier in eating the morſel of induſtry, than I could poſſibly be in dependant idleneſs." Her plan was to get employment in the family of a boarding ſchool. Her aunt ſtrongly oppoſed it—"I wonder, Sarah," ſaid ſhe to her one day, "you have not more pride, than to be willing to live in a ſtate of ſervitude, I am aſſhamed, I bluſh for your meanneſs of ſpirit." "I ſhould have more cauſe to bluſh for myſelf, aunt," ſhe replied—"were I, with the education I have received, to become a ſtately burthen to my friends, than a ſober pride inſtead, which to avoid alive employment, ſinks into a ſervile being, and to purchaſe the neceſſaries of life, muſt ſtoop to a benefactor, take the firſt place in the company ſpeak but when ſpoken to, and be required to perform fifty menial offices, which, were ſhe living in any other but a ſtate of dependance, would be rejected with diſdain." Mrs. Vernon, coloured deeply, and Sarah was allowed to follow her own plan. A young woman, whoſe mind was ſo highly cultivated as Sarah's, whoſe manners were ſo captivating, and who was deſirous to be uſefully uſeful, was an acquiſition to any ſchool, and it proved that to the one in which ſhe engaged, ſhe was ſo in a ſuperlative degree. The Governeſs was not poſſeſſed of many genteel qualities, ſhe could ſpeak French, and underſtood ſomething of the faſhionable needlework; and theſe were the vaſt ſtock of qualifications with which the preſident of her ſchool aſſured the care and inſtruction of *young ladies*. She had been brought up in rather a low walk in life; had married a reputable tradeſman, at the age of 45, and was a widow, with very little proviſion, but a houſe full of handſome furniture, for having been of an expenſive turn, ſhe had found means to diſſipate money as faſt, and ſometimes ſaſter, than her huſband could procure it. She had a ſenſible daughter rather more accompliſhed than her mother, for ſhe could play on the harpſichord, and make ſilligree. Mrs. Harrop was adviſed to take a boarder, and as an intimacy of this kind, the teachers have all the care and labour while the Governeſs takes all the credit to herſelf; her want of abilities, either natural or acquired, was no obſtacle to her following their counſel. They had been ſeated in a very fine ſituation about five miles from London, nearly three years, when Sarah firſt came to live with her as governeſs a more advantageous offer; Mrs. Harrop heard of Sarah's deſign, and having had her character very favourably repreſented by a gentleman who was intimate in her father's family, the means of her having been to take the ſuperintendance of the ſchool. Her offers were liberal, and Sarah having conſulted me, determined to wait on the lady, to ſtate her terms, and if ſhe found her propoſals conſiderable ſtrict, ſhe would engage to perform more than her ſtrength would ſupport, reſolved to accompany her. This viſit produced ſome ſingular circumſtances, and indeed, as things have examinated, may be termed the great period which gave the colouring to my dear Sarah's future life. You have obſerved the dignity of Sarah's carriage, at that period it was more conſpicuous than it is at preſent, at times when the ſuppoſed hirelief not treated with proper reſpect by thoſe whoſe wealth or ſituation in life gave them a faſcied ſuperiority, it would riſe into ſomething like *Audeur*, but to her equals ſhe was ever affable, and to her inferiors, her manners were ſo ſtrictly conciliating, that while they forgot the diſparity cuſtom and education made between them; the affectionate reſpect her conduct inſpired, never permitted them to treat her with proper familiarity. Her dreſs was always the habit of a woman of faſhion, without the ſmalleſt affectation of finery. As I knew to viſit a ſchool during the hours of ſtudy muſt be an interruption, I ordered it ſo as to arrive at Mrs. Harrop's, about twelve o'clock. Miſs Julia received us with a profuſion of civility, we were conveyed thither in a handſome job coach, and I made my own foot boy remain behind, being aware how much firſt appearances ſtrike, ſo much ſo, that frequently the impreſſions made on a firſt interview, are never after entirely effaced. The young lady having ushered us into the drawing room, with many obſequious courteſys, requeſted to be honoured with our commands; I perceived her miſtake, and ſimply replied we wiſhed to ſpeak with Mrs. Harrop on ſome buſineſs. She immediately roſe, and ſaid ſhe would inform her mamma, who would come to receive our orders, and left the room. I laughed, Sarah bluſhed, and ſmiled, that ſhe was rendrous polite. Yes, my dear, ſaid I, a great deal more ſo, than ſhe would have been, had ſhe gueſſed the nature of our buſineſs. Here we were interrupted by the rolling of ſilk, and Madam *la Governante* entered in all the conſequence of rich padulcy, lace ruffles, and an enormous head, where gauze, wire, pomatoms and ribbon, ſtrove for pre-eminence. She was a tall, maſculine figure, dark complexioned, her cheeks juſt ſlightly tinged with beſt vegetable rouge, large black eyes, and very ſtrong brows of the ſame colour, which ſhe never ſhut nor ſuffered to be inclined to the ſupine. "Pray be ſeated, ladies," ſaid ſhe, ſeating herſelf at the ſame time. "I am extremely honoured by this viſit, and hope, upon the inſpection of the work, &c. that as has been executed in the ſchool, you will be ſo far ſatisfied, as to give me the preference, in the placing any young lady from home for the purpoſes of education to be fent. I have unfortunately loſt my head teacher, but I have great hope of having her place ſupplied by a young perſon, who has been ſtrongly recommended as a young woman of talents, genius, and reſpectability, you know, ladies, we cannot be too cautious who we engage in ſuch a ſituation." I perceived the vermilion of Sarah's complexion began to heighten, ſo turning to her, I requeſted ſhe would favour us with, "True, madam, and I ſhatter myſelf my friend, Miſs Osborne here, will do honour to thoſe who ſpoke ſo favourably of her." The honeſt Mrs. Harrop, now recollected the tints of a full blown pionu. "Madam," ſaid ſhe, "did I underſtand you—thus the young——" "Yes, Madam," ſaid Sarah, bowing with complaiſance and dignity, "I am the young perſon to whom you addreſſed this letter; I feel myſelf competent to the buſineſs therein mentioned, and ſhall only add, that if I engage in the ſituation, I ſhall ſtrive to deſerve your confidence." "Upon my word, well to be ſure, I thought," ſaid the confuſed lady, then ſitting haſtily, ſhe rung the bell, and then beating her fold familiarly on the arm of Sarah's chair, "Miſs Julia!" "I dare ſay, my dear," ſhe continued addreſſing Sarah, "you will do very well; Miſs Lewis ſaid you had a great deal of ſoftneſs, and genteel natural." "Yes, Madam," ſaid Sarah, coloouring, "when not impoſed on." "Certainly, no one likes to be impoſed on" ſaid Mrs. Harrop, a little diſcomfited by the ſtrictneſs of her reply; a ſervant juſt then entering, relieved her—" But Miſs Julia ſend ſome of the work and painting into the back parlour: we'll go down, child, and you can judge if you think you can teach in the ſame manner, and before this propoſal could be complied with, ſteps were heard aſcending the ſtairs. The door opened, and George Darnley and his ſiſter entered. Mrs. Harrop was a widow, and a daughter at the ſchool, whom they had come out to viſit. I wiſhed to converſe with Sarah, before the made any poſitive engagement, made a motion to go. "We will ſee you again in the evening, Mrs. Harrop," ſaid I. "I permit me, ladies," ſaid Darnley, with a reſpectful bow, "to call up your carriage, and do me the honour," addreſſing his diſcourſe to Sarah I ſhe accepted it, and with a flight tourneſy to the Governeſs; and one more reſpectful to Mrs. Darnley tripped down ſtairs, and left Sarah to attempt to explain to her myſelf, what ſhe was, at her leiſure. Are you weary? No—yes ſay! well, but really I am—ſo peace be with you, until next poſt.

ANNE.

LEAP TO FORTUNE!

THOSE who wiſh to *leap* into the *arms* of *Fortune*, for the trifling ſum of *ſix* dollars, will pleaſe to apply at GILBERT and DEANE, for warranted uncrown wholes, half and quarter tickets in HAILEY LOTTERY, No. 2. *numbers*—*ſeven* dollars and many other valuable prizes are now waiting for fortune's favourites. *June 18, 1803.*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—N° XXXI.

——— Divine perfection
Reforre sermone. Horace.
Magna modis tenuare parvis.
Non hoc jocosa conveniunt lyra.

THE sober minded CLARINDA, uncertainly right in thinking that the praifes of the Creator fhould not be uttered in a light manner by profane lips, or on trifling occafions; I have myfelf a ftrong objection to hearing a jumble of fongs, ranting tunes, and ill facred mufic, performed within a few feconds of each other, merely to amufe a company. It argues a mind but little impreffed with a fenfe of the divine prefence, and however the lips may utter ballelujahs to his name, who reigns in infinity; who called by his fiat multitudinous worlds into exiftence, and by his power fupports and governs the amazing whole; the heart muft be cold and infenfible to the grateful enthufiafm fuch a contemplation would excite, that can make an inftant tranfition from fuch a divine theme, to a ridiculous, or an indifpofed ditty. "There is a time for all things," fays a wife monarch; and if the fentiment of the mind leads to facred harmony; if the warm glow of the heart accompany the accents which flow from the lips, there cannot be a more worthy offering made to the Deity, nor one that in my opinion will be more likely to find acceptance. But there is a certain kind of mufic in many particularly adapted to this fervice, cheerful yet folemn, that lifts the thoughts above all fublunary things, and bears it to the footftool of eternal grace. I fhould like mufic, if poffeffing the earneft potentate in the unmeaning familiar language of a romantic girl, as to offer praifes and thankfgivings to my God, accompanied by a more fuitable to the celebration of heavenhallan tites, than the adoration of the King of Kings.—There is no part of public worfhip fo congenial to my feelings as that of the chorus; but then I am not fond of thofe new methods of having it all performed by a fet of perfons who make a bufinefs of it, and are more intent about the time and tune, than the words they fing. I like the good old fafhioned uniform, when all the congregation were fome feats as foon as the clergyman had finifhed reading the pfalm, and joined the full toned organ; (which fhould always be played by a perfon of talent, and fcientific mufical knowledge) the folemn and univerfal peal rofe in full chorus and feemed to lift the very fault of the congregation above earthly cares and anxieties.—But the prefent mode of having a few young people placed in a particular feat, who ling new fangled tunes which it is impoffible for the moft part of the congregation to underftand, much lefs join in, is ridiculous, as well as difagreeable to thofe who really feel their minds elevated, and with to offer their tribute of praife. I can fully comprehend the feelings of my intereffing correfpondent in regard to an evening at a public fchool. It is one among the many things which is in my opinion, very prejudicial to the morals of fociety in general. Such meetings bring a great number of young perfons together, and where there is a large fociety, it conſequently follows, that there will be fome rotten members; the defirable reafon alledged for thefe meetings being to improve the moft delightful part of public worfhip. Few parents or heads of families, can have refolution to refufe their young people the benefit of learning, efpecially as it is attended with very little expence. But I greatly fear that many ingredient connections owe their origin to thefe nightly conventions—and for my own part, I would rather not have quite fo much mufic, than run the rifk of having one fair chariſter led into inſidereion, or one promiſing youth drawn into an imprudent connection—I am a great friend to good inſtrumental muſic in churches or meeting-houſes; I think an organ particularly beautiful for ſacred muſic; its grand and ſolemn ſounds are finely adapted to awaken the moſt lively feelings of devotion; but where the finances of the pariſh will not allow ſo purchaſe of ſo coſtly an inſtrument, or to pay the ſalary of the organiſt, a band may ſupply its place, which may be formed by young men belonging to the pariſh, who have a muſical muſic as an amuſement. Theſe can meet for practice of an evening, or any other time, without profaniry or impropriety, as there will in that caſe be no mixture of ſexes—which, (whatever ſome philoſophic writers may alledge to the contrary) ever was, and ever will be, productive of evil. Nor are there any words uſed in the performance of the airs they with to make themſelves perfect in—and by confining themſelves to ſimple airs, all the congregation would be enabled to join: for it ſhould be remembered, that it is not the excellence of the harmony, but the ſincerity of the heart which makes this part of devotion acceptable.—And to ſing pſalms or hymns, with an idea of diſplaying our knowledge of muſic, in the ſame occaſion is mere lip ſervice; is in fact, ſeeking the admiration of man, more than the approbation of God.

My young friend, ELEAZAR GOODSOUP, jun. ſeems alſo of a very ſerious diſpoſition, and has very proper and laudable notions concerning ſacred things. I hope neither time nor example, will have power to change his well founded principles, nor weaken the attachment he now feels for religion. I muſt heartily join with him in regretting the very little regard paid to the Sabbath; for while the laws in this reſpect are ſo lightly, or more accurately ſpeaking, are not enforced at all, it cannot be expected that much attention ſhould be paid to them, while houſes of public reſort are kept open for all the evil purpoſes known on the Sabbath; idle and unprincipled people will conſequently reſort to them. But it is not idle perſons alone, but the ſtrangers and travellers who paſs through the city, that break this command of their Maker, perſons of reſpectability, in the opinion of the world; Maſters and Parents of large families, are not to be found in any number in their two houſes, but alſo ſet the dangerous example of totally omitting all public reverence to the day, ſpending it either at home in diſſipation; and this equally culpable, equally inimical to the cauſe of religion.

A father of a family, or a perſon whoſe rank and ſtation in life entitles him to be conſidered by ſome as a ſuperior, has much to anſwer for, when he ſets ſuch a baleful example. If his children are undutiful and ungrateful, whom has he to thank for it but himſelf? For has he not taught them by his conduct that the great and only benefits conferred, the tendereſt paternal affection ſhewn, demand neither gratitude nor reſpect, or he could not live ſo totally inattentive to the ſervice required by the Creator, as the only return man can make, for the manifold bleſſings received at his hand. If his ſervants are indolent, is it not his own example corrupts them? Is he not equally neglectful of the commands of his divine maſter?—I am not ſo rigid as to wiſh to debar all ſocial intercourſe on a Sabbath; I think friendſhip may meet, after having properly performed the duties of the day, paſs an hour or two in rational converſation—may walk out, and enjoy the freſhneſs of the evening, without offending either decorum or religion; but noiſy mirth, idle converſation, gaming, &c. are not only offences againſt moral rectitude, but a diſgrace to any ſtate or nation, where they are permitted to be practiſed.

What can be a more beautiful and cheering ſight, than to ſee the principal of a family, ſurrounded by his children, and all the various perſons of which his houſehold is compoſed, aſſembled on the Sabbath, to the talked friend or relative, ſeated on a ſabbath evening, with the book of the holy law before him, reading and expounding to them its contents; deterring them from evil by its ſweeteſt threatnings, encouraging to virtue and piety by its delightful promiſes. I have frequently been witneſs to ſuch a ſcene, and as I looked with veneration on the charming group, methought the countenance of the principle object had ſomething angelic about it, and it ſeemed that its benign aſpect indicated that his ſoul felt the heavenly aſſurance that he ſhould in futurity, reap the reward of his faith and obedience.

It may be argued by the oppoſers of religion, that reading or preaching to our domeſtics, is fooliſm followed by any good conſequences, that they attend family duty unwillingly, and fet uneaſily, counting the minutes with impatience until the weariſome talk is finiſhed; this is, I believe, too often the caſe, but if by perſeverance only one perſon can be brought to love theſe duties, to practice it cheerfully, and ſeek and find the way to eternal peace, how infinitely great is the reward, how tranſcendently beyond any thing our weak and limited ideas can deſcribe.

Oh, ye pious, ye friends of religion and virtue, ſtack not your hands, tire not in the courſe!—lead by your examinity of temper, your chaſtity, and undeviating example, all with whom you are connected, to follow your ſteps, and be aſſured that peace will reſt upon your ſoul in this world; and in that which is to come, your reward will be bliſs unutterable.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PLEASURES OF SOCIETY.

THE mind of man is eminently calculated for ſocial life; he pants after a friend to whom he may communicate his ſorrows, and who may partake his joys. Without a confidant who will feel his grief as his own, and by ſympathizing with him, alleviate his diſtreſs, his boſom would almoſt burſt, utterly unable to bear the ſharpneſs of its pangs; and without a companion who will enjoy his happineſs, his pleaſures would be but half their reliſh.

Zimmerman and Petrarch, may write volumes to induce men to believe, that the life of an hermit, impaſſes the greateſt poſſible bliſs; but the teſtimony of our own hearts, which recoil at the thoughts of paſſing the whole of our lives without ſociety, ſecluded from the world, in the horrid gloom of an hermitage, indubitably proves the contrary; what pleaſure can books afford, and of what advantage can literature be, when we have no perſon near us, to whom we can communicate our ideas, and without whole enjoying converſation and remarks, even learning would loſe all its charms.

Man is not naturally ſelfiſh, his mind is repugnant to the principle, of living ſolely for his own enjoyment, he is deſirous of pleaſing others, and contributing as much as he is able to their happineſs; but the moſt ſelfiſh man that ever exiſted, if he were to confine all his own intereſt, independantly of the advantages his company and converſation would afford to others, would find that the greateſt felicity which he could poſſibly realize in this world, muſt ariſe from ſociety. The moſt cruel ſlavery, with companions, with whom I could lament my fate, and in whoſe ſympathizing boſoms I could pour all my ſorrows; from whom I could be ſure of obtaining pity, and from whoſe ſighs I might receive conſolation, and acquire fortitude ſufficient to bear my misfortunes, I ſhould eſteem infinitely preferable to an hermitage, ſurrounded with every other convenience and delight of life.—Such I am aſſured is the manical antipathy of man to ſolitude, he feels a vacuum in his breaſt which his fellow-creatures alone can fill, and returns after ſomething more, he ſcarcely knows what. This was the condition of our firſt parent, even in Paradiſe he felt the want of a companion.

In a word—Solitude may be pleaſing to men of gloomy and moroſe tempers, whoſe contracted minds are unable to enjoy the delights of ſociety, and who eagerly ſeek after ſolitude, that they may undiſturbed gratify their ſinful diſpoſitions and live for themſelves alone; but with the generality of men, the ſublimeſt happineſs are to chiefly connected, that it is impoſſible for them to poſſeſs the one, and not the other. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PICTURE of MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

CLEON and CALISTA, had lived together in all the harmony of married minds for the ſpace of ſeventeen months, during which time they had ſhared together an infinite variety of changes in their fortune. But, as if they were originally deſigned for one another, every adverſe of life afforded both of them ſome beautiful inſtance of the ſtrength and tenderneſs of that attachment.

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When Cleon was absent, the bosom of Calista felt some thing always wanting to complet her happiness. When Calista was away, the heart of Cleon was deprived of its principal support, and like a bird which had lost its companion, sorrowed for her return.

It often happens, that, in human life the spirits will yield to unbidden dejection, and the breast throb with oppression, it scarce knows why. In these moments, the balm of affection is of particular influence, and affords a comfort, both in soothing to this world so disposed to believe.

Whenever Cleon chanced to fall in a melancholy of this kind, the gentle Calista would ply her entire attention to endeavor her love to be soothed, if anyone is wounded and cured sometimes by imperceptible cures. Calista would soothe her Cleon with a delicate perfuafiveness, inspired by the generous portion she bore him. Inftead of complaining of his fretfulnefs, her only hope and endeavour was to remove it; and her endeavours were generally fuccefsful. For what is there fo diftreffing in life, which the fmiles and careffes of a loving and beloved woman cannot alleviate?

Behold poverty on the one hand, and diftrefs on the other; yet, if the kind partner of our fates is refolved to fhare the lot with us, and is fmiling, like the angel of patience, on our fick pillow, we may then defy the utmoft malice of ill-fortune, and receive from obfequious affiduities of love, thofe bleffings which are denied us abroad, in a buftling, malicious, and ungenerous world.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RAMBLE IN THE MUSEUM.

Letter from a gentleman in town, to his friend in the country.

DEAR C*****,

I PRESUME from what has taken place between us, refpecting a correfpondence, I am at liberty to addrefs you whenever time, and inclination permit. Perhaps I cannot devote a few moments in a more pleafing manner than in defcribing, (as well as my abilities will permit) the great variety contained in the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, which is a noble building, its apartments fpacious, and well adapted for the numerous variety of Paintings, Wax Figures, Natural and Artificial curiofities, with which they abound; the Paintings of the Battles of Alexander the Great, are very large and valuable, and difplay with unbounded faculties of the human mind, for the attainment of elegance in expreffion and deſign, in the various departments of the fine arts.

The Wax Figures are extremely well modelled, and in my opinion, are by far fuperior to thofe of the former Muſeum—the group of Figures, conſiſting of king Alfred, his family, and a poor pilgrim, is well calculated to excite ideas of the purefl benevolent nature—he is repreſented as diſtributing a loaf among his family and the pilgrim; his countenance beams with benevolence and humanity; nor can any one behold the humble attitude of the pilgrim, whole eye beams with gratitude and thankfulneſs without emotion; in a word, this repreſentation is a true picture of that *benevolence* and *humanity* which ought to be exercifed towards our fellow creatures in diſtreſs, and to every feeling and generous mind, is falculated to excite ideas, not very unlike thoſe of the immortal Dawſon, who delineates the beauties of genuine, unadulterated benevolence, in the following elegant ſtrain:

"What are the fun-bright empires dominions ſpread,
Heaven item benevolence her beauty fheds?
Bleſs, rock ey'd goddeſs, quits the angelic ſphere,
To kiſs the grief, and dry the human tear."

Among the great variety of Natural and Artificial Curioſities, is an artificial ſkeleton of the Mammoth, a beautiful collection of Birds in high ſtate of preſervation, and a great variety of Fiſhes. The ſkeleton of the Mammoth is extremely well made, and reflects great honor on the artiſt for his ingenuity. The ſtrength of this animal muſt have been aſtoniſhing, and the exceeding, of the repreſentation from among the numerous variety of animals, both in America, and Europe, muſt have freed them from a terrible ſtrength, as it is very obvious it was of the carnivorous ſpecies. Hence, the whole variety aſcertained, will prove, I truſt, a great ſource of amuſement and inſtruction, to all lovers of the fine arts, who ſhould now or hereafter viſit it. Adieu, in haſte, and believe me ever yours,

N*****.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT of the BANIAN HOSPITALS.

THE Baniens, a people ſubject to the Mogul, and inhabitants of the province of Guzarat, in India, ſupport at Surat, a Hoſpital for cows, horſes, goats, and other animals that are ſick, lame or too old for ſervice. They believe in the *metempſychoſis*, or tranſmigration of ſouls, and in every one imagines the ſoul his parent is living or a horſe, it is that which renders them ſo charitable to animals. Thus when a man can no longer ſerve any ſervice from his cow or his ox, and in order to ſpare the expence of feeding it, and to feed himſelf with its fleſh, he is about to take away its life, it is not difficult to find ſome pious Banian, who will buy the animal at a high price, and endow a hoſpital in this hoſpital, where it is well attended, and will treated during the natural term of its life.

They have alſo in this hoſpital, a houſe of hoſpital for fleas, lice, bugs, and all the other ſpecies of animals which are nouriſhed by the blood of man. The people them from time to time, are ſent to this houſe, which alſo allows them a beggar hired to paſs a night upon a bed in this hoſpital, but in the fear that he will diſturb their repoſe by removing them with his hands, or that pain will oblige him to retire from the houſe before the end, they take the precaution to ſecure him in ſuch a manner, that nothing can trouble them in their feſtival.

The Baniens are not allowed a fire or a candle in the night, leſt the fires and other winged inſects ſhould fly into it and be burned. They dare not even empty *ſtale* water upon the ground, for fear of deſtroying the inſect and other little animals it might encounter. Some corner their mouth with a thin cloth, to prevent flies from getting in; others carry a ſmall broom in their hands, to ſweep the chamber, or brush the ſeats, leſt in walking, or in ſeating themſelves, they ſhould unhappily cruſh ſome of theſe little inſects.

CURIOUS EPITAPH ON A CHYMEST.

BENEATH THIS STONE
LIE THE REMAINS
OF
BOYLE GODFREY,
Chymiſt:

Who in his earthly labors ſtrived hard
To find the philoſopher's ſtone,
But, alchymiſt like, all his various projections,
Like Mercury in the fire,
Evaporated in
Fume.

Full ſeventy years was his terreſtrial eſſence
Hermetically ſealed in its *terrene matrass:*
But, the *craſſis conditions* being exhaled,
And the *elexir vite* ſpent,
Could no longer contain in his veſſicle;
But *ſeparated by Lethe,*
And precipitated *per cohobanon*
To his original duſt.
May that light which ſhines brighter than the
Stellarum phoſphorus,
Preſerve him from the *ultimate cucurbit* of this
And the reverberating furnace of the
Other World!
Highly *deparated* from the *feeria* and *feces,*
And place him in a chryſtalline orb
Among the elect of the
Firmary of Heaven,
Never more to be *ſaturated* until the final
Reſurrection, Conflagration,
Calcination and Exhalation
Of all things!

Strabbers' Reporter.

THE CAMELEON.

MR. GOLDERAY, during his reſidence in Africa, aſcertained the faculty attributed to the Cameleon, of living upon air alone for a conſiderable time. He confined five cameleons in ſeparate cages, ſurrounded by a fine gauze, ſo as to exclude any inſect or ſubſtance of any deſcription floating the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackiſh grey color, a certain ſign of their diſtreſs; but having arrived at a great degree of leanneſs, they remained in the ſame ſtate for the ſpace of a month, without any evident diminution of their ſtrength. At the end of two months, they became ſo weak and languid, as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages; their ſkins became almoſt black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themſelves to more than half their common ſize; they at length became nothing more than animated ſkeletons. The firſt that died cruſhed 89 days without food; the ſecond 91; the third 105; the 4th, 115 days. The 5th Cameleon had been 116 days without food, when Mr. Golberry ſet it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered its color and ſtrength; thuſly after which it eſcaped from his farther obſervations.

ON PROMISES.

A LARGE promiſe without performance, is like a falſe fire to a gun; it makes a noiſe and flaſh, but ſtrikes not with a bad report. I will ſore-think what I will promiſe, that I may promiſe but that I will do. Thus, whilſt my words are led by my thoughts, followed by my actions, I ſhall be cleared in my promiſes, and juſt in my performance. I had rather do, and not promiſe, than promiſe and not to do. S. T.

ANECDOTES.

SERJEANT Parakerly, being on a viſit to the country in the time of harveſt, obſerved a farmer pitching corn with a rich ſquire, who happened at that time to be engaged in a law ſuit, and thought it a good opportunity to pump an opinion out of the Counſellor: "Pray, Mr. Serjeant, give his opinion in ſuch a way, that the gentleman was encouraged to go on with his ſuit, which, however, he loſt, after expending conſiderable ſums." Incenſed by his diſappointment, he waited upon the Serjeant in the chamber, and cried out, "Zounds! Mr. Serjeant, I have loſt three hundred pounds by your advice." "By my advice," ſaid the Serjeant, "how can that be? I don't remember giving you any advice; but let me look over my book." "Book," ſays the other, "there is no occaſion to look at your book, it was what we were talking together at table." "Oh," anſwered the Serjeant, "I remember ſomething of it, but, neighbour, that was only my travelling opinion, and that is never to be relied on, except regiſtered in my *law-book.*" : : *Land. P.*

CHARLES II. a few days before or after his coronement in the cuſk, happened to ſeek refuge in a farmhouſe, the miſtreſs of which diſtilled him, like a cherry, and fed him to turn the ſpit. His partners, having an idea of his being in the premiſes, examined them very cloſely, and in their ſearch entered the kitchen. On their approach, Charles looked round; which the proprietreſs obſerving, ſhe ſeized the baſting-ladle, and with it gave the king a ſevere blow on the back, ſaying at the ſame time angrily, "and what glen you there at, you lazy boy; you muſt turn mind what you are about!" This reprimand furniſhed him with a pretext for keeping his eyes fixed down ards upon the ſpit, which anſwered the purpoſe with the greateſt ſucceſs, effectually concealed him from the recognizance of his enemies. : : *Ibid.*

Large and Low Suit.—Diſſolutus, the great Juris Conſult, ſays, that a law-ſuit was carried on at Prague, in the 16th century, the written pleadings of which being meaſured, were found to extend 28 German leagues, about 84 Engliſh miles! : : *Ibid.*

MR. Chilhal, in his Travels, relates it rather as a laughable circumſtance, that a Turkiſh girl diſcovered the Cubage-rate on the cheek of Africa! : : *Ibid.*

A GREAT many people no longer know what employment is, or uſed to put his ſon to? anſwered, "If *corrichio* and *pre* ſhould continue in faſhion, I think I'll bind him an apprentice to a *Surgeon.*" : : *Ibid.*

A DASHING highwayman being at the place of execution, in company with a chimney-ſweeper, and anxious, whatever ſhort there might be on his reputation, to preſerve his character, the latter, being defired his attention to ſtand at a greater diſtance.—"Why," replied ſweep, "he'n't I as much a right to be here as you have?"—*Ib.*

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

No. V.

GRANDEUR OF DEITY.

WHEN right conception of the Deity and his Providence is recall, when all the ſcattered rays of inchoate ſource of light and love, and joy, as acting in the joint character of Father and Governor, imparting an endleſs variety of operation to his creatures, and ſupplying them with every thing neceſſary to their full completion and happineſs; what *veneration and gratitude*, muſt ſuch conception, thoroughly underſtood, excite in the mind? How natural and delightful muſt it be to one whoſe heart is open to the perception of truth, and of every thing *fair, great* and *wonderful* in nature, to contemplate and adore him who is the firſt *fair*, the firſt *great*, the firſt *wonderful*: in whom wiſdom, power and goodneſs dwell vitally, eſſentially, originally, and act in perfect concert? What grandeur is here to fill the moſt enlarged capacity; what beauty to engage the moſt ardent love; what a maſs of wonders to fix exuberance of perfection to aſtoniſh and delight the human mind, through an endleſs duration!

MORAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE knowledge of Morality and Chriſtianity, is the abſolutely indiſpenſable part of education. For what avail

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it, how knowing a person is in speculative science, if he knows not how to be useful and happy? If this work be neglected in the earlier part of life, it must be owing to some very favourable circumstances, if the person turns out well afterwards. For the human mind resembles a piece of ground which will by no means be wholly lane; but will either bring forth weeds or fruits, according as it is cultivated or neglected; and according to the habit of vice or irreligion, or the contrary, get the first possession of the mind—such is the future man like one of the fees that the great superstition and monstrous absurdities of Popery, by the mere circumstance of their being early planted in the mind, are not to be eradicated afterwards, though it is certain, that, as reason opens, and the judgment matures, they must appear still more and more shocking. With how great advantage then may we establish in the minds of young ones, the principles of a religion, strictly rational, and that will appear the more so, the more it is examined!

APHORISMS AND MAXIMS.

PIETY and peace go hand in hand: But piety and diffidence no connection: where the latter prevails, it deffroys the former.

He who publishes the faults of others, to conceal his own, is like him who attempts to hide the wind by throwing dust into the air!

NATURE made us with two ears, and one mouth, that we might hear much and not talk too much.

An illiterate man is unfit for his station, if to doth the devil for thole who utter lies and work iniquity.

Few are fo good as to have no enemies; few fo bad that they have no friends.

THE worft have fome who with to uphold them: The beft have fome who with to take them down.

THE beft way to wipe off a blander, is to walk uprightly, and thereby to fhow yourfelf an honeft man.

COMMON fenfe and common decency are infeparable companions; whoever diffregards the latter, thereby fhows himfelf deficient of the former.

THERE is no man more defpicable, than a defpicable wretch puffed up with a conceit of his own importance.

SINCERE abilities, proftituted to vile purpofes, excite no more both pity and contempt.

WHATEVER is juft, is equal; but whatever is equal is not always juft.

MANY are fond of a fhort way to knowledge; but that fhort way is generally the neareft way to ruin.

A PRUDE part of wifdom is to keep a good confcience: tho next part is to keep a good tongue. [ ] *Fot. Rep.*

USEFUL.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG, or STING OF ANY POISONOUS SERPENT.

COVER the wound with frefh earth or fand, to imbibe the falvia of the animal, and then waft it with water; at the fame time warm half a pound of butter in four ounces of fmall vinegar, and when the wound is cleanfed, apply a compreds of linen fteeped in the above mixture, and moiften it very often for nine days, after which you may remove the compreds and cure the wound in the ufual way. During the time the vinegar is ufed externally, it muft alfo be ufed internally, by taking it in fmall quantities and half, warmed with a little frefh butter four times each day. The patient's common drink muft be water for at leaft fifteen days, or water with vinegar, or juice of citron. He muft abftain from the ufe of ardent fpirits or exercife, to prevent throat bility.

SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.

Extract from the tranflation of Croll's Chemical Journal, publifhed in 1793.

AMONGST other fingular properties of Charcoal, it has lately been difcovered at Paris, that all forts of glafs veffels and other utenfils may be purified from long retained fmells and ftains of every kind, in the eaieft and moft perfect manner, by rubbing them out with fmall Charcoal reduced to a fine powder, after their groffer impurities have been fcoured off with fand and pot-aftes. The perfons who make this ftrong from a fcorbutic difpofition of the gums, may at any time get perfectly rid of this bad fmell, by rubbing them out, and waffling out the mouth thoroughly with finely powdered Charcoal. This at the fame time, renders the teeth beautifully white.—And that brown (or otherwife colored) putrid ftinking water may be deprived of its offenfive fmell, and rendered tranfparent, by means of the fame fubftance. Hence Mr. Croll thinks it would be of ufe for preferving water fweet during fea voyages, to mix about five pounds of coarfely powdered Charcoal in every cafk of water; it being only neceffary afterwards to ftrain the water off when wanted, thro' a linen bag.

CULTURE OF THE ENGLISH FIELD TURNIP.

IN the beft culture of Turnips for Autumn and Winter ufe, either for the fupply of markets or for feeding cattle, the proper *Seafon for fowing is the middle flates*, in any time from the middle of July to the middle of Auguft.

The ground is to be prepared for feed by proper ploughing, and fhould be well harrowed to render the furface level and fine, that the feeds, when fown, may be more equally covered; the feed is then to be fown immediately while the furface of the ground is fo, allowing one more than a pound and half, or two pound to an acre, fowing it by broad caft and directly harrow it in with a light harrow; if the acre pound be afterwards rolled with a large wooden horfe-roller to fmooth the furface, the feeds will thereby be more effectually covered, the plants will rife more regular, and it will be much eafier to hoe them than if the furface is left rough.

When the plants have leaves an inch or two broad, they are to be hoed in dry weather ordinary weed and thin the plants to about ten or twelve inches diftance, but when it is defigned the roots fhall grow to their utmoft fize for feeding cattle, it is proper to hoe them to about fifteen inches diftance at leaft.

The crops from the above times of fowing will come in for ufe in September, October, and Novembers, and continue good all winter, rather for the table or for feeding, as at which time they are admirable for fheep, and excellent for milch-cows, for which purpofe the cow turners about London, and in that quarter, may annually have feveral hundred cows; but as their land conffits chiefly of grafs, they buy whole fields of them of the ploughing farmers ten or fifteen miles round the city, and keep them in yoggons, and give them to the cows clean and whole, which they eat greedily, to the great increafe of the quantity of their milk.

EXPERIMENTS.

IT appears from fome experiments made by Mr. E. Walker, that acouftic inftruments may be conftructed for conveying the found of the human voice at a diftance of tubes to convey the found. "Ex. 1. I took a deal rod fixteen feet long, and about an inch fquare, and after having fixed one end of it into the ftalk of a fpeaking trumpet, I laid it upon two propsin an horizontal pofition. One of the props was placed under the trumpet, about three inches from its wide end, and the other prop was placed near the other end of the rod; another fpeaking trumpet was then laid acrofs the rod, about three inches from the end. The wide part of this trumpet refted upon the rod, but the other end was fuftended by a ribband. The apparatus thus adjufted, I fatisfactorily a watch into the end of the trumpet, and applying my ear to this crofs-trumpet, I heard beats much louder than if the watch had been at the diftance of a few inches only. The found appeared to come out of the crofs-trumpet, although the diftance was feventeen feet and a half—and when it was laid into the crofs-trumpet, it was heard equally well at the end trumpet. Ex. 2. My affiftant in thefe experiments being feated at one end of the trumpet, and myfelf at the other, a converfation took place through this apparatus, but in whifpers too low to be heard through the air at that diftance. When the ear was placed in a certain pofition, the words were heard as if they had been fpoken by an invifible being within the trumpet—and the found was more diftinct, fofter, and more mufical, than if they had been fpoken through the air." Mr. Walker infers from thefe experiments, that if a communication were made on this principle, between a fhop or warehoufe, and the dining room, &c. it might contribute to the difpatch of bufinefs—and inftruments might be formed on the fame principle, and introduced between the parlour and fervant's hall, fo that directions might be given to a domeftic without his entering the room, and in whifpers too low to difturb the company.

ELECTRICITY.

MR. Cuthbertfon gives the following account of an experiment by which the two kinds of electricity are diftinguifhed, or the direction of the fluid is afcertained:—Infolate two wires, furnifhed at each end with a ball, three-fourths of an inch in diameter; connect one with the pofitive, and the other with the negative conductor of a machine; the balls fhould be four inches afunder, and between them, at equal diftances from each place, a lighted candle with the centre of its flame nearly on a level with the centres of the balls; if the machine be put into motion, the flame will waver very much, and feem to incline rather more to the negative ball, than to the poffitive one; after about fifty revolutions, the negative ball will grow warm, and the poffitive ball remain cold; if the revolution be continued to about 200, the negative ball will be too hot for the hand to touch, while the other remains as cold as at the beginning.

RECIPE, for preventing what troublefome infect, it's FLY. *ruffling perfon, roome, or bede.*

TAKE a few branches of pump-royal, and hang it up a the room, hay it on, or near the bed, or carry a few fprigs in the pocket, and the flea will never make its appearance. This fimple preventative has never failed of the defired effect.

INTELLIGENCE.

HAIL STORM.

ON Friday, the 19th inft. a violent ftorm of rain and hail, attended with lightning, was experienced at Concord, in New-Hampfhire, and its vicinity. The wind was exceedingly high, and in the courfe of an hour many trees, and fhattered and demolifhed fome buildings. The hail was generally larger than muffet balls, which fell with great rapidity, and broke many fquares of glafs. *A number of grain-fields are entirely cut off, and many others greatly injured.*—A large rock, near Mr. Jofeph Baker's, in *Bow*, 10 feet long, and about 5 fquare, was rolled from its bed. A gentleman from Hanover, informs us, that though there was no hail in this neighborhood, he could difcern the fwells of the land in the eaftern parts of Lebanon, which appeared to be covered with ice or fhave boards after the ftorm,"—fo that we fear its effects have been very extenfive. [*If In thefe parts vegetation fuffers greatly for the want of rain: and the weather has been uncommonly warm for two or three days paft. Yefterday, (June 24) the mercury in the thermometer was up to 87.*]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received "A Fragment," and fhall be happy to give it a place, when we have finifhed the Novel which at prefent fills that department.

Eugen:'s "Athelft Reclaimed," fhall have an early infertion; the deligh is laudable, the execution above mediocrity.

"Fabula," fhall appear—Celebrated French Sonnet, is accepted.

The anfwer to an "Advertifement for a Lover," we beg leave to decline.

We thank a "Conftant Reader," and fhall make fome ufe of his favour.

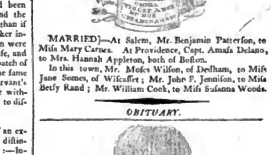
We would felicit the return of our valuable friend, "The Itinerant"—our readers mifs his entertaining and inftructive eflays, and enquire, why he no longer fills a corner in our paper.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Patterfon, to Miſs Mary Carnes. At Providence, Capt. Amafa Delano, to Mrs. Hannah Appleton, both of Bofton.

In this town, Mr. Mofes Wilfon, of Dedham, to Miſs Jane Somes, of Wifcaffet; Mr. John P. Jennifon, to Miſs Betfy Rand; Mr. William Cook, to Miſs Sufanna Woods.

OBITUARY.



DIED—In this town, Mr. John Clapham, *Æt.* 63: Capt. GeoMeaid, of Portland. Two Women from the Alms Houſe, and two others. Total, *five* for the weeks ending laſt evening.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PAINS OF IMAGINATION.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

NATURE, all-bounteous in her proffer'd joys,
Pours forth her pleasures with a lavish hand;
Invites each traveller to regale his fense,
And fmiles in varied beauties on her feet.
Scafons alternate, ferve to heighten blifs;
The calm, the tempeft and the low'ring cloud,
The diftant thunder and the fighing breeze,
Vales, mountains, plains and dark'ning forefts charm
In all their rich variety of dreft.

Far as the eye can fee or thought extend,
Or fancy ftretch her vifionary flight,
All animated beings echo praife
In ftrains harmonious. All but *man!* Man, mute
And breathing difcontents, looks fad, and frowns
Upon the pleafing fcene. Why this reverfe?
Why is the nobleft of Creator's works
Alone unhappy in the happy group?
On him alone does fortune frown! On him
Shed torments that can wreck his peace, and check
Each rifing rapture! No! *Imagination*
Pictures black terrors in his coward brain,
That find exiftence there and there alone.
Form'd to participate creation's fweets,
Capacitated for refined enjoyments
His evil genius turns them all to pain.
Imagination flies from real bliss,
Blinds fafer Reafon and cloft the doors
To call down curfes on her wretch'd head.

In life's bright dawn, her terrors take the root,
And fpread and ripen in maturer years.
Soon as the infant learns its fears to fay,
Alone, it ftarts at every ruftling leaf,
And fancied *Demons* figh in ev'ry breeze;
Or in the gloom of night, conceal'd they ftand
To dart upon the trembling wight, their hand
And crufh to atoms innocence their foe!
Chill horror creeps through every vein! Each nerve
Is ftiffen'd, and with agonizing throbs the heart
Beats quick and wild! 'Till by a Parent's eye
All fears diffipd, and hope once more revives
And confcious *Safety*, every tumult calms.

In riper years when Reafon ftoks to rule,
Imaginery pains purfue us ftill.
Some dire misfortune o'er our profpects hang
And threaten ruin to our deareft hopes.
The trembling lover now in abfence pines,
Broods in fad filence, on the diftant fair,
With heart-felt anguifh fighs along the grove,
Reclines alone upon the moffy-crown bank,
And fadly murmurs to refponfive rocks.
Fears rife on fears to drown each heig'ning hope
Of future blifs, till horror clad defpair,
With fombre curtain overfpreads the fcene.

Now *Superftition*, with diftorded brow,
Beholds a God as frightful as herfelf.
He holds him frowning and in thunder cloath'd,
Darting his light'nings at each trembling wretch,
With peftilence impoaning every breeze,
And fcarf'ring horrors at his awful nod.
She views *Him* as a tyrant, cruel, proud,
Exulting in the tortures of mankind,
Pleas'd to extort the agonizing groan,
The writhe convulfive and expiring pang!
From fancy, wild unreal phantoms fpring;
She ruifes ideals to them prominent ftand,
And groans at terrors which herfelf has rais'd,
Beneath the cumbrous burthen* Reafon reels,"
Refiftleft, and is chained to filence! Sad,
But real picture of man's pains! I ftate!

Yea more! Behold the maniack's woe-worn brow!
The vacant ftare, the wild furious glance,
Diftorted features and convulfive fhrieks,
Muft harrow every tender breaft with pain,
And wring each fibre that has fenfe to feel.
Here we behold the human mind laid waffe!
Of Reafon here the fcatter'd ruins lie,
And man, degraded, fall'n below the brute,
Of worth, of virtue and of fenfe deprived,
Is buried in a mountain heap of woe!
Loft in the wharf of difconnected thought,
And brooding o'er her vifionary form.
Here wild-eyed frenzy rears her lived form,
Here trembling fiaers unutterable grief,
While fury fparkles from either eye!
E'en cold unfeafthropy ftrunks back aghaft,
And turns with tears from the tremendous fcene!
Say! can *Imagination* thus pervert,
Thus counteract the fair Defigns of Heav'n?
Can the the human intellect unhinge?
Enflave our reafon? Bid mankind repel
The proffer'd joys of earth and cherifh pain?
Bow half the world at *Superftition's* fhrine
And frown triumphant on the mighty wafte?

Alas! fhe can! Life why does Afia kneel
Submiffive to her wifhing Gods?
By what, except *Imagination's* force
Do Bramins wield their ceeptre o'er the minds
Of all the Indian race? Why worfhip brutes
Of each fantaftick form and afpect rude?
Why does the tender female fhare, in dread,
Bewildred and funk beneath a weight of woe,
Obedient there to fuperftitious law,
Drag forth her tott'ring limbs to view the pyre
And trembling writh, and crafp beneath the flames?

Again, the fhadowy vifions of dull fleep
Increafe the number of the pangs of life.
When night fpreads o'er her robe with ftars emblaz'd
And hufh'd in filence lies each lab'ring breft,
Unwearied Fancy ftill her vigil keeps;
Calls up arial fpectres to our view
And motley phantoms round our pillows ftit.
We ftart from deep with terror, faint, and ftill
The lingering vifion hovers round the brain,
And hurls unwary Reafon from her throne.

Or if we wander through the midnight fhades,
And turn to Heav'n our fcrutinizing eyes,
Imagination mounts on wings of fire
Through climes ethereal! There in fome dim orb
Whofe light penurious fcarce illumes the fky
She views the Comets wild portentous blaze,
At whofe approach the circling Planets reel,
Rufh from their orbits to the blazing Sun,
Or flying wildly through unmeafured fpace,
The vaft orbs mingle in chaotic ftrife,
And in one flame the *Univerfe* expire!

Oh thought tremendous! Awe-infpiring fcene!—
But hold!—*Omnifcient* guides the rapid courfe;
With Love divine reftrains their fwift career,
Breathes o'er the ftorm their life-exhilling flame,
And binds each wheeling fyftem to its fphere.
Ceafe then in murmur at his juft decrees,
Wath much fubmiffion bow before his law.
With greatful hearts receive his proffer'd joys
That ftrale around and with earcraf'd delight,
Anticipate the purer blifs of Heav'n
Where rifing Saints exalt the note of praife.
EVANDER.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER IV—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, Jan. 4th, '76.

A PRETTY good period of time, you fay, I have taken, before I bring Miſs Offborne back to Mrs. Herrop's, though I only left that lady to take a few hours ride with my little friend. Well, I hate apologies when a perſon from either inclination or neceſſity, has been remiſs in a correſpondence; where indeed is the uſe of them? If inclination cauſed the ſilence, the excuſes will appear forced and awkward; if neceſſity has occaſioned it, we muſt have but a very poor opinion of the friend who would need an apology for what they muſt know is as painful to ourſelves as to them; this, by way of preamble—and now to proceed with my narrative.

When young Darnley, had handed Sarah into the carriage, the bow of profound reſpect which accompanied the action; and the fond attitude in which he remained on the ſtepa of the door, until the carriage drove off,occaſioned me to ſmile, and aſk her if the knew the gentleman? and if ſhe did not think him handſome? "I am ſure I dont know," anſwered the gravely, "whether he is handſome or ugly; I never ſaw him before, and have no wiſh ever to ſee him again." "I am much miſtaken, Sarah," ſaid I, "if he is quite ſo indifferent in regard to ſeeing you again," "you let us talk like a couple of girls," ſaid ſhe, with a half ſmile, "who never received the ſmalleſt degree of polite attention from a man in their lives before." She then turned the converſation upon Mrs. Harrop, Miſs Julia, the weather, &c. "I am much deceived," ſaid ſhe, "if I do not ſhew them ſome work and painting, at the end of the next term, ſuperior to the ſtudies ſhe is oftentatiouſly diſplayed: the words were well, but there was a want of taſte in the arrangement of the colours, the flowers want that lightneſs which is the greateſt beauty of needle work."

I then gave her ſuch needful hints for not engaging to perform more than her ſtrength would admit; the repleid, "that if ſhe was paid for her time, it would become e duty not to waſte a moment, but to ſtir up aſſiduouſly for the benefit of her employer." We dined with a friend, and in the evening returned to Mrs. Harrop's, made the neceſſary arrangements, and it was agreed that Sarah ſhould take her on Monday, on the following Saturday.

She had not long ſuperintended the ſchool, before Mrs. Harrop diſcovered what a treaſure the had got: ſhe ſchemed naturally attached herſelf to her, eſpecially thoſe who had been accuſtomed to aſſociate with well bred perſons; her manners were ſo gentle, yet commanding; her language was correct, ſhe were ſo fayorable to the Governeſs and her daughter, that they loved, while they dared not diſobey her. But this, while it enhanced her value, created a kind of envy in the boſoms of ſeveral teacher and Miſs Julia, which ſometimes ſhewed itſelf unpleaſantly; and when Sarah would give her opinion, which the often did, contrary to that of their miſtreſs, a degree of diſreſpect appeared in their anſwers, would evince their conſciouſneſs of her ſuperiority: yet though they oppoſed her arguments, they generally adopted her plans. During her reſidence here, Sarah received a letter from Mr. Darnley; his ſiſter was extremely attached to her; his mother was pleaſed with her attentions to her daughter, and George himſelf, ſeemed to be more in love with her.

George Darnley had in early life, been remarkable for the heavineſs of his intellect, and the extreme difficulty with which he attained even uſeful acquirements. As he advanced toward manhood, he ſhewed a propenſity for expenſive pleaſures, mixed with an unwillingneſs to procure them for himſelf; for dearly as he loved pleaſure, he loved money better; a love of amuſement was joined with eagerneſs, if at the expence of another. Such a diſpoſition was by no means likely to pleaſe Sarah; her chief pleaſures were from the ſocial ſociety, indeed, but did not often mix in it, becauſe ſhe could not often meet with ſuch as afforded her ſatisfaction.

I have mentioned that ſhe had no brother. There was a young man whom Mr. Offborne had educated, and got into the navy, by the name of Frederic Lewis; indeed, it was thought he had a natural brother in fact of this her father never gave her any intimation. This young man felt all the fraternal love for her, which a man of ſenſe might be ſuppoſed to feel for a ſiſter like her; he thought her one of the moſt amiable women the world afforded, and when on returning from a three year's ſtation in the Weſt-Indies, he found the great charge which had taken place in Mr. Offborne's family, he for his ſiſter (for ſo he always called her) employed as a teacher in a boarding ſchool—his ſenſations were poignent beyond deſcription; but alas, Frederic was a lieutenant, and what could he do? his pay was ſcarcely ſufficient to ſupport the appearance of a gentleman; and prize money was not to be obtained in the ſervice he had been engaged in.—I am interrupted, adieu for the preſent. ANNE.

BE UP AND DOING!

TICKETS and prizes, in Hadley Lottery, warranted undrawn, for ſale by GIBERT & DEAN, at their Lottery and Magazine Office, No. 56, State-ſtreet, where a correct liſt of all the prizes and blanks may be ſeen; and prizes taken in payment.—The wheels ſtill contain the following valuable prizes, viz. 1 prize of *eight thouſand dollars*—1 of 2000—3 of 1000—2 of 750—6 of 500—25 of 100—and many ſmaller ones, worthy the attention of *every perſon* who wiſhes to obtain a *fortune* for a *trifling ſum.* ☞ Thoſe who miſs this valuable opportunity, can blame no one, if the Goddeſs of Fortune ſhould ſtrew her golden ſand on another's floor. June 25.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE DELIRIUM.

REASON is the distinguished mark between man and the brute creation. It is the highest gift of Heaven, a divine emanation of the soul; like the sun, unfolds the trees of the forest, it claims superiority; like that bears away a bluft; and the hurricane itself be vail that can overthrow it! From what quarter shall the storm proceed? It can bear the shaking of adversity; and bloom under the pressure of affliction. But there is a cold searching wind that pierces the vital part, and feizes irresistibly the powers of action!—For a while it lies in a state of stupefaction; then bursts forth in irregular flarts, and exhibits the most dreadful view of human ruin. Here we shall for the once cancelled friend abandoned to all the horrors of a miserable room, where light is sparingly suffered to dawn through a little window! Those eyes, which once darted the language of filial and facial tenderness, are burthing almoft from their fockets, or unnaturally fixed on fome chair; perhaps the chair catches his attention, and in a moment fixed with the thought of Liberty! the sufferer ftriving to be free, adopts in wretchedness; and becomes, if poffible, more pitiable!—That tongue ftrung with perfuafive eloquence was wont to flow, now utters only the language of fome bad infernal daemon; and calls aloud for perdition on all around! How dreadful the fcene! to hear blafphemy from lips made to praife and bleis!—to fee the body, that was once formed to the ftape of a devil! Another view prefents a fcene equally affecting, although the external horrors are not fo great. Behold the unhappy man—difmayed with a wound in the fallen! thought hath transfixed her to the feat; fhe moves not! inceffibility feems her friend; fhe hath forgot all; even the execution of her grief!—Happy indeed! unconquerably happy! Such is the fate of the moft virtuous! What pain! feel when confcid from her waking ftumber! fhe lifts her eyelids; and a deep ftrefh of anguifh ftrows the lives—Alas! is the feafon of grief? Is the hour of pain?

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRACT FROM BISHOP NEWTON.

Particularly recommended to the attention of Merchants and Tradesmen, of all ranks.

TRADE is a fluctuating thing; it paſſed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amſterdam and London—the Engliſh rivalling the Dutch as the Dutch are now rivalling both. All nations ſhould act wiſely applying themſelves to trade; and no body ſhould think who ate in poſſeſſion of it to take care that they do not loſe it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires ſun, and ſoil, and fine ſeaſons to make it thrive and flouriſh; it will not grow like the palm tree, with the weight and preſſure, tiles the burden. Liberty is a friend to that, as that is to liberty: but nothing will ſupport and promote it more than virtue, and what naturally leads to it, induſtry, frugality, modeſty, honeſty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God!

OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB.

LEMUEL.

IT is greatly to be lamented that there ſhould be ſo much occaſion to condemn the behaviour of many parents who neglect to inſtruct their children in the *duty* of mercy to brutes; and there is reaſon to believe that in many caſes where the peace of families has been diſturbed by the undutifulneſs and obſtinacy of children, the parents have contributed greatly to it, by not reſtraining their children, in time, from the exerciſe of cruelty to the inferior kinds. Such indulgence roots out from their tender breaſts every feeling of pity and compaſſion; and by ſhutting their ears and hardening their hearts againſt the cries and ſuffering animals, renders them alſo deaf to the voice of nature: until at laſt, the unhappy parents find that their fooliſh indulgence has rendered their children equally to be inſenſible to a parent's pains and tears, as to the pain and misery of tormented brutes. So true it is that our treatment to beaſts, has an influence on our moral character, and the gentleneſs of our manners.

AMUSING.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

MARTIN DRUSIUS, one of the moſt celebrated orators of ancient Rome, had ſo happy a memory, that after ſtudying a diſcourſe, though he had not written down a ſingle word of it; he could repeat it exactly in the ſame manner in which he had compoſed it. His power of mind in this reſpect were really aſtoniſhing; and we are told, that in conſequence of a wager with one Siennus, he ſpent a whole day at auction, and when it was over, he repeated every article he had been ſold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchaſers in their proper order, without erring in a ſingle inſtance, as proved by the clerk, who followed him with his book.

NEGRO METHOD OF TAMING A SHREW.

I DEPARTED from Kou-jour, and ſlept at a village called Malla, or Mallaing, and ſoon after arrived at Kobo, a conſiderable town: near the entrance of which I obſerved, hanging upon a tree in a moſt degrading habit, made of the bark of trees, which I was told, on inquiry, belonged to Mumbo Jumbo. This is a ſtrange burgher, common to all the Mandingo nations, and employed by the Fetiſh gran natives in keeping the women in ſubjection; for as the Natives are not reſtricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain: and, as it frequently happens that the ladies diſagree among themſelves, family quarrels ſometimes riſe to ſuch a height, that the authority of this degrading habit, muſt be preſerved peace in his houſhold. In ſuch caſes, the interpoſition of Mumbo Jumbo is called in, and is always deciſive.

The ſtrange miniſter of juſtice, (who is ſuppoſed to be either the huſband himſelf, or ſome perſon inſtructed by him) diſguiſed in the dreſs that has been mentioned, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming (about the cloſe of the day) by ſhouts, and diſmal ſcreams in the woods near the town. He begins the proceedings at the approach of night; and, as ſoon as it is dark, he enters the town, and proceeds to Bentang, where all the inhabitants inſtantly aſſemble.

It may eaſily be ſuppoſed that this exhibition is not much reliſhed by the women; for as the perſon in diſguiſe is entirely unknown to them, every married female ſuſpects that the viſit may poſſibly be intended for herſelf; but they dare not refuſe to appear when they are ſummoned; and the ceremony commences with ſongs and dances, which continue until midnight, about which time, Mumbo ſave on the offender. This unfortunate victim being thereupon immediately ſeized, is ſtripped naked, tied to a poſt, and ſeverely ſcourged with Mumbo's rod, amidſt the ſhouts and derſion of the whole aſſembly; and it is remarkable, that the reſt of the women are the loudeſt in their acclamations, on this occaſion, againſt their unhappy ſiſter. Day-light puts an end to this indecent and inhuman revel.

[PARK'S *Travels*.

THE STORM.—A FRAGMENT.

"——"IT is dark, and the thick gloom deſcends the face of Heaven and Earth, that makes my ſoul expand to ſuch a magnitude, as if it would burſt the very boſom which contains it. All is ſtient!—For nature has paſſion of her own mind; when, from an angry cloud, the liquid flames flaſh forth with terrible ſublimity; darting from Heaven to Earth, and from Earth to Heaven, with ſuch repeated fierceneſs, that the expanſive through the heaven's high vaults, then on a ſudden vaniſhing. On roſls the diſtant thunder, ſolemnly ſublime, and with the pelting rain are howling wind, approaching nearer, between the rural roar ſtalks the ſulphureous flame, illumining the ruſhing cataract with its light; ſucceeded by a ſtrait moſt horrible, which ſhakes the very earth to its center! Once more a ſomber gloom ſpreads over the face of nature—again all is terror and confuſion!

INSCRIPTION ON THE SIGN BOARD OF A WATCH-MAKER, AT OXFORD.

"HERE are fabricated and renovated, tractillae horologiet, portable and permanent, lingua ſolos et verticetal ſublic or compound, inveſted with aurent or argent letzegements.

ANCIENT GALLANTRY.

IF I recollect right, it has been ſuppoſed that Solomon's Song was written upon a piece of Needle-work on one of his miſtreſſes. What is the caſe, I am not a little puzzled, that the wiſeſt man that ever lived ſhould be the moſt ungallant to the female ſex. Calling me upon the ſeventh chapter of that ſong, I obſerve, he tells his miſtreſs, that ſhe is as high as a palm tree, (about 80 feet) that her head is as big as Mount Carmel, her eyes like fiſh pools in Heſhbon;——Now, here would it ſtrike one of the gay belles, of the preſent day, if her amorous gallant was to try to ingratiate himſelf by telling her, that her head is as big as Salisbury Plain, and her hair as Po hill. Her noſe like the powder houſe, and each of her eyes exactly like a frog pond?

STEPHEN PERFLEXITY.

ANECDOTES.

[Tranſlated from the French, for the *Magazine*.]

THEODORIC, *King of the Oſtrogothe, in* 493—A widow of Conſtantinople, having been robbed of her jewels for three years againſt a ſcouter, ſhe had not been able to obtain judgment. Theodoric immediately ordered the judges to be called—"If you do not terminate this affair to-morrow," ſaid he to them, "you yourſelves ſhall be tried by me." On the morrow the ſentence was rendered. The widow having come to preſent her thanks to the prince, with a lighted taper in her hand, "Madam," ſaid he, "the cuſtom of thoſe times,"—"Where are the judges?" ſaid Theodoric. On their being called, "And why," continued he, with indignation, "have you prolonged for three years, an affair which has coſt you but one day of diſcuſſion?" After this reproach, he cauſed them to be beheaded.

ONE of the Ambaſſadors from Morocco, having never ſeen Snow, was carried into Spain before the morning (when it ſnowed) that the boys gathered it up in their hands, ſaid, "It is no wonder the Engliſh were ſo *fair*, ſince they waſhed themſelves in *white ſnow*.

WHEN John, Duke of Aojou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army to invade that city, he placed upon his colours, theſe words of the Evangeliſt, "A man was ſent, whoſe name was John." Alphonſo, of Arragon, who defended the city, anſwered him by a ſimilar device—"It came, and they received him not." : *Laud. J.*

A BARBER, near Shore-ditch, who has lately added ſhoe-blacking to his former profeſſion, has humourouſly attempted to make himſelf conſpicuous, by the exhibition of a board hung in his window, on which is the following ſingular couplet;

" *Two trades in one, as here, you'll ſoon find,*
" *Wigs grace the head, and Boots adorn the mind.*"——ib.

IT appeared on a trial at Guildhall, that a man whoſe name was really Inch, had taken the name of Lynch. Mr. Garrick obſerved on the occaſion, that the old proverb was verified in him, for being given an *Inch*, he had taken an *Ell*.

AN Iriſhman, in ſtating his evidence before a Judge, was ſuddenly interrupted by him, with "why my dear

Subscribers will find better appear to be what we are, than to affect to appear what we are not.

made a ball. " Arrah, your honor, you'll find it not even to be a *sore*, if you'll only listen to the conclusion of my tale." "Scoundrel! dare mention a *sore* and a *tail* to me! Get out of my presence."—" That *was the affair short*" lays Pat, and then retires. : : : *Ibid.*

A PATIENT complained of a pain in his stomach.—" What hath then been eating?" said the physician. " Bread that was burnt," replied the man. Upon this the Doctor gave him a collyrium for his eyes. " I told you I had the cholic," said the man! " Type," answered the physician. " but had thy eye fight been good, thou wouldst have seen that thy bread was burnt." : : : *P. Falco.*

ORIGIN OF LOTTERIES.

LOTTERIES, which are referred to in moft of the ftates of Europe as a meafure of revenue, had their rife in Genoa, where it had long been cuftomary to chufe annually by ballot five members of the Senate, which was compofed of 90 perfons, in order to form a particular council.

Perfons intereſted in thefe elections hatched their anticipations of the return of different Senators by bets, and thofe fpeculations in a fhort time prevailed to fuch excefs, and the people engaged in them with fuch eagerneſs, that the government conceived the idea of eſtabliſhing a Lottery on the fame principle. Such was the ſucceſs of the project that all the cities of Italy large foon after followed: to Genoa to adventure in it. Five tickets out of the 90 only were drawn: a perſon naming one of thefe fortunate numbers, received eighteen times the price of his ticket; naming two of them, he had 400 times the price of the ticket; naming three of them, he had 11,748 times its price; naming four of them, 511,038 times its price; and naming five numbers that would be drawn, he was to receive nearly forty four millions of times the money which he laid out.

The Pope, with a view to increaſe the revenues of the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, has of late adopted the ſame ſcheme, and the people of Rome became ſo fond of this ſpecies of gambling, that to indulge in it, they were wont to redeem their families to great diſtreſs, and even, at the ſame time every kind of foolery that credulity or ſuperſtition could inſpire, in order to retain fortunate numbers.

In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, lotteries, on ſimilar plans were drawn weekly, to the vaſt emolument of the State. In thoſe, however, the benefical chance to the eſtabliſher was naming one of the 90 numbers, which were to 21 times the amount of the ſtake; to 240 times on naming two of them; to 3000 times on naming three of them; and to 6000 times the amount of money wagered on naming four out of the five.—The fifth number was not played, as the Governments were unwilling to hazard ſo great a ſum, as they would loſe by the whole five numbers being named.

USEFUL.

METHOD OF TREATING THAT EXCRUCIATING COMPLAINT *incident to* MARRIED LADIES, *SORE NIPPLES.*

[From Dr. Willich's " Domeſtic Encyclopedia."]

THE tender nipples of females, before their firſt child, are frequently ſo diminutive and deep within the breaſts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant to extract the milk. And often the young mother ſhould frequently though cautiouſly, preſs out the milk with her fingers by depreſſing the projecting part of the breaſt; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an excavated remove, to be worn for ſeveral days previous to her delivery. But if this expedient prove inſufficient, it will be adviſable to draw the breaſts, either by preſenting them to an healthy infant ſtrenuouſly to ſuck, or by means of Mr. Savigny's ſmall air-pump, contrived for that purpoſe; and which is far preferable to the common breaſt-glaſſes, as well as to the diſguſting practice of employing quadrupeds.

Another inconvenience incident to nipples, frequently ariſes from chops or excoriations. Theſe are not only painful to the mother, but alſo prevent the infant from drawing the neceſſary ſupply of milk. In ſome inſtances, even part of the nipple is deſtroyed by violent ſuction; ſo that the mother, from the intenſe pain this occaſioned, is obliged to refuſe the breaſt; and a ſtagnation of the milk takes place, which is often attempanied with ulcerations and fever. To prevent ſuch dangerous affections, the practice of rubbing the nipples, as before ſuggeſted, ſhould be timely adopted; but, if the parts be already in a diſeaſed ſtate, it will then be uſeful to bathe them with lime-water, or diluted pyrotartite; after which the nipple ſhould be dreſſed with a little ſpermaceti ointment. Before, however, ſuch applications are enforced, it will be preferable to anoint the part with a compoſition of white wax and olive oil, and to cover it with a fine linen rag; by which ſimple means great relief may often be obtained.

Theſe remedies will, in general, be found ſufficient; but, if the nipple receive no benefit, it has been recommended to apply the neck, together with part of the body of a hog; a badger, (or even a tame rabbit from a plentiful animal,) to the part affected. Either of theſe, if properly moiſtened, and fixed to the breaſt, will effectually protect it while the infant is ſucking; and, when not in uſe, the bladder or teat may be preſerved in a little ſpirit of wine, which will prevent it from putrefying.

ENGLISH MANNER OF MOWING WHEAT.

MR. De Lille, introduced in England, the mowing of Wheat, according to the following method:—The Scythe is at leaſt ſix inches ſhorter than the blade; has the common cythe; and inſtead of a cruſhe has two wigs of ſteel put ſemicircular wiſe into the hakes made in the handle of the ſcythe, near the blade, in ſuch a manner that one ſemicircle interſects the other.—By this method of mowing wheat, the ſtanding corn is always at the left hand. The mower moves it inward, bearing the corn he cuts on his ſcythe, until it comes to that which is ſtanding, againſt which it gently leans.—After every mower follows a gatherer, who being provided with a hook or ſtick, about five feet long, gathers up the corn, makes it into a gavel, and lays it gently on the ground. This muſt be done with ſpirit, as another mower immediately follows.

CLOVER SEED.

MR. Timothy Kirk, who is well known for his ſkill in mechaniſm, has lately conſtructed a machine for threſhing Clover Seed, that tends very much to leſſen manual labour. With this machine, however, a man, a boy, and a horſe, will threſh *one hundred buſhels* of Clover ſeed, in a month. The horſe's draught muſt not be greater, than is required for ſtirring fallowed ground.—It is adjudged by thoſe who have ſeen the operation, that it will ſave the labour of *ſixteen* men in the laborious practice of *threſhing*.—It is ſuppoſed that the machine will not coſt more than 20 or 30 dollars, including the patent-right. Handmills on the ſame principle, will come lower. : : : *York (P.) pap.*

FURNITURE POLISH.

MR. John Edmunds, of Charleſtown, has lately invented a new Furniture Polith. After rubbing the furniture over with the ſtuff, uſe a woolen cloth as a rubber, and polith with a piece of old ſilk or linen—" this Polith will give a gloſs equal to *Copper*, and infinitely handſomer, than any other ever before offered for ſale in America; and at a moderate calculation, will ſave, in the United States, at leaſt one year, half a million of days labor, before the great expenſe of bruſhes." Mr. E. has it for ſale, and in Boſton, of S. Greene & Co. No. 68, Ann-ſtreet, and at No. 1, Cambridge-ſtreet.

IMPERMEABLE CLOTH.

A MANUFACTORY of cloth impermeable to water, has lately been eſtabliſhed at Paris.—Veſts are made of it capable of containing liquids, extremely light, and not liable to accidents. It is likewiſe uſed for covering ſheds, for tarpaulins, ſacks, bags, and even great coats. It is not affected by dryneſs or humidity, or by boiling water: and it has already furniſhed many of the public as well as private eſtabliſhments of Paris with buckets to be uſed in caſe of fire.

PARCHMENT.

METHOD of reſtoring the writing upon parchment decayed by time, and of making it legible.—Dip the parchment, obliterated by time, into a veſſel of cold water, freſh drawn from the well: in about a minute take it out, and place it between two papers. Afterwards ſtretching up in drying. As ſoon as it is moderately dry, if it be not legible, repeat the operation two or three times. The ſtain will then reſume its priſtine color, and appear all alike.

DR. Baini has diſcovered that the ſtrength of gunpowder can be conſiderably increaſed by the addition of about one fifth part in weight of pulverized quick lime. No preparation is neceſſary but to ſhake the whole together until the white color of the lime diſappears.

IT has been aſcertained by various experiments, made by M. Coulomb, that the beſt magnetic needles are thoſe which are long and broad, but not thick.

MUSEUM.

☞ Mr. Bowen's COLLECTION OF MUSEUM, in Biſhop-ſtreet, is opened every day and evening, Sundays and ſaturday evenings excepted. The Muſeum is the moſt pleaſing reſort for rational amuſement, ever offered.

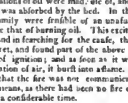
INTELLIGENCE.

WHITESTOWN, N. Y. JUNE 16, 1803.

A remarkable Phenomenon took place in this village, a few days ſince;—a feather bed, lying in the garret of Meſſrs. T. and E. Williams, ſpontaneouſly took fire, and a conſiderable part of it was conſumed before it was diſcovered. This very ſingular operation of nature, will appear more credible, though not leſs remarkable, if we take into view the following circumſtances. Some time in the month of March laſt, a child of Mr. Williams had the miſfortune to be badly burnt. During the progreſs of recovery, two or three gallons of oil were uſed; one, or more, of which, a conſiderable part of it was abſorbed by the bed. In the courſe of the day, the family were ſenſible of an unuſual ſcent, which ſeemed like that of burning oil. This excited their apprehenſions, and in ſearching for the cauſe, the family entered the garret, and found part of the above mentioned bed in a ſtate of ignition; and as ſoon as it was expoſed to a free circulation of air, it burſt into a flame. The family are confident that the fire was not communicated by any of the uſual means, as there had been no fire carried into the garret for a conſiderable time.

ORDAINED, At Marblehead, 23d ult. Mr Hezekiah May.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED;—At Lancaſter, Mr. John Wilder, of Weſton, (V.) to the amiable Miſs Mary Wight. At Newburyport, Mr. Robert Jenkins, mer. to Miſs Maria Jane Tuppeet. At Dorcheſter, Mr. James Howe, mer. of Boſton, to Miſs Elizabeth Clap.

In this town, Mr. John S. H. Cox, to Miſs Nancy Lewis —Mr. William Payne, to Miſs Lucy Dobell—Capt. Jeb Jackſon, to Miſs Deborah Newell.

OBITUARY.

DIED;—At Walcaſtel, Mrs. Abigail Cutter, *Æt.* 39, conſort of Capt. Zerah Cutter.—At Barnſtable, Widow Elizabeth Chadwick, *Æt.* 102 & 3 mo. At Menotomy, Mr. Joſ. Lock, 3d. *Æt.* 27. At Salem, Mrs. Mary Dodge, *Æt.* 60, formerly of Boſton. At Newburyport, Hon. Matthew Thornton, of Merrimack, N. H. *Æt.* 88.

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Blake, *Æt.* 33: Miſs Eliza Poor, *Æt.* 21, daughter of E. Poor, Eſq. of Candia, (N. H.) Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, *Æt.* 43, wife of capt. James Smith.

A GLORIOUS DAY!

YESTERDAY, HAILED LOTTERY recovered *glad tidings* to adventurers. No. 9119, drew the higheſt prize, (8,000 dollars.) It was ſold in the country.—No. 10,039, alſo drew a prize of 500 dollars. This ticket was ſold at GILBERT and DEAN'S, Lottery Office, No. 36, State Street, on *Wedneſday* laſt: a good ſpeculation in a few hours! G. & D. have alſo ſold in *the preſent ſhafe*, (although it is not yet half drawn) another prize of 500 dollars againſt No. 226—3 prizes of 100 dollars each, No. 11,586, 2928 and 2991, beſides ſeveral of 50, of 30, of 20, &c. Good Doings!

☞ It is worthy of remark, that in all the chaſes, of *Hadley Lottery*, the higheſt prizes have been drawn, before the laſt number had half completed drawing—and in the 1ſt claſs, it came out on the 8th day.

July 2, 1803.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

OBSERVING the inscription on your ornament over the Obituary; I am led to fend you the following lines on

"MEMENTO MORI."

THAT life is but fhort, and nature but frail;
We oft fee expofed in ftory ;—
For, when troubles, or forrows, or ficknefs aſſail,
In our thoughts then popp—d *Memento Mori.*

The deep-ſkill'd phyſician, with powder and drops,
Aſſures that to health he'll reſtore ye—
Tho' whilſt he's preſcribing his jallape and ſhops,
His prefence ſays—*Memento Mori.*"

The cunning fraught lawyer, with parchment and quill,
In flattering ſpeech will come o'er ye;
And, his pucke to replenish, engroſſes your will,
Whilſt he tells you to—*Memento Mori.*"

When to convict condemn'd, the judge tells his fate,
He compaſſionate ſeems to deplore ye;
Tho' knowing that he, thro' your failings, is great,
Yet he bids you to—*Memento Mori.*"

The ſtateſman, on power's high pinnacle plac'd,
Regardleſs of ſod. dem. or tory,
Thinks he is ſo much elſeem'd he can ne'er be dabar'd,
"Till forc'd to it, by—*Memento Mori.*"

And I ween there is many a pious divine
That hard tears in the ſcripture will explore ye;—
Tho' at home, they'll regale on their ale, or their wine,
Sans thinking of—*Memento Mori.*"

E'en old Gripe, avaricious, and greedy of gold,
In age and decrepitude's hour;
Will ne'er let a thought, altho' he's ſo old,
Perplex him with—*Memento Mori.*"

Poſſeſs of eſtate, the profligate heir
To ſpend it, for help will implore ye;
'Till ſo far in debt that he cares not appear,—
His forrows ſay—*Memento Mori.*"

The rake as he revels, and ruins his health,
Will his wench, or his glaſs, place before ye;
And will ſweat by his gods for his ſenſe's true
Till diſeaſe bids him—*Memento Mori.*" [wealth,

The gay-faſhion'd Miſs, as ſhe flaunts it away,
In the height of her pride and her glory,
Looks on naught but the preſent her cares to allay,
Nor once thinks on—*Memento Mori.*"

And the Atheiſt, who dares to deny there's a God,
A curſe hell, and a heaven of glory,
Will feel proud at the puſh of each wire he has tried,
'Till he's brought down, to—*Memento Mori.*"

Thus, 'tis plain to be ſeen, in every ſtate,
Which here I've laid open before ye—
That they're all with the joys of this world ſo elate,
They ne'er once look at—*Memento Mori.*"

MARIANO.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
[From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI, *tranſlated by* ROSCOE.]

JEALOUSY.

SAD in a nook chicerer, and ſighing deep,
A pale and haggard beauſhun ſtands from view;
Her gloomy viſits there ſhe loves to keep,
Wrapt in a robe of ever changing hue;
A hundred eyes ſhe has, that conſtantly weep,
A hundred ears, that pay attention due.
Imagined evils aggravate her grief,
Heauſicks of *jeap*, and Bubbles to reliefs.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

No. VI.

CAUTIONS AGAINST SPIRITUAL DECLINE.

[*Extracted from the Epiſtolary Writings of* MRS. E. BURY.]

A DECLINING ſtate is incident to the beſt, and therefore to be feared by all. How ſhamefully have ſome of our acquaintance ſtained their families, and whither have their gradual declenſions brought them at laſt! I know there are many who aſſert a total apoſtacy from ſaving grace; how you and I have been taught better, and can comfortably conclude from God's unchangeable love, decree, and almighty power engaged for perſeverance, and from our union with Chriſt, and his conſtant interceſſion for us, that the *bonds* of true grace cannot be loſt. But alas! what abatements may there be in the degrees and exerciſe, in the life and ſtrength of it! And how ſad and deplorable is ſuch a caſe! Who can but pity a robuſt body reduced to a ſkeleton by a pining conſumption? And is leſs pity due to ſouls declining in their graces, when ardent love, ſtrong defires, humbleſt mournings, livelieſt joys, are all withering, or choked with a confluence of worldly cares, or pleaſures? Ah! the ſadneſs of this ſtate! May I never weep over any of my dear relations in ſuch a caſe! The beſt are apt to decline in duty, in their love and affection to it, and ſometimes find a ſad diſtance from God, an eſtrangement from him, and a deadneſs of him in prayer, which yet before has been the delight and relief of their ſouls. Surely, retiraming prayer is a very ſad mark; and when our hearts do not prejudice the exerciſe of God to ſeek his face—And it is little better, when our wandering ſpirits are not watched, called in, and made to ply their work, but flies light upon the firſt object that offers. Nay, if even in our cheerfulneſs in duty ſhould abate, how heavily ſhall we drive! If what was once our delight, becomes our talk and burthen; if after duty there is no advantage gained, no greater nearneſs to God, no fuller refolutions, no humbler reſignations, how weary ſhall we quickly be of our choiceſt happineſs, for the enjoyment of ſome inferior good, or what is worſe, ſome ſoul corruption, which our treacherous hearts have ſecretly fallen in love with, while yet we profeſs to be entirely the Lord's. There are in the beſt, ſuch remainders of ſin, as never can be mortified; for none are ſo completely ſanctified, but the fleſh is ſtill luſting againſt the ſpirit; and indwelling ſin is an active principle, ever working, and not eaſily to be denied.—The temptations too, of Satan, are always adjuſting, and our own corruptions are ever ready to ſide with them.—Yea, and God's adminiſtrations ſometimes, for though he does not withdraw his love and care, yet for our neglects, he often may and does ſuſpend his influence and aſſiſtance; and then what are we?—Let me entreat you not to loſe thoſe lively hints you have tried your prudent eafe, whether you are growing or declining. If grace withers, ſo, I am ſure, muſt comfort. If this be your condition, remember what ſteps you have taken, and repent, and do your firſt works, and lay hold afreſh on the great Redeemer.—If your caſe be better, bleſs God, and rejoice my ſoul by letting me know it.

THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XV.—ANNE TO EMILIA.
London, Jan. 5th, '76.

EXACTLY what I apprehended, came to paſs: Sarah, anxious to exert herſelf for the advantage of her employers, was treated by ſtrangers with conſtant ſlight and neglect, or pearl, when the ceſſation of ſchool buſineſs might even have allowed her recreation. She uniformly declared its ſitting any way whatever, and when ſpeaking a day with me—her aunt's family pretending offence at her entering into what they termed a ſcrwile employment, were whenever ſhe viſited in ſeaſon, and diſtreſſed that it was not therefore likely that the could reap much ſatisfaction from viſiting them; her other acquaintance had, ſome of them, bodies to forget if they ever reſt treated her with a haughty familiarity, enquiring into the employments, and lamenting the fatigues of her new ſituation, ſometimes mingling with theſe humiliating queſtions and obſervations, colegue ſarcaſms on her father! which her high ſenſe of filial duty could ill brook. This being the caſe, ſhe frequently undertook the buſineſs of the other teacher, in order that ſhe might reap the benefit of time, which to Sarah or Emil ſhe, was of no value; that is, of no value to be employed as perſons in her ſituation uſually employed. Such unwearied application, and ſuch ſtudy, or, and ſelf-exerciſe, at leaſt proper exerciſe, weakened a conſtitution not naturally robuſt, and extreme langour, difficulty of breathing, and a hectic cough were ſymptoms too alarming to be hidden by me with indifference, but ſhe herſelf treated them lightly, and would ſmiling ſay, "I am not ſick, you want me to play the fine lady, which would be very unbecoming in a perſon in my ſituation;" and when I have remonſtrated, her reply would be, "Dear Ann, tell me where would be the uſe of ſuch an atom in creation as I am? Who would miſs me, except Frederic and yourſelf? And to your affectionate hearts I am only a ſource of conſtant anxiety. Unconnected in the world as I am, my early proſpects clouded, my fortune ſo ſmall and contracted, what is there in life me with exiſtance lengthened? Do not think me diſcontented, or quarrelling with life becauſe the path I am to tread is not marked out eaſily as I could with it; no, I am very ſenſible that I enjoy many comforts, which thouſands, more deſerving than myſelf are deprived of; but feeling as I do, my delicate unprotected ſtate, though God forbid that I ſhould by willful neglect of my health, or any other means haſten the moment of my exit-ate; yet I cannot form to myſelf with that its approach ſhould be rerarded." Miſs Dumley had, at her mother's deſire, invited Sarah to paſs a few months with them at a ſmall houſe they had at Turnham Green, and ſaid her daughter ſhould continue her lodging at home under her inſpection; but this, from the conſideration of young Dumley's pointed affiduities, ſo poſitively, though politely, rejected; nor did I blame her.

Among the many who viſited the ſchool, to inſpect the improvements of young ladies they had placed there, was Lady Bentley; the had two children ſent from the Wellindies to her care, and having had ſome ſlight perſonal knowledge of Sarah, from having her father's property, hearing that ſhe was the principal teacher at Mrs. Hirſop's, gave that ſchool the preference. This amiable and worthy woman, few will need to be told the ſtriking attractions of her intereſting countenance. "My dear young lady," ſaid ſhe one day, when they were alone in the drawing room, "You are not well: I wiſh you had choſen a ſituation that would be leſs fatiguing and more congenial to your nature; Sir James Bentley was well acquainted with your father, and regretted to me the other day, that the daughter of ſo old a friend, was not placed in the family of rank, that ſhe might meet aſſociates, ſuch as ſhe has been accuſtomed to, and be uſeful to ſociety, by imparting her fine talents to thoſe who are to move in the firſt line; ſurely ſuch application, endangering her health. Tell me, Miſs Gilbert, could ſuch a ſituation be found, would it meet with your approbation?"

This was addreſſing Sarah, in the ſtyle which was to her, her to whatever was deſired. Tears ſtartled to her eyes. Yes, and could Lady Bentley ſuppoſe, that the ſentiment of her father's name, accompanied with expreſſions of refpect, was ſo ſoothing to her heart, that the readily agreed to whatever might be thought neceſſary for the eſtabliſhment of her health. Mrs. Bentley, a widow lady, with two daughters, one 12, and the other 14 years of age, was ſeeking for the winter to Bath. Lady Bentley thought it would be very thing for Sarah, that as their children attended them, ſhe would eaſe her of the conſtant care ſhe thought neceſſary to be paid to girls of the age of her daughters. To be with them at the hours of their inſtructors attended them; ſhe will with them, ſaſt with them, read and work with them—all which Mrs. Beaumont found it inconvenient to do herſelf, as ſhe was a fine accomplished woman) the kept a great deal of company, and the late hours the preceding evening often prevented her riſing in time to ſuperintend the morning ſtudies, or accompany their morning rambles.

She was a woman of ſenſe, and a good heart, cancelliating e her manners, perfectly well bred, and not likely to make any perſon feel a ſtate of dependence. She was introduced to Sarah, who was charmed with her demeanor, and made her ſuch offers, as were honourable to her own liberality, and highly advantageous to my friend. Mrs. Hirſop was thunder-ſtruck when ſhe found Miſs Gilbert actually intended leaving her; yet, ſhe could not but be ſenſible that her health required it. She ſtrove to draw me into a promiſe of going with her in the ſpring, but this Sarah was too wiſe to accede to. Previous to her taking her journey, ſhe ſpent three weeks with me, and Frederic being with us, her charming ſentiments and exterſion he was continually entertaining, helped to relieve us from the pain of her health and cheerfulneſs. Mr. Lewis whiſtled warm uch better pleaſed with his ſiſter's ſituation; he had been with her on an evening with Mr. Beaumont, and was ſatisfied, that ſhe was a perfectly well bred woman; which to a perſon of a delicate mind, is one guarantee for happineſs; for it is a certainty, no perſon can be unſtooned to the forms of good breeding, and to that facility of manners, which is diſtated by a poliſhed underſtanding, eſpecially when accompanied by even the ſmallest portion of good nature, but muſt be happy in the ſociety of well bred perſons. Of her ſituation, during her ſtay at Bath, I refer you to her own letter, which I incloſe. ANN.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XXXII.

Ut matronæ mœrtesti depexo crine effundant Dicodor, infelix funera distabit amicus.

" YOU do not know how much I esteem you, how often I think of, and wish the generality of the world were more like you." This language, when coming from the lips of an inferior, or one who may hope to be benefited by the talents, wealth, or elevated fanation of thole whom they addreſs, muſt be ſtyled adulation. The ſame may be ſaid of thoſe profeſſions of affiduity, friendſhip, &c. which are frequently made by perſons who are ſhrewd conviced that thoſe whom they addreſs, will never ſtand in need of their offers being called into action. Proſperity has numerous friends, but let Adverſity take the ſtand where Proſperity once diſplayed her falcinations and behold how her haggard viſage will perify the hearts of all who approach—ſee how they ſtart back appalled, and turn ſullily from the cherished whom of late they preſſed in throng to enter. Of all the terms in uſe among mankind, there is no one ſo abuſed, ſo proſtituted, as the word *Friendſhip*—*Friendſhip*, ſacred word! pure ſtream! little ennobled! where dwelleſt thou? who knoweth thee? where haſt thou erected thy hallowed pavilion?

Set down nicely ſyrupthy, how light ſtar trips, how ſprightly her look, what pleaſure dances in her eye. Behold a ſtrange advancing to meet her; they roſh eagerly to—graſp each other, how fondly they embrace!—" how delighted I am to ſee you, how I have longed for this moment," breath ſpontaneous from each pretty mouth—" What phiſters there is in meeting a true friend" cries one. " What is like true friendſhip," ſays the other. Then arm in arm, they ſeek the retired ſhade, interchanging expreſſions of reciprocal affection. Surely theſe know what Friendſhip is; but if they are only eager to tell each other of their conqueſts, either real or imaginary; deſcribe their new dreſſes, and ridicule the dreſs, actions, want of taſte or beauty in their abſent acquaintances—or, if they have ſeparated, let us follow one; ſhe enters the abode of another *dear friend*—let us attend to the converſation, (if ſuch it may be termed.) " You are late indeed, before you came I had given up the hope of ſeeing you this evening, where have you been?" " I called a few moments on Miſs—" " Indeed, well I have not ſeen her for ſome time, pray did you make a viſit?" But hold my pen, oblige not the rational part of your readers to peruſe the animadverſions, the envious remarks, made by this votary of envy, on the abſent, &c. &c. of her beloved *friend*, whom ſhe has juſt parted from. Nor let any one of thoſe readers think the fair creature unjuſt. Her lovely *friend* having another *dear friend* to paſs the evening, is paying her in her own coin with intereſt.

Do you ſee that gentleman in the plain drab coat, who with ſedate look, and ſteady pace, is juſt coming on the Exchange. Mark that gay, but modeſt creature, in ſuch rapid ſteps to meet him, ſtretches out his hard and acquiline fin anxiouſly after the welfare of his family—after the ſucceſs of his late adventures abroad—and obſerve with his countenance ſo admirably, that you would imagine his very ſoul interceded in his anſwers—that his friendſhip and eſteem were ſo ſincere, he would weep or rejoice, as the perſon he is ſpeaking to has cauſe for either grief or joy—for he would ſo preſent, he wants to borrow a thouſand dollars of him. He has gained his point. Hear his expreſſions of everlaſting gratitude.——Stop, he ſpeaks to an intimate acquaintance. " I've done him, Egad, he came down ſooner than I imagined he would. An old ſkinflint, rich as a ſow; knows nothing of life; got a houſe like a palace, lives like a hermit, eats baked beans twice a week; ſtarves himſelf, ſhuts off the hooks—cuts his acquaintance: no matter though the is forty years old; what do we care how old the bulk is when ſhe is not only gilded gaily, but richly laden."

Self love—ſelf intereſt—thou haſt nothing to do with friendſhip. *Amelia* was lovely, rich, amiable. *Emilia* had friends in abundance. She was liberal as Heaven's own bleſſings. Charity herſelf. She was thoughtleſs as volatility could make her. Amongſt her many friends, there were none to tell her the diſmal wrong. Her lovers bowed the knee of adoration; her paraſites flattered her follies until ſhe thought them virtues. Her profuſion walked her wealth her imprudence trifled away her good name. Yet ſhe was innocent, and in her ſtate of humiliation, a thouſand times more to be eſteemed, than when in the zenith of her glory. But where were her friends?—Gone!—Alas, fickle, buſy, and paltry of heart alone will not ſecure friends! *Emilia* had nothing elſe left. She was left to pine in obſcurity. *Albert*, who never had ſpared her follies, who never had flattered her vanity, who in the days of proſperity ſhood aloof, or if ever he courted her attention, it was to tell her ſerious truths, to which the turmes a deaf and diſdainful ear. *Albert*, the cold, the unfeeling, cynical *Albert*, now ſtood forth her champion, and proved, true Friendſhip reſts not on the tongue; its empire is the heart. He defended her abſpelled reputation, and relieved her diſtreſſed circumſtances; he bluſhed not to reproof with comfort for artfully, that the tear of penitence was ſtired away by the glow of animating hope. He taught her her own veal weakneſs, called her to her own eſteem, chaſtiſed her errors which had led her to the brink of ruin—led her to teck a haim for her lacerated heart, in the comforts of religion, and taught her to find thoſe comforts in the ſacred wooks of truth.

What is ſtronger than Love?—Friendſhip.—For when the friendſhip of *David* and *Jonathan* ceaſed to be muſt ſacredly ecnrelled, it is laid to ſurpaſs the love of women. And women have ever been allowed to be more ardent in their tender attachments than the oppoſite ſex. If theſe beautiful friendſhip ſurpaſſes the love of women, it muſt be the ſtrongeſt, yet purell emotion of the ſoul. The female ſex have ever been accuſed of levity in their friendſhips with each other; and in the hiſtory of court, ambition, rivalry in love, often interfere to cool that Friendſhip, which was, perhaps, once thought, unſuſpicable.—Where then ſhall we find this ſacred friendſhip? Shall, this ambulet in the praiſe of whole virtues, poets and philoſophers of all ages have been to proſuſe. It cannot fail! Friendſhip ſurpaſſes the love of women, it muſt be the ſtrongeſt, yet pureſt

a principle, capable of turning the diffusion of the body. Other animals, formed by the Lord Almighty Mind, and subjected to the same disproportion of happiness and misery, have been excluded this privilege.

The lives of Providence appear to be the same with respect to *beafts*, as to *men*. There is as much difference between the situation and enjoyment of a *tame sheep*, condemned to insufferable toil and the most barbarous treatment, and the situation of another of that species, bred in idleness and plenty, and consecrated to pleasure—as there is between the prince and the peasant; between the wealthy lord of millions, and the beggar in the weary waste.

Why then may not thefe arguments be extended with equal propriety to *all* animals? If they are of any force in one inftance, they are of equal force in the others. The *premiffes* are the fame, whether applied to man or to beaft, and consequently the *conclufion* muft be the fame.

Whether *man alone* is defigned for immortality, or whether " there is another and a better world for *all* that live and breathe," cannot be fatisfactorily determined by the powers of philofophy. It is certain, that in every grade of beings, happinefs is *man-fold* and *many-fold* greater than certain, that God is unalterably *juft* and *impartial*, and that *nothing unlike to made, is made in vain*. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON NOVELTY.

OF all the affections implanted in the human breaft, no one, perhaps, is more feductive in its agency, or more beneficial in its confequences, than the predominant paffion for change and novelty; none which fhould more abundant food for gratification, or more ample fcope for exercife. The world, ever fluctuating in its events, and ever varying in its operations, feems fo nicely adapted to keep alive this inquifitive difpofition of the mind, as to furnish its moft importunate cravings. If we fearch the annals of the world, we may fee empires emerging from the gloom of obfcurity, exalted to the zenith of human power and greatness, and plunged again into the vortex of ignorance and barbarity; republics rifing upon the ruins of monarchy, and defpotism trampling upon the liberty of republics. If we avert to the natural and moral world, we fhall find it fubject to the fame viciffitudes. The year is enlivened by the variation of the feafons, and the day by the contraft of fhade of the evening. The face of nature conftantly prefents a concave of charming azure, fometimes the fhowling afpects of fombre clouds, or wildly variegated tints to magnificent confufion. That of the earth affords a like and ftriking irregularity; an interminglefl affemblage of lowering mountains and fertile vales, of nodding forefts and extenfive champaigns; and every age, has been characterized by the predominance of particular vices or virtues, fo as to ftrike an obferver with the idea of a different fpecies having been appropriated to each. Yet it ought to be obferved, in interpreting principle, that we behold fuch ftupendous productions of human art, and enjoy fuch inexhaufible ftores of intellectual nutriment. The fool, unpitied by an indefatigable creativity, and ftimulated by an irrefiftible inftinct, fhall forge the repeated attacks of keen demonftration, and fcarcely engaging.

To enjoy the delight of Novelty, man, infignificant man, has fubjected the elements to his control; he has bleached the winds and waves, and explored the remote extremities of the globe. The mountain, gloomy and precipitate of the eagle, has ftored aloft into the fky. The fortuous line penetrated into the bowels of the earth, ranfacked its fubterranean repofitories. In a word, nothing is proof againft this infatiable avidity. Antiquity itself, the moft fublime hiftory, affords feveral inftances of late being facrificed to an fafcinating impulfe. It was under the operation of this power, that the immortal *Newton*, poffeft on imagination's wing, traverfed the regions of ether, and unfolded the laws of the Univerfe—The majeftic of *Homer*, the fublimity of *Pindar*, and the fweet fimplicity of *Anacreon*, may be traced to the fame fource. The philofopher, and the, poet, the moralift, the hiftorian, and the divine, if they afpire to unanimous, can never obtain their wifhes but by perpetuity and variety. No human compofition, however fplendid or animated, no terreftial object, however alluring, can long retain the attention or repel the intrufions of languor and difguft. Its variety, which gives a zeft to life. If we would know the value of health, we muft feel the pangs of ficknefs; if we would underftand the bleffings of liberty and the enfranchife, we muft feel the extremities of unrelieved and the ftroke of defpondency. The habitation of royalty, when familiarized to the eye is beheld with as much indifference as the " cobwebbed cottage, and the wall-moulding dwelling hut." The gorgeous trappings of monarchy, the decorations of the bower, and all the frippery of courts, pleafe no longer than they are novel, but at laft fink into infipid and loathful uniformity. The drink, as he traverfes his wilds, and inhales the odours of his fpicy groves, experiences no uncommon fenfations of delight; nor do Golconda's genius, or the luftre of Peruvian ore, excite emotions of ecftacy in thofe who feek for them in the mines.—We are enamoured of the perfon of a beautiful woman, but that beauty, unlefs it be accompanied with a cultivated underftanding, foon fickens in appetite, and becomes a mere inanimate captivator for a time; the charms of the mind impofe a laftiog chain. The fortune becomes vapid by their fameneis, the latter chains by the unending variety they afford. The moft aftonifhing and momentous events, as they are diverfified on the glaze of novelty, become proportionably tafteleis and uninterefting. When Bonaparte firft, and his conquering vultive ftruggles firft againtted this country, every tongue was fufpended in aftonifhment, every heart thrilled with expectation. And now, when perhaps things of as fublime magnitude are taking place in the European world, anxiety has loft its ftimulus, and they are beheld with cold indifference. Ernuiteen as the vernal dew, flowing as the nectarous Hadeen, which fprung from the warring fields of corn, our fancy flies from object to object, and as each recedes, we purfue another with the fame expectant avidity. Youth, the fondeft, the moft lively infpirer with the moft pleafing emotions; unfedated by hafe paffions, unbiaffed by the idea of appearances being fallacious, the foul is tranfparently clear and unfufpicious. Our inexperience and credulity gild the objects as they rife, and it would be eternity in nature ago, to dwarp their illufive but agreeable effects. As age advances, curiofity fubfides, the *luftre* and novelty being darkened by the frequent detection of its incompetency to fupply the fatisfaction it promifed. When vifible objects lofe their changeable hue, and can no longer awaken fenfations of delight, then that futurity fhould particularly engage our attention, in order that we may feenre an abode in thofe blifsful regions, where never-ceafing progreffion from knowledge to knowledge, and fovereign novelty, will conftitute a principal part of our felicity.

THE CONFIDANT.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF LORD CLARENDON, THE HISTORIAN.

FOR political fagacity, and genuine patriotifm, lord chancellor Clarendon has been juftly ranked among the moft celebrated ftatefmen. He brought the veffel of ftate into port, after it had been toffed by one of the ftrongeft and moft violent ftorms that ever fhook and overwhelmed; and on his fidelity the fovereign might repofe unlimited confidence, while the people, under all the circumftances of his ftation, could have little to complain of. Had he been poffeft of a fmall fhare of their intereft, he would have been more acceptable to the king; had he been lefs attached to his majefty, his popularity would have recommended him to the favour of the people. In fact, that the duke of Buckingham, in particular, who poffeffed the talent for ridicule in a high degree, ufed to entertain the king with the moft humorous and facetious mimicry of his firft friend, of his chancellor; and to render him ungracious, it was nothing unufual for the courtiers, who ftared to take him by the hand, to point out the fituation to the king, with "there goes your fchoolmafter." Charles had not gratitude enough to appreciate his fervices as they deferved, and he fuffered himfelf to be prejudiced againft a man who had been the inftrument of his return. The daily bitter banters of worthlefs minions. Yet it muft be allowed that Clarendon was little qualified to ftear his way through the obligations of a depraved court; he could not difguife his abhorence of vice, he could not flatter foibles which he thought might be dangerous. His warm religious from conviction, and his attachment to the church of England was manifefted in his whole conduct. When his daughter, comfort to the duke of York, was induced to embrace the religion of the church of Rome, he wept, as the moft affectionate and earneft parent, to diffuade her from this refolution; and his arguments difplayed no mean ftill in polemical divinity. But fhe was biaffed by her deluded husband and crafty priefts, and died in that faith to the fincere and deep forrow of her unhappy father.

As a writer, we leave the fame of Clarendon in the hands of the public, which has highly eftimated his labours. The hiftory of the rebellion will be coeval with literature *itfelf*. Though not exempt from prejudice, and though little graced by the ornaments of modern ftyle and compofition, it is ftrong, nervous, and forcible; chiefly defcription of character, and a deduction of effects from their remoteft caufes, that muft charm the fenfible, and attract the tafte, in the hafty minds of time. From his works the politician may glean knowledge, and private men may learn the regulation of their conduct, to almoft every fituation into which they can be thrown. : : : *Eng. Pub.*

AMUSING.

"A PENNY SAVED IS AS GOOD AS A PENNY EARNED."

BUT how fhall I earn a penny? they will go as faft as I can earn them? Reduce all your affairs to order. Obferve order in your family, in your meals, in your amufements. Prefcribe to yourfelf rules of conduct. Beware of contracting expenfive habits: and fobdue thofe which you have contracted. Be induftrious in your calling. Never put your earnings for what, which in the long run may be called, a trifle. Remember the words of Benjamin Wattle nothing that can be applied to real ufe, for your own or your neighbour's benefit.

My neighbour Frugal orders his family to bed fo early, that they may rife with the fun the year round—Thus it fayes candles; for the fun lights him for nothing: And he reckons the fun affords better light than a candle. Morning dreams, and flip before dinner, he has difufed for many years. This is a confiderable faving; and he now enjoys better health, and eats with a better appetite, than what he ufed them. Another article of wholefome and well-prepared beer and cyder; and requires of his labourers no more work than they can do with the ftrength of thefe. As for tea, he has difcarded it entirely, and received in the ufe. And he fayes, has people do more work, and do it better, than they did four years ago, when he indulged them in the fin of drinking tea. Frugal's family is ftrong in each order. When he fees a young fellow turn down two or three gills of rum in fucceffion, "there," fays he, "is a fellow that has drunk down a farm, and is difpofed to drink it a forty years old." As he was once on a vifit to a tavern houfe, in a town at fome diftance, he faw a man in a paffion, with a bottle in his hand, pulling the ftreets bafe fon-down on Satan. He inquired if the man were an ex retailer's ftrop, and foon returned, and went into a tinfhop. "There," fays Mr. Frugal to *his friend*, "*a* amiable looking man for an inhabitant of the town. They walfe the cuttings of the week in rum. They cannot keep Sunday without a bottle. They never go to meeting a fair day, and the week-days are alfo dirty and regard as Hottentots, and almoft as ignorant. They plead, I fuppofe, in excufe for not going to church, or fending their wife and children, that they cannot leave home to meet twice in a day, that they cannot procure clothes. If one of the family happens to be fick, I prefume the neighbourhood muft be called upon, to fupply them with the neceffaries of life. And all this for rum!" "You have hit it exactly," fays the gentleman of the houfe; " and this is the cafe with feveral other families among us. Rum is the ruin of them."

Frugal never goes to a tavern houfe himfelf, but carries longer than to finifh the bufinefs that called him there. If he meets a friend, whom he is glad to fee, inftead of inviting him to a tavern houfe, he invites him home, for he fays he can better give a friend a dinner or fupper at home, than hold a mug of flip at a tavern; and can enjoy more fpiritual fociety. He obferves, that more than their friends to the tavern becaufe they like that place themfelves; and then by tavern experience they are become a poor, that is, a fenfible expence to their friends to treat there.

At the tavern they can go upon tick, and pay for it and by, in a lump, with a cow or a piece of land

Frugal is profitual to pay his debts; and never exercifes more than one day in a month. That day is fpent with the expence of fuits and the vexation of contentions with his neighbours. I need not tell you, that Frugal is a thriving man; and there never was a better neighbour.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF NAVIGATION.

OF all the elements water is the moft perfidious. As oceans, while it allures us by fome fhort lived calm, it is preparing tempeft and ruin for our deftruction. Once experienced three things, viz. to have fpent a day without doing fomething good; to have trufted his fecret to a woman; and to have gone to fea to any place, when he thought he might have gone thither by land. Another Roman doing fo, that a veffel was made, being always in motion; the pilot a madman, for he altered his opinion with the wind; the fea mad, for it was never ftill; and the wind mad, for it was continually. To this may be added, that it is very improper to put to fea with a mad company. Certainly there is no

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prohibition more rash than that of a Brahman, for he is never separate from death but by a plank: oftentimes all the elements together conspire his ruin, and sometimes he sees himself in danger of perishing by fire in the midst of the waters.—His ultimate end is to come to land, and yet the only fight of that element sometimes makes him despair: though he builds his hope on the wind, the wind itself is the cause of his ruin. In fine, he toils for riches, and finds nothing but uneasiness, misery, and even death. But for all that, we must acknowledge, that navigation is one of the most useful sciences found out by man: for, besides the immense riches acquired by it, it has drawn us from our native ignorance, which made us unable to behold and admire the works of the creation and the infinite wisdom of our great Maker, fo differently displayed in the religion, manners, animals, fruits, plants, and natural beauties of foreign nations. So that, after this short digression, we have great reafon to thank and admire the bounty of Heaven, in sending forth men who could confine themselves to a little flock-fish and a few biscuits, in order to bring home whatever the fruitful earth brings forth in divers regions, and rifle their lives every moment, to furnish others with the moft superfluous ornaments.

PHYSIOGNOTRACE.

AMONG the late additions to the extenfive collection of the productions of nature and art, at the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, Boston, is the *Patent Physiognotrace*, invented by Mr. Hawkins, and presented by him to the Museum—it is calculated to take likenesses in profile. Visitors to the Museum may have these likenesses taken gratis.

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself muft either hold or drive."

FRANKLIN.

The thriving farmer attends to his bufinefs *perfonally*—he is fond of faying to his labourers, "Go to your work," he fays, "Let us go." Even though he should not labour himself, he is daily present and overlees his bofinefs.—His watchful eye is in every field, on every fence, and on all the work that is doing.

A HINDOO ANECDOTE.

NEAR the city of Smyrna, a Bramin lately died, and left a wife behind him.

In countries, fubjects to the authority and government of the Mahometans, the cuftom of widows burning themselves voluntarily on the funeral-pile with the bodies of their deceased husbands is, if not a abolished at last it under very great reftrictions; in it is not allowed to be profecuted but by exprefs permiffion.

The widow of the Braman, therefore, waited on perfon on the Governor of the city, and in the moft pathetic manner implored his permiffion for the high honor of burning with the body of her deceased husband, which the Governor peremptorily refufed to grant her. Nothing difcouraged thereby, fhe continued her entreaties—proftrating herfelf on the ground before him, and mingling her tears with the duft.

All entreaties were vein: the Governor remained inflexible. Rage and defpair then filled the breaft of the beautiful victim—and they broke out in thefe, and fuch like exclamations. "Ah miferable me! Why was my mother born? my aunt? my fifter? Moft miferable me! Why am I alone refufed the honors of my fex?"

A prieft, or bonze, of the fame caft of Hindoos, happened to be prefent at this intereiling fcene. He gazed attendily on the young woman; and now and then turning his eyes towards the Governor, filently reproached him for refufing the prayer of the widow's petition. When the Governor took notice of the bonze, he demanded, "Wretch, it is you who have adminiftered intoxicating herbs, to excite phrenzy—is it owing to your pernicious doctrines, that a cuftom fo fhocking to humanity is ftill in practice?—Go, depart hence and be no more feen."

The bonze undaunted ftood his ground. He affured the Governor that he had never fpoken to the woman before him; yet confeffed he had prepared many others to undergo the fame facrifice; that it was an act agreeable to their god Brama; and for this reafon he begged the Governor to the moft refpectful manner, to grant his requeft, on which the widow redoubled her tears, prayers and entreaties. The bonze, thus encouraged to go on, added, "Sir, great, great will be her reward, great her recompenfe for it in the other world! there fhe will be re-joined to her husband, by a facred marriage, and live with him to all eternity."

The widow's fine black eyes inftantly received new luftre. She darted a piercing look at the bonze, expreffive of fatisfaction, mingled with a portion of terror. "What," exclaimed fhe, "fhall I indeed find my husband in heaven? How have I been deceived by two old bonzes!—They never told me this. They knew my husband well.—They knew too how he treated me!—Then, Sir," faid fhe, turning round to the governor, "fave the god Brama will reunite me to my husband, I renounce him and his religion forever, and embrace yours." Then looking at the bonze, "You may, if you pleafe, when you fee my husband, tell him what I have done, and fay that I hope he find myfelf extremely well without him."

ANECDOTES.

A YOUNG apprentice to the *fhoe-maker bufinefs*, lately aflked his maiter, what anfwer he fhould make to the often repeated queftion, "does your maiter intend to marry his fhoes?" "Anfwer Tom?" fays the maiter, "Tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they do not, that I will make them good *for nothing*."—L. A.

A VIRGINIA farmer, happening to be at Norfolk, foon after the arrival of a veffel from Ireland, and obferving that fome lith potatoes, which fhe had brought over, were fold at a good price, refolved to take advantage of this circumftance. Accordingly, on his return home, he collected all the eggs that could be found within ten miles of his plantation, and brought them to Norfolk on the next market day, ftrongly recommending them to his cuftomers, *as fine frefh eggs juft imported from Ireland!*

USEFUL.

THE TYRIAN DYE.

ANCIENT writers have greatly celebrated, this peculiar kind of dye for its excellence in dyeing fcarlet crimfon, and purple; but unfortunately for the world, the knowledge of procuring materials for thofe dyes has been loft, perhaps for near two thoufand years. Yet writers on the fubject have mentioned fevera circumftances refpecting it, that may lead to a re-difcovery of the method of procuring it, to wit. That it was procured from the fea, and from fome kind of fifh; and that it was attended by this peculiar quality or property, that the cloth or any ftuff dyed with it was wafhed, the more bright and beautiful the colour grew. Directed by thefe circumftances, and reflecting on them when I often vifited the fea fhore for the benefit of the air, when I was in a bad ftate of health, I tried fome experiments on the *fea nettles*, which were caft on the fhore by the fhifting and alternate flowing and ebbing of the tide in the fun, exhibited fome appearances of being the fame with that excellent and celebrated dye; by dyeing feveral fmall pieces of white cotton and linen cloth, in a liquid which abounds in thofe creatures. The liquid dyed all thofe articles a bright, and beautiful purple; and upon having them frequently waffhed afterwards, I found the colour grew more bright and beautiful every time they were waffhed, fo that I was thereby induced to believe thefe creatures to be the true fource of the Tyrian dye, and if fo, there is little doubt but our country will afford an ample fupply of it for all the manufacturing world, as thefe *nettles* abound in many of our bays along the fea coaft. And I hope that thofe hints may fall into perfon, fkilled in dyeing and dye ftuffs, to examine and fully afcertain, whether thofe large fea-nettles are or not the true and genuine fource of the Tyrian dye.—The importance of this article to the manufacturing world, particularly to our own country, renders it worthy of a full inveftigation, which perhaps no one could fo well do as a perfon fkilled in dyeing and dye ftuffs.—For ftuffs are fo neceffary in manufactories, and manufactories are fo neceffary in promoting agriculture, which conftitutes the real wealth of a country, that every matter, that I may fall eafhew with propriety, fignature of

AGRICULTUS.

THE MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF TOBACCO, BY DR. BARTON, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"*Common Tobacco*—There is a peculiar mode of employing the leaves of the tobacco in cafes of worms, which I cannot avoid mentioning in this place, efpecially as it has in many inftances, produced very happy effects. The leaves are pounded with vinegar, and applied, in the ftape of a poultice, to the region of the ftomach, or other part of the abdomen. In confequence of this application, worms are often difcharged, after powerful anthelmintics have been exhibited internally in vain. We ought not to be furprifed at this effect of the tobacco, fince we know, that the fame vegetable, applied externally, is often very *copious* in inducing vomiting. Accordingly, I have, for fome years, been in the habit of applying tobacco-leaves to the region of the ftomach of perfons who have fwallowed large quantities of opium, and other fimilar articles, with the view to deftroy the medicines. It is well known, that in thefe cafes the ftomach is often extremely irritrable, infomuch that the moft powerful emetics have little effect in rouling that organ into action. Here, is an auxiliary at hand, the tobacco, ufed in the manner I have mentioned, is, certainly, very ufeful, and, in many inftances, ought not to be neglected."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely happy our valuable friend, "The Itinerant," has renewed his inftructing and claffical ftays.—The remarkneds of his ideas, and the ftrength and beauty of his arguments, muft pleafe every reader.

Effay on Happinefs, from our refpected correfpondent "H." is received.

"Truth," is over acceptable, we welcome her to our Mifcellany, and will give her an early place therein.

"Epitaph on a Bachlanch," excellent.

"Nofegay,"—fidecled—ftall one day grace our Magazine.

We return Pi's favour, as we do not think we are at liberty to expofe private letters which chance only threw into our hands.

"Idenus," is on file for confideration.

We beg leave to decline the "Twifter of Twine," for in plain truth we do not underftand it.

BY-MENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED,—At Mendham, Mr. William Blarer aged fixteen, to Miff Catharine Vayden, aged eleven!!"—At Glocefter, Mr. Samuel Sneey, to Miff Eafy Potters. At Roxbury, Mr. George Jeckfon, to Miff Sufannah Willard.

In this town, the Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, of Chefea, to Miff Abigail Parkman, 3d daughter of Samuel Parkman, Efq.—Mr. William Dehon, merchant, to Miff Betfy Bicker, youngeft daughter of Mr. Martin Bicker.—Mr. Jacob Stearns, merchant, to Miff Sally Call, youngeft daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Call—Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, to Miff Betfy M'Intire.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—In London, May 4, two days after the death of her infant fon, Mrs. Catharine Parker, Æt. 24, confort of Mr. John Rowe Parker, of this town.—At Cambridge, Dea. Gideon Frofh, Æt. 79.—At Charlefbown, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Æt. 42, wife of Capt. James Smith.—At Cohaffet, Mrs. Abigail Beal, wife of Mr. David Beal.

In this town, Capt. David Spear, Æt. 77.—A worthy refpected citizen; William Harris, Efq.; Mrs. Sufannah Wheeler, Æt. 65, wife of Mr. Thomas Wheeler; Mrs. Mary Turner, Æt. 61, widow of the late Capt. Peter Turner; Mrs. Catharine Hutchinfon, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Hutchenfon, Æt. 53.

Yeflerday, very fuddenly, Mr. Robert Allen, printer, Æt. 23. A young man of refpectable character. His friends and relations are requefted to attend his funeral, which will be this afternoon, at 6 o'clock, from Mrs. Clark's boarding-houfe, Megner's Row.

MR. SULLIVAN'S ORATION.

ON Monday next, will be published by GILBERT & DEAN, the SECOND Edition of Mr. SULLIVAN'S Oration, delivered in this town, July 4. ☞ The very rapid fale of a large edition, in fo fhort a time, is a decifive proof of its merits.

July 9.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

P. WILLIAM M. Y. BAILEY.

NO venal muse for thee dear youth,
With strains of counterfeited woe,
Shall mock the ear of flighted truth,
Or urge the pitying stream to flow.

The sacred tear from virtue's eye
In holy silence falls unseen;
But empty sorrow's clam'rous sigh,
Proclaims the hollowness within.

Age may with heavy hand efface
The sculptur'd monuments of art;
But nothing ever can erace
Thy name, and mem'ry from the heart.

Had Time confirm'd with riper years,
The promise Hope, and Reason gave;
Unworthy were the purest tears,
To nurse the flowers upon thy grave.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH SONNET,

[IMITATED.]

" *Le flocon voyageur,*" &c.

SOFT flience hush'd the flamb'ring world;
The sir breeze, and red the skies:
ZEPHYR his airy wings unfurl'd,
And bade the drooping flow'rs arife.

AURORA, blushing in the east,
With sparkling rubies spread the way;
At length, in all his glory drefs'd,
APOLLO came, and gave the day.

But PHILLIS gay, and debonair,
Her all-furpaffing charms displays;—
The dazzling beauties of the fair
Eclipse the splendor of his rays.

Let not the virgin's charms divine
Make envy in the god of light:
Her eyes as far thy ftres outshine,
As then outshin'd the fires of night.

E.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breaft,
And foams and fparkles for awhile,
And murmuring, then fubfides to reft.

Thus man, the fpors of blifs and care,
Rifes on Time's eventful fea,
And, having fwell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANAGRAM.

" If you tranfpofe what ladies wear,
"I will plainly fhew what Harlot's are—
Again, if you tranfpofe the fame,
'I will fhew an ancient Hebrew name
Change it again, and it will fhew,
What all on earth defire to do;
Tranfpofe thefe letters yet once more,
What bad men do you'll then explore."

WEIL.
VILE.
LEVI.
LIVE.
EVIL.
D. S***.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meffrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

WILL, oblige a cuftomer, by publifhing the following PROPOSITION for SOLUTION, in their Weekly Magazine:

AS I chanced t'other night with a Tinker to fet,
Whofe tongue ran, me thought, quite too faft for his wit;
He talk'd of his art with abundance of mettle,
So I aik'd him to make me a ftat-bottom'd Kettle,
To hold me, ale gallons, fewn lefs than a foot;
Twelve inches in depth, I propos'd it, no more.
Let the top and the bottom diameter's be,
In juft fuch proportion a fire is to three.
He faid he would do it, and, ftraight to work went,
But when he had done it, he found it too fcant;
He alter'd it, then, fo large he bfid made it
That, tho' it held right, the fides fhall'd it;
He faid he would bring his faid promife to paft,
Or elfe he would fpoil every ounce of his brafs—
So to fave him from ruin, I pray find it out,
The diameter's length will give it no doubt.

N. B. *An anfwer is expected.* Your's with efteem,

Z. Q. FABUI.A.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER VI.—SABAH TO ANNE.

Bath, December, 1773.

YOU are diffatisfied with my fhort letter, what can I fay to fill a long one? I am in better health than when I left London; Mrs. Beaumont is exceedingly polite, her daughters are pleafant children, and could I fpend my time wholly with them, I fhould be extremely happy; yet, even as it is, I am far from being unhappy. I love company, but it muft be the company of my equals. I will fay, are not thofe with whom you aflociate fo? Yes, but the generality of them, think themfelves fo vaftly my fuperior, and whet they pay me any civility, let me know it in fuch a poitond manner, that I owe their attentions entirely to my connection with Mrs. Beaumont, that I fometimes feel inclined, almoft to reject their fuperciliousness. Since I have been in the rooms, I would gladly have been excufed, but no apologies would be admitted. I was particularly careful that my drefs fhould be as fimple as poffible; it was my loved finery, and in my prefent circumftances the fmalleft appearance of it, would be highly ridiculous, yet, fimple as my appearance was, I was unfortunate enough to attract attention. Now, could I find it in my heart to write the romantic girl, and write you the whole occurrences of the evening, tell you how elegantly I danced, and how finely I was complimented; defcribe the drefs of the fine company, and the fine women; and fupply the reft by invention; tell you of the handfome men, and affected women; but I do fo defpife the general ftyle of girlifh letters, and hate to be often, and fo defervedly ridiculed by men of underftanding, that the very fear of having a letter of mine meet the eye of a man of difcernment, I never keep me from writing nonfenfe. Obferve the compliment I pay myfelf, in fuppofing I can at any time write fenfe. Anne, left poft brought me another letter befides your valued favour—that Dorrity—who does he write to? I will he would not trouble himfelf about me. Have you feen Frederick lately? When does he fail? dear worthy Frederick, how anxious he is about my health and eafe, how gladly would he facrifice all his little earnings, to place me in what he calls independence, but his ideas and mine, on that fubject, are different; while by any laudable exertion of my own, I confider being a burthen to my friends, or a tax upon fociety in general—I am, in my opinion, perfectly independent. Laft week, Mrs. Beaumont went with a party to Clifton, and left me with my little companions, to paft the time as I pleafed, and a delightful time I had. As foon as the morning leffons were over, I rallied out to the library, provided myfelf with a good quantity of books, in the cafe Aire was exceeding fyltry, and ordering a fire in my own apartment, took out my drawing apparatus and fat down to copy a beautiful landfcape which I had tranfferred from the drawing-book for that purpofe, while Eliza, and Lucy, read to me alternately. The day paft charmingly, we never left the room but to dine, and take tea, after which, mufic filled up the time till nine o'clock, when my companions retired to reft, and after an hour's indulgence with Spencer's " Fairy Queen," I followed their example. The next day, and the following, we took long walks on the parade and the crefcent, and will own, agreeable as Mrs. Beaumont is, I almoft regretted when Saturday brought her home; for now we are going on as ufual, dreffing, vifiting, and turning night into day; for though the public rooms are not allowed to keep open later than twelve o'clock, yet there are conftantly large private parties. I have fome fufpicion that the gay and amiable widow will ere long again enter the Hymeneal ftate, and that with a perfon much younger than herfelf. Her kind friends fneer at the attentions he pays her, but for my own part I do not wonder at the preference given her by the men in general; her perfon ftill retains much fafcination, her face is handfome, her manners engaging, her underftanding highly cultivated, and her temper uncommonly good. In fhort, I could not with propriety admirer who dangles after us to the theatre, dances attendance at the rooms, and lounges with us at the libraries and pump-room. A Sir Wathin Alden, a baronet, young, rich, handfome, and a libertine is fo fmit with the fafcinating charms with Mrs. Beaumont; the native unadorned merit of Mr. Frankly has made a ferious impreffion on her mind, and without being what is called in love, I believe fhe is very favorably attached to him.—And now I am on this fubject, I feel myfelf impelled to mention a circumftance which has given me fome pain, becaufe it has humbled me. This Sir Wathin has dared, ftall I confefs it, even to you, dear Anne? whilft openly addreffing Mrs. Beaumont, to make preffions of love to your humiliated friend, and when my replies were fuch, as affronted delicacy and wounded honor dictated, he laughed in my face, and afked me what I meant to do with my pretty perfon, high breeding, and fplendid accomplishments. The men are not in hafte to marry, except interefl impels. " Oh that I were a man," faid I, and my indignant paffion fo choked me that I could not utter another fyllable, and could with difficulty reftrain my tears. " Why, what would you do?" faid he, catching my hands as I was rifing to quit the room.—" Strike you to the earth for your bafe, ungentlemanly conduct."—" Would you, fair tyrant," cried he infultingly.—" But my dear, if you were a man, recollect, I fhould not give you this caufe for anger"—" Wretch!" cried I, in a fit of voice, and wrenching my hands from his grafp, with the exertion I made to difengage them, my right hand fuddenly burft his hold and ftruck his face; the blow was not intentional, but it was not a light one: I inftantly grafhed with blood—and darted out of the room and left him to make what excufes he could to Mrs. Beaumont, whofe footfteep I heard afcending the firft flight of ftairs as I haftily ran up the fecond. That man's infolence has given fuch a wound to my fenfibility, to my pride, and fellfove, that the remembrance imbitters all my moments of reflection and affection. What can I have done or faid, what action of my life can have given him leave to hope he might fucceed in his unworthy attempts upon my honor? Heaven be prafed, my heart is not made of inflammable matter; it is a quiet monitor to the breaft, and has never yet fluttered at the fine fpeeches of a handfome man, or bounded at the preffure of a hand, fending its vital ftream to the head, where white confounded once. Yes, thefe are fenfations I have heard defcribed by others; have read of in romances and novels. Perhaps you will fay he fucceeded in awakening the tender emotions he profeeded cautioufly.—I do not think he would; I believe I have a very fure guard againft imbibing any foolifh paffion.—I am poor, dear Anne, but I am proud, very proud.—Oh, my ftall heart!—Pardon my troubling you with this filly affair, but it gave me pain, and I know you ever fympathize in the pains and pleafures of your honored and obliged

SARAH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OBSERVATIONS.

TRUE pleafures are alone enjoyed by the man of fenfibility and chaity. Every thing around him fpeaks to his heart; the joys of others become his own; and the relief he endeavours to afford to the fufferings of thofe as diftrefs, affords his fond with the moft lively fenfations of pureft; but all nature is cold and barren to the man of a frigid heart.

How unhappy is the unjuft man, even on the throne; he reveals alone and is fhunned by which he is furrounded.

The man of integrity is never alone; he is ever with brethren whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved.

Abundance is a trouble, want a mifery, honour a burthen, balenefs a form, advancement dangerous, difgrace odious; a competent eftate alone yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, leaft I fall; nor lie on the ground, leaft I be trodden upon.

The reafon that many men want their dofires, is, becaufe their defires want reafon. He may do what he will that will do but what he may. S. L.

Boftos, 7-9 4, 1803.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *JULY* 16, 1803. [№ XXXVIII.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :
DEVOTED TO
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☞ A copious Index will accompany the first volume.
Complete Sets, from No. 1, may be had on application.
*** Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this Office.—ORDERS SOLICITED.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—№ XXXIII.

Hos magnum alterius spectat functus honestum.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty you have given to all, to lay before you the unhappy situation into which my imprudent conduct has brought me, and the circumstances attending my lofs of happiness. It is not, however, with the hope of receiving from you, that balm of consolation, which those who are undeservedly unfortunate, merit; nor do I expect to hear you say, the world will forgive my misfeasduct; but by laying open to the public, through the medium of your numbers, the errors of my past behaviour and the consequence thereof, I hope, in some degree, to be the means of turning many, who are running the same career of dissipation, into the path of virtue,before they have arrived to that height of misery fuch conduct has carried me.

You muft know, Sir, that I am the fon of a refpectable gentleman in the vicinity of *Bofton* : my father is neither rich nor poor, but lives well, and keeps good company. After receiving an education, fuitable to enumerate my apprenticefhip, I was placed in a refpectable ftore in town, where, had I conducted myfelf by the rules of honefty and uprightnefs, I might have now been efteemed in a worthy young man; and in a few years, no doubt, become a refpectable merchant. But no—my mind, ungoverned by reafon, eafily fell a prey to the temptations, which have reduced it to a ftate, I fear, of almoft irrecovery.—Surrounded by young men of diffipated characters, and being often in their company, I foon imbibed their manners and vices. To fupport fuch conduct, a confiderable fum was neceffary ; my father found me a fufficiency to fpend with propriety—but prudence was foon left behind, and prodigality took its place. This was difcovered in times of neceffity, I found very difficult. I enjoyed many privileges in the ftore, and often fent advertifers to fea, which moft generally created fortunes. There were of great ufe to me ; but as all I received my predigree fo high, that all my means were not fufficient to anfwer all my ends. To keep up the character of a *high blade*, which I already poffeffed, (and then I thought it was the firft of all characters) I took to the laft refort of borrowing ; moft of my acquaintance lent me money very willingly, fuppofing from the appearance I made, that I was rich; but few knew my real circumftances. With thefe recruits, I now carried on a ftill greater degree of extravagance. Every Sunday, in the fummer feafon, I rode out of town, and generally took fome of my acquaintance with me, often invited parties to fuppers at my own expenfe, which often coft fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five dollars at a time. In the winter feafon, the theatre was a refort to which I conftantly attended every night, unlefs balls or dry rides, called my attention other ways.—Thus, Sir, my whole time was fpent in a continual round of diffipated pleafures. My attention to my mafter's bufinefs declined, as that increafed ; and as laft I got fo as to neglect many important things that he had ftrictly enjoined on me to perform. I had a mutual ability to do bufinefs quick, which was a reafon, I fuppofe, that his refentment did not break out fooner. At laft it came, and I was ordered to quit the ftore. You may judge of my fenfations at this time, but I cannot expreis them. Confcious of my guilt, I could not look my mafter in his face. I left the ftore, and went to my father—to a father, whom I have injured by ruining the character of myfelf—to a father, whofe greateft hope centred in an unfinful fon—to children he has been to me, but I cannot blame him.—Though I feel, as you fee, confcious of my errors, yet I have as yet endeavoured to keep up my character in my father's neighborhood, by faying that I left my mafter on my own account, becaufe I did not like him. I know, however, that the cat muft jump out of the bag foon ; but I dread to let it out myfelf. I muft now go to fea, to hide myfelf from the derifions of all who know me.

As you have great influence on thofe who read your numbers, and as they are read by moft young men in town, I wifh you would give them a little advice on this fubject. So doing, you will much oblige *Your moft obed't ferv't.*

MOSES BACKSLIDER.

Bofton, June 20, 1803.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE patiently waited foe fome time, expecting you would take it into your head to give us a leffure upon the following fubject :—Many people, and indeed the greater part, take more fatisfaction in prying into others' bufinefs than minding their own meddling and making where they ought to have the leaft concern. This vice, (determinated to fociety, to ambition, and the peace and happinefs of the community at large, tends in a very great degree to damp the fpirits of the enterprizing part of mankind, and to exalt in a moft greater degree, the country clown in any towns. It is not an uncommon thing, for the moft of people, if within their knowledge, any young man be in what ftation in life he may, but they will be very fond of the bounds of the commonality of people, whofe ideas, for the moft part, do not extend beyond what their grandmothers have taught them, immediately to begin their Inquifition, without the leaft provocation.

"I fuppofe Mr. —, thinks he has, or intends to do, fomething fhort ; he dreffes very much ; if he don't have an Irifh bride, I'll lofe my guefs—he need not be fo very fmart : I could tell of fomething that he would not like ; Mr. —, can tell you all about it."—Happening to fall into a company of this kind, and hearing the other evening, the whole converfation, during a great part of the time, turned upon a friend of mine, who was moft unmercifully handled—they like to attend fuch converfations, but was fikcat, until I could no longer hold my peace. The perfon alluded to, is a young man who has refided only a few years in this place, of an entire ftranger to its entrance, and without property—but by his own induftry and good fortune, has not only acquired confiderable property, but many refpectable and influential friends, and has rifen to a ftation in life, which few have attained to, who have enquired to know what my friend had done, deferving thus to be curtailed—no one made any anfwer for fome time, as length one of them, more bold than the reft, obferved, a perfon who thought fo very much of himfelf, and fpent half his time in fwindling over old books, and ftroiling about alone, like a ghoft, with his head down—Thus, Sir, as all they had to fay in fupport of what they had faid fo much upon —let the candid reader judge of the caufe. Envy, thou canker of the mind, and tormentor of mankind, where is thy profening venom !—One thing is very plain, that people of information fhould hearken for a moment to *lady ladies* in other men's matters, which tends to encourage fuch proceedings—Do give a leffure that will make us tear you, and teach us our duty to ourfelves, our Maker, and our Neighbour. JUNIUS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON RESOLUTION

SOME people make no account of that which is truly a fixed obligation, yet make a great fcruple in what is nothing fo obligatory ; and do not thofe who are fo jundtual in their reputation, concerning all moral accomplifhments, and fo unconcerned in the opinion of their Chriftian performances, feem to prefide the fame impertinence? The car of Refolution is ftopped againft diffuafion, but rycanus only at hazzard, but hazard takes the fword of valour, and her heart thanks of nothing but victory. She makes Wifdom her guide, and Will her fervant ; Reafon her companion, and Honour her Miftrefs. She is the fhoutrefs of the heart, the ftrength of the mind, a gift of God, and the glory of the world. Without this, we are but fcions of ruffled fuit, every thing that offers to crow us, catches us the more. Refolutions may often change for the better, and the laft ever ftands firmeft, but vows well made fhould know no variance. Thofe once refolved, like ftaid ftars, fhould hold one and the fame ftation of firmnefs, and not be fubject to irregular and retrograde motions ; for the viciffitude and irradiation of a mans whole thoughts are whirled about the vifible fphere of leveral perfuafions, and never fixed in one centre of refolved conftancy, redounds to his diftionour and prejudice.

Refolution is the only mother of fecurity ; he cannot be good that is not refolute. A. Z.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—№ XIX.

" But all men want amufement, and what crime
In fuch a pur-uit—in fuch a time too?"
None :—but why plead of this ?—is fome thing more than
We grant they're idle, if they'll ufe no more.

YOUNG.

EVERY human breaft is actuated, in a greater or leis degree, by the love of fame. Different clafles take different methods to obtain its gratification ; and it is aftonifhing to obferve how far this paffion will lead even men of common fenfe into the ridiculous and abfurd.—From ways and purfuits, which excite only the ridibility and contempt of the world, we expect the need of fame.— We even practiffe the fame in thofe, which, in others, we regard as emblems of weaknefs ; and fancy ourfelves admired for qualities, which, except in ourfelves, we univerfally ridicule and defpife.

Some, in the purfuit of fame, enlift under the banners of fafhion. Their hopes reft on the cut of a garment, or the fmatter of a dance. Some juft perfectly fatisfied with the importance conferred by a pair of *fpectacles*, and put up with the trifling inconveniences of running againft a boufe or a poft, which fometimes will happen, notwithftanding the greateft care and attention. Some find fufficient employment in keeping their teeth white, and direct their ftudies to the art of exhibiting them to the beft advantage. Others, who laugh at fpectacles, and white teeth, think no one famous until he can empty his fix bottles at a fitting, or, as the phrafe is, drink all his companions under the table. Thus every one has his favourite method, by which this univerfal paffion may be gratified.

This hankering after fame is very confpicuous in the numerous fugitive pieces, which are contained in every periodical work. From the ethereal heights of *Spectator*, down to the humble, homefpun *Goffips* and *Itinerants* of the age, all are engaged in the purfuit of praife. The various methods, which they take in order to "raife their own amufement," or " to pafs away a vacant hour," with which they are ingenioufly introduced, are more ftrouflikes, and mean nothing. All the *confeffions of conclufs* in the anticipated applaufe of their readers, or the expected compliments of their friends. Few indeed would be the fheets blotted by this clafs of writers, were they intended for the inftruction of none but themfelves. The pain of thinking, and the labour of compofition, would incline moft to lay down the pen, were they not ftimulated by the potent hope of vanity. *A vacant hour* might be much more agreeably employed in reading or converfation, or perhaps *inftead* of any of thefe *vacant* and *leifure* hours are doubtleis ftolen from thofe which were defigned for reft.

That thefe lucubrations are anonymous, is no proof that fame is not their object. *Particular friendfhips* are often kept in ignorance of the author of thefe trifles ; and perhaps a compliment beftowed on the unknown author is not valued by him with lefs pleafure than if it were fpoken perfonally to himfelf.

Of the many who are indefatigable in the purfuit, few obtain the prize. The fop, the rake, and the fcribbler, preach with equal zeal, and are equally diftreft from the object. They appear for a moment, and then give place to others, whom and forgot, too thoufand in an hour.— Like the little ants in conftructing their feeble pile, each an infection prefents his mite to the general ftock ; the

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crumbling fabric exists for a moment, and is then borne away by the rapid stream of time.

Lasting fame is the privilege of few. It is often conferred by the caprice of accident, often bestowed on the undeserving, and ftill oftener denied to genius, to merit, and to real greatness.

H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESSAYS.—No II.

Oh HAPPINESS! *our beings end, and aim!* POPE.

THE inclinations and defires of man, are all directed towards happinefs; but notwithstanding the nature of this univerfal magnet, which attracts all beings endowed with the faculty of reafon, men eftentially differ. Some fuppofe, that power confers all pofible bleffings; others efteem the pleafures of rural life to be only worthy the attention of rational beings; fome place all their delights in the hurry and tumults of buſineſs, while others eſteem an entire freedom from the world, as the beſt adapted to ſecure what is ſought after by ſo many, but obtained by ſo few. Aſk any of the perſons, who hold theſe different opinions, what happineſs is, they will anſwer according to the ideas they have formed of it; but ſuppoſe a perſon who had informed you that happineſs conſiſted in power, ſhould gain his wiſhes, ſhould arrive at a ſtation, which conſtituted all the dignity, he had ſo earneſtly coveted, then aſk him, if he had found the objects of his ſearch, he will confeſs that he was miſtaken, that happineſs is as far diſtant as the ever was. If the man who has ſacrificed his health, and, perhaps, his integrity, at the ſhrine of popularity, ſhould reach the ſummit of his deſires, every new mark of popular favour would increaſe his anxiety, and render him totally unfit for the enjoyment of it; not ignorant of the capriciouſneſs and inconſtancy of the vulgar, the idea of loſing their regard, would perpetually haunt his imagination, and embitter all his comforts; and the terror ſuch an idea would occaſion in his mind, would overbalance the pleaſures reſulting from a knowledge of their preſent eſteem. Nearly the ſame would be found of all the reſt: not one expectation would far exceed the reality, we ſhould never ſtrike theſe channels gain our objects. Inſtead, therefore, of proceeding in this ſpeculative purſuit, let us direct our attention to thoſe things by this we ſhall conſider happineſs upon our fellow beings, and this we ſhall find in the end, to be moſt conducive to our own. To do good, is, undoubtedly, the nobleſt and moſt godlike of human nature, it is what approximates us to the Deity; and yet, how many men are there, who have this power, to its moſt exalted degree, and ſhamefully abuſe it! how many men are there, who, poſſeſſed of ſoft wealth, expend it in the gratification of their appetites, while hundreds of their fellow-men are periſhing through the worſt of the miſeries of life, and to whom a ſmall part of that, which they are ſo unneceſſarily ſquandering away, would be ſufficient to preſerve them from death, and perhaps from ſuicide! But when your compaſſionate breaſt is ſeen pouring in wiping the gathering tears from the eyes of widows and orphans, who, bereft of all relations, from whom they had a natural right to receive relief, and, whom they might regard as their juſt protectors are left to wail and willing to ſuffil themſelves in unſolicited ſufferings, but for your timely viſit, would have ſunk under the preſſure of intolerable evils, which to them ſeemed unavoidable, be carried, left entirely ſhould tempt you to proclaim to the world the ſervices you have done them; endeavour to drive from the mind, the remembrance of the obligations to you, otherwiſe it ceaſes to be charity; the perſon you have aſſiſted will lament that they had not remained in their former needy condition, rather than have expoſed themſelves to ſo bitter ſtorms of ſolliting pride. The ſweet conſciouſneſs of obſerving bleſſings poured on your head from the hearts of the grateful poor, beſeeching heaven to reward, with its choiceſt gifts the deſcent of your generoſity, will afford much more ſolid ſatisfaction, than all the pompous parade of applauſe, echoed from the mouth of ſhoutheads.

A perſon who has once experienced the inexpreſſible bliſs of communicating comfort to a diſtreſſed fellow-creature, will never be found farther; he will conſole that at length he has diſcovered the object of his enquiries—true HAPPINESS.

H.

REMARKABLE.

A SINGULAR TALE.

WE are about to indulge our readers with a very ſingular but a very true relation of an affair which happened ſome year ſince in one of the French provinces.

A man of faſhion, and his addreſs to a young lady of beauty, rank, and diſtinguiſhed merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in fituation, the lady received her gallant with the acceſſionary conſideration ſome feldom withholdfrom thoſe whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themſelves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, diſapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded—but in vain: and finding it impoſſible to overcome the *aged obſtinacy* of the parents, he reſolved to ſolicit his charmer's conſent to elope into the holy bands of matrimony without any further conſultation with the parents, who ſeemed ſo reſolutely to perſiſt in a denial.

Having fully explained himſelf on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confuſion which, ever on theſe occaſions, is viſible amongſt the virgin fair, conſented to become his wife; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound ſecret.

It happened after a few years had elapſed, that the huſband was obliged to leave his lovely conſort, and embark for a foreign country in order to adjuſt ſome family affairs, which required his immediate preſence. The neceſſity was no leſs urgent than diſagreeable to both parties; however, they parteemed their good ſenſe to operate, and after viewing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of ſeeing each other, at a time when ſuch an alteration ſhould take place, as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming as happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For ſome time they correſponded; but the huſband being obliged to croſs ſeveral tempeſtuous ſeas, did not receive ſuch frequent anſwers to his epiſtles as he had reaſon to expect. This he attributed to the diſtance of climate, wondering a regular correſpondence ſhould be impracticable; and he imagined his letters had miſcarried, he reſolved for the preſent to deſiſt from writing; not reflecting the idea of having his frequent epiſtles laid over by indifferent ſtrangers, or perhaps captious enemies.

Another reaſon which induced him to lay aſide for the preſent all thoughts of continuing an epiſtolary correſpondence, was the hopes he had of ſhortly returning to France, where the preſſure of his amiable conſort would infinitely exceed all ideal ingreſſions, and make ample amends for every pain he had undergone.

It is now time that we ſhould return to the lady.

As ſhe poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of youth and beauty, it was not to be wondered at, that ſhe had admirers without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to ſolicit a perſon whoſe mental and perſonal endowments might, in their opinion, render him worthy their favourite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a ſyllable of her real huſband. At laſt the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconſolable, but ſhe found it prudent to diſſemble her grief, that ſhe might obliterate the ſmalleſt degree of ſuſpicion.

When ſhe had paid every tribute conſiſtent with reflection to the memory of her departed friend, a gentleman was propoſed by her parents as a ſuitable perſon, and the good old people were ſo prejudiced in favour of the perſon they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to underſtand their hopes of ſeeing her his wife.

The young lady, who thought herſelf entirely at liberty to commit a ſecond treſpaſs upon Hymen, after ſome little heſitation conſented to the propoſal, never reflecting the lady, if not happy, was placid, and ſerenely content: the parents were delighted; the bridegroom was enraptured; and all were jocund, all were ſprightly.

For four years the newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever ſeized the lady; the phyſicians were baffled, and ſhe, to all appearance, died. The diſtracted huſband was buried with pomp, and every reverence ſhewn to her memory the cuſtoms of the country would admit of.

During her laſt illneſs, her former huſband, whom we left abroad, had returned; and, after making the neceſſary inquiries, was informed of every circumſtance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to ſurpriſe her whilſt ſhe conſulted with phyſic, he had employed a truſty perſon to make him acquainted with each particular of her caſe; and the inſtant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildneſs ſeized his ſoul, and he reſolved to receive no manner of ſuſtenance, but to bury himſelf amongſt the mould which lay ſightly on her breaſt, and thus pine out the ſhort remaining period of his exiſtence.

Full of this reſolution, he repaired, the night ſhe was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, diſcovered her coffin, fetched a deep ſigh, and was about to ſtretch his wearied limbs, when, to his conſternation, aſtoniſhment, and affright, he perceived ſigns of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he ſuſpected. His wife was almoſt ſuffocated: he ſnatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the houſe of a neighbouring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks ſhe was perfectly reſtored to life and health.

As ſhe had a real affection for her firſt huſband, he made no ſcruple of ſhowing him for her companion: but as the affair ſoon made a prodigious noiſe throughout the country, the ſecond huſband, who alſo doated on her to diſtraction, no ſooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the firſt diſdained an act reſolutely perſiſted in keeping her to himſelf. In ſhort, a law-ſuit was commenced: the moſt learned advocates in France were employed: a tedious proceſs enſued: juſtice was diſplayed, and, after being litigated for a conſiderable length of time, a ſolemn deciſion was given in favour of the gentleman who had firſt married her.

The ſtory has ſo much the air of fable and romance, as to leave an impreſſion of its truth on the minds of our readers; we ſhall inform them, that the French lawyers have ſelected all the famous trials, with the deciſions which have been given in their courts for a ſeries of years.

This work, which is contained in ſeveral folio volumes, is entitled, "Les Cauſe Celebres." The above very curious ordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the ſubtile and ingenious arguments uſed by the oppoſite advocates for the different huſbands. So that there wants little doubt of the truth of a narrative ſo extremely well authenticated.

AMUSING.

THE TRIAL OF PLEASURE,

BEFORE THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHY.

THE trial was opened, and *Pleaſure* brought to the bar. *Sweetness* appeared to proſecute her.

The judge *Philoſophy*, with eye ſo ſtern, contracted brow, beneath him ſat with folded arms fullen *Melancholy*; *Reflection*, with wrinkled forehead and elate contracted brow, opened the indictment; and *Experienced Care* with *dark Diſtruſt* were appointed to examine the witneſſes.

The *Senſes* were firſt called in, to give their teſtimony againſt the priſoner, who was accuſed by the priſoner's counſel, *Deſire*, *Envy* and *Hope*, that they could not be witneſſes ſince they were ſure either to gain or loſe by the trial.

The judge *Philoſophy*, with eye ſtern, ſaid, that it was not proper to ſpeak to it, ſince they were but ſubordinate to the Will, and ſerved only as meſſengers to convey the ideas to the *Mind*: that they were no more than paſſengers in a ſhip, while the Will ſteered the helm.

The Will was called in, who ſwore, that he was always ruled by the *Senſes*; and they had run him into many miſchiefs and misfortunes; and not contented with that, they had cruelly chained him like a ſlave to a whimſical tyrant called *Faſhion*, who uſed him very barbarouſly; ſo which he could not eaſily eſcape, he was obliged not to touch him, and to bring *Faſhion* before the court; and in the mean time they proceeded with the trial of *Pleaſure*.

The firſt evidence that was called, was a young fellow with a careleſs air and countenance: he ſmiled to ſee how gravely could ſuppoſt him to crawl into court; he was often obliged to ſtop for want of breath; and, in a thin, ſqueaking voice, he gave the following evidence.

That to his knowledge the priſoner was the greateſt ſlut in nature, he had thrown away a very good eſtate, and married a ſtrumpet without a ſhilling in her purſe; that ſhe had continually given him hopes of enjoyment, but always deceived him; that his firſt acquaintance with her was at college, where ſhe tempted him in the hope of a beautiful miſtreſs, but ſtruck him blind: that ever ſince he had perpetually ſet up his equipage to honour her; run after her, from horſe-race to horſe-race, followed her to the barracks, and ſpent his whole eſtate in the ſtreets, that ſhe ſometimes ſwore for her, but ſtill he had miſſed meeting her.

At a tavern, indeed, he had ſometimes a glimpſe of her, but then he began deſiring her to go, that he was ſoldom therein a capacity to enjoy her; always either dull or drunk: when ſober he was moſt commonly ſick; and when ſtudied, always for fighting: ſo, upon the whole, he told the court (ſwearing by his Maker) ſhe was an impudent jilt, and a bad bilk'd him.

The next witneſs was a lady, a fine delicate modeſt lookmaid, ſhe ſtid gracefully into court, with her hoop held high before her, and immediately ran up to embrace the priſoner, but was prevented by the prime ſerjeant, *Reflection*, who aſked her if ſhe knew the criminal? upon which, with a ſoft ſtare, and lips wide open, ſhe hurſt into the prettieſt laugh, felt from thence into the moſt innocent confuſion, ſweetly ſeated herſelf in a very becoming poſture, and in a ſtore country ſtyle deſired to be excuſed from the queſtion between the priſoner's counſel, *Envy* and *Hope*.

She was again interrogated about her knowledge of the prisoner; she told the court, the lady at the bar was her intimate; that they had been brought up from their childhood together; and truly, that the judge was a fright, and the rest of the bench a parcel of queer creatures, not to let so fine a lady sit down among them.

Then turning to the prisoner, she invited her to a drum, and told her what charming company was to be at it; as for instance, Miss *Rout*, Madam *Racquet*, Widow *Horrison*, Lady dowager *Drow*, and the Dutchess of *Helter Skelter*, when the bailiffs got up, hurtured us open'e tune, and with a round-about fweep, whifk'd away to her chair in an inftant.

The next evidence was an old man; though ftricken in years, his countenance had not yet loft all the marks of florid health: in his face, the boon of manhood feemed to contend with the winter of age.

He gave his evidence as follows.

Behold moft grave judge, one of the unhappieft among mankind. I have all my life been fearching after pleafures, fooled by that lady the prifoner, until at laft I am involved in an irredeemable fries of miferies.

In my juvenile days, I had often read of the prifoner *Pleafure*, I was charmed with her *character*, I longed to be acquainted with her, I thought of nothing but her; I fell in love with her, and like other lovers turned poet to pleafe her.

I courted the fciences for her fake, but in poetry, I flattered myfelf I fhould fooneft find her; therefore I immediately became fond of making verfes; but alas! where I expected pleafure, I met with pain; I was fhipped as an idler, condemned as a plagiary, or punifhed by the ignorant and envious with derifion. I next applied myfelf to ftaffle, I croffed the feas for gain, I encreafed my fortune, but not my pleafure.

Tempefts, robbers, breaches in trade, difappointments, damped all hopes of enjoying her; I then recollected I had gained enough, I refolved to reft myfelf, and in eafe was in hopes to find her.

Again I was miftaken; while at reft I was uneafy, I grew difcontent with having nothing to do; —I fought for refolved exercife my mind, and I began to examine the laws of nature.

I ftudied them, I enquired into primary caufes; but, alas! all I obtained, was an infatiable defire to know more than could be known, and a certain forrowful reflection, that all I did know was infignificant.

I then turned bullder; I planned a houfe, I laid out my gardens, I amufed myfelf among the artifts, and then thought I was arrived at true pleafure; but it was ftill to feek; the workmen's delays difhufted me, they felt out as many themfelves, I was diftracted to decide their quarrels, —at length they finifhed the houfe, and then I invited my friends, I treated my neighbours, I fettled fortunes on my children, and now I once more thought I being happy. Still I am deceived; my friends I find are flatterers, my neighbours are envious of my riches, my children wifh for my death, to poffefs them, and after all my pains and toil, as far from finding pleafure, as the firft day I fet out after her.

The judge then afked the prifoner, what defence fhe could make?—She called her witneffes, BEAUTY and LOVE.

On their appearance, immediately the whole court was fenfibly affected; *Melancholy* reared his head, *Reflection* fmoothed his brow, *Care* looked pleafed, and *Philofophy* gave a figh; when *Prudence*, who had all this time ftood concealed, ftepped forth, and informed the affembly of the court, *Fear* and *Difbrefs*, to feize the two witneffes BEAUTY and LOVE, for fhe had an indictment againft them for perjury: therefore objected againft their teftimony, and infifted on *Pleafure*'s making her defence without their help.

Pleafure immediately began.

"I would manfully ufe me as I deferve, I fhould never be tried as a criminal, but rewarded as a friend.

They call upon me to help them, yet, I no fooner come to their affiftance, but they bind me captive to their tempers, and never are for trying me more.

The youth who appeared againft me I never was acquainted with; had he ftuck to his ftudies he might have found me. He miftook another for me, whom he followed; fhe is dreft like me, but her name is *Folly*; it was to her, and not to me, that I owes all his mifdemeanors.

As to the lady that fays I attended her from her infancy, it is falfe; fhe had a waiting maid that attended her, and took my name, but her true tell was *Self-love*.

The laft and heavieft charge againft me, is the old man's, but he is in hypocrite; I never had been attended him after as his wife, but he would ufe me like a hyes miftrefs, proud of fhewing the world he poffeffed me; I defpifed him for his oftentations; I left him to be more feverely dealt with, and I—

But why (raifing her voice) fhould I plead among fuch cold, fuch fpiritlefs judges? come to my refcue my friends, aflift my allies.

Immediately the *Paffions* came turbulently into court, drove *Melancholy* away, gagged *Repentance*, *Philofophy* hid himfelf under the table; they trampled upon *Reflection*, releafed *Pleafure*, and made *Prudence* prifoner, to be tried in her place.

Beauty and *Love* were to fit as judges; but her trial and what the meffenger found, who went to look for *Reflection*, muft be referred to another opportunity.

THE LOUNGING HOUSE-WIFE.

THE lounging houfe-wife rifes in the morning in hafte; for LAZY HOURS are ever in a hurry. She has not time to put on her clothes properly, but fhe can do it at ANY TIME. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned; her handkerchief is thrown away accofs her neck, her hoop down at the heels; fhe buckles about with her hair over her eyes; fhe runs from room to room flip fhod, refolved TO DO BY THE WORK and drefs herfelf—but folks who are ftuffed about the feet, are ufually ftuffed all over the houfe, and all day; they begin every thing and finifh nothing. In the midft of the poor woman's hurry, fomebody comes in: fhe is in a flutter, runs into the next room, pins up her gown and handkerchief, runs back with heels thumping the floor! Oh dear, you have catched us all in the fuds! I intended to have cleaned up before any perfon came in, but I had every thing to do this morning; in the mean time, the catches hold of the broom, and begins to fweep; the duft rifes and ftifles every foul prefent—the windows are opened, to brufh the duft into a neighbour's houfe—but the woman is *very forry it happened fo*.

Many a neighbour has thus been entertained with apologies and duft, at a friend's houfe, and yet never has thofe lazy hours, depend on it, the miftrefs had no eft to ANY TIME, that is, to NO TIME, what ought to be done at this PRESENT TIME.

USEFUL.

DIRECTIONS FOR RESTORING PERSONS WHO ARE SUPPOSED *to be* DEAD *from* DROWNING.

"1ft. As foon as the body is taken out of the water, it muft be conveyed, with eafe and tendernefs, to a houfe, or any other place, where it can be laid dry and warm, avoiding the ufual, deftructive methods of rolling it on a barrel, or placing it acrofs a log on its belly.

2dly. The clothes muft be immediately ftripped off, and the body wrapped up in blankets well warmed. It fhould be laid on its back, with the head a little raifed. If the weather fhould be cold, it fhould be placed near a fire: but if the weather fhould be warm, it will be fufficient to place it between two blankets well heated; taking care to prevent the room from being crowded with any perfons who are not neceffarily employed about the body.

3dly. As foon as it can poffibly be done, a bellows fhould be applied to one noftril, while the other and the mouth are clofely ftopped with the lower end of the thumb and firft part of the forefinger, prefs'd backward. The bellows is to be worked in this manner, and when the breaft is fwelled by it, the bellows fhould be ftopped and the noftril and mouth clofed, preffed upwards to force the air out. The bellows fhould then be applied as before, and the belly fhould then be preffed upwards: and the prefs'd fhould be repeated from twenty to thirty times in a minute, fo as to imitate natural breathing as nearly as poffible. Some volatile fpirits heated, fhould be held under the valve of the bellows, while it works. If a bellows cannot be procured, the mouth muft be clofe to one of the noftrils, through a pipe or quill, while the other noftril and mouth are clofed as before; or if a pipe or quill be not at hand, he fhould blow into the mouth, while both noftrils are clofed: but whenever a bellows can be procured, it fhould be preferred: as air forced in by this means, will be much more ferviceable than air, which has been already breathed.

4thly. At the fame time, the whole body fhould be rubbed with the hand, or with hot woolen cloths. The furface fhould be moiftened and rubbed with fmoothly long time, and particularly about the breaft.

5thly. During this time, a large quantity of ether, or fal, or fand, fhould be heated; and, as foon as it is milk warm, the body fhould be placed in it. The blowing and rubbing are then to be continued as before: and when the aihes, and fal, or fand, are cooled, fome warmer muft be added to that the whole may be kept milk-warm.

Thefe methods fhould be continued *three or four hours*: or, in ſeveral inſtances, they have proved ſucceſsful, tho' no ſigns of life appeared until that time. When the patient is able to ſwallow, he ſhould take ſome wine, or rum and water. Bleeding or purging ought not to be uſed, unleſs conſulting a phyſician, who ſhould be called in as ſoon as poſſible."

LITERARY.

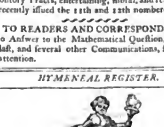
Meſſrs. Munroe and Francis, have iſſued the 6th Number of Shakeſpeare's Drama, containing the Winter's Tale, and the tragedy of Macbeth. The notes to the latter play are numerous and inſtructive. The ſubſcription will be open on the preſent terms, until the publication of the 8th Number.

Mr. E. Lincoln ſtill continues to publiſh the "Cheap Repoſitory Tracts, entertaining, moral, and religious." He has recently iſſued the 11th and 12th numbers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An Anſwer to the Mathematical Queſtion, inſerted in our laſt, and ſeveral other Communications, ſhall receive due attention.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Amherſt, (N. H.) Mr. I. H. Wheeler, of Charleſtown, to Miſs Sarah Dodge.

In this town, Capt. Francis Noble, to Miſs Eliza Adams —Mr. Elijah Clark, jun. to Miſs Cynthia Smith—Mr. Patrick O. Hancock, to Miſs Deborah Maſon, of Salem—Mr. Francis Wheld, to Miſs Lois Whitney.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At Wiſcaſſet, Miſs Mary Grant, Æt. 79. At Portland, Mr. Ebenezer Preble, aged 82.

In this town, Miſs Sarah Jones, Æt. 32; Mr. Elijah Swift, Æt. 45; Mrs. Jane Wilſon, wife of Mr. Barnabas Wilſon; Mrs. Alice Smith, Æt. 42, widow of the late Capt. Ebenezer Smith; Mrs. Hannah Cole, widow of the late Capt. Jacob Cole; Mrs. Elizabeth Lemon, Æt. 62; Mrs. Wilſon, late Grocer Buckham, and 6 others. Total 13, for the week ending laſt evening.

SECOND EDITION.

A FEW copies of the ſecond edition of Mr. SULLIVAN'S ORATION, delivered the 4th inſt. for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. July 16.

REMARKABLE DISPACH.

THE 3d claſs of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, has completed drawing. The Managers promiſed to the public, that it ſhould be finiſhed within 40 days; but it has been done in only *twenty-ſeven* ſ—This Lottery has ever been diſtinguiſhed for the regular and faithful performance of all its contracts; and which has met with great encouragement by the friends to valuable and profitable enterprizes. There cannot, then, be a greater number for the *Merchant, Mechanic, Farmer*, and indeed all others, to throw in their mite, for the ſpeedy completion of the Canal, beſides the excellent proſpect of *growing rich*—The liſt of prizes will be publiſhed on *Tueſday*, by GILBERT & DEAN—who have a whole, half, and quarter tickets in the ſame claſs, for ſale; higheſt prize 10,000 dods. Prizes taken in payment. July 16.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ATHEIST RECLAIMED.

BENEATH a tree, sheltter'd from summer's heat,
Wrapt in amaze, a haughty Atheift fat,
On summer's herbage, now he turns his eyes,
Now views the fea, and now the ethereal fkies,
With foliage thick, the diftant hills abound,
And animated beauty bloom'd around.

Here a pure ftream a bounteous eafcade yields
In murmuring accents trickling through the fields;
The weary traveller with heated blood,
Drinks, is refresh'd, and lifts his foul to God.
Beafts, Birds, and Infects here their tribute pay,
All join their praifes each a different way,
To their Creator is their homage given,
And the fweet incenfe reaches unto heav'n.

Adolphus views it with a fullen mien,
And thus remarks on the ftupendous fcene:
" What folly and what difcord reigns around!
" Here a fmall fountain iffues from the ground,
" Which ftill increafes as by others fed,
" Till it is loft in yonder wat'ry bed;
" Could I but order, I fhould fix this brook,
" In the firm fiffures of the ftinty rock."

In vain rich profpects open to his view,
For calm delight, Adolphus never knew;
Diftant he fees the traveller again,
And thus continues in his ufual ftrain:
" How vain! how blind! oppos'd to common fenfe,
" To think that there's a ruling Providence!
" Yet that poor fool juft going from my view,
" Drank of the ftream, then bleft'd he knows not who;
" But fuch a Being I will ne'er adore,
" I dread him not, and I defy his pow'r."

Now a black cloud extends along the weft,
The wind arifes, and the frighted beaft
To fhelter flies; home to his little farm
The ploughman runs to fhun th' impending ftorm.
Unmov'd Adolphus fat whilft others fled,
And mock'd the thunder rattling o'er his head;
But foon the mighty ftorm o'er him prevails,
Curdles his blood, and his ftout heart appals.
The vivid lightnings ftalk along the fky,
The fcatter'd trifles fcuds forth a piteous cry;
The clatt'ring hail with the fierce wind is driv'n,
And loudly roars the artillery of heav'n.
The largeft trees are from their ftations torn,
And on the wings of ragging hurricanes borne!
Lugg'ring he ftands ftill fenfing to depart,
Till the black cloud fends forth a forky dart,
Which to the centre cleaves the knotty wood,
Beneath whofe ftick'ning limbs Adolphus ftood.
Great heav'n! he fees the earth now op'ning wide,
And from each gulph, pours in the foaming tide;
The ftertle rocks fore'd from the earth's embrace,
And rugged mountains totter to their base;
Rocks after rocks, from their high fummits daſh,
And join the tumult with a grateful crash.
In vain he attempts his paſſions to control,
A dreadful horror feizes on his ſoul;
Proſtrate he falls; he groans, then cries aloud,
" All nature ſpeaks; there is there is a God!"

EUGENIO.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I DOUBT not you will admit the following fanciful production in your agreeable Magazine, when I inform you, that its author is a young Lady reſiding in the country, whoſe intercourſe with ſociety has never extended but to a few villages beyond her own; and whoſe education, genius and taſte, have been improved, cultivated and refined only by herſelf.—The votaries of the muſes certainly cannot read it without lamenting that,

Such a flower is beauteous buſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

H. G. W.

SOLILQUY.

WHY do my ſpirits droop, and die?
What dreams diſturb my reſt!
Why flow theſe tears? Why heaves the ſigh
Inceſſant from my breaſt?
Why do I ponder on the gloomy hour,
'Tis ſaid the owlets ſcream?
Why ſmile to ſee the tempeſt low'r,
The light'nings awful gleam?
Why do I wander from my home
'Croſs rude and barren hills?
Why haunt the eaves, in forefts roam;
And ſing the mourning rills?

Why do I ſee domeſtic love
To tread the pathleſs waſte?
Why ſeek the ſolitary grove
In ſuch diſorder'd haſte?

Why do I linger on the ſhore,
Laſh'd by the ſounding ſurge?
Where torrents from the mountain pour,
And tow'rds the ſea converge?

Why trace the windings of the dale,
And the high hill ſcene?
Why do I hie me to the vale,
And with not to be ſeen?

Why ſo ſtatuſtic my array,
So varied my dreſs?
Why ſtill delighted to diſplay
The emblems of diſtreſs?

Oh whence, my ſoul, this change ſevere?
No one has harſh prov'd untrue!
No friend, relation, kind and dear,
Have bid their laſt adieu!

Once hope, the dear deluſive maid,
Did all my proſpects bleſs;
But now the leaves me in the ſhade,
Nor does one tear repreſs!

And ſtill the crowd guy pleaſure leads,
Joy ſparkles in each eye:
But ah, poor me, the world recedes,
And I juſt live,—to ſigh.

Can Love, that pure celeſtial flame,
Caſe nought but tears to ſhower,
Inſtead of pleaſure, down to pain,
The victim of its power!

Oh yes, 'tis love, as holy, pure,
As that which warm'd a Rowe,
And yet 'tis doomed to endure
In ſilence, all its woes.

Ah, me, my feeble frame can bear
Theſe cruel pangs no more:
Aſcend my ſoul, and through the air
Sail for another ſhore.

ARDELLA.

* Mrs. Rowe.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER VII—ANNE TO ELLEN.

London, January, 1776.

YOU perceive by the letter I enclofed in my laſt, that my young friend's fituation was not entirely congenial to her feelings, though ſhe would not complain. She ſays ſhe is proud, it is true, ſhe is ſo, but it is that kind of proper pride, which is the ſafeguard of female virtue. I heard from an acquaintance, who was at *Bath* at the perſod ſhe was there, that ſhe was an object of admiration, of nature and art. This you will ſay is ſtrange aſſertion, yet it was actually ſo. The ſimplicity and trankneſs of her manner, the brilliancy of her underſtanding, and high cultivation of her talents, made her ſociety courted by the men and rendered her an object of general diſlike to the women, for it is a humiliating circumſtance to confeſs, that beauty, wit and talents, are by no means prefuns to ſecure a friend in our own ſex. Why is this? Why do women infer that degrading quality envy, to predominate in their boſoms? Men naturally eſteem thoſe who are moſt worthy eſteem; to be brave generous, honeſt, magnanimous, will gain a man the reſpect, the veneration of all; his ſociety is courted, his friendſhip thought an honour, even though his perſon ſhould be a perfect model of the *Apollo Belvedere*. But no, I beg your pardon, I recollect a celebrated wit and fatiric modern poet, avers that,

Superior virtue, or ſuperior ſenſe,
To knaves, and fools, will always give offence.

And here is no particular fex aimed at, it is then the wicked, the weak and the vain of both, who envy merit they ſtrive not themſelves to acquire. But I am running from my ſubject. Sarah ſo far from being flattered by the attentions of the men, was, as ſhe herſelf forcibly expreſſed it, humbled; the fituation of her mind, together with the irregular hours Mrs. Beaumont kept, rendered the medicinal virtues of the *Bath* waters of no effect. You may aſk perhaps why did ſhe not decline parties *ſo* prejudicial to her health? She did on her firſt entering the family make an effort to that purpoſe, but Mrs. Beaumont who thought ſociety neceſſary to amend the ſpirits of her young companion, preſſed ſo earneſtly, that there was no oppoſing her deſire without offence, and let her have been up ever ſo late at night, ſhe always aroſe in time to attend the young ladies at their leſſons. In March they returned to *London*. But I was ſhocked at the appearance of Sarah, every bad ſymptom was evidently encreaſed, and I was aſſiſted by a Phyſician whom I had requeſted to call as by accident to ſee her, that nothing but quiet and regular living would be her only chance of reſtoring her. Mrs. Beaumont was unwilling to part with her, ſaid ſhe ſhould not be plagued with the children, ſhe would find them to ſchool. Sarah ſtated; The dear children, madam, ſaid ſhe, are my comforts; I could not have remained with you ſo long had not my heart been ſtrongly drawn towards thoſe intereſting young ladies. I am honoured by your friendſhip, venerate and reſpect your virtues, am grateful for the many favours you have conferred on me, but neither my health, ſpirits, nor ſituation in life, render it proper for me to be continually mixing in ſcenes to which I muſt rank in all make you familiar, and of which you are an ornament. And this fine fluttering ſpeech, replied Mrs. Beaumont, is gold over the pale face of reaſon of my propoſal, and I me know as politely as poſſible, you are determined to leave me; well, I muſt ſubmit, only believe me, ſhould you ever want a friend, you will be ſure to find one in me. When Sarah left this amiable woman, ſhe preſented her with an elegant pocket book, which on opening, was found to contain a note of fifty guineas, together with a moſt affectionate letter, recommending her to the lady, who reſided at *Hington*, who would be glad to take her as a boarder, where ſhe might enjoy pure air, quiet, and the exercife of walking, of which ſhe was declined, in a large garden. I ſhould have inſiſted on her going with me on ſome tour of pleaſure, but buſineſs of an important nature, obliged me to viſit ſome eſtates in Wales with which I was obliged to travel, as well as the length of the journey, made it impoſſible ſhe ſhould accompany me thither. The evening before my departure, I paſſed a few hours with her at her new habitation, and delivered what the old lady with whom ſhe had taken up her abode, was a diſtant relation of the Darnley family. This was an unpleaſant circumſtance to Sarah, but ſhe was every way ſtile to comfortably accommodated, and reflecting wherever ſhe was, Mrs. Darnley would claim a right of viſiting her, ſhe made no attempt to avoid it. While I was ſtaying with her, we were greatly ſurpriſed by the entrance of Frederic Lawis, who had returned unexpectedly from a cruiſe, and I left her to her better ſpirits, than I otherwiſe ſhould, from the idea that ſhe had an him a proper and affectionate protector. His ſhip was coming up to *Deptford*, to undergo a thorough repair, he would therefore be enabled to viſit her every two or three days, and would, I was certain, on ſuch an increaſing ill health, ſuffer her to want neither medical, nor other aſſiſtance, which he had the power of procuring for her. Sarah had a proſpect of being reſtored to health and beauty, placed in a family of rank, as governeſs to the children, and to relide entirely with them, at the family ſeat in *Merioneſhire*. I received from her ſix months, and ſolicited to the ſatisfaction of having completed the buſineſs for which I took the journey, I had the felicity of forming an acquaintance with you, dear madam, an acquaintance which time has ripened into ſincere eſteem, and has laid the foundation of a friendly intercourſe, which I flatter myſelf is equally pleaſurable to both.

I received ſeveral letters from Sarah, during my reſidence abroad; the laſt I received previous to my leaving *Paris*, brocked her by announcing her marriage to George Darnley. I ſeribed the letter, as it will beſt inform you, of her motives, her proſpects, her feelings, and ſentiments at the eventful period. *Yours, with eſteem,* ANNE.

* *The reader is referred to letter* 5*th.*

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *JULY* 23, 1803. [N° XXXIX.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

CONTAINING

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP——N° XXXIV.

Hic fatæ derimat chaos
In patrium populumque flumit.

I PROPHESIED what would follow my publicly announcing myself a general Gossip, and my prophecy has been fulfilled; my Society has been courted, my advice asked; every party have made their complaint to me——As a proof of this assertion, though my hall number was filled with letters complaining of errors, and requesting reproof of those whose guilty of them, yet I have now two more which I am strongly tempted to present to my readers, because I think both the writers have real cause of complaint, and because the subjects are such as I have not touched upon. As to my correspondents *Master Busybody*, and *Fanny*, they will, I believe, find every thing laid aside, which I have the power of saying upon the subjects of *affectation* and *meddling* with what does not immediately concern ourselves, in my 4th and 24th numbers. I will only add, that I think the one of a habit of diffusion and tattling, lies in the method of bringing children up——it is for them examples of extravagance, indolence, and *finery*, if they allowing them an exuberance of pocket money, we tacitly countenance them in friends and unprincipled pastimes, what can be expected, but that the youth of these privileges will betray us upon more capital deprecated, and there and there one feels a repugnance to joining the dissipated career, his profession has also incurred one of the ideas of credulity. He cannot bear the reproach of breaking puppy, mean spirited dog, flashy fellow, &c. And rather than bear them, he sweet underevilly applied his handful, by which he contracts a habit of idleness, & leave. As to med lers and busy bodies, they abound in every rank, in every lie, in every profession; to such he, is the attempt to correct would, as from the growing evil, appears an Herculean labour. Let a thoroughfare pass a neighbourhood, the inquisitive fiend is immediately let loose, and goes prowling about in search of anecdotes to furnish his table companions. Let a new member of the stranger good, has he plenty of money, that's the query is, how does he get it? Is he independent? Is he in trade? or does he exercise his mind—Is the apparent fixation of this object of general inquiry poor, then where does he come from? Who knows whom, who will notice him? Should he have a family, unremarkable or, the opposite, is he wife a good manager? Is the good tempered? Does the take care of her children? Does the not dress beyond their income, keep more company than her husband can afford? Is the not extravagant in her table expenses, or niggardly to her servants? I have been in company where four or five persons have employed a whole afternoon, in researches the actions of one, who perhaps never gave a moment's thought of them, or cared what they did, or said, or imagined. Children, who are in the confidant habit of hearing such remarks, will in time, come to make them their practices, and from the mere want of better employment for their mental faculties as they grow up, will be continually prying into the affairs of their neighbours, praising them what they do not understand, pulling judgment upon what does not concern them, and drawing conclusions from reasons of which, they not knowing the motive, their conclusions are generally erroneous. I acknowledge that much tattling and muddling proceeds from envy, ill-nature, and real malevolence of heart, but at the same time I verily believe a great deal, comes from a vacuity of mind, from a love of talking, and many a person when by their idle chatter they have made a family, an individual, or perhaps a whole community uncomfortable, publicly miserable, they will ask with a face of brass, Did I say any thing to the *Busy-Body*, "What have I done now? Some mischief I suppose, but I'll be hang'd if I can tell what."

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I AM acquainted with a young man whois in a genteel situation in life, whole father in a short acquaintance, and has brought up his son in a more religious manner than many are now a days. The young man, whom I shall call *Lucius*, is but very indifferent in his person, but no ways deformed; is of an amiable temper, and has a great regard for the rules of christianity—before entering marriage, which he seems to be desirous of entering into, has unfortunately imbibed strange erroneous opinions. He thinks if he pays his addresses to a lady, and she receives him, it will not be out from real esteem, but because she wants either to be her own mistress, to get from under the government of her parents, or thinks to better herself by marrying a person of a larger fortune than she has. From these accounts, he is very cautious how he behaves in the company of the ladies. I knew him not long ago, after offering his hand and heart to a young lady of real worth and numerous mental endowments, but rather ordinary in her features, upon being accepted, on a sudden break off the acquaintance, and drop all pretensions to her, merely from a weak notion of the lade's being fearful of giving an old maid, and therefore received his addresses, if he proposed, to prevent it, the thought of the world him. He should not have any more offers, being so ordinary and unlikely; whereas to my certain knowledge, she has had two or three before him, and refused them; was as fensible and deserving a young lady as ever I met with—his inward merit more than compensated for her want of beauty, and she had a real regard for him, was upon the equality as to fortune, age, person, situation, and disposition: but all these considerations were overlooked by him, upon his taking up the above thoughts of her—he now pays his addresses to an equal subject. I suggest to tell you he is apprehensive that no woman can be true to him or like him alone for a month because he is not in aggreable as many others. I myself, the he is are too fond of variety to be able to withstand temptation when offered by a genteel man, of good address, either before or after marriage. Yet would you believe it, this young fellow in no fool, but one of good sholarship, and real ingenuity. Pray what method do you think would be best for him to relieve on, to marry with such thoughts, or remain single for life? I have known him for some time, in addition, I really think his wife might live very happy with him, as he has a great deal of good nature, and is of an easy disposition. *I am sorry,* NIRANDA.

Boston, July, 1803.

TO THE GOSSIP.

GOOD SIR,

AS you seem the friend of human nature, I trouble you with a complaint that is really very painful to my heart; and the friendship you have shown to the unfortunate is remarkable, emboldens many a moment of my life which would otherwise be spent in tranquility. I write in the hope that the young woman alluded to in the following narrative, may feel and know herself, become ashamed of her conduct, and endeavour to amend; and that you, good Mr. Gossip, will feel the uneasiness of my situation, in regard to her, and give your advice to both parties: and we may remind the happiness which her folly is wilfully throwing away, before it is gone beyond all possibility of recal.

I am a woman who owe my fortune to the exertions of industry, and though by making those exertions indifferently and unremittingly, I maintain a respectable rank in life, I have, almost from my infancy, been under the necessity from whence to draw support. I have no children of my own, but several years ago took into my family a girl, whom I shall call Betsey. I took her, because I thought the child had abilities which I might cultivate in such a manner, as to render her a valuable member of society; and which I knew could not be done by her mother, who is a widow, and has two more children, and is in very low circumstances. Betsey was nearly eleven years old when I took her; her mind and muscles totally unformed. During the first year and a half, I was pleased with her affectation about the family, and my own person, and delighted, as I contemplated the gradual expansion of her mental powers, that I used, on the fundnels of my heart, to call her my little daughter; and looked forward to the time when she would relieve me of many cares and anxiety. Without her appearance to be genteel, I permitted her to learn to dance. I had a piano-forte, on which I amuse myself sometimes; she expressed a wish to learn, I thought she drew a decent one, and as I could procure her an instructor upon very easy terms, I yielded to her solicitations. But these indulgences were not intended to make her a pleasant companion, or enable her to employ her leisure hours in a manner agreeable to herself, without looking abroad for assistance. It was my study at the same time to inform her in every useful branch of domestic management, to make her a good needle-woman, a good grammarian, arithmetician, and penwoman. I ever allowed her often sufficient to appear neat and respectable, and permitted her to visit the young people in the neighbourhood, at proper intervals. Alas! Mr. Gossip, before she was fifteen, I discovered I had made a dreadfully erroneous calculation, in supposing I should reap the reward of my care, in finding her as she grew up, an affectionate companion, a tender nurse in sickness, and an able affistant in my family concerns——So far from being either, she is quite the fine lady, would, of her own free will, never do any thing but sit on the piano, read, and write; she is so affected, that the puts me in pain at every movement. When she has occasion to laugh, she will extend her mouth, and open her lips, as wide as possible, in order to display her white teeth, hanging her head on one side, with full in appearance of languishment, that you would suppose she had not strength to keep it upright. In the time of dressing her pretty little hands, that she wraps them up in the heetest weather in leather gloves, with pull the tops of the fingers bare, and with the attempts to touch a glass or tea-cup, to walk in, or to perform any useful domestic business, she hardens them with the very extremity of her thumb and finger, picking the others off at such a distance, as if she was afraid of defiling them. Even to wash her knife and fork, which as if they were made of something offensive. In making or mending her own clothes, (for the never attempts to do any thing of the kind for me or any of the family) she executes the work so ill, that I sometimes blush for her, when even the people who wash them, examine them. In domestic concerns, she is so ignorant as I should if she were cast out into the world to get her own bread, would be the most forlorn, helpless being, the universe ever produced. She is now fifteen, and even with such a form, I am sorry to say, more of a child, than when she was at eleven. To the virtues of self-denial, she is a total stranger, and the is no more capable of the first, than of sweetness, or delicacy, that falls in her way, than a girl of five years old could: nay, I have seen children of five years old, with more thought and greater strength of mind. She has no ambition; and possessing a very fine person may, from me, has too much pride to with to make herself useful in the family. She never expresses a desire to learn the art of household-keeping, and the slightest hint or suspicion is construed to be understood, in order to her becoming a good house wife, and mistress of a family, and a valuable member of society; and which every woman, however richly endowed by fortune is, ought to know. How much more then is it necessary for one who has no dependence whatever, except the exertion of her own abilities. My Gossip, my heart bleeds often, when I look at her. I have nothing to leave her when I quit this sublunary scene, and should that event shortly take place, what would become of her? Those whomom flatter her, and tell her what a sweet girl she is, how charmingly she plays and sings, how elegantly she dances, and that I am ungenerous in wishing her to employ her time usefully, that if she was my own daughter, I should treat her differently, would then turn their backs upon her and where she had expected support, the person would meet them like a dog of destruction, and she has given me in the most delicate language, "You had better do something to support yourself." They say right, Mr. Gossip, when they tell her, was she my own daughter, I should treat her differently; for such certainly I should; before I would do her such a lump of indolence, selfishness, vanities, and affectations, I would make her perform the most menial offices in the family, and that but up entirely from laziness——Ah, Sir, tell me what I muft do——Pray give a little of your good advice, to my poor

thoughtless Ester, for certain I am, from my knowledge of the world, should any unforseen event deprive her of my protection, she would find, in losing her maternal friend, she had left all. Do, Sir, hint to her how happy she might make me, if she would but try; and in so doing, she would find herself ten thousand times happier, than self-indulgence or gratified vanity, can ever make her. Pardon my prolixity; it is the overflowing of an ill-treated, but affectionate heart. LUCY BERNARD.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—№ XX.

"*Ophthalmia? thou guide of thrift! thou discoverer of virtue!*"
CICERO.

THERE are several little stories, which I have always read with peculiar pleasure. Those of La Roche, in the *Adviser*, and La Levasi, in *Sir Launcelot*, with a few others, are compositions which never tire, and in which every re-perusal discovers new beauties. The beautiful, unaffected simplicity both of the narration and the sentiments, and those delicate and refined touches which evince the master, publish irresistible charms. But of all the little histories of this kind, which have ever been given to the world, none contains so many real beauties, or comes so near to the pure simplicity of nature itself, as the account of Joseph, related in the book of Genesis.

The unwarranted assertion to the sacred volume, which is so common in the youth of the present age, has doubtless prevented many from perusing this interesting little story, who would have discovered and relished all its excellencies, had they found it in any profane author. A hope of indulging some of my readers to open this sacred repository of elegance and truth, and to continue the perusal merely for their own amusement, is the occasion of those few hasty remarks on the History of Joseph, I shall proceed to notice a few of its beauties, and shall be as superficial of peculiar tenderness, force, and beauty.

In describing the confidence placed in Joseph, by Jacob his father, his brother, this strong expression is used, he left all he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat.

The generic wretchedness of a human life, the difficulties and difficulties which they had to encounter, is very naturally represented: "And they said one to another, we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear: therefore is this distress come upon us."

It is moving to observe the tender feelings of Joseph, which he endeavoured in vain to suppress, while talking with a forced roughness to his brethren. "And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them." And he lift up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there."

The extreme reluctance of Jacob to part with his beloved Benjamin; and the hickerings between affection and hunger, between a fond anxiety for the safety of the child of his old age, and a solicitude for the preservation of his own life, and the lives of his numerous family—is expressed with peculiar beauty: "And Israel their father said unto them, if it must now be so, then do this; take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down a present for the man, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight: take your brother also, and arise, go again unto the man: and God almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

When he discovers himself to his brethren, instead of showing any resentment, or reproaching them with their criminal and unnatural conduct towards him, he endeavours to soothe them, telling them not to be grieved, or angry with themselves, for God ordered the event for the preservation of life: "And there I will nourish you, that ye fall not into poverty, you and your household, and all that you have. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept over them; and after that, his brethren talked with him."

The whole tale of the unconnected pedlagues, can give but a very imperfect idea of the excellence of the whole. I must therefore request my young friends to employ a leisure half-hour, to-morrow, in reading the whole of this interesting piece of ancient history. They will find it contained in the Book of *Genesis*, from the thirty-seventh chapter, inclusive, to the end. If, after this perusal, they do not find the pleasure more than equivalent to the time and labour, I shall pronounce them without discernment, and devoid of true taste.

The better acquainted anyone is with the sacred volume —*the guide of life, and discoverer of virtue*—the more will he admire it, and the oftener recur to its instructive pages. The false propellion, which many have imbibed, respecting its being dull and tedious, will be readily removed, by examining its contents: and the remarkableness of its history, the sublimity of its poetry, and the purity of its precepts, will always afford an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and instruction. H.

BIOGRAPHY.

ACCOUNT OF JAMES WOODHOUSE, THE POETICAL SHOEMAKER.

THE extraordinary person is about twenty-eight years of age, and has a wife and several small children, whom he endeavours to maintain by great application to business, and by teaching children to read and write, which is all the learning he ever received himself, being taken from school a few years old.

He lives at the village of Rowley, near Hales Owen, about five miles from Birmingham in Staffordshire, and two miles from an estate of the late Mr. William Shenstone, called the Leasowes.

After he was a little from school he had no means of gratifying his insatiable thirst after reading and knowledge, but by procuring the magazines with such little perquisites as he could pick up, until about five years ago, when an accident introduced him acquainted with Mr. Shenstone.

That gentleman, who by improving nature with a true taste of her beauties, has rendered the Leasowes the admiration of all who see the place, tried to foster this delightful walks to be open to every body, until the ruticity of that was done by the thoughtlessness of the malicious, obliged him to close all but such as should have his special permission, on a proper application for that purpose. Woodhouse, who, more a lover by this prohibition than almost any other person, was thus excluded, applied to Mr. Shenstone for leave to indulge his imagination among the scenes which had so often delighted him before, by a copy of verses. This immediately procured him the liberty he solicited, and introduced him to Mr. Shenstone himself. The poem appeared to be to extraordinary for a person in to obscure a station, who had been taken from a shovel a few years old, and had since read nothing but magazines, that he offered him the use of not only his garden, but his library.

Woodhouse, however did not suffer his love of poetry, or his desire of knowledge to intrude upon the duties of his station; as his work employed only his hands, and left his mind at liberty, he used to repeat them as he sat at his stole, while the last was in his lap, and when he had made a coupler he wrote it down on his knee; his fondness for reading he could not from those which others of his rank usually devote to tippling, or skittles, but from the hours which otherwise would have been to all sleep.

The perfection of this extraordinary writer is remarkably harmonious, his language is pure, his images poetical, and his sentiments uncommonly tender and elegant.

His poems are Mr. Shenstone informed me when he was about twenty-three; and though in the character of a lover, and with a proper sense of the inferiority of his station, yet there is a consciousness of that equality of nature, which petitioners and dedicators too often meditate to forget.

After an address to Mr. Shenstone, in which he encourages himself by collecting the general kindness of his character, he says:

Shall he, benevolent as wife, disdain
The muse's votary, though a scandal's praise?
Tho' no ambitious views he e'er may have,
I laugh at the vain critical decree.
The wing and fate with children fondest are,
Tho' all at nature gave her better part;
What is she more costly, but my mistress?
To rend my verses, and proscribe mighty Sire.

A copy of this poem, and of another addressed to the same gentleman, were sent by Mr. Shenstone's direction, and with some manuscript poems of his own, to a friend in London; this friend thewed them to some of his acquaintance, and a small collection was made for the author which produced an eighteen benevolence: by this ode he appears to have profited by Mr. Shenstone's library; for he talks of Palladian flish, sapphic's art, Phidias's chiffel, and the pencil of Titian. But his force of thought, and thrill in poetical expression, appear to greater advantage in a poem of fifty stanzas, each consisting of four verses, intitled Spring: this contains a striking picture of the infelicities of his situation, and the keenness and delicacy of his sensations.

After regretting the vacant cheerfulness of his earlier days before domestic connections condemned him to ineeffant labour, and absorbed him in care and solicitude, he exhibits this picture of the pain and pleasure that are mingled a his conjugal and parental character.

But now domestic cares employ
And busy me my family,
Nor leave me hours for grief or joy,
But's furnish'd out from thence,
Some what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my knocks heard,
Or prattling on my knee.

Not that my Daphne's charms are fewne,
Their fond arms pleasure bring:
'Tis their infant endearments alone:
'Tis all I've left of Spring.

There is something extremely pathetic in the last verse and the first of the next stanza, where he mentions his wife endeared to him by her sensibility and sadness, is still more striking.

The dew-drop sparkling in her eye,
The tear that will not fall,
The sighs that on her lips fly,
My wife, my sweet copy!

He that can feel the following will need no affidavit to discover their beauty, and to him, who cannot, no affidavit will be effectual.

I will not, dear remembrance! part,
To steal thy silken hands;
I only kissed with soft fear,
Their every knot demands.

Nor mourn I much my task uniform,
Nor ill-excuse want: impute
But O it wounds my heart to hear,
My Daphne's melting moan!

For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head;
While hand in hand forever keeps,
And joins the pitying thread.

When winter bills the fun behold,
Our labours endless are:
And when the fun is in the west,
The task is still undone.

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AMUSING.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

Strong fools entertained by Dr. Bell, of the virtues of Filial Obedience, exemplified in his young penance at his father's Death-bed.

DURING the last visit which the Doctor made to Litchfield, the friends with whom he was staying received into one morning at the breakfast table, an enquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Litchfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the dilatious guest, and the party began to very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the Doctor flalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to enquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner —" Madam, I beg your pardon for the disquietude of my departure from your house this morning, but I was confrained to do it by my conscience fifty years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has never ceased to lay on my mind, and has not until this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending some markets, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, Madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a pedlar-like to——, and rising into the market at the time of high buffelle, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the day which my father had frequently called, expired to the intent

of the Readers-by, and the indolency of the weather—a penance by which, I trust, I have propitiated Heaven for this only inclance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father."

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.

DR. Goldsmith officiated for some time as an assistant in an Academy at Peckham, under the care of Dr. Milner, who published a Greek and Latin grammar, which have been much esteemed by the literary world. He was a distressing amiable gentleman; and his friend, the late much lamented by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of chriftianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldsmith was employed by him as an usher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but so much was he respected by the widow and the children, that he was invited to return and take care of the seminary, which was continued some little time longer, with which request he complied. Dr. Goldsmith came to Peckham from Richardson, the celebrated novel writer, at that period a printer near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the press; and Richardson and his family he always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude. He had also at that time some acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which respectable publication he even then contributed articles of criticism. From this gentleman he received considerable patronage, and therefore to his kindness he often profeffed himself much indebted. Previous to his going to the Peckham academy, he had travelled through many parts of Europe, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Latin and French languages. Their he taught, with the other parts of his duty. As to his perfon, he was of middle ftature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, flovenly in his dress, but poffeffing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanor. If he thought any one flighted him, he was hurt; but if reconfidered a great dejection: but otherwife he was a moft charming companion. He played frequently, but indifferently, on the German flute; his converfation fhewed he difcovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate—his habits were unaffected, and the young gentlemen were never fo happy as when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well ftored. But, alas! he never was an economift. Out of his fcanty falary of twenty pounds a year, he frequently gave to perfons in diftrefs—making a point of never lending a perfon more than without half a crown! He had not a few of thefe letter applications; hence it was that he generally applied for his falary before it came due: and one day, upon the unufual call of the lord to Mrs. Milner, the finding faid—"You had better, Mr. Goldfmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for fome of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need," and pleafantly walked away. Upon his leaving Peckham, he fubfifted on what his talents brought him as a writer; and once a relation of Mr. Milner having occafion to fpeak with him, he told him that Lord Bute had follicited the aid of his pen; but his reply was—"I will profitute my talents to no man." The relation of Mr. Milner having many

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WELCOME to me's the morning ray,
Which calls me to my daily toil:
Grateful hail returning day,
For Heaven gives all I dare to toil.
The lapwr glide on contentment's wing,
But one is on my soul most dear;
To save, when undisturbed I sing
The song, which **** loves to hear.

All nature's charms with joy I view,
The wood crown'd hills, the blooming vale
Sol's golden ray, the concave blue,
Through which bright clouds majestic sail.
But when the moon affumes her reign,
Oft will a maid, a precious tear
Suffuse my eyes, while the soft strain
I sing, which **** loves to hear.

Pleasure floats o'er my placid heart,
When chofe around me cheerful smile:
In others' joys I hear a part,
Their sorrows gladly would beguile.
Their joys are pure, but there is one,
Which seldom will return I fear;
It is to sing when day is done,
**** the song he loves to hear.

Oh! let me then explore the height,
Where Honour with fair Truth is found:
Strive to excel in all that's right,
So be the arduous effort crown'd.
With his esteem, this ardent breaft
Muft ever honor and revere;
And may I oft at his request,
Repeat the strains he loves to hear.

***

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE STARLING.

A BEAUTEOUS ftarling late I fpy'd,
In lovely Sylvia's hand;
To check his flight, around his leg
She ti'd a filken band.

In vain he flutter'd to be gone,
Confinement was his lot;
In vain he ftrove to break the band
But could not untie the knot.

Ceafe, ceafe, fhe cry'd, here you fhall feed
And in my bofom reft;
No bird that ever wing'd the air,
Was half fo much carefs'd.

If from my hands you chufe to ftould fly,
Perhaps you may be hurt;
Then ceafe to ftruk, it's all in vain,
You can't untie the knot.

The bird at length contented grew,
While Sylvia ftrok'd his plumes,
Eyed his little teeth, and he
His forrows notes refumes:

From what he learnt the fair one fay,
The words by rote he got,
And them repeated every day,
"You can't untie the knot."

One day as youthful Damon fat,
His Sylvia by his fide,
Reward my love, at length quoth he,
To-morrow be my bride;

Her blushes at his fuit favour evince,
But ftill fhe anfwer'd not;
And ere fhe fpoke, the ftarling cry'd
"You can't untie the knot."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

VERSES on a favourite CAT.

SOME verfes on your CAT you afk,
Were I but equal to the talk—
With pleasure I'd obey:—
An ahire you her beauties claim,
Her merit—more exalted fame,
Than this my humble lay.

Her mute, expreffive *eloquence*,
Returns a pleafing recompence,
For all your tender care;
By ev'ry fond endearment fhewn,
Her heart with ardent love o'erflows,
And gratitude fincere.

With more than common beauty bleft,
The darling whitenefs of her breaft,
Excels the new fall'n fnow;
Contraft the yellow and the black,
Which on her lovely tortoife lack,
In richeft colours glow.

The toil of catching mice and rats,
She leaves to *vulgar kitchen Cats*,
For fhe's a Cat of *Fafhion*;
She imitates the modern Fair,
Makes drefs and pleafure all her care,
And fhighs for admiration.

Long, happieft of the *Tabby* race,
May you poffefs your prefent place—
Long wafh your whifkers live;
Untrav'l'd in her window fit,
And you alone, chofen cheek bit,
From her fair hand receive.

P.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER VIII.—SARAH TO ANNE.

London, June, 1777.

WHY do you tarry fo long from town, dear Ann? yet I need not enquire; you find health and pleafure in the retired fhades of Wiltfhire, while I breathe the fatal fpeak to the fmoak, noife, and confufion of London; not once, de I fay, pardon me Ann, you fometimes think on me, mentally enquire how I do, what I am about, and whether I am happy.

I want you in town, I want your advice—yet cannot wait to receive it. I will tell you what has happened, what I have heard, and what I am about to do; and though before you receive this, I fhall have done it paft recal, I pray you do not fpare me if you think I have erred, fpeak to me in the language of fincerity, correct my faults, feverely lafh and ridicule my follies, for it is my firm opinion Ann, that more than half the vices and follies with which this fublunary fphere fo plentifully abounds, owe their origin to the want of truth in the intercourfe between the animated atoms with which it is peopled; every vice that has difgrac'd humanity, or dignified with fome fpecious name, and decorated with fuch tinfel finery, that it almoft affumes the appearance of a virtue. Why ran we not fpeak plain, openly what we think, and fcorn to ftoop toward a deviation from rectitude, and treat prefligacy of all kinds, with the contempt it deferves. But this is not proceeding in a direct line with the ftory I was about to commence; no matter, manners fay there is more pleafure in traverfe failing, when by dexterous management they reach in fafety the intended port, than in proceeding in a ftraight courfe with the wind upon the beam.

Laft Monday evening, Darnley was gone to his club—Ann, I dont like thofe clubs, they fmoke, drink and dofpute, until they fhock the tenderer feathered heroes and demi-gods, and go home to their wives in a ftate little removed from brutality; perufe about the prerogative and dignity of man, the great lord of creation, and expect their fimply rational companions to bow with fubmiffion, and affent to their fupremacy.—Well, Darnley, was at his club. Mary Mifhearn, had paft the evening with me; fhe is on a vifit of two or three months to Darnley's mother, and having a bad head ache, had retired early. I had played until I was weary, and was fitting in a kind of liftlefs half fleep and awake manner, when a ftngle rap at the ftreet door made me ftart; the fervant who was fitting up on the kitchen, ran to the door, had fcarce the opportunity to put the chain across before fhe opened it. "Does not Mr. George Darnley live here?" faid a faint female voice. Betty replied in the affirmative. "Is he at home?" afked the fame voice.—"No," fhe replied, "but my miftrefs is." "Your miftrefs, what Mr. Darnley's mother?" "No, his wife," "His wife," fhe exclaimed ftartled, and feemed thick ed with an hyfteric affection,—then paufing a moment or two, fhe faid—" I am to blame—I have bufinefs of importance, young woman, to tranfact with your maiter, you give him this letter, and requeft him not to fail coming early in the morning, to the place I have mentioned, for I am come off a long journey, fatigued, ill, diftreffed, and can only look to him for comfort and refpofe."—At this fentence the agitated female uttered, I had drawn near and nearer the head of the ftairs, and when fhe had finifhed the laft, was actually half way down, but before I could fpeak, fhe was gone, having left the letter in Betty's hand. I've girl met me on the ftairs, and offered to give me the folded paper—that inftant irrefiftible curiofity which ordied madam Eve, had nearly com pelled me to take it, but before I had touched it I recalled my better nature. "Go, Betty," I replied, "to the card rack to your maifter's counting houfe. I will go to bed,"—and I actually did go to bed, left I might be tempted to pry into a letter what might not only be unfafe, and in no way to hatever concern me. There was fomething ftrange in the whole evening at that hour of the night, for it was paft one o'clock; but more ftrange, from the voice of wounded fenfibility. Their reflections kept me waking, and when Darnley came home, I told him of the letter, and how it was maid bring it to him. I am interrupted,

Adieu until next poft,

SARAH

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.
No. VII.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

RELIGION.

HE who profeffes pure religion can meet with compofure the greateft misfortune, and ftand undaunted in the midft of the moft imminent danger—if lifeft with a being of congenial affections, how happy! how enviable his lot! his years roll almoft imperceptibly away with the kind foother of his cares; ftand in hand with mutual pleafure they tread the path of life, and when the unerring dart of death is hurled, the heroick influence of religion avers the appointing horrors of defpair, and exalts a hope and confidence in that being, who looks with an eye of pity on the fufferings of humanity. Then what a dreadful contraft prefents itfelf to our view, do reverfing this beautiful picture; uncontrolled paffions proceeding from unlimited youthful indulgence, reign with fhameful lafciviousness and extravagance rage with a ftamp of the darkeft hue, the character of the libertine, and tend to loofen (if married) the fond remains of affection lurking about his heart, for his amiable wife and children, who are unfeafed and frequent inter-courfe with vicious companions and diffipation, would annihilate every generous emotion of his foul, and forever deprive him of that ftiff, clean and fpiritual fenfe—Hail ye friend of vice, mad-ffs, and folly, feldom leaves the wretched being, until he is thoroughly polluted—then, oh! whom the reflections of his paft, (and thoughts of his abandoned and fhameleis life, ruth with redoubled force on his agitated mind, and prefent to his imagination a deep, dark and dreadful gulf, which (without the efficacious forgiveneis for his crimes) he muft explore with horrid dread.—

Ye parents and inftructors of the youthful mind, inculcate the principles of a pure unperverted religion in the minds of your children and pupils; train them up in deeds of virtue and benevolence; abhor vice, and happieft of the moft reckleis mind, will be yours, you will fecure it to your children, unfhed'd at the fhrine of folly.

" TRUTH."

AFFLICTION.

INTEREST and anxiety are the ufual fources of our difficulties, how ever fpecious may be our greteness to the contrary.

We fometimes lofe friends whom we regret more than we grieve for; and others for whom we grieve, yet do not regret.

VALUABLE LOTTERY.

TICKETS, halves, and quarters, in the 4th claft of feventh Hadley Canal Lottery, prize only five dollars, and the capital prize of 10,000 dollars the higheft prize, for fale by GILBERT & DEAN. ☞ The prizes fold by them in the 3d claft, amount to *Five Thoufand Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars!*—this, without any other addition, carries its own comment——A complete lift of the prizes in the 3d claft may be feen—prize tickets taken in pay.

An Apprentice to the Printing Buffeefs wanted as above—he will receive good treatment. July 23, 1783.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *JULY* 30, 1803. [No XL.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No XXXV.

Inventus alium, si te hic fugisset, Alcinoum.
* * * *
Exoria imperio, et ramus compesse fluentis.

MIRANDA complains, and I think with justice, of the caprice of LEON, whom, to ipite of her raising, I more than half fuipect, ſhe is ready to pardon, and receive again into favour; and if he is not blind and intenſible, he will ſeize on ſo fair an opportunity to make his peace, return to his all-gracer, banish from his mind the unworthy thoughts he has harboured of the female ſex, and lead to the altar of Hymen, the woman who candidly owns, with all his faults, *"he could be happy with him."* If ſay, hahith his unworthy thoughts of the ſex, for until he does this, he muſt not expect happineſs, or even cold content, in the married ſtate.

That women, from the ſituation in which cuſtom, nature, and the laws of nations, have placed them, muſt naturally look forward with cheerful, perhaps infome degree, anxious hope, to the period, when eaſed, ſanctioned by reaſon, they can ſhew perfect love by practices; and to their affectionate hearts, rational, faithful, undeviating friends. But does it follow from hence, that a ſenſible woman, in accepting a man, whoſe conduct in courtſhip has been ſuch as Leon's, muſt be ſo blind as to believe that ſhe will ever be more than a ſecondary conſideration? Let Leon's perſon be ever ſo plain, with the other requiſites which the partial Miranda has attributed to him, he will be happy with confidence, the ſtricteſt diſcretion, prompt ed the acceptance of his offered hand. And the ill-treated female, whoſe he has, by his unjuſtifiable deſertion, expoſed to the ſcoffs of the unfeeling gay world, might with juſtice make that ſpirited remark,

"The charms which have ſeduced my heart
Another may diſplay."

Among the many practices of which depraved humanity is capable, perhaps there is no one more wantonly barbarous, than to win the heart of an innocent young creature, by warm and honorable profeſſions of attachment, and having wrung from her modeſt inobtruſive nature, confeſſions of the ſame, and then leaving her to repent in ſilence and ſhame, the ill placed confidence. For expoſing myſelf thus, I do not mean to take the part of thoſe ſordid girls who fancy every attention which politeneſs exacts, a proof of attachment, and every compliment which cuſtom or the form and honorable profeſſions of attachments

cessary hearings—to people in way interested in their welfare; they are incapable of feeling for them that tenderness, however they may feign it, which their mothers would have felt, had they not crushed the deigns of nature, and, to avoid a little trouble and confusement, suffered their hearts to become insensible to the tweet tranfports of maternal love. I do not say that those mothers have no love for their children who feign thoot to the care of others: nature is imperious—fhe will fometimes be heard even in the midft of diffipation; but of this I am certain, that their affection for their offspring is not fo lively, nor their fenfibility of heart fo exquifite as it would be, if they purfued the dictates of nature, and nourifhed their innocent infants with that food which the hand of Providence prepared for them. In truth, that woman is but a *bad mother* who does not fuckle her own children; nor do I think there can be any excufe made for the omiffion of this duty, provided a woman has ftrength to fulfil it, nor would any one that knew its importance willingly omit it.

It certainly muft be a fight highly gratifying to an affectionate husband to fee his wife cheerfully performing the duties of a mother, for it muft unqueftionably attach him more towards her, and cement their affections beyond the power of time or chance to alter. Befides, a woman fo employed will not ftp eagerly after every light and trifling paftime which faftion may offer—her mind will be too much engaged to heed the call of folly; her whole heart will be abforbed in the interefting fcenes of her nurfery, and if fhe looks beyond it, it will only be to leffen the cares of her hufband, and to gladden their domeftic circle with the looks of contented tranquillity.

I fhall next flightly touch on the pradice of economy, and then clofe this imperfect fketch of female duties.

Economy varies much in its principles when applied to different ftations in fociety. What would be extravagance in a country gentlewoman, might be thought economy in a lady of faftion; yet there is no ftation, however exalted, beyond the reach of its influence, and the moft fplendid muft be neglected, the moft fplendid fortunes would foon fall into confufion and decay, if in of confufe, highly important that it fhould be ftudied by thofe whofe incomes are more confined. It is incumbent on the miftrefs of every family to be particularly careful that her expences do not exceed the fums allotted for the different branches of domeftic expenditure. The prudence of frugality and economy, by which fhe owes to her hufband, to her children, and to herfelf—for without a ftrict attention to thefe regulations all muft be confufion. Here fhould the importance of a married woman ever exceed the circumftances of her hufband; there can be no ftronger proof of weaknefs and folly in a woman than when fhe attempts, at the expence of her hufband's peace and property, to vie in appearance with thofe whofe rank and fortune permit them to indulge in all the vagaries of faftion. Thefe, I believe, are eafy ftrictures and matters of appearance to which all ranks of women are entitled, and which muft may obtain without injuring the circumftances of their hufbands or difturbing their repofe.

Thefe cautions may to fome readers appear fuperfluous, and fo they might be if this little work were addreffed only to fuch as were opulent, and who are not under the neceffity of confining themfelves to its rules; but as it is prefumed this effay will be found to convey fentiments generally a ftranger to the great mafs of fociety, the above rules, therefore, may be rendered ufeful to fome defcription of readers.

Yourfelves indeed is our abode here, and it is much to be regretted that fo fair a portion of our time fhould be devoted to vifible bickerings and unneceffary complaints. A little attention to our own conduct and mode of behaviour, regulated by the principles of religion and the practice of mutual forbearance, would infallibly lead us to the poffeffion of peace here, and happinefs hereafter.

I cannot conclude this Eflay better than in introducing a beautiful paffage on the fubject of matrimonial felicity, by the admired author of the Seafons.

Reciprocal wants, an more reciprocal love fpreads
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together lives they; in full truft they live,
Together feed, their fpecial cares divide,
To form where love and life's intereft reign!

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

No. VIII.

RULES FOR THE PRACTICE OF CHRISTIANS.

1. LET love and charity be univerfal; for no pretence whatever, no, not of religion and zeal for God, can juftify your not loving any perfon in the world. Treat all men with kindnefs, as if with them were all. Do them good according to their neceffity, and your power and opportunity. If you have no money for them, expreft your love by giving them the honor their place and authority call for. If they be in worldly refpects beneath you, manifeft your love by kindnefs, affability, and granting them an eafy accefs to you. If they excel in natural or acquired endowments of mind, expreft your love by a due efteem. If they be rather wanting than excelling, fhow your love by pafying them, and defpife not their weaknefs. If any be in mifery, compaffionate them, pray for them, comfort them with your prefence if you can with them, and relieve them according to your power. In any of thefe ways, fhow your love by ftopping and rebuking the defamation.

2. Be carefulnot to harbor an evil affection in your heart againft any perfon whatever. Many times we are far from intending any actual miftheef, yet you tempt God to let loofe your corruption, and his providence to permit an opportunity, by which the fame enemy, you may be drawn to an act you never before thought of. Befides, by an evil affection harbored, in your mind, you will prevent the bleffed effects of the Spirit of God, and open a wide door for the entrance of the devil with every evil. And indeed an unkind difpofition towards any man is fo much akin to Satan, that if you admit the one, you cannot exclude the other.

3. *Defpife none*: for love never rides in triumph over inferiors.

4. Look upon all unavoidable temptations as opportunities for a high exercife of grace. Are you injured? Be forry for him who has done the wrong, and bleis God for the opportunity of expreffing your love to him, by a patient bearing, forgiving, doing good againft evil, treating your adverfary with meeknefs, and breaking his heart with love. Every provocation is a *piece in your bead*. Get a heart to improve it.

5. Put a due value upon your name and reputation; but be not over felicitous about it; for that difcovers fome unmortified luft in the affections.

6. Purfue piety as an imitation of God; and then fo great a pleafure will refult from it, that neither men nor devils fhall be able to rob you of your joy, by their words or attributes. This notion will raife an eftcem of piety, will render it lovely, make the duties of religion more eafy, and a diligence in them more certain of unbelief, and unkind jealoufy of God.

7. Let humility be the conftant covering of your foul, and let repentance follow all your performances. This will demonftrate that your religion is inward; for if religion enter deep into the heart, it will always find work for repentance, while we are in a ftate of imperfection.

8. Love and long for heaven; but let not love any thing more than God or Chrift in the way either never to enjoy it, or fain to be deprived of it, or to find yourfelf deceived in it.

AMUSING.

SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION,

Being an Elaborate Epiftle, *from* PEREGRINE PIPKIN, *Efq.*

PERCEIVING your defire to know how I paffed my time in Pennbrokefhire, I here prefent you with an account of my proceedings, in a progrefs I lately made to a gentleman's houfe purely to protect a plain cottage.

I proceeded in a party of pleafure with Mr. Peart of Pickleton-ville, Mr. Powell, of Penally, and Mr. Pugh, of Purlpy; and a pleafant one it was, I affure you, of Peftivals, which was readily agreed to, and foon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to poft away a little before, namely to Mr. Pritchard's that he might provide for us, and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard lives is a poor, pitiful, paltry place, though his houfe is in the prettieft part of it, and a prince's palace to the reft. His parlour is of a lofty piece, and full of paftures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to the parlour; from before you have a pleafant view of a delightful country towards Penrilly hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguele and Polifh poultry. The name of his houfe is Pavilion-ton, which pavilion he muft plegnly to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and prefented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end pickled pork, peafe, and parfnips; in the middle a pigeon pye, with pull pafte; on the one fide a potatoe pudding, and on the other fide, pig's pettytoes. The fecond courfe was a dith of pheafants, with pickles, and pheafants, and a plate of preferved pine and pippins; another with pickled pork pepper; another with prawns; another with pyrgmain, for a provocative, with a pyramid of pears, pruftes, plums, pine-apples, and piftachios. After dinner there was pafty, pudding, and puns, which pleafed me exceedingly for poor Mr. Peter, the parfon of the parifh; for it pleafed his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate a pleafant pragmatical manner. But this alfo pleafed Mr. Price, the parliament-man, a profound politician; but he perfifted, and made a prolix preamble, which pleafed his principles prejudiced and partial againft the prefent people in power. Mr. Price who is a potent party man, called him a popifh parfon, and faid he prayed privately in his heart for popery; and that he was a prefumptious man. This put a period to our proceedings: he potched up a peace for the parfon was a patient pigeon, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peace*, with a *pox, peace*, and in a plaintive poffure to petition for peace. Mr. Price, who was pleafed of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and promifed he was forry for what had paffed in his paffion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from fome of his prepoffeffous propofitions, which he prayed him never to prelume to advance again in his prefence. Mr. Pugh, who is a perfon plofky, prickfhed plaufibly and a pedantic to the parfon, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaifter, and then placed himfelf in a proper pofition, that the power of the fire might penetrate his profound capacity; but the parfon, who was not to be outwarded by politics,—as Mr. Pulteney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Pruffia, Prague, and the Palatine, Mr. Powell, the Portuguefe merchant, and Don, and the prefumption of the privateers, who pick-up prizes almoft in our very ports, and places and penfions, were the principal fubjects of converfation—pafs over, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a pedeftute, the piece of the pit, puttenmines, prefles, the fmall-pox, the primate of Ireland, penitentiaries and preferments, pick-pockets and penitents, and the pranks of Harlequin in the pantomime entertainment, though his pipes in the perfect *pattern of parental pofts*. To be brief, I perphefy you think I am prolix. We parted at laft, but had great difficulty in procuring a palfrey from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the ftable door, on purpofe to prevent us, and pretended he had not a pad to his back, but by hook or by hodge we prumptory, the key was produced, and we were permitted to go. We pricked our palfreys a good pace, although it was a bit on the pinch, and we had got no far, before I was pur-blind, left we fhould ride plumb againft the poft which are prefumed to keep ftrefe paffengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our guide, had a very providential efcape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pafs nor ftop farther, which provoked him much, for he piqued himfelf on his horfemanfhip, but it proved to his advantage, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he muft probably have fallen, had not his bride plunge d in that part of the road. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the reft of the progreffion *pon paces*, as the Italians fay, or *pone a pace* as the French fpeak. But we have fafely arrived at our journey's end, without the leaft prefage of paffing a day with you at Putney, which fhall be as much at your fervice as poffible. *I am, Sir, your moft humble Servant,* PEREGRINE PIPKIN.

CARDINAL DE VIVIERS,

WAS a hog-driver in his infancy. Some monks paffing by as he was bufied in that employment, and noticing his wit and vivacity, offered to take him to Rome, and bring him up to ftudy. John accepted their offer, and went to a ftone-maker to procure a pair of ftone for his journey. He had not money fufficient to pay for his purchafe; and the ftone-maker trufted him with part, and told him, ftanding, that he muft pay him when he was made a cardinal. He became a cardinal in reality, and was not unmindful of his former low condition, but took pains to perpetuate it. He built a chapel at Geneva, and caufed this infcenature to be carved on the ftone wall of the chapel; in the fculpture he is reprefented as young, and without fhoes, keeping hogs under a tree; and all around the walls are the figures of fhoes. Reflin fays this monument was exifting at Geneva, in his life time.

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PEACE AND WAR.

THE Columbian Museum, (*Mall-Street, near Liberty-Street*) will be opened on TUESDAY EVENING, Aug. 26, with a great Variety of *New additions*, among which are elegant *WAX FIGURES OF PEACE AND WAR*. Peace is represented by a beautiful female Figure, the likeness of a young lady in this town, holding the Olive Branch extended towards a large and elegant Painting of the late Gen. WASHINGTON.—War is represented by a figure of Mars, which is covered with a Coat of Mail, &c.—The striking contrast of these figures, and the importance of their subjects, together with the great Collection of Paintings, Wax Figures, natural and artificial CURIOSITIES, renders the Columbian Museum a most pleasing and interesting place of resort for citizens and strangers. Mr. BOWEN expresses his grateful thanks to his Friends and the public for the encouragement afforded him for their new establishment, and hopes for a continuance of their Patronage.

☞ The *Physiognotrace* is much admired and attracts great attention.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

THE dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm —but if they have nothing to support them, their effects, like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fabrication flips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one fingle quality to fill the affections of a fenfible and liberal mind: for as beauty decays, the image it impreffied, wears out. True love is always difinterefted, always conftant. Thofe whofe fentiments are nearly equal have the beft chance for happinefs. But, unfortunately, in this age, few purfue it in matrimonial connections; and Plutus carries more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE Duchefs of Devonfhire, had an elegant compliment paid to her lately at Brighton, by a gentleman, who, after viewing the garden and the library, applied to her the words of COWLEY.

The faireft garden in her look,
And in her mind, the choiceft books.

ANECDOTE OF THE SWISS.

THE Swifs were once more famous for copious libations to Bacchus, than any other nation. We are told in the convivial annals of that country of a French Ambaffador, who, being recalled by his court, took leave of the deputies of the Cantons. "Sir," faid one of them, "you will not quit us without taking *a ftirrup drink*." "A *ftirrup drink*," replied the ambaffador, "I ought always to be drunk out of a boot;" and taking off one of his, which he filled, drank it off at a draught, put it on, and mounting his horfe, he left the people tranfported at the flight of fuch an action.

ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN man, fays Cicero, dreaming there was an egg laid under his bed, confulted a cunning man to know the interpretation of his dream, who having pored a while upon the fcheme, very gravely told him, "there was treafure hid in the fame place where he faw the egg laid." The man digging, found a parcel of filver, with a quantity of gold in the middle of it; and in gratitude to the interpreter, preferred him with a part of the treafure, which he thankfully received, but told him withal, "That, for luck fake, he ought not to divide the egg, but, as he had given him a fhare of the white, fo he hoped he would give him fome of the yolk too."

A TAYLOR having a quarrel with a fellow in the ftreet, was obferved to repeat to himfelf in the following terms :— "I'll trim him a dog; I'll pick a hole in his coat, a houndred; gentlemen, I don't know what I'm about, for a fhred I'll bring it to a fuit, he fhall have a ftone doublet. Does the rafcal think I am a goofe? He has cut out work for fhandeff. What, though my fortune is a little worrted, I am not fine drawn, as he is, a cabbage fed blackguard; I've a good bottom. Nobody can fay I'm without a ftitch to my back. He may be as ftarp as a needle for all that, but he fhan't break the thread of my difcourfe. It is well he fheared off, or I would have bailed the fcoundrel."

INTELLIGENCE.

FRANKFORT, (*Kent*) *July* 6, 1803.—A fhocking murder was committed on Monday laft, near Shelbyville, on the body of a young lady by the name of Bean, by a negro fellow belonging to Mr. B. Smith. The unfortunate girl was returning early in the morning to her father's, from a neighbour's houfe, where fhe had tarried all night, when fhe was met by the unfeeling monfter, who fpeedily put an end to her exiftence. Her cries were heard by fome perfons at work in a corn-field, who, we are forry to learn, were not fufficiently alarmed, inftantly to defift from their labour and fly to her affiftance, until rouled by the noife of a number of hogs contending for the carcafe! The feelings of her unhappy parents muft be excruciating indeed. The unprincipled villain is in cuftody, and will meet with proper punifhment. Revenge for fome fhance given him by her father, is the caufe he affigns for committing fuch atracious crime.

USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION IN PAGE 112.

DATA.—Required the top and bottom diameters of a veffel in the form of a fruftrated cone, 12 inches deep, to contain 53 Ale Gallons; the diameters to be to each other in the proportion of 5 to 3.

Cubic inches in one Ale gall.=282x13=3666= [contents in cubic inches.

3666÷12=305.5=Area of the mean diameter in Square Inch: 4.

305.5×1.2732=388.97=Square of mean diameter.

And √388.97=19.721 inches=mean diameter.

Again, 5×3.1333×.7854×1.2732√=4.04= mean of 5 and 3.

Then, as $\begin{cases} 4.04 : 5 :: 19.7221 : 24.4085 \text{ inches} \\ \text{greater diameter.} \\ 4.04 : 3 :: 19.7221 : 14.6451 \text{ inches} \\ \text{leſs diameter.} \end{cases}$

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

A DISCOVERY of confiderable importance has been announced, with regard to the prefervation of corn. To preferve rye, and fecure it from inſects and rats, nothing more is neceſſary than not to winnow it after it is threſhed, and to ſtow it in the granaries mixed with the chaff. In this ſtate it has been kept for more than three years, without experiencing the leaſt diſcoloration, and even without the neceſſity of being turned, to preſerve it from humidity and fermentation. Rats and mice may be prevented from entering the barn by putting ſome wild vine or hedge plants upon the heaps; the ſmell of this wood is ſo offenſive to theſe animals, that they will not approach it. The experiment has not yet been made with wheat and other kind of grain, but they may probably be preſerved in the chaff with equal advantage. : : *L. P. May* 28, 1803.

HINTS TO MARKET WOMEN.

THERE is a mighty difference between a good reputation and a bad reputation. How is that? Why, the prudent, diligent dairy woman, keeps her veſſels clean and cool, and her churn as ſweet as a roſe—her butter is well worked, and freed from every drop of butter milk—it is well packed in a clean ſtone jar, ſo as to exclude all air—her bottee goes to market, and brings fixteen or eighteen cents the pound. She doet the ſame year after year, until the reputation of her butter gives it fix, eight, ten cents, extra value! This is a great encouragement.

The lazy houſe-wife! ah, how ſhall ſhe be deſcribed—and her butter too! A ſtreak of white, and a ſtreak of yellow! a little butter and a little milk, curdled, peppered with a variety of darker ſubſtances—ſent to market in an open veſſel; ſprinkled on the top with duſt, chips, feathers, hair, &c. Such butter brings four cents, ſix cents, and poſſibly, ſeven! This is the effect of a bad reputation —it is a trifle, to be ſure, in one ſcruple of butter; but in one's life—it is a little eſtate! Yes, a great eſtate!—The *Farmer's Cabinet*—and ye cheeſe-makers, take the hint! : : : *N. Y. Spectator.*

LAUDABLE PROPOSITION.

IT is with pleaſure (ſays the Alexandria Expoſitor) we notice an advertiſement of Mr. Cuſhis, for the encouragement of an American breed of ſheep. This gentleman offers a premium of 40 dollars for the firſt ram lamb that can be produced in the month of March, 1805, then a year old. The lambs are to be ſhewn by four gentlemen of judgement and reſpectability, two to be choſen by the breeder and two by Mr. Cuſhis, the four gentlemen to chooſe, to have the power of chooſing a fifth. In addition to the premium the breeder of the fortunate ram will be entitled to demand a ram of the improved breed, at any time within ten years after the day of producing grain. The price of ſhewing to be any where within the territory of Columbia. It is by ſuch meaſures as the above, that the American nation can wiſne expect to eſcape the ignominy of de; nding upon foreign countries for the neceſſary articles of wearing apparel; it is by them alone we can expect to bring to perfection our agricultural intereſts, and we earneſtly hope this example ſo honorable to the gentleman who adopts it, will be imitated by all who love their country.

TO DESTROY APPLE TREE WORMS.

MAKE a ſtrong ſtoe-ſuds—break the neſt of worms, and pour theſe ſuds quite hot upon them; or force it into the neſt with a common ſquirt-gun.

CAUTIONS BY THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE following public caution is given by the Royal Humane Society:—"In great fainting of ſtrength, eſpecially in the end of fevers, and other acute diſeaſes, patients frequently lie in a ſtate reſembling death. If the bed clothes be removed, the heat of the body will be diſſipated, and the ſpark of life deſtroyed. By not attending to this important circumſtance, the lives of thouſands of our fellow-creatures have been facrificed, and their bodies committed to the grave, who, by a more humane conduct, would have been reſtored to life."

TRUE REMARK ON MEDICINE.

A MAN who has lately written a book on the inexpediency of medicine, begins by what he calls an axiom. If your conſtitution is *bad*, it is not worth repairing; if *good*, it does not want repair.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

H s third favour is received with pleaſure.

" Clara's" pretty lines On Sleep, ſhall ſoon appear.

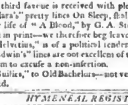
The life of "A Blood," by G. A. Stevens, has often appeared in print—we therefore beg leave to decline it.

" Helvetius," in of a political tendency—inadmiſſible.

" Edwin's" lines are not excellent of their kind—we muſt beg him to excuſe a non-inſertion.

" Gullio," to Old Bachelors—not very declicate, as ſuch rejected.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED—At Canterbury, (Ver.) Mr. Jacob Hyde, Æt. 24, to Miſs Mary Sims, Æt. 24.—At Charlethown, Capt. Samuel Bradford, to the amiable Miſs Mary Davidſon. At Plymouth, Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, of this town, to Miſs Sally Shaw. At Tiverton, Mr. Robert Dean, mer. to Miſs Sufannah L. Paddleford, both of Taunton.

In this town, Capt. David Orkington, to Miſs Nancy Phillips, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Samuel Phillips—Mr. John Bull, to Miſs Nancy Fowler—Mr. Ralph Gore, to Miſs Sally Pierce—Mr. John Dodge, to Miſs Mary Barrett—Mr. Jeſſe Farmer, to the amiable Miſs Margaret Trull.

OBITUARY.

DIED—At New-Bedford, William Greenleaf, Eſq. late of this town, *Æt.* 80.—At Nantucket, Hon. Jeſſah Starbuck, *Æt.* 75. At Marblehead, Mr. Wm. Hayden, *Æt.* 82. At Lynn, Mrs. Abigail Oliver, wife of Mr. Henry O. jun.; 4 funerals occurred in that town on Sunday laſt. At Salem, Capt. Edward Allen, *Æt.* 68; Mr. Benjamin Moſes, *Æt.* 66. At Waltham, Miſs Priſcilla Lawrence, *Æt.* 93.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Pratt, of Providence, *Æt.* 81; Chriſtopher Lynch Denſie, *Æt.* 1, youngeſt ſon of Capt. Thomas Dennie—Mr. Benjamin Tucker, *Æt.* 29; Mr. David Carus, *Æt.* 47; one from the ſame houſe—two children. Total 7.

POETRY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

MY feelings were very powerfully awakened, by a perusal of the enclosed MONODY. If you think it worthy a place in your entertaining Miscellany, I have no doubt but it will excite both admiration and sympathy, in many a heart of sensibility. S. R.

MONODY.

On the death of a lovely little girl about two years old, who, travelling with its mother between Durham and York, pleased with the handle of the coach door until it unwittingly opened the latch, when, dreadful to relate! the door sprung, and the child fell out. The agonies of mother, on discovering to know it, caught at its petticoat; but failing in the attempt, it was, by that means, drawn back, so as to fall near the wheel, which went over it, and fractured its skull, and occasioned its death a few hours afterwards. This accident happened September 15, 1798; and the unfortunate infant is buried in Easingwold churchyard. Esq. Pub.

O'ER the new mound that wearants this thy grave,
A stranger mofe, fweet babe! thy fate fhall wail—
Still fhall her tribute to the paffing gale,
That, plaintive, whifpers as the yew trees wave;
And, whilft the meon-beams plays
Upon the glofly ftream,
Or glimmers thro' the hane,
Thy afhes, fondling, ways
Shall be my theme.

Nor'd in the bofom of parental love,
Ah! well I know the joy thy fmiles would bring;
Joy, fuch as wofchil ferapha muft approve,
Joy, which to ferfeit, who would be a king?
And when thy little feet,
To nature promptly true,
Firft ran thy fire to meet,
Oh! how his heart would beat
With rapture at the view.

Oft had thy tender mother, as fhe preft
Thy fur ple form in her yet feeble arms,
To foothe thine infant fe rrowings to reft,
Oft find fhe quieted her fond alarms.
And hufh'd fhe fears prevailing in her breaft,
By hoping days would come, when fhe fhould fee
Her very care repaid, by grace beftow'd on thee.
Not fuch the will of heaven, and who fhall dare
Arraign the juftice of the power divine?
Man's mind of evil many a hurthen bear!
And, † alefs mother! grief is indeed was thine—
Soon as the promis'd bliß began to dawn,
Thy hop'd for joy is o'er,
Soon as thy babe began to lifp and fawn
It breathes no more!

Methinks I fee its fweetly eager eye,
Methinks I fee its pretty playful hand,
The one intent four gew-gaw to defery,
The other ftretch'd that gew-gaw † to command:
Around the candle fo the infect plays
With wild fimplicity,
Till buzzing near the blaze,
To caught and dies.

And oh! fweet babe, methinks I fee thee fall,
And almoft what thy mother felt, I feel;
Yet no! oh! it cannot be,
She here will nurture'd thee,
Thine infant mind round the cave will teach;
Therefore her forrow mine would mock'ry call;
But that I anguifh know,
Wherein the light of woe,
Which thefe tears fhed fow,
Wrench the ardent prayer I fend to heaven, for mine!

† All fpeak to the mifs that fanctions reprae and rarely fowerd times fcarce freely, in natural cowardice, some timers, as we fee nobody grounds.

† The latch of the coach door.

Full oft fhall mem'ry paint the fatal fcene,
And mourenful fancy reft upon thy her,
And many a father's figh, and mother's tear;
And many a pitying child fhall linger here
Each fultry noon,
And lift its hands, and fhake its head,
And bid its comrades foftly tread
Upon the benseenous baby's bed,
Who dy'd fo foon.

ON A VIOLET.

FAIR emblem of modefty, beautiful flower,
That bafhfully hides thy fweet head;
I pluck'd, and have kept thee but one little hour,
And many all thy beauties have fled.

'Tis the fate of too many who leave their retreat,
To embark upon life's ruffled fea—
The charms of their minds if they're ever fo fweet,
Too often, alas, fade away.

HARRIET.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XXIII.—SARAH TO ANNE.
In continuation.

London, June 1787.

I WAS unable to reftrain the inclination I felt to watch the countenance of Darnley, while he perufed the letter; he appeared confiderably agitated; he crumpled it up, and tearing haftily to me, afked, "who brought this letter?" "A woman." "Did you fee her?" "No, I did not, but if I could judge from the tone of her voice, fhe was in great diftrefs." "She is in great diftrefs," he replied." "I hope then, you will do what you can to ferve her." "You hope, Sarah!" "Yes, Mr. Darnley, are you furprifed at my expreffing an intereft for an afflicted woman?" "No, but fhe is an entire ftranger to you, and why fhould you with me care about her?" "Becaufe fhe is a diftreffed fellow creature." "Well, I fhall think about her in the morning." "And will her, woon you? She feemed very anxious to fee you." "Yes, and will her, if you defire it." I perceived he was in one of thofe kind of humours in which only waits the opportunity of faying ill natured things, and is ready to catch and revenge every word, in order to cavil at it, fo imagined I fhould fhew moft prudence in remaining filent. You have never been married, Anne, fo cannot inform me whether it is fo or not, but if every married man is fo capricious, peevifh, fo ready at their wives only expreffing a difference in opinions in the moft trifling words: I wonder how any woman can be paffionately attached to a man. But, perhaps, that paffionate attachment, prevents their feeing any fault in them, and they fuppofing all the men thus idolized, fays, does, or thinks, no right, never take the trouble of comparalating him; often I fhall never be fo happy as to experience it, for I will not exert their own mental powers to think or decide for themfelves. Happy beings! but this is a kind of felicity which I fhall never poffefs. Darnley and I were in that ftate which the world calls an ill tempered man, nor of the loweft order in point of underftanding; and heaven is my judge, I try to view every fellow-creature with the faireft point of view, and I really think if he was to take a different method from what he does, I fhould in time, teach my heart to feel for him every fentiment, which it is neceffary to form a complete fyftem of permanent happinefs, at leaft, as far as it depends on a mutual interchange of kind offices, and that foliciude to promote each others peace of mind which ought to be conftantly in view, in order to make a ftudy continually under the fame roof, and deftined to pafs their liveatogether. But to return, I have reafon to think that neither of us paft a very pleafant night. Darnley was reftlefs, and ftept little, fighed frequently, and feemed anxioufly watching for day light, as he arofe feveral times, and unclofed the fhutter to look out; this being the cafe, it cannot be fuppofed I reftled very well; however, about four o'clock, I fell into a found fleep, and on awakening at half paft eight, found he was rifen and gone out. I dreffed haftily, that I might be ready for breakfaft when he returned; it was near ten o'clock, when he came in. "Well," faid he, throwing his hat into a chair, "why have you waited breakfaft? I have been to fee Mrs. Rowtain, and have breakfaftted with her." "Been to fee who?" "Mrs. Rowtain George," faid Mifs Milbourn, looking haftily up from a book, which fhe had been reading, "Mrs. Rowtain, my pretty Polly," faid he, facetiouſly chucking her under the chin, you know fhe was formerly a ſtame of mine." "So the world faid," replied Mary, her face mantling with glow, and her large black eyes ſpeaking a moſt deal more, than fhe permitted her tongue to utter. "Well, coufin Mary, dont you be jealous, if my wife gives me leave to vifit an old fweetheart, farely you will not forbid me, and upon my honor, the laft words fhe faid to me laft night, was to defire me to vifit Mrs. Rowtain early." "And I am very glad my dear," faid I, "you obeyed my commands, and though you have breakfaſted with her, feeing you in fuch an obedient humour, I command you now to fit down and breakfaſt with me." He fat down, and took up the newſpaper. I did not intend to have faid a word more concerning the letter or lady, I felt no uneaſineſs; if fhe had once been a favourite, he had given a politive proof that I had been preferred, and why fhould I create him with an affectation of jealouſy, which when proceeding from affection, however it may be thought a proof of the wife's love, pays the huſband's integrity a very ill compliment. But Mary Milbourn could not let the matter reſt. "How long has Mrs. Rowtain been in town," faid fhe, addreſſing Darnley. "She arrived here laſt night from Dover." "I heard fhe was gone to be a boarder in the convent of St. Omers." "So fhe was, but her huſband is lately dead, he has therefore no longer a tyrant to immure her in a priſon like dreſſed." "I heard that huſband was dead, but think he had better have remain'd where fhe was; I never faw her but once in my life, I was oft then pleaſed with her, and from what fhe then told me I had, I think the more I had known her the leſs ſhould have liked her." "I do believe ſarah," faid he, turning laughing towards me, "our coufin Mary is in love with me, fhe feems fo ſerious to anſwer at the return of Jeffey. But what will the fay, when fhe knows I have offered her and her child an apartment in my family, until the can get home affairs ſettled, which a friend of mine at Calais, has wanted to arrange and be reſtored concerning her late huſband's effects." "I have nothing to ſay to it," faid fhe, "if Mrs. Darnley has no objection to ſuch a companion; as for me I have no right to make objections, I return to your mother's to-day, and leave town on Saturday." "So ſoon?" faid he, carelefsly. "Yes," was the reply, and the ſubject was dropped. When I had finiſhed my breakfaſt, I told Mr. Darnley, that I hoped he had not from my ſilence, imagined I ſhould not be glad to receive any perſon he ſhould think proper to invite to his boufe; and would, if he thought it neceſſary, wait on the lady in queſtion, and fecond his invitations, as without that, ſhe might be unwilling to add herſelf of it." "Will you be ſo very good my kind hearted Sarah," ſaid he; "it will indeed grieve me very much; ſhe is a diſtreſſed woman, has been calumniated by the world, and ill treated by her huſband's relations, and as ſhe is a fellow countrywoman of mine, and property her huſband left, from her and her infant daughter, in order to ſecure it to her ſon, whom they have taken from her. Your kindneſs to her, will be a proof to her of reſpectability, and reſtore her to that rank in ſociety, which ſhe has unjuſtly been driven by the ill nature and jealouſy of a brutal huſband."

"I think, Mr. Darnley," ſaid I, "that the reſpect due to your own honour, will prevent your wiſhing to aſſociate your wife with a perſon whoſe good name had been tarniſhed by any willful act of guilt; in that confidence I ſhall cheerfully do what ſeems to be ſo agreeable to your wiſhes, if you will accompany me at twelve o'clock, I will pay the propoſed viſit, and whoſe I ſee no cauſe to think Mrs. Rowtain guilty or improper in any way, every office of kindneſs, in my power, I ſhall be happy to ſhew her."

When I went up ſtairs to arrange my dreſs, Mary tripped at the drefſing-room door; when ſhe entered, I perceived her eyes were red with weeping. "What is the matter, Mary?" "Matter, nothing, only I dont like George's doings of bringing that woman here, the world has been very loud in their accuſations of her." "I be world often confures the innocent; but even ſuppoſing fhe has been imprudent, may ſhe not have been her errors, and though ſhe may be condemned by women of character, return to reſtitude?" "Did you never hear of her before you were married?" "No." "Will the world faid fhe was very fond of her favours to Captain George." "Again I repeat, the world often ſays more than is true; but were that even the caſe, as ſhe is now ſituated, ſhe had better be under my protection, than thrown entirely on her." Mrs. Darnley at that moment called me; I went with her, gave the requeſted inviteation, it was accepted, and laſt evening ſhe became an inmate of my family. Her perſon is fine, though ſhe is paſt thirty; her manners graceful, and her mind highly accomplifhed—I hope and truſt the world have confined her unjuſtly.—I ſhall be anxious to hear from you; write ſoon, for your approbation is next to that of my own heart of the utmoſt importance to

SARAH.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP——N° XXXVI.

Aures, tuæ nunc oculis plenius aure
Fessi homines; aures auribus ecce carent.

"NO, I will not," said I, laying down several letters brought me by the post this morning——"No, I will not read one of them for a month to come: complain! and complain! for ever! there is no end of it! I am now in perfect good humour with all the world, and I will not, by paying into their letters, run the risk of making a choice, of the best being in unison with my present feelings, might put the whole machine out of tune."——Now would I bet a nine fashionable head-dress to an old hat, that several pretty laughing nymphs whom I *accidentally* give more than they should *wilfully* acknowledge, to know exactly what had put me in such superlative good humour; for by the bye, I am afraid the dear creatures do not think me the chief of all agreeable good mortals beings, especially when I tell against *affectation, Mistress*, and a longtrain of *etcetera's* which they will not own are their characteristics, though conscience gives them *such fevere* reproaches they proclaim *vainmodestias*, that they cannot avoid exclaiming, "Well, I do believe that was meant at me, though I am sure I don't notice it."——My fair friend, if the shoe pinches, why do you infift upon thrufting your foot into it? Never expofe yourfelf by wearing a garment that was not made for you; or if it fets fowerly, that, though cut for another, you find you can by no eafily as you may draw on an old glove. What fhould happen to pinch here and there, after you have got it on, bear it with patience; to complain, is only to make yourfelf ridiculous.——But what is all this to the purpofe?" fay you——"Good printing GOSSIP, tell us at once what has put thee in fuch good humour."——Well, I will tell you; for now how fast, good Sirs, I am like to gain a defired point. And here I muft digreſs again to tell the ſtir. (by this word I mean women of all deſcriptions) that if they know the value, the importance, the talismanic power of ſoft and gentle ſpeeches, they would never ufe any other. Let the daughter try the experiment. Where is the parent who could refuſe a requeſt made with a ſmile of complacency, in words of affectionate refignation, to what he or ſhe may think beſt? Where is the huſband, (provided he has either good underſtanding, cultivated mind, or good nature) who could reject the entreaty of a wife, who made it in a language, that, while it ſpoke no fear of a refuſal, at the ſame moment expreſſed, that ſhould a refuſal enſue, ſhe could bear it without fobbing, ſulking, or falling into hyſterics!——So now, I will proceed and anſwer your queſtion, Sir, or Madam, of what put me in ſuch harmony of ſpirits.

I came home, and drawing my chair cloſe to the window, opened my writing deſk, took up my pen, mended it, dipped it in the ink, folded my paper, and reſting my head upon my left hand, for the ſake of reſting my eyes, I ſaw the moon ſhone ſoftly and ſweetly on the trees oppoſite my window; not in all her garish, ſilvery pomp, as when ſporting her tranſparent azure veil, ſhe affects to eclipſe the brilliancy of day; but with that pale and modeſt light, which, like tenſe merit, charms the more for being unobtruſive——Fancy, wild, enthuſiaſtic, fancy nymph, took tranſport priſoner, threw a veil over his eyes, and binding him by an impreſſible filament to her goſſamar car, away ſhe gallopped over ſcenes paſt, preſent, and to come, wringing from the heart with her fairy fingers, tears of regret, anguiſh, and delight; whilſt with her magic wand, ſhe raiſed bright viſions of hope, never to be realized——I had ſpent the day with friends moſt dear to my heart; I had again retraced the ſcenes of placid pleaſure; every word was mentally repeated, every look recalled to my imagination; nor did I diſcover, until a meſſage called me to ſupper, that Betty had removed the candle, and I was ſitting in the dark, without having written one word of my intended eſſay.——If my readers have ever taſted the luxury of an hour, ſuch as I have deſcribed, they will not wonder at the perfect harmony which at that moment pervaded my whole ſyſtem. If they cannot comprehend the exquiſite delight of the one, they will be taught at a loſs to account for the other; and in that caſe, it would be folly to attempt making them underſtand it, by analyzing my feelings——Ye fools of ſenſibility, ye whoſe hearts are warm, expanded, liberal and open, you can conceive as it were intuitively, what thoſe feelings were; and it is for you I write. Tell me, is there in this ſublunary ſtate, any enjoyment equal to the reciprocation of time paſt in the ſociety of thoſe we think moſt eſtimable, when the enjoyment was ſuch as neither honour, reaſon, nor religion, could diſapprove!——Yes, one: the repetition of thoſe ſcenes in reality.——How gently paſſes the ſouth wind over you inſtead of waſte——how tremulouſly the panting moon beams dance upon its ſurface; the hum of inſects in the woods on the oppoſite ſide rendered ſweeter by the intervening fluid. How ſoothing! how delicious the ſenſations they inſpire!——We could contemplate ſuch a ſcene and retain the ſpring and vivacity of youth!——Bleſs me this ſoft breeze to refreſh the unpaſt! I have not this pure ſtream the meadows of the univerſity? If Power Omnipotent can thus overlook error, and with benignant conſiſtency viewing all the contrary, bend its attention to their own deſerts, but him unſeen benevolence; ſhall the inſignificant creature of his fiat, dare to hold converſe in his ſtem, and ſay, "what is there that is not to be feared, I will not forgive him; he deſerves not to breathe this ſalubrious air, to bathe in that refreſhing element, or view yon beauteous ſcene of heaven!"——Audacious wretch, and what are thy deſerts!——how reſtleſs thy own boſom, purify thy own heart, remember thy own unworthineſs, and be ſtill———A fine piece of work I have made here; I began with proſeſſing that I was in the vanity of the world, and finiſh with quarrelling with myſelf——and no wonder! for if there is any thing can put a rational being out of humour with human nature, it is the ſtrongly inquiring into the ſhuffled windings, turnings, and deſcriptions of his own wayward heart. "But all hearts are not alike, friend GOSSIP."——No! ſurely not; and heaven forbid they ſhould be.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT——N° XXI.

"Poſſibuli autem illorum meo fenio ſudo." VIRG.

TO THE ITINERANT.

"THE word *Epigram*," ſays one, "ſignifies *Inſcription*; for epigrams derive their origin from thoſe inſcriptions placed by the ancients on their ſtatues, temples, pillars, triumphal arches, and other like; and as in theſe were ſhort ſtrict, being ſometimes no more than a ſingle word, but afterwards, increaſing their length, they made them in verſe, to be the better retained by the memory. This ſhort way of writing came at laſt to be uſed upon any occaſion or faſhion; and hence the name of *Epigram* has been given to any little copy of verſes, without regard to the original application of ſuch poems."

The Epigram is conſidered by the critics as the loweſt ſpecies of poetry. No kind, however, is more generally acceptable, or more difficult in the compoſition. To write a *good* epigram, uniting brevity, neatneſs, elegance, ſcience, and wit, is not an eaſy talk.

The laws of the Epigram are, that it be compriſed in from two to twenty lines; that it contain but one thought, or ſubject; and that brevity, beauty, and point be preſerved. It muſt be conſidered as having two parts, the recital of the ſubject, and the cloſe, or *point*. The ſubject ſhould be explained with neatneſs and ſimplicity, and the point expreſſed in a few forcible words, not to exceed a line if poſſible.——Some make two ſpecies of the Epigram, one of which requires that the thought be equally diffuſed through the whole poem; the other, that it be compreſſed to a point at the cloſe. The former is uſually the manner of CATULLUS; the latter, that of MARTIAL, which is by far the moſt common.——Of the firſt, the following is an example.

On a FLOWER *painted by* VARELST.

When fam'd Varelſt *this little wonder drew,*
Flora *conſulted the growing work to view:*
Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And, finiſhing the piece by touching fatal,
Bluſhed one work of art more, inſtead of fruitful.

The following is an example of the other ſpecies.

MOORE *always finiſhes whenever he recites;*
He ſtudies, you think, every thing what he writes:
And yet in this, we think, he's miſtaken;
A muſhroom may ſtill——what's not his own.

The preceding remarks were written in order to introduce the following Epigrams, the tranſlations of which, if they have no other merit, have that of being original.

FROM THE GREEK.

Qui te vidit beatum eſt,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui bafiat ſemel-dous eſt,
Qui te poſſidet eſt Deus.

IMITATED.

Bleſt with happineſs he is,
Who but to ſee you can no more;
More bleſt is he who hears you for,
Whom thou permit'ſt thy voice to hear;
He is a demi-god in bliſs,
Who but one kiſs from thee obtains a kiſs;
But he who claſps thee in his arms—
A God it is, enjoys thy charms!

Quid lerius plumâ? pulvus; quid pulvere? ventus;
Quid ventо? mulier; quid mulierе? nihil.
What's lighter than a feather? Dust.
Dust ſtill, what lighter can we find?
The wind is lighter, than we muſt;
And Woman's lighter than the wind.
Supremely light, by all that's known!
Yet NOTHING's lighter, Sir, than WOMAN.

Tu patles mal par-tout de moi;
Je dis de bien par-tout de toi——
Quel malheur pour le public!
L'on ni croit ni l'un ni l'autre.

You every where ſpeak ill of me,
While I ſpeak always in your praiſe;
But how unfortunate!
No ſoul believes what either ſays.

YOUTH, &c. P.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESSAYS——N° III.

GRATITUDE is inherent in our nature; Goodness and his followers have ſtricken at the root of all virtue, by attempting to banish gratitude from our breaſts; but the power of infidelity muſt be ſtrengthened, before it can have the effect intended, or they can eradicate the impreſſions of piety, which we have early received, and pluck the ſeeds of virtue from our hearts, which were ſown there in our childhood. The Almighty has given us underſtanding to perceive the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; our pious anceſtors have inculcated our reſpect for the one, and our deteſtation of the other, by giving us an education, eminently fuited for that purpoſe; and the minds of none but fools or madmen, can be in ſtructured, as to be hurt by the ſubtilty of thoſe infamous ſophiſts, who are a diſgrace to human nature, and who have ſo ſhamefully abuſed the advantages which reaſon affordes, and which places us in a rank ſo much ſuperior to the reſt of the creation; they teach their diſciples to drive from their thoughts the benefits they have received from any of their fellow-men, and to regard only their own intereſt; the ſentiments of duty and affection towards our parents are treated as the ſelfiſh prejudices of a contracted education; they inform us, that to attain *perfectability*, man need only throw off the reſtraint of cuſtom, and *walk* unfettered

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to the situation of the enlightened inhabitants of the interior of Africa, the noble-minded Hottentots, which may easily be effected by the *exertion of our energies*. In this manner do the maintainers of the new philosophy argue; and into a coincidence with their doctrines do they vainly attempt to delude mankind; with some few they have unhappily succeeded—but thanks be to God, that number is very small, and the moft of them are men of weak underftanding and no education; who never having had principles of piety inftilled into their breaft, deluded by the glowing language of Godwin and the other friends of infidelity, have become their voluntary dupes. Men who deftrous of being diftinguifhed in fome way, and on account of their vile characters or low ftations in life, dare not hope to fucceed among the virtuous and refpectable part of the community, have entered the lifts of atheism; they defpair of becoming famous, they are therefore refolved to render themfelves infamous.

Gratitude is one of the nobleft feelings, that are implanted in the breaft of man, and the perfon who gives up the faid action refufing from the performance of its dictates, neglects what would afford him the moft poignant pleafure imaginable. What can be more difagreeable than ingratitude? It can only inhabit the breaft deprated by fenfuality or hardened by pride. Indeed ingratitude is a fin, very, we read of ingratitude, unexceptionably punifhed by contempt of man, and the vengeance of Jehovah. Two often, alas! uninterrupted profperity renders us fubject to this difagreeable vice, caufes us to forget our benefactors, to whofe kindnefs, when in adverfe circumftances, we owe all the conveniences we now enjoy; but confcience, which holds empire in the breaft of every man, will not fuffer for us to perfue our courfe, without fome bitter feelings of remorfe, occafioning unutterable anguifh; thofe awefull monitors of the fupremacy of a God, moft perfect to us in proper colours, the picture of our bafenefs.

Youths of this metropolis,let Gratitude have its due influence over your hearts, be not corrupted by the falfe reafoning of infidels; do not muddy the ftream of your advantages arifing from virtue, or erafe from your minds the excellent principles inculcated therein, by the unerring pains of your parents, ever watchfull for your welfare; not the infidious plans of thofe abandoned men, who have a ftained the polite name of Philofophers, undermine your piety, and lead you after from the paths of fafety. In neglecting which, you break a principal link in the chain of univerfal order, and that is "Heaven's firft Law."

Bofton, July, 1803. H.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN, WISE MEN, AND WITTY MEN.

SIR WILLIAM GOOCH.—Nothing is unworthy of publication which may convey an inftruction. Effex is marked.—When Sir William Gooch was Governor of Virginia, being in converfation with a gentleman in a ftreet of the city of Williamfburg, he returned the falute of a poor negro, who was paffing by about his mafter's bufinefs. "Sir," faid the gentleman, "does your honor defcend fo far as to falute a Have I"—"Why," replied the Governor, "yes. I cannot fuffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.—One finds leis union amongft women than men; becaufe they have all the fame object; that of *pleafing*. Contempt then in their chaunis is an offence never pardoned. It was one day told to the Duke de Roquelaure that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abufed each other. "Have they called one another *wife*?" afked the Duke. "No." "Very well," anfwered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

LAURENS MACLEAN, Efq. was bred up in the medical line, though he was afterwards fo much diftinguifhed in the laft Indian line of politics. He practifed early in life as a furgeon in New-York; and another practitioner in the fame medical line, jealous of him, took every poffible occafion to do him the greateft injuries. It happened that the favourite fon of his rival fell dangerouffy ill. Mr. Maclean immediately attended him; he fat up with him many nights, and, by his great fkill in phyfic, and indefatigable attentions, reftored the fon to the diftreafed father; refufing any emolument, and faying to his friends, "*Now I am revenged!*"

MASON, THE POET.—This gentleman was afked to fubfcribe to the poems of Mrs. Yearfley, the Bath milk woman. Thefe poems, faid the perfon applying, "are thofe of an heaven-born genius in diftrefs." Mr. Mafon gave five guineas, with this reply: "There's five pounds for her diftrefs, and five fhillings for her heaven-born genius."

REMARKABLE.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

A WOMAN living at St. Neots, (in the year 1740) returning from Ellworth, where fhe had been to receive a legacy of feventeen pounds that was left her; and for fear of being robbed, tied it up in her hair. As fhe was going home, fhe overtook her next-door neighbour, a butcher by trade, but who kept an inn, and lived in good repute. The woman was glad to be in company, and told what fhe had been about. He aflked her where fhe had concealed her money? She told him in her hair. The butcher finding a convenient opportunity, took her off her horfe, and cut her head off, put it into his pack, and went on. A gentleman and his fervant coming directly by, and feeing the body moving on the ground, ordered his fervant to ride full fpeed forward, and make the murderer overtook, to follow him wherever he went. The fervant overtook the butcher not a mile off the place, and aflked him what town that was before them? He told him St. Neots. Says he, "my maffer is juft behind, and fent me forward to inquire for a good inn, for a gentleman and his fervant."—The murderer made anfwer that he kept a good inn, where they fhould be well ufed. The gentleman overtook them, and went in with them, and difmounted, bidding his fervant take care of the horfe, whilft he would take a walk in the garden, and view the premifes. He went to a neighbour, and told him the whole affair, who faid that the butcher was a very honeft man, and had lived there many years in great reputation. He then went with the gentleman, and fearching the pack, the conftable, to his great furprize, found it was the head of his own wife! The murderer was fent to Huntingdon goal, and fhortly after executed.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

FATHER MALEBRANCH relates, that there was a young man, an idiot from his birth, who had been full of incurables at Paris, whofe limbs were broke, in all places where it is cuftomary to break thofe of malefactors who fuffer on the wheel: Having heard the account of his mother's fentence execution; every ftroke the criminal received, vehemently ftruck the mother's imagination; and the infant's the fame feeling, fo that at every ftroke the unfortunate perfon gave pain. It lived 20 years, and was continually vifited by the curious, and, among others, by the queen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE

THE ftudy of nature has been univerfally eftemed, and is certainly a delightful theme—a theme which unfetters the foul from low purfuits and grovelling actions, and raifes it to the contemplation of Him who like it into being, and at whofe nod it will again fink into chaos. Who can view the animating, the all-cheering-fun, and not behold a God? Who can fee the planets revolve in harmonious order and harmony, and not obferve the finger of the Deity? Who can behold the wonderful ftructure of the human frame, and believe it the effect of chance? Who can behold the fmall and delicate difplayed in the varied clothing of the brute creation, the beautiful plumage of the feathered tribes, and the various hues which adorn fome of the moft minute infects, without feeling himfelf immediately drawn forth in admiration of the Great Author! But great as he appears in the work of creation, he is much more fo in the works of redemption thoughts! That Being, at whofe almighty fiat the fun darted his refulgent rays, the moon unveiled her pervious light, & the ftars innumerable fparkled in the vaft of a virgin; paffing through life not with pomp and fplendour, in luxury and eafe—but with penurious mifery, expofed to hardfhips and fatigue, he went about doing good! Here is a glorious example, a powerful inducement to fweeten the cup of grief, to take the bitter bread of mifery from the trembling hand, and reinftate the benign rays of benevolence into the but of cheerlefs poverty. *Amherft Cabinet.*

ON MODESTY.—BY A LADY.

A NEatly unaffected modefty is a virtue not only graceful and excellent, but may be reckoned among the moft defirable beauties a fe improves every lookand feature, and gives a becoming dignity to a perfon's air: it gathers for a mean drefs, and fets off the richeft with an addition of luftre. The ftandard of beauty varies in proportion to the various opinions of mankind in different countries; but modefty like light, is the fame to all. Beauty, like a flower, is flow in its growth, ftout in its bloom, and we decay readily in its fall: but modefty is a fort of an ill-natured compofition: but modefty in its dawn has its charms; and when it has fixed its abode, is entitled to our admiration. Beauty may pleafe the eye, but modefty and delicacy engage the heart. To be poffeffed of thofe ineftimable virtues, is almoft an invariable proof of good fenfe, and a refined underftanding, and the ftrongeft fecurity a fine woman can give of making her adamer happy for life.

MORALIST.

THIS world by fome is confidered as a place deftitute of every kind of real pleafure, and where nothing but forrow awaits the unfortunate children of men. Life by them is reckoned a fcene in which the moft exquifite mifs of the vexation, where happinefs can never be found, and where every hope or expectation will be inevitably blafted by disappointment. Yet, if when the mind is calm and paffive impartially examine our fituation, we fhall find that our prefent ftate is far from being fo unhappy as is imagined: and that there are enjoy life or not, depends in the moft part on our conduct and difpofition. To be heart which is calm and cheerful, Nature conftantly prepare spreads; on every fide new beauties will fpring to delight it, and every pleafure, even the moft unfhing will leaft afford it fome gratification. But if the difpofition fplenetic and impatient, it will ever find fome caufe to difcontent and ill-humour; it at every turn will be incapable of affording any fatisfaction; and each object, fhunn ever fo inviting, will appear enveloped in darkeft and gloom.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

GOD, in his divine mercy, fays Sadi, the philofopher, introduced a certain vicious man into a fociety of virtuous, whofe manners were pure and blamelefs. Struck with the virtues, he quickly began to imitate them, to fhake of is former habits; in a word, to be a modeft or juftice, of fo lively a difpofition, and fo docility, and attentive. He good works were undeniable, but people imputed them to unworthy motives. They were always for judging of the by what he had been, and not by what he was. Incenfed with fervice, he poured forth his tears into the bofom of an ancient Solitary, who was more juft, as well as more humane, than the reft.

"O, my fon," faid the old man to him, "return thank to the Almighty, that thou art fuperior to thy repentant Happy he, who can fay, my enemies and my reafon fo nearly from the vices of which they accufe me! Good is good, what motives it to thee, that men perfecute, and reproach thee, as being one of the wicked?—Haft thou not, for thy comfort, the unerring teftimonies of thy others, God and thy confidence?"

INHUMANITY.

ST. POINT, governor of Macon, ufed to make a ſport of cauſing the Huguenots, who were priſoners in Lochaſ, to leap from the bridges into the Saone. This was principally when he found the Catholics unwilling to be at city and its environs; which happened very often. Who they were about riding from the table, he would give the word for hanging fome unfortunate Proteſtant priſoner, who were to ſerve for the cruel paſtime of his company. When all was ready, he took the ladders to which the priſoners were tied, and ordered him to throw into the river from the bridge, one or two of the moſt miſerable victims, according as he was in humour. He ordered the executioners of his cruelties to diſcide, which was the moſt alerts, and had leaped the moſt highly!

AMUSING.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A STUDENT in a neighbouring Univerſity, not many years ſince, carried on a clandeſtine correſpondence with a certain female, to the Profeſſor of Languages, for his inſpection. The Profeſſor, after looking it over, demanded the author's reaſon for beginning every line with a *capital?* "Becauſe it is *poetry*," replied the ſtudent. "It is *ſo?*" ſays the Profeſſor;—"*I declare I ſhould not have thought it.*"

[*Tranſlated from the French for the* MAGAZINE.]

AMURAT IV. Emperor of the Turks, having one day ordered his favourite HUSSEIN, by way of pleaſantry to oppoſite an oak weaving at the Seraglio, ſeventy years of age, with the prohibition from keeping any remembrance, he took gladly this remedy for love, and pulled a ſwerm ſight, as not to be could, with his remarkable ſpeed, without ſeeing any other woman. After this the Sultan having taken him with him in diſguiſe, into the ſuburb Eyub-Eutan, a which are the leaſt-houſes, and know magazines for the ſhipmen, and having diſcended with him into a cave, they began to drink wine together without reſerve. During their converſation, the Sultan aſked him, if it were poſſible to find, in the month of July, a place cooler than that cave? "Yes, my faith," replied HUSSEIN. "And where is

devil can it be," said the Sultan? —"Eh! I call to mind, my lord, the old woman you have given me," replied HOSEIN. AMURAT could not refrain from laughing heartily at this reply of his favourite; and taking the thing in good part, he discharged him from his marriage.

A LADY of quality spoke to her butler to be very saving of a barrel of good small beer, and asked him how it could be best preserved? The butler replied, "by placing a barrel of good ale to it."

DR. GOLDSMITH used to frequent a tavern in London, where a weekly club was held by the literati of the day. One evening on being for down there, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an ardent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling. The Doctor repaired to the club room; the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a Subscription, the Doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived his mistake, and related the circumstance to the club:—The company laughed, and the Doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the Doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word, that a hackney-coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some fanciful advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceeding week:—I have brought your guinea back, (said the coachman)—I knew your honor made a mistake;—now some fcoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have had nothing at all about the matter; but that's not my way, your honor: I thank God, if fo be I'm poor, I'm honeft; it wears well, as he'dy may fay.—My dear friend, (exclaimed the Doctor) I honor and admire your principles; you will please to wait here a few minutes. Upon which the Doctor marched up ftairs, and told the ftory with all thofe ferpentuous blandishments which a genius muft, on fuch an occafion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a fubfcription, as a proper reward for fingular honefty in the lower ranks of life. It was generously complied with, to the amount of fifty fhillings. The good but credulous man, ran with the collection to the defendant of Pluto, pocketed it into his hat, and after defultorily exulting and blifting him, was returning to ftairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and fublime fatisfaction, which every man feels after the performance of a good action: he entered the room with triumph—his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter —alas, it was at the Doctor's expenfe! The gunnes which the rafcal had pretended to return, was a—counterfeit!!

NOTICE EXTRA.

To the OYSTER MESALO, *a Phyfician refts on his debtor for payment in his fafhion.*

SAYS *Doctor* COTT,
I'll tell you what;
I'm call'd on hot
To pay my fhot,
And may I cot
If I do not:—
But I cannot,
Unleft 'tis got
For jogg and cot
From fpot to fpot;
So every jot
That's due to COTT,
For *Pill* or *Bo-*
lus, *Salve* or *Cot*,
All round the *Oy-*
fterian plot,
Whether begot
Of Tague or Scot,
Or from the met-
Ley race of Lot,
Sober or hot,
Yankee or not,
Muft foon be fhot
Into my pot,
Or elfe I wot
They'll fmell it hot,
Or they may blot
Me THANKFUL COTT.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

CYRUS had taken the wife of Tigranes, and afked him what he would give to hear from fervitude? He replied, all that he had in the world, and his own life into the bargain. Cyrus, upon this, very generoufly reftored her, and pardoned what had paffed. All were full of his praifes upon this occafion; fome commending the accomplifhments of his mind, others thofe of his perfon. Tigranes lifted his wife, whether fhe did not greatly admire him? "I never looked at him," faid fhe. "Not look at him!" returned he. "Upon whom then did you look?" "Upon him," replied fhe, "who offered his own life to redeem me from flavery."

SHORT LESSONS OF ADVICE.

LOVE your fellow-creatures, though *unlove* ; but hate *vice* in the friend you love moft.

Never fift for praife—it is not worth the bait.

Do evil, but do not boaft of it.

STRIKING FATE OF GUILT.

AN EASTERN TALE.

THREE inhabitants of Balick, travelled together. They found a treafure, which they equally divided. They continued their journey, entertaining each other with their different fchemes of employing the riches which they had thus fuddenly acquired. The provifions which they had along with them, were confumed: they therefore agreed that one of them fhould go to a town and buy fome, and that the youngeft fhould execute that commiffion. He accordingly went.

As he was upon the road, he faid to himfelf, "Now indeed I am rich; but I have been much richer if I had been alone when the treafure was found. Thefe two men have carried off two thirds of my riches—cannot I fall upon a way of converting them to myfelf? I think may be very eafy. I have only to poifon the provifion which I am going to buy, and on my return fay that I have died in the town. My companions will eat without fufpicion, and die. I have at prefent only the third of the treafure; I fhall then have the whole of it."

In the mean time, the two travellers conferred together in thefe terms: "We had little occafion for this young fellow's company at fuch a juncture. We have been obliged to give him a fhare of the treafure. His part of it would have increafed ours, and we fhould have both been truly rich—He will be back to us foon—We have good pognards."

The young man returned with the poifoned provifions; his companions affaffinated him—They then eat and died, and none of the three enjoyed the treafure.

CONSOLATION OF DESM.

M. TROCHIN, Voltaire's phyfician, told fome friends of his, that on his laft attendance upon this celebrated writer, a few days before his death, he heard him cry out in great agitation, "I die abandoned by God and man." "I wifhed, from my heart," added M. Trochin, "that all thofe perfons who had been feduced by reading Voltaire's writings, had been witneffes of his death."

USEFUL.

AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF REMOVING THE TASTE OF GARLIC OR WILD ONION, FROM MILK.

"WHEN the milk is new from the cow, pour one pint of boiling water to every gallon of milk; ftir it through, and put the whole into fmall fhallow difhes, fo that it will not be above two inches deep. Let thefe difhes be placed on an open fhelf, that the vapour may pafs freely and entirely away. When the milk has ftood in this manner twelve hours, it may be put in a churn altogether, or only the cream, as may be moft agreeable to the table or practice of the operator. Milk from Cows that have paftured on garlic, (or wild onion,) when managed in this way, will be quite fweet."

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING TURNIPS FROM INSECTS.

TURNIPS are fo frequently deftroyed by a fmall fly, which feeds on them while quite young, that farmers are, in a great meafure, deterred from attempting to cultivate that valuable root. The following receipts, to prevent the ravages of that deftructive infect, have been published in Europe, be pleafed to infert them in your Mufeum, for the benefit of that very ufeful clafs of citizens, the yeomanry of the country. PHILO SCRUTATOR.

Receipt firft—To a quart of turnip feed, add one ounce of brimftone finely powdered; put both into a bottle, large enough to afford room to fhake them well together every day, for four or five days previous to fowing, keeping the bottle well corked.

Receipt fecond—Take fuch a quantity of clover leaves, as when bruifed, will yield two fufficient to cover the turnip feed you intend to fow, in which let it ftoak about twelve hours; the next day mix it with the bruifed leaves and fow all together.

If turnip feed is fowed while it rains, it does not require to be harrowed in, and the young plants fhoot fo ftrongly, that they foon gain ftrength beyond the power of the fly.

Amer. Muſeum.

THE PROPERTIES OF OAK LEAVES.

FROM the chemical experiments of the Rev. Mr. Swayne, Oak Leaves are found to produce, of aftringe mattee, nearly the quantity produced from the bark: (that is, half a peck of leaves produces nearly as much as a pound of bark, when properly dried.)

We think it worthy the attention of Tanners to make the experiment; for, could it be compleatly fucceeful, the ufe of bark, it would prevent the facrifice of fo much of this valuable timber, which is yearly felled merely for the fake of fupplying Tanners with that article.

N. B. Thefe leaves may be made ufe of for hot-beds, &c.

WONDERFUL TREE OF MEXICO, CALLED *METE*.

THIS tree the inhabitants plant and drefs as we do our vines. It has fifty kinds of leaves which ferve for different ufes; when tender they make conferves, paper, ftuffs, materials, mats, fhoes, guildas, cordage; and when properly burnt down, dry make better than our cinders from coal. On thefe leaves grow prickles like ftraw, that they ufe them inftead of fawes; and fo long, that the working people ufe them inftead of knives. From the root of the tree comes a juice like fyrup, which if you let fettle, will become honey; if you purify it, it will become fugar: You may alfo make wine and vinegar of it, both which properly mixt make a better drink than our beft ale; if they give it their children when young, they are fure to have double the ftrength of thofe brought up by fuckling: The rind reafted, beftas any wound or bunn: and from the top boughs, drop gum; which properly diffolved, is an excellent antidote againft poifon.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valuable communications are received, which fhall be duly noticed.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED]—At Roxbury, Luther Richardfon, Efq. Attorney at Law, of this town, to Mifs Sufan Crafts, of the former place.

In this town, Mr. John Clark, of Wefton, to Mifs Jane Mackay, only daughter of the late Capt. Alexander M. deceafed—Mr. Samuel M'Culloch, of Philad. to Mifs Ifabella Williamfon—Mr. Samuel Hitchings, to the amiable Mifs Peggy Ward, of Milton—Mr. Howard Bowker, to Mifs Nancy Gardner, eldeft daughter of Mr. Mofes G.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At Baltimore, Mrs. Higgins, and feven other perfons, drowned by the upfetting of a boat. The bodies were found; and when Mrs. H. was taken out of the water, fhe had her child in her arms, which fhe clofely preffed!—At Medford, Widow Mary Ayres, *Æt.* 95. At Dorchefter, Mifs Catharine Spear, *Æt.* 9, daughter of Mr. David S. At Salem, Widow Hannah Glover, *Æt.* 53; Mr. James Barr, *Æt.* 81; Mr. Wm. Wall, *Æt.* 71; Mr. Benjamin Richards, *Æt.* 36. At Birmingham, (Fog.) Mrs. Mary Hutchinfon, wife of Elifha Hutchinfon, Efq. formerly of this town, and eldeft daughter of Col. George Watfon, of Plymouth. At Southampton, Rev. Jona. Judd, *Æt.* 84, and 61ft of his miniftry. At Roxbury, Mrs. Catharine Mapp, *Æt.* 81. At Little-Cambridge, Mrs. Mary Cook, *Æt.* 28, wife of Mr. Wm. Cook. At Charleftown, Mr. Jofeph Abrahams, *Æt.* 53.

In this town, Mrs. Anne Baker, *Æt.* 72, late Governefs of the "Bofton Female Afylum."—Mrs. Urfula Wells, *Æt.* 66, widow of the late Mr. James W.—Mr. Nathaniel Flint, *Æt.* 46—Mifs Abigail Davis, *Æt.* 42. Her death was occafioned by falling from the top of the houfe, where fhe went to enjoy the evening air—five children—and a man out of the Alms-houfe. Total 10.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ISAAC STORY.

WHAT and no more! and is the lyre unstrung?
Will it no more awake the soul to joy?
Cho'd are thofe lips, forever mute the tongue,
And dim forever the expreflive eye?

Was it for this the virgin fifter's twin'd,
Their faireft wreaths, in Helicona's wave;
Oft lav'd thofe wreaths, thy youthful brows to bind;
Ah! were they only to adorn thy grave?

Bloffom of genius, blighted e'er the fun,
Had bade thy leaves mature'd by time, expand;
Adventurer for fame, and haft thou done
Thy voyage, yet fcarce departed from the ftrand.

Oft by the turf which wraps the lifelefs clay,
Which once thy elevated foul enfhrin'd,
Sweet Peofy fhall tune the penfive lay,
And fenfibility with head reclin'd,
Will paufe and weep; and as the nymph fhall fing,
Her tears fall drop upon the hallow'd mound,
From which the bay and amaranth fhall fpring,
That as their round the circling feafons wreaf,
Still be thy grave with deathlefs verdure crown'd.
R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO SLEEP.

COME to my aid long banifh'd gueft,
Ah gently touch the tearful eye!
Bid each contending paffion reft,
And let the heart forget to figh.

Thy foothing influence round the fpread,
The downy pillow waits your pow'r;
Reftore the peace that with you fled
And bafte to pay your long arrear.

No friend like thee the wretch can prove,
How ere we wake to fecond woe,
Thou giv'ft a tranquil hour to love,
That otherwife is fought in vain.

Why doft thou fly the couch of woe
Where pale eyd forrow vigils keep;
Why humble votaries forego,
For thofe that neither grieve nor weep.

Doth wifdom that thy form fupply,
In wakeful trance forming my cares;
Self pity prompts the labouring figh,
And brooding fhadow's drunk my tears.

Doom'd to afflictions way ward power,
The fpirit of every wind awey;
Who would not fleep to wake no more,
A ftate fo peaceful to the eye.

But come thou guardian of the bed,
Thou temporary friend of pain;
And thy fomniferous odours fhed,
And let me fleep to wake again.

Fancy impowers thy filent charms,
And fond would tempe your downward flight;
Ah, gently hufh me in thy arms
And bid the vapoury world good night.

Methinks a ftar beam guides thy way,
The dew drop gilds thy fhadowy veil;
Thy magic wand the fpheres obey,
Which like a whifper lulls to reft.

Frefh poppies land thy fhady brows,
Soft ftumbers nod from every bloom;
And from thy twilight mantle flows
The cordial balm and fleepy fume.

Fam'd garlands of Aonian groves,
But poorly with thy wreaths compare,
The trophied Muſe may fing of love's,
But thines the power to quell defpair.

Soft is thy preſſure o'er each limb,
As gales that fcarce the Afpen moves;
Each object fades, my lamp burns dim,
I fink to reſt—the God approves!

CLEORA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTMENT—TO A FRIEND.

THIS fmall repaſt, with her I love,
By her dear hand thus neatly dreſs'd;
To me is more than I great love,
Had bid me to a heavenly feaſt.

When e'er the fills the little cup,
(Tho' from the fpring fhe brings the treat)
With eager joy I drink it up,
And nectar was ne'er hail fo fweet.

The trencher which the laid herſelf,
Tho' plain and homely to behold,
Is brighter than the Midas's pelf,
Of maſſy plate or fhining gold.

With thofe we love, the meaneſt call
In peace, is pleaſure's blifs fecure;
Whilſt gilded courts, where monarchs dwell,
Are dungeons black with thofe we hate.

STREPHON.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

INSCRIPTION ON A CLOCK.

I SERVE thee here with all my might,
To tell the hours by day, by night;
Therefore example take by me,
To ſerve thy God as I ſerve thee. F.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

HERE *reſt the aſhes* of MATTHEW GRIM,
Late of this Parifh—*Blackſmith* !
He was born in *Sooterkin*, and bred at *Hammerſmith*—
From his youth upwards he was much addicted to *Vices*,
And was often guilty of *Forgeries*—
Having fome talents for *Irony*.

He therefore produced many *heats* to his neighbourhood,
which he finally increaſed by *blowings up of the Coals*—
Thus rendered him fo unpopular,
that when he found it neceſſary to adopt *cooling* meaſures,
his conduct was generally accompanied with a *hiſſes*—
Thoughhe ſometimes prewed a *warm friend*,
yet where his intereſt was concerned,
He made it a conſtant rule *to ſtrike while the iron was hot*,
Regardleſs of the injury he might do thereby :
And often he had
any thing of moment upon the *Anvil*,
He feldom failed to *turn it* to his own advantage.

Among numberleſs inſtances that might be given of the
cruelty of his diſpoſition, it need only be mentioned,
that he was the means
of *keeping* many of the innocent family of the *Bellis*,
under the idle pretence of keeping them from
Jangling—and put great numbers of the *Hewers of Steel*,
into the *hotteſt Flames*,
merely (as he declared,) *to ſoften* the choleracy
of his *Temper*.

At length, after paſſing a long life, in the commiſſion
of theſe *blank actions*,
His *fire* being exhauſted,
and his *Bellows* worn out,
he *died* off to that place, where only the *ferocid ordeal* of his
own *Forge* can be exceeded ;
declaring, with his laſt *puff*—
That—" Man is born to trouble, as the *Sparks* fly
upwards."

THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; a NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER IX—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, July, 1777.

I ENCLOSE you two letters, which I have received from Mrs. Darnley, and they will ſufficiently account for my not paying you my intended viſit; you will perceive others you have perufed them, that all is not right in the family of our friend. I am angry with Darnley; he has led his wife into an improper connection, and I ſtrongly ſuſpect himotives are not ſuch as would bear a ſtrict ſcrutiny. I am not better pleaſed with the officious meddling of Miſs Melbourne; ſhe might, and indeed ought to have hinted to her couſin, the impropriety of his introducing a woman to his wife whoſe character was ſuſpicious; and who had been ſent into France by her huſband, becauſe he had reaſons to ſuppoſe that too great an intimacy ſubſiſted between her and Darnley. That, I ſay, would have been a duty; but ſhe ought by no means to have awakened ſuſpicions in Mrs. Darnley's boſom derogatory to her huſband's honour; there might have been methods taken to have ſhamed him out of his folly, (not to give it a harher name) without interrupting the peace of his wife. I doubt not but the ſtrictneſs of Mrs. Melbourne's, and the Lavender's of Mary Melbourne, might awaken ſuſpicion, and where ſuſpicion is once called into action, every word, look and movement is conſidered through a falſe medium, and even the moſt innocent, meaſured into proofs of guilt. I am convinced, that more than half the unealineſs that ſubſiſts between married perſons, have originated in meddling friends of either ſex; but to our ſhame I muſt own, I believe our own ſex more addicted to this folly than the other: Let a perſon think what they will, unleſs they have proofs beyond the ſmalleſt doubt of the truth of their ſuſpicions, they ought to be ſilent; and even in that caſe, it is better to reaſon with the offending party, than to hint their diſcoveries to the huſband or wife, to whom either ardent affection, or perfect indifference, may have rendered blind; for though in the latter caſe, there is no fear of lacerating the heart of the perſon to whom the information is given; yet wounded pride will often, nay, perhaps oftener, lead to fatal conſequences, than ſlighted affection.

This Mrs. Romain bears the character of a very artful woman. Her huſband was a Frenchman, and the herſelf having been educated in that country, had imbibed much of that lightneſs and flippancy which characterizes the women of that nation—her mind is cultivated, but it did not in early life receive a proper bias; ſhe had no kind parent to reſtrain the exuberance of her vivacity, to teach her to keep her paſſions under the ſubjection of reaſon and religion; theſe fatal conſequences followed, ſhe firſt married her into imprudences, the latter plunged her into guilt. I ſay guilt, becauſe there is no reaſon to doubt of her criminal intimacy with Darnley. The ſame farmer before he became acquainted with Sarah, this woman had a ſmall houſe near the ſummer reſidence of Darnley's family. That gentleman being naturally vain, and naturally lavish, her cheerfulneſs exhilerating to all with whom ſhe aſſociated, ſhe ſoon became a favourite with Mrs. Darnley, who, having met her ſeveral times at viſits in the neighbourhood, invited her to her houſe, and at length intimacy enſued. Mr Romain was conſiderably older than herſelf, but his affection to her was evident in all his actions; the difference in their age was not ſo great as to make their union appear prepoſterous, he might have been fifteen years the elder, but he was a man whom any woman might reſpect, and what treated by him as his wife ever was, whom it would, not would imagine, be next to impoſſible not to love. He was ſenſible, had the manners of a gentleman; was of an eaſy temper and unbounded benevolence. Mrs. Romain, at the time ſhe became intimate with Mr. Darnley, was the mother of a fine boy, and on the eve of again becoming a parent; indulged by a fond huſband, to whom ſhe owed every thing, to every wiſh of her heart, adored—careſſed—never oppoſed; is it not wonderful that ſhe could be ſo depraved, as wilfully to throw from her this ineſtimable jewel of happineſs and peace? I muſt and muſt not; I write not from hear-ſay, I write from inconteſtible proofs; my mother's ſiſter, lived in the very next houſe, and was unwillingly made a party in the ſcene of confuſion which followed the diſcovery of the baſe ſtate of her virtue. Mr. Romain having confided ſome papers to her care, when ſhe left he begun to fear his wife's affections were eſtranged from him, without knowing his ſuſpicions; when theſe ſuſpicions were fully confirmed, relieved his almoſt breaking heart, by relating many circumſtances, which might otherwiſe have never reached me. My aunt never mentioned the affair until after Darnley was married to my friend Sarah; and then a ſudden exclamation, that he was unworthy ſo good a wife, led to the relation. I will continue my narrative next week.

Adieu. ANNE.

VALUABLE LOTTERY.

TICKETS, halves, and quarters in the 4th claſs of South Hadley Canal Lottery, prize only five dollars, and the capital ſum of 10,000 dollars the higheſt prize, for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. ☞ The prizes ſold by them in the 3d claſs, amount to *Five Thouſand Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars*; this, without any other addition, carries its own comment.—A compleat liſt of the prizes in the 3d claſs may be ſeen—prize tickets taken at par.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *AUGUST* 13, 1803. [№ XLII.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP—№ XXXVII.

Arboribus : crefcent illæ ; crefcitis amores.

SOME few years fince, being on a journey of pleafure through the northern parts of Europe, I determined to paſs ſome time in Edinburgh. There is a romantic appearance about this celebrated city, which made it very intereſting to me, who, from a child, delighted in deſcriptions of antique caſtles, ruined towers, huge maſſes of rock, deep glens, lofty mountains, and impenetrable forefts ; to which, if there was added, a diſtreſſed damſel, a valorous knight, a giant, a fairy, or a magician, the tale became irreſiſtibly fascinating. As my judgment matured, I became as much delighted with hiſtorical narrative, eſpecially when it contained the Biography of any extraordinary perſonage, and ſuch a child of fancy am I even to this day, that when reading any remarkable event in the life of a good, a great, or a ſingularly unfortunate man, I am all the very things around me ; I follow them through every intereſting ſcene, am elevated by their ſucceſs, am I melted even to tears by their ſorrows and perſecutions. Thus, when I firſt entered, I muſt be imagined that Edinburg Caſtle, Holy Rood Houſe, the Kirk o'Fields, and ſeveral other places, which were the ſcene of the actions of that lovely, unfortunate, though guilty Queen, Mary of Scotland, were objects of my peculiar attention. The ſublime and beautiful appearance of the Frith of Forth, from the towering Caſtion Hill, or the Calton Hill, of Arthur's Seat, often led me to climb theſe nearly perpendicular ſides, in order to enjoy the extenſive proſpect, and gaze at the juſt riſing, or gradually retiring orb of day. My way to the latter hill, I muſt firſt ſay, by Holy Rood Houſe ; nay, frequently, I paſſed under an arch of that palace—and often have I pauſed to trace in imagination, the ſcenes that had been there tranſacted. One evening as I was returning from my uſual perambulation, on the beauty, fenſibility, and weakneſſes of Mary ; lamenting that folly and precipitancy, which led her to unite herſelf with a man in whoſe capable of appreciating her merit as lord Darnley was ; for it ever appeared to me, had ſhe been married to a man of diſcernment, tender, delicate, yet of unſhaken reſolution ; firm, not obſtinate ; free to reſolve, but when reſolved, immoveable—Mary would, under the guidance of ſuch a man, have tranſmitted her name to poſterity as a pattern and honour to her ſex. Women, however their mental powers, and however ſuperficially thoſe powers may have been cultivated, have a quickneſs, or if I may be allowed the expreſſion, an irritability of ſyſtem, which often occaſions them to judge from what they had does not allow them properly to conſider the conſequences of actions to which the impulſe of the moment impels them ; and, in conſequence, they are deſtitute of that judgment of the oppoſite ſex, to direct the ardor, and moderate the impetuoſity of their feelings. But what woman of ſenſe will heſitate a moment in the diſtinction, who ſhall, who tells her ſhe ſhall, or ſhe ſhall not do this or that, becauſe he does or does not like it, without condeſcending to advance any reaſon for his likes or diſlikes ; or, what woman of delicacy can feel an attachment for a man, who in one moment loading her with careſſes, and the next, humiliates her to the earth, by ſuſpecting her honour, and treats her occaſionally with fullenneſs or petulance, inconſequence of thoſe ſuſpicions ? But it was Mary's fate, to meet a man of this diſpoſition in her ſecond huſband : her youthful fancy had been caught by his graceful exterior, but their minds did not aſſimilate. Mary could not ſuſpacious, and eagerly fought knowledge ; Darnley's was narrow, and content to dwell in ignorance. As I wandered on, buried in theſe reflections, the ſun had withdrawn his light, and the ſhade of evening had thrown that tint over the face of nature, which ſeems to lull the ſpirits to repoſe, and awakens all the moſt delightful ſenſations of the mind. My thoughts wandered from Mary, to ſubjects more nearly connected with preſent times, and my own connections : ranged from the court to the city, from the city to the village hamlet, and at laſt centered in firſt. There is a row of ſmall neat dwellings on the right hand, as you turn from Holy Rood Houſe to go towards Arthur's ſeat, built more in the Engliſh ſtyle than the houſes in Scotland generally are : one of theſe, that had agreſden inſtead by a high thick fet hedge, had often attracted my notice, on account of its peculiar neatneſs, and perhaps more from my having frequently obſerved a very elegant young woman, who, of a morning, buſied herſelf in tying up the plants, arranging the pots, and directing the branches of thoſe ſhrubs and vines, which were inclined to luxuriance. As I paſſed under this hedge, a ſpirit which ſtood an arbour, rendered impervious to the eye by the thick foliage of the rendeils which climbed round it, my ear was caught by a deep ſigh deeply, and preſſively uttered, and broken by ſobs, exclaimed, " I ſhould not have cared half ſo much if he had torn up every other ſhrub in the garden ; but my laurellina, my beautiful laurellina, to break that !"—Another female voice, attempted to ſooth her by ſaying, ſhe could get another laurellina, perhaps a handſomer. " Ah !" replied the mourner, " but Harry is not here to plant it. You do not know the value he having placed it in the earth, gave to this ſhrub ; it was the laſt time I ſaw him, he brought me a ſmall plant, and placing it in the pot I had prepared, ſaid, " Now, Grace, I muſt leave you, and then when you look at it, you will remember Harry." From that hour it has been my daily talk to water, prune, looſen the earth round it, and wait it with the utmoſt care ; in the morning I viſited it, and fragrance redoſſed me ; at night, I paſſed my hand over its flowers, and taking a leaf from it, would lay it to my heart ; its coolneſs would calm its perturbation, and ſoothe my mind. Here was a pauſe of a few moments, when the again continued. " I ſtud to look at it with pleaſure and ſay, how faſt it grows, how its branches ſpread, how it will overtop others, and then the thought would ariſe, that it was emblematical of Harry's love for me, and mine for him. For, I am ſure he loved me, and I know as well as I do my exiſtence he began in early youth, and by degrees expanded, flouriſhed, and put forth the ſweet bloſſoms of hope ; but the ſame hand which cruſhed theſe bloſſoms in the bud, has now deſtroyed my laurellina." Here ſhe ſobbed, and could not leave the garden. " I will," ſaid ſhe, " if you will promiſe me I ſhall not ſee him again ; if he comes near me, I ſhall be ſick and cannot ſee him ; I will go down to ſtun me up in the dark room ; but it is no matter, that me up where you will, in a dungeon, in a cavern, in the deepeſt ſubterranean receſs, and I will ſtill ſee the dear image of Harry. Tell me, do you not think he loved me ?—Oh ! yes ! yes ! I am ſure he did, for when we have been walking or converſing together, he would ſometimes fix his eyes on mine, in ſuch a manner as would ſeem to ſay, " I love you, Grace, but I dare not tell you ſo." This thought ſeemed to calm the afflicted female ; who from the quickneſs of her voice, and wildneſs of her accents, I ſuppoſe, herſelf to be deranged in her intellects ; and preſently after the accompanied her companion into the houſe. There was ſomething peculiarly affecting, in what I had heard ; I could eaſily conceive how a perſon even in full poſſeſſion of their reaſon might become attached to a plant, a ſhrub, or a flower, which had been the gift of a beloved object ; and when that object, as ſeemed to be the caſe here, was ſeparated, perhaps forever, from the affectionate heart, which ſeemed to retain no idea but of him, and who had transferred to this parting gift all the tenderneſs, which it felt for the giver, I did not wonder at the tears and regret of the poor ſufferer. I will confeſs, my eyes were ſuffuſed with tears as I walked towards my lodgings. I wiſhed to enquire who, and what the perſons were, who inhabited the manſion ; but it appeared to my better reaſon, that I had no right to pry into the affairs of ſtrangers, or expoſe an affliction which might be carefully hid from the world by thoſe immediately connected with the fair maniac, and which accident alone had revealed to me. I therefore repreſſed my curioſity, and though the ſubject frequently occurred to my mind, I never mentioned it. I paſſed the dwelling every morning, but I no longer ſaw the intereſting female who had often before drawn my attention ; I therefore concluded, that what ſhe had feared, had taken place, and that an increaſe of her unfortunate malady, had obliged her to be confined.

About three weeks after, I was viſiting a family in the neighbourhood of the Cauſton, when juſt as we were going to ſea, a ſort of confuſed murmur in the ſtreet, called us to the window. It was a funeral proceſſion which had attracted the attention of the paſſengers, who were preſſing in crowds to ſee it—but every girls bearing baſkets of flowers, preceded the corpſe. The pall was ſupported by ſix more, in long white veils ; and immediately following, were two youths ; who, though they ſeemed ſtriving to ſupport each other, ſeemed to need ſupport themſelves : a long train of mourners followed, and ſo ſtrikingly ſolemn was the ſcene, that the populace appeared impreſſed with reſpect and awe, and ſcarce a word was heard louder than a whiſper. The family I was viſiting, were profoundly ſilent ; when the proceſſion had paſſed, I beheld marks of regret on every countenance, and particularly my friend's eldeſt daughter ; who, with her fine blue eyes ſwimming in tears, exclaimed, poor *Grace*, her ſorrows are at an end. The name of *Grace*, ſtruck me. I could not reſiſt, but enquired, if ſhe knew who poor Grace was, that ſhe had pitied ? Yes, the replied, it was poor *Grace Cawdell* ; have you never heard of her ? I replied in the negative. " She was a peculiarly unfortunate girl," ſaid my friend, " and I preſume it is owing to your being a ſtranger here, that you have not heard her ſtory." He then gave me an affecting account of the fair deceaſed, who, as he proceeded, I diſcovered to be no other than the perſon, whoſe figure firſt, and then her lamentations for the loſs of her laurellina, had awakened my curioſity—if the reader feels as I did upon the ſubject, he will not be diſpleaſed to learn more of her—but I muſt tell the ſtory my own way, and it is too intereſting to begin at the concluſion of my paper.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE very neat and taſty manner in which your Stage Coach is fitted out, and the agreeable company that are conſtantly riding in it, offer a temptation ſo great, that I take the liberty to aſk of you, the pleaſure of taking a polite, occaſionally, in that delightful vehicle. If you think I have abilities, that promiſe any conſiderable benefit to thoſe for whom your carriage runs, or will add any to the enjoyment that your numerous paſſengers ſo abundantly give them, I truſt you will give me a line. If on the contrary, you think my converſation will be diſagreeable to thoſe within, and diſguſting to the poſt at the outſide, you will, no doubt, ſay ſo without heſitation. Sir, I aſſure you, My numerous avocations will deny me the pleaſure of taking a paſſage every time it paſſes. I expect, however, your correſpondents, the GREEK and ITALIAN, who have ſo long rode in your carriage, will give, as uſual, ſo much pleaſure to all on the road, that neither my preſence or abſence will be little noticed.

My ſignature, you will obſerve to be, CONTEMPLATOR, and whatever intereſt or ſe there may be between us, I truſt you will find my hints, *maxims*, and diſcourſes, to correſpond with my ſignature. My diſpoſition inclines much to contemplation, and little to eloquence. Nature and art, both afford an inexhauſtible ſource of employment for the moſt contemplative mind. In the former, I can range unreſtrained, and find new enjoyment in every new object it meets ; and the more it expands, the more beauties are conſtantly riſing to view, which with their preſent light, diſcover the unbounded power and wiſdom of the great Creator.—In the latter, the mind is refreſained to a more narrow ſcale—though it may often meet with ſurpriſing efforts of human ſkill, yet when compared with the ſublimity and harmony in the works of nature—their luſtre fades like the burning taper before the orb of day. But though the great Governor of the World, has created man to *lie* below himſelf, yet he has created him far above all other creatures that ſurround him. By the gift of his ſenſes, he partakes of all animal pleaſures ; by the gift of reaſon, he modulates them as his own good requires ; and by the

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gift of a feeling heart, in unison with an improving reverence, he looks round with a sympathising complacency on his fellow creatures, and up with reverence and adoration to that Being, who gave the whole. This is the character of a perfect man—but alas, where is that man to be found? How much oftener will he, who contemplates the character of mankind in all ages, find objects of scorn, that of pride—he will find vice courted in all her hideous forms, and *virtue* rejected in all her various adornments. That fault *has been* the character of man, history too certainly proves—what is to be his future character, time must develope.—How beautiful would he the change in the character of our species, would each one begin at home, and reform and amend himself.—This, as you will perceive, is an introduction to what I intend to offer in some future numbers. CONTEMPLATOR.

Boston, Aug. 1803.

SATURDAY EVENING's MONITOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[*Having been favoured with the following excellent piece on* Revelation, *from a respected correspondent, we imagine it shall we could not perfect our readers with any thing better adapted to prepare them more for the solemnities of the ensuing day.*]

ON REVELATION.

"Jesus our triumphant head,
Rid'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
Angels, longs of wak'ry king,
All the bleffed regions ring.
Banners join the heavenly pow'rs,
For redemption all is ours;
None but burden'd finners prove,
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
Hail, then dear, thou worthy lamb!
Holy Lamb, incarnate word!
Hail, thou fuffering for of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood."

HART's HYMNS.

INNUMERABLE are the pleafures and advantages we derive from an attentive obfervation of the beauties of nature, and many are the fublime or refined fatisfactions arifing from the contemplation of rural fcenes, the ftructure of animals, the diverfity of flowers and fragrancy of the flowers, the warbling and plum-age of birds, the bleatings of flocks, and fportive innocence of the lamb. Who can behold all thefe charming objects without complacency? And fo no thefe chara&ers can we behold the beauty and beauty of all animated nature, nay-ly prefent to the contemplative mind of man, the moft pleafing reflections, and the fweeteft pleafures; and irrefiftibly lead the heart which is yet unfpoiled to adore the all-wife and omnifcient Creator, with the pureft and moft grateful emotions of devout fincerity! But notwithftanding the moft grand confideration, and however we may delight and improve ourfelves with fuch pleafurable and philofophical meditations, there is yet another theme of far greater magnitude, which powerfully claims from us, in a more immediate point of view, the humble tribute of adoration, love and gratitude, expreffly inferred from the clearer manifeftation of divine mercy, in the glorious gofpel of reconciliation refulting from the gofpel difpenfation, and the mediation of the Saviour of the world, for which we have every prevailing caufe to acknowledge, with unbounded thankfulnefs, thofe facred and unfeinnable mercies vouchfafed for the redemption of every true believer. Befides, indeed, are wont to miferable, explode, or overturn, thefe gracious and favourable fyftems, to which they are themfelves indebted for that fuperior degree of rednrde and wit, with which their unwonded and copious performances generally abound; which are no lefs calculated to poffeft the mind of fuperior gifts, than to refolve every impotent doubt, and diffipate every conflict of idea. Purfuing no trifle for a generous and virtuous conduct, they reject with indignation the falfe poffible indulgence, the moft abfurd tenets of falfe philofophy, indirectly aiming to eftablifh unlimited liberalities, and deluding through a dark and difpirited ftyle, fceptical ideas, and metaphyfical fatalities. Refifting implicit conviction, blind to the demonftrations of experience, and deaf to the voice of reafon and humility, they are prone to oppofe unanfwerable arfertions, and thus reafonably pervert the moft facred precepts of chriftianity, and the pureft leffons of rational and falutary conlolation.

But while we reflect on the arrogance of man, in prefuming to throw out oblique infinuations againft the moft interefting and fublime precepts of chriftianity, we cannot forbear expreffing our total difapprobation of fuch fophiftical difputations, becaufe they are peculiarly dangerous to the morals and happinefs of every individual. Before the eftablifhment of the bleffed gofpel, and the propagation of thofe fublime and exalted truths which it contains, and which are found to be fo efficacious in moralizing the mind, fweetening the difpofition, and improving the heart, the errors and prejudices muft have been manifold, and the heathen world was obviously overclouded with noxious vapours, until they were diffelled by the cleareft manifeftation of divine goodnefs, and the all-powerful atonement of the Redeemer of mankind; thereby, in an eminent manner, redounding "Glory to God in the higheft, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men."

(To be concluded next week.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF BUFFON, THE NATURAL HISTORIAN.

THE greateft natural hiftorian that ever appeared in any age or country, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, France, on the 17th of September, 1707. He procured his youthful ftudies at Dijon; and his indefatigable activity, his acutenefs, penetration, and rapid conception, directed him to purfue bufinefs and pleafure with equal ardour. His firft application was to mathematics and aftronomy; but he did not neglect the cultivation of other fciences. At the age of twenty, he fet out with an Englifh nobleman and his governor to Italy; but he overlooked the choiceft remains of art, and, amidft the ruins of an elegant and luxurious people, he fhut his eyes to the moft ancient hiftory, whofe zealous and fucceffful admirer, he afterwards protected. On his return to France, he fought, on fome occafions of quarrels, with the Duke of Modena, whom he conquered, and was obliged to retire into Paris, where he tranflated Newton's Fluxions from the Latin, and Dr Hale's ftatics, from the Engliſh, into the French language. At the age of twenty-five, he refided at Paris, in the Jardin du Roi, which was only three months, tenanted his travels.

At the age of twenty one, Count de Buffon left his mother, by whom he had an eftate, and placed three hundred thoufand livres, (58,875 dollars) per annum; and he was fortunately one of thofe, whofe ufe exceeded their ample fortune. His literary purfuits, and elevated the path of fome of its theme. In 1739, M. de Buffon was appointed intendant of the king's garden, and cabinet of natural hiftory above a decade, and continued to refide only fo far extended to, as they had any relation to the grand object of his attachment. The firft volume of his "Natural Hiftory," the refult of the moft arduous refearches, did not appear until 1749; the laft, or fortieth volume, to the number of thirty-three, followed at fucceffive periods.

Whilft he was engaged in this great and important undertaking he was feized with a violent inflammation of the blood, where his fenfe was little interrupted. He devoted fourteen hours every day to ftudy; and when we examine the extent of his knowledge, and the variety of his works, we wonder at his having executed fo much, even in that time. Early in the morning, he regularly retired to a pavilion in his own garden, where he was then unaccefible. This, as Prince Henry of Pruffia called it, was the *cradle of natural hiftory*; but fhe was indifcreetly accommodated. The walls were naked; an old writing table, with pen, ink, and paper, and a few chairs, were all that it contained, were the only furniture of his ftudy. His books and other manufcripts were in another apartment. When he had finifhed any new work, it was his wife, alone, that he might forget it, and he then returned to it with the feverity of a critic. He was anxious that his writings fhould be perfpicuous, and if obfcure in whom he read them hefitated for a moment, he charged the paffage.

In 1752, he married a young lady, whofe birth, as well as perfonal and intellectual charms, amply compenfated for her want of fortune. Notwithftanding the difparity of their years, this lady enjoyed on all occafions, the moft tender affection for her huſband, and, like Calaphornia, the wife of Pliny, the moſt natural fcholar that he knew. Each new work of her huſband, every freſh laurel added to his renown, was to her a fource of the moft exquifite enjoyment. M. de Buffon had long exempt from the infirmities of age, enjoying all the fenfes and faculties in perfection. At laſt, however, he was attacked by the ſtone, and refolving to fubmit to the operation of cutting, he fell a victim to that diſeaſe, April 16th, 1789, in the eighty firſt year of his age. He was in perfect fenſes until within a few hours of his diſſolution, and on the very morning previous, gave directions concerning ſome work, which was to be done in the botanic garden.

The fame of this illuſtrious philoſopher, was, by no means, confined to his own country, wherever literature was held in eſteem, there he was lauded with academic honors. He was accordingly not only elected perpetual ſecretary of the Academy of Sciences, and the French Academy; but alſo Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and of the Literary Societies of Berlin, Peterſburg, Bologna, Florence, Edinburgh, Dijon, Philadelphia, &c. In point of ſtyle, he was one of the moſt elegant writers in France; and the moſt aſtoniſhing interpreter of nature that ever exiſted. His funeral was attended with pomp purely beſtowed on dignity, opulence or power. A numerous concourſe of academicians, and perſons diſtinguiſhed by rank and noble literature, met in order to pay the ſincere homage due to ſo great a philoſopher. In ſhort, the ſtreets were crowded by innumerable ſpectators, who attended the ſad ceremony, as if the ceremony had been for a monarch. The abundantly ſhews the reverence, which we generally pay a man, poſſeſſed of great talents and learning; nor can we to omit the following anecdote, which abundantly evinces the truth of this aſſertion. During the war, which ſubſiſted in the independence of the United States, the patriots of Engliſh extraction, whoſe eyes were ſhut from the prizes any boons addreſſed to the Count de Buffon, and many were addreſſed to him from every part of the world as forwarded them immediately to Paris, without opening them, whereon thoſe direction to the King of Spain, were generally ſtarted: and thus did the commanders of cruiſers, which, ſhew more reſpect to genius than to foreignty.

Le Comte de la Cupede, in his deſcription of the four laſt philoſophers, and eminent men of genius, erected on the bottom of France, has given a compariſon, of Montſquieu, Voltaire, Rouſſeau and Buffon. How fatire may be diverted, in what he has advanced with reſpect to the three firſt, we do not preſume to ſay, but there is ſomething ſo ſublime in the laſt, that we cannot forbear to tranſcribe it. It was no longer night, ſtar created to nature, or luminous univerſe, that ſhone on Buffon. His courte was marked with dignity, his motion by harmony, and his repoſe by ſerenity; every eye, even the meaneſt was attracted to contemplate it. From his car, reſplendent over the univerſe, he ſpreads his magnificence. As God enchoſed on the ſide all the works of creation, he collected on the bank of the ſublime, the animals, vegetables and minerals, diſperſed in the immenſity of the globe. Every form, every colour, all the riches and infinites of the world were offered to our eyes, and to our underſtandings. Every thing was excepted, and every thing exiſted, every thing rendered intereſting, brilliant or graceful. But a funeral groan was heard—nature grieved in ſilence. With Buffon the laſt lamp was extinguiſhed."

AMUSING.

GOLDEN RULES.

FOR A MAN TO LIVE ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.

THE patient ſtudies produced by a large capacity of memory for facts, and by a boldneſs the future miſeries of a wiſhed patrimony, diſſipated fortunes, and a decayed conſtitution.

There is great reaſon for us to make a reſerve of prerogty againſt the day of diſcretionary power, when we may want chiefly thoſe comforts which only money can procure; a comfortable houſe, delicate living, and a little ſhare of authority, or, what is the ſame kind of life, are exceedingly ſoothing and acceptable.

Perhaps locality cannot ſhew a more pitiable figure, than reſides a very elegant room, when living ſpeak three feſtive in the ſhattering garden of poverty, being reduced, in the moſt helpleſs ſituation, to live upon accidental ſtroke of generoſity, and to be at once ridiculed and relieved.

If an old ſervice expects to receive the laſt degree of attention from the world in general, or even from his relations in particular, it muſt be by the force of happy circumſtances in his favour; ſuch for inſtance, as the want of a fortune accumulated by the induſtry or ingenuity of youth. This will render the veteran reſpectable amongſt his fellowmen, and make even his ſmalleſt infirmities ſupportable. Whereas if an old man has no reſſources of his economy to flow, he will crawl contemptibly about the world, be upbraided for his former prodigality; even by his own children, who having no hopes, will conſider him as an incumbrance; and wanting the various attentions which are neceſſary to the accommodation of the laſt ſcene, he conſiderate in the family will be eſteemed—in his life muſt be ſupported by the contribution of the charitable, and he muſt die unmourned. Keep a competent ſhare of the laſt in thine hand.

The ſame principle of prudence which makes it neceſſary for a man to provide againſt the wants and infirmi-

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of age, should prevail with a man to provide against the wants and infirmities of diftemper. Let the fick man rather depend on the panacea of his purfe, than on the pity of his phyfician.

A very healthy perfon is very foon reduced to his chamber—and we are all liable to the moft painfeous diforders. It often happens that a ftout young man, in the very vigour of exiftence, is brought to fuch a ftate as to depend on the fervitude of another for aflifiance in thofe very points which to a ftate of health, he would blufh to make known to a fecond perfon. If thefe feelinefles continue for any length of time, nothing but the power of paying our attendants will ever make them be done cheerfully, if at all. A fick fenfibility is therefore a horrid fpectacle—his fervants become negligent—his phyfician gives him now and then a call upon the footing of humanity—and what is worfe than all, he exhaufts himfelf in having expounded, in his bowout fuperfluity, what fhould have been referved for the moment of exigence.

Art thou rich? Place then circumfpection as a fentinel over thy paffions—left that which thou poffeieft become a prey to artifice!

Art thou poor? Be induftry thy guard, left thou fhould want the bread of life, and in wanting that, the path of difgrace is not far remote, and that path will lead thee, peradventure, to the pits of mifery and deftruction. Confecfend not to be the object of charity or pity or charity, whilft thou haft limbs to toil, imagination to fuggeft, or health to perform. Liberty is independence, and flavery is a ftate of pecuniary obligation. Let thought, and not fenfibility, be thy guide. Whofo purteth in practice thefe rules, will certainly *Live all the days of his life.*

THE SEDUCED DAUGHTER.—A Fragment.

"****** "I HAVE loft my lamb," exclaimed the farmer, as he fat weeping on the ftone.

—" And what is all that?" faid I.

" Alas!" anfwered he, " my flocks whiten the diftant hills—but I fhall no more lead them to the oplands in winter, nor drive them to the vale in fummer. They will fee their maiter no more. Another's voice muft call them to their paftures, and other hands muft make their fold in the evening—for I have loft my lamb and my ftrength fails me."

Gentle ftranger, if I breath my laft in your prefence fuffer not my flefh to feed the ravens; but let the turf cover me—and may heaven in its mercy, fhield the heart of my devoted child from knowing that her misfortune and difgrace has broken the heart of her father.

" It is then a daughter that thou haft loft; it is a darling child whom thou feekeft, alas!"

" Alas indeed!" faid the farmer, " the flower of the valley was not half fo fair for the honey-fuckle to fweeten—nor the dove more innocent than Matilda—nor," continued he, elevating his voice, " the wolf more favage than the monfter who carried her from me. But he is rich—thefe plains call him maiter—and I have nought but curfes to help me.—My fon died as he was fighting for his country, or the fpoiler of innocence fhould have felt the vigour of his arm. He fhall have revenged a father's wrongs; but I am weak, and can only call on heaven to revenge. To its eternal juftice I refign my caufe; and if they fhould by my laft word know—" And here the old man in his miferable form funk down upon the ftone—and I called the villagers to bear the corpfe to the cottage.*****

TRUE SENSE OF HONOUR EXEMPLIFIED IN AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

" IT is well known of Marfhal Turenne, that his true heroifm, (for fuch it really was) was only to be equalled by his folid and manly piety, equally remote upon the one hand from the fuperftitious bis own age, and upon the other from the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honour (falfely fo called) was preferved in its full extravagance, the Marfhal was never known either to fight a duel, or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity with which he once refolved himfelf from an embarraffment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a fufficient anfwer, to the favourite queftion of the defenders of duelling—" how is a challenge to be refufed?"—How is a challenge to be refufed?—afet this *anecdote of the* Marfhal anfwer them.—" A young officer of noble family, and in defpute of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined himfelf to have received an infult from the Marfhal, and of courfe fatisfaction in the ufual forms. The Marfhal made no reply to his challenge; the officer repeated it feveral times, but the Marfhal ftill maintained the fame filence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer refolved to compel him to the acceptance of his invitation: for this purpofe, he watched him upon his walks, and at length meeting him in the public ftreet, accompanied by two other general officers, he hurried towards him, and to the abfolute amazement and even terror of all who faw him, fpit in the Marfhal's face. Let us endeavour to form fome conception of the groffneis of this infult—the object of it was the great Turenne—a Marfhal of France, and one of the greateft generals which Europe had produced. The companions of the Marfhal ftarted back in amazement; the Marfhal, his countenance glowing from a fenfe of the indignity, feized the hilt of his fword, and had already half unfheathed it, when, to the aftonifhment of the fpectators he fuddenly returned it into the fcabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket' Voyez mon,' faid he,' could I wipe your blood from my confcience with as much eafe as I can your fpittle from my face, I would take your life on the fpot. Go fir,'

" Saying this, the Marfhal retired in all the majefty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was fo much ftruck as well with his manner as with his virtue, that he did not ceafe until he had obtained the pardon of the Marfhal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and nodet fuch a preceptor he became almoft the friend of his fame."

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.
ANECDOTES OF DIOGENES.
[From the French.]

DIOGENES, the Cynic, was one of the boldeft and moft impudent philofophers of antiquity. Convicted of having counterfeited the ftamp of his fhield from Sinope, his native country, and took refuge in Athens, where he became the difciple of Antifthenes. He embraced voluntary poverty. He had a tub for his dwelling, and all his goods conffted of a wallet and a ftaff. He died, aged 90 years, 323 years before the chriftian era.

Philip, father of Alexander the Great, was preparing to befiege Corinth. The people of Corinthians run in hafte, about the city, making the preparations neceffary to refiftan fiege. Some laboured to repair with wall-ftone collected piles of ftones; and others provided arms. Every thing was in motion. Diogenes having nothing elfe to do employed himfelf in rolling his tub precipitately through the ftreets. One of his friends afked him why he did thus. —" I will not remain idle," replied he, " when every body labours with eagerneis."

He was afked, what time was the moft proper for matrimony. " When one is young," replied he, " it is not yet time; when one is old, the time is paft."

He one day afked a crown of a young prodigal; who, thinking to make him a little too large, defired to know why he afked him for a crown, when he afked only an *obole* of others?" " I hope," replied Diogenes," to receive money in future from others; but as for you, in the manner you live, I judge that you will very foon have nothing to give me.

Reading a book which was very long and very tedious, when he came to the laft page, he cried, like failors at the end of a long voyage, " Courage, friends, I fee land."

He was once reproached, for entering without fhame, into mifery and debauchery and infamy. " The fun," he replied, " enters there, and is not fullied."

Plato defined man, an animal of two feet, without feathers. His difciples applauded this definition, but Diogenes, in reply, carried into the fchool of the philofopher, a cock which he had deprived of his feathers, faying, " See here the man of Plato."

Obferving a man prefiding with the bow, but who was not very expert to the ufe of it, he went and feated himfelf near the mark. Being afked the reafon, he replied, " I place myfelf here that he may not hit me."

Seeing a woman hanging from an olive tree, he exclaimed, " Would to the gods that the other trees bore alfo fo the like fruit!"

WINCHESTER, the preacher, when a boy, was remarkable for a very ftovenly appearance. Being one day in the market, he was told, (by a gentleman who inquired the price of *green corn*) that he looked rather as if brought up amongft hogs than corn. " Pray, Sir," inquired young Winchefter, " what were you brought up amongft?"—" Wheat," was the reply. " Very likely," returned W. " for we read *the tares and the wheat grew together.*" I. A.

USEFUL.

ARTICLES OF ADVICE.

WEAR flannel next to the fkin provided you change it frequently. Bathe frequently but not for a long time—for it is you may clenfe the fkin and open the pores without relaxing the body. The latter articles—or *cleanlinefs*, in the grand preferv ative, againft the diforders of the feafon.

White-wash your apartments with lime; wash your floors often, and let your houfes be kept clean.

Throw a few pails of water on the pavement before the doors, in the morning before the fun is on it, repeat it during the day, when the fun does not fhine there.

If you live in the country build your houfes with thick walls and fmall apertures, encompafs it with a border of trees, to intercept the force of the fouth-eaft, build the houfe fold rather than extended; you will then have it warm in winter and cool in fummer, whatever may be the external temperature. You may prove this by obferving that a room in the centre of the houfe is always the coolefl. Let your apartments be fpacious, and they will be moft comfortable.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.

TAKE one dozen ears of green Indian Corn—grate or fcrape it from the cob, and mix with a quart of milk and fome fait—before pouring into the pudding-dith, the bottom and fides of the dith muft be covered with the tender husks taken from the green corn, and the pudding muft be covered with the tender husks in like manner—Bake for *afte*

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

MR. Travis's Cabinet, at the head of Court-ftreet, contains a greater collection of the works of Nature and Art, than is to be found in the United States, Mr. Peale's excepted—more curious of between *five and three thoufand* different articles. This rare and valuable collection, is worthy the notice of every one.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All Zama's favours are received, and fhall enrich our Miffellany.

" Education," fhall appear.

" Poem on Death," fhall appear.—Effay on " Happinefs," the fame.

On the Lofs of Friends—very good.

The Poet who breathes an " Ardent Wifh," to be lulled to fleep by *wonder* and *furprife*, may, by to doing, have ftarted a new idea; but it is not a very natural one.

We have already declined the " Twifter of Twine," from another correfpondent, and mean to be impartial—The paradoxical " *ton and way*," fhall appear.

Lines " To Winter," fubject good, but poorly executed.

" Senfibility," trite and common.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED]—At Salem, Mr. Reuben Alley, jun. to Mifs Hannah Shelden. At Charlefltown, Mr. Chriftopher Gordon, to Mifs Mary Graham.

In this town, Mr. William Bewy, to Mifs Betfy Phillips, fecond daughter of Mr. Samuel P—Capt. Wm. Blanchard, to Mifs Mary Eliot—Mr. Anguftus Williston, to Mifs Nancy Smith.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At New-York, for the week ending July 6, feventy-feven; 8 of a malignant fever; 24 chil[illegible]—At Needham, Mr. Rebecca Mann, Æt. 48, confort of Col. Mofes M. At Roxbury, Mrs. Sufanna Gore, Æt. 91 [illegible]—Mifs Eliza Gould, Æt. 10, a promising and amiable daughter of Mr. Otis Gould.

In this town, Mr. John Snelling [illegible] phy, Æt. 42; and four others. Total

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MIRANDA.

BORGET you! 'tis not in my power;
I'll strive not, neither can desire it;
And you're a little cynic foist!
MIRANDA, or you'd not require it.

Forget you! blot from memory's page,
The happiest hours I ever knew!
To banish me you may engage,
But faith! cannot banish you.

When often I beheld your face
And heard your voice, time flew away
On wing so light, he left no trace!
December then to me was *May*.

But now you are so seldom seen,
My greatest joy is to remember;
Thy absence clouds the Summer scene,
And now to me 'tis all *December!*

CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE PLACE.

SLOW o'er the plain fee Melancholy come,
And shade this laft adieu with cypreis gloom.

Majeftic alms! whofe tall tops fleet in air,
And catch the higheft breeze that fans the glade;
And greet the orient meffenger of morn,
No more for me fhall wave your friendly fhade.

No more for me the fpreading branch extend,
Which feren'd me from the feorching noon-tide ray;
Or from whofe leafy covert pour'd the note
Which hymn'd the laft gleam of departing day.

Oft has enthufiafm 'rapt my mind,
As thro' thy leaves the trembling moon-beams play'd;
Wak'd fober thought—hail'd each tumultuous care,
And o'er the landfcape thrown a fofter fhade.

Thou too, my little favourite of the grove,
Whofe earlieft youth I nurs'd with tender hand;
Rear'd each luxuriant branch which check'd thy growth,
And mark'd with joy thy little twigs expand.

To thee no more my haftening feet fhall bend,
When op'ning fpring unfolds thy buds to view;
Ye trees, ye rocks, ye wild known fweetnefs walks,
Receive ELIZA's fad—her laft adieu.

Why, Sadnefs, doft theo mark this laft farewell,
Approv'd by Reafon, fanction'd by her laws?
Or why rebellion moves the tardy figh,
Which ftowly from this fpot my form withdraws?

Dear are thofe fcenes, where many an hour has paft'd,
Though fortune oft has mark'd them but her own;
Here have I feen pale ficknefs' fading form,
And heard a parent's laft expiring groan.

Here too the fhades of former pleafures rife,
Illume the retrofpect and check the figh;
Bid hope return to cheer the ward rat's heart,
And wipe the tear-drop from misfortune's eye.

"Father of light and life!" thy fuppliant hear,
Teach me fubmiffion to each high decree;
O guide my fteps far from corrupt's maze,
And warm my heart, with gratitude to Thee.

ELIZA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A SWEET STORM.

WHILE darkening vapours cloud the face of day,
With forceful fury fweeben whirlwinds ride;
Now thro' the Heav'ns the forked lightnings play,
And torrents burft impetuous from the fkies!

The winds in conteft with the hillowy tide,
Bid the fwell'd ftreams their borders overflow;
Whilft gath'ring torrents from the mountain's fide,
Roll in a deluge on the plains below.

The tempeft fcatter ruin o'er the land,
And black'ning clouds all nature's face deform;
See the majeftic oak, fecurely ftand,
And brave the dreadful horrors of the ftorm!

Like as the man, whofe foul religion fills,
Whofe breaft pure virtue fways; to him 'tis giv'n,
To move fecure, midft life's extremeft ills;
His hopes are plac'd above, he leans on Heav'n

No thorny fears, his tranquil breaft invade,
Nor terrors watch the guilty's coach attend;
While Vice at ftreet'ning trouble ftrikes, afraid,
He ftands unaw'd, and makes his God his friend.

Oh, thou! whofe power the raging ftorms control,
Vouchfafe to hear thy humble fuppliant's pray'r;
Should clattering forrows, overwhelm my foul,
Preferve my JULIA's, free from ev'ry care!

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY: A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER X—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, July. 1777.

THE autumn of the fummer mentioned to you in my laft, buiinefs of a very particular nature, took Mr. Romain to Paria. His wife having juft recovered from her confinement, was not able to undertake the journey with him; though her perfect ftate of convalefcence, was evinced very fhortly after his departure. George Darnley had vifited there frequently, while he had been at home; but when his wife were after he was gone, as frequent as ever; this would not have been noticed by the neighbours had it reftled there, but he took her often out to ride, in a chaife, perhaps as often as twice a week; fometimes they would go out in the morning and remain out all day; fometimes he waited on her to the play, to the opera, and once to a maiquerad, from whence they did not return until day light in the morning. In October Mrs. Darnley, and her family, returned to London, but George found various pretences for ftaying in the country at leaft half the time he loft to all fenfe of propriety, that he paffed every night at her houfe, alledging by way of excufe, that as the nights grew long, fhe was afraid to ftay alone in a houfe fo far from town, to which place, her health and that of her infant, (who was indeed extremely indifpofed) would not permit her to return. Thus the autumn, and almoft the whole winter were paft away, Mr. Romain, himfelf not unacquainted by nature. It was evening when he arrived, and expreffed fome aftonifhment at feeing George Darnley there, quite as a family one, without his wife, he had his flippers on—But whatever he might think, he faid but little. A few days after his arrival, he called on my aunt, and putting a packet of papers into her hands, requefted her to keep them until he called for them, faying, they were of great conſequence, and he would not have her part with them to any perſon whatever. My aunt had very little communication with Mrs. Romain, but now and then, fhe would come of a morning, and fit an hour or two when the weather prevented her from making longer excurſions, or perhaps, when fhe wiſhed to avoid any company whom fhe had reaſon to think would call at that time. In one of theſe chance viſits, ſhe informed my aunt, that Mr. Romain had juſt received a letter, informing him, that he had a ſiſter ſettled there, and wanted his family to be near her. "I do not want to go," continued ſhe, "his ſiſter is a ſtiff, formal old maid, who has lived moſt of her time in a convent, though ſhe is not a nun; he only wants to be there, that ſhe may be a ſpy upon my conduct; and when he makes a journey, he may clap me into the ſtupid nunnery; for he ſays no woman ought to remain at home, receiving and paying viſits, and going to public places, when her huſband is abſent." My aunt could make no reply to ſuch a remark, ſhe had thought herſelf that Mrs. Romain would have ſhewn more prudence by remaining more at home, and not admitting young Darnley to be ſo conſtantly with her: ſhe had thought her conduct very reprehenſible, but ſhe was not upon ſuch intimate terms as could authoriſe a remonſtrance, which, however, delicately given, or friendly deſigned, might have been deemed impertinence. Mr. Romain had been home but a ſhort time, when the death of their youngeſt child ſeemed to recal the mother to ſome degree of reflection, and for ſeveral weeks, ſhe led a retired life, and all company was excluded the houſe. But the heart that has once become the ſlave of deparved affection, ſoon grows inſenſible to thoſe which do honour to humanity. And returnement with a huſband who almoſt idolized his children, and who moſt fervently felt the death of this little girl, by no means fuited the levity of her diſpoſition. She had made ſome acquaintances with women of doubtful reputation; her huſband conſulted'em, but he was uncorruptible; and perſiſted, even in appearing with them in public. This haſtened his preparations for a removal, though in the mean time, he harboured the moſt tormenting ſuſpicions; theſe ſuſpicions were at length fatally confirmed.

It was late one evening, my aunt was juſt preparing to retire for the night, when Mrs. Romain's upper ſervant came running into the houſe, and with a terrified aſpect, begged her to go to her miſtreſs, whom ſhe believed was dying.—"There has been dreadful work at our houſe, ma'am," ſaid the young woman, "but mother begs you will come in." My aunt threw on a ſhawl haſtily, and followed the maid. She found Mr. Romain pale, and dreadfully agitated, leaning over a ſopha, on which lay his imprudent wife, deprived of ſenſe and motion. "Come, madam," ſaid he, in a voice almoſt choked with conteniding paſſions," come, and do ſomething for this unhappy woman, whom fear, ſhame, and anxiety for an unworthy villain, whom I have horſe whipped out of my houſe, have thrown into this ſituation." They applied volatiles to her noſe, temples, and wriſts, looſened her cloaths, and in about half an hour, ſhe began to have ſome recollection: the moment ſhe ſaw her huſband, who had been, ſpite of his injuries, anxiouſly attending to bring her, while in a fit of inſenſibility; ſhe raiſed her hands, claſped them in an agony, covered her face, and burſt into tears. "Do not leave her, madam," ſaid he, and the diſtreſſed gentleman! I cannot ſpeak to her now, but will endeavour to regain ſome compoſure, and return to her in an hour or two." He left them, and ſhe himſelf in the arms of my aunt. Mrs. Romain retired to her bed chamber, ſhe ſpoke not a word, but her tears ſtowed ſo violently, that it appeared like hyſteric affection; they prevailed upon her to take ſome wine and water, and ſhe drank a few drops of a compoſing mixture, which ſhe had ſent for from her own houſe; this a meaſure, ſtilled the agitation of her frame, and towards morning, ſhe fell aſleep in her chamber. At eight, Mr. Romain ſent a requeſt to ſpeak to my aunt; ſhe went to his ſtudy, giving the ſervant a ſtrict charge not to quit her miſtreſs.

"You ſee, Madam," ſaid he, as my aunt entered, "a man almoſt driven to diſtraction, by the infidelity of a woman whom I doated on. I brought you together from a few weeks ſince, I had great reaſon to ſuppoſe my wife had forfeited her good name, and made a ſacrifice of my honour, on the altar of illicit paſſion. I had picked up a paper folded in form of a letter, and ſealed, but without the impreſſion of ſignature, I thought the writing to be that of Sidley's; he the hand was ſo diſguiſed, I could not be certain. The infamous fellow, had ſeveral times called on me ſince, when I ſuſpected was myſelf, and a moſt paſſionate requeſt for another, whom I imagined to be that unfeeling villain Darnley. It required all my reaſon before to be reſolved from the letters which bound the writer to one, and for her a liberty to devote herſelf to the other; an offer to quit her legal protector, and go to any part of the world with her paramour; ſtruck with horror, I threw the paper from me, and left the letter with the reſt of the papers, which would ſecure her independence. This I imagine, referred to the writings of an eſtate, which previous to our marriage, I had ſettled on Sidley. I heard her this diabolical paper; but ſhe denied all knowledge of it, with ſuch aſſeverations, and reiterated my aſſertions with ſuch an appearance of confcious innocence, that I muſt doubted the evidence of my own ſenſes, which had noticed familiarities between her and Darnley, which were by no means conſiſtent with common decency. I determined to put the writings mentioned, beyond her reach, I placed them with you. The death of our poor little girl, which ſhe decreed I now rejoice in, as ſhe was ſnatched from the object whom ſhe never appeared to have a fondneſs for. I ſay, Madam, the death of her child, made ſome alteration in her conduct, which was very pleaſant to me; and I began to hope ſhe would ſee the folly and guilt of her paſt behaviour."

ELINOR, I know you are intereſted in this narration, but I muſt drop my pen for the preſent. It is a beautiful evening, and my chattering little fry and, Sarah, wants at the door in a coach, to take me to Kenſington gardens.

ANN.

Adieu,

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Tus GOSSIP——N° XXXVIII.

Si mollis flavum demissa monilibus
Impexa, et arte sparsa fub fole rubores.

THE prided of ancestry, the fancied superiority of being defended from ungient and honourable families, is a folie which exalts most of us, for a similar reason that many attempt to shun it, pitiable ; or that, as they are ftyled, it is to predominate, that it is almoft proverbial ; and amongft the noble claſs, who inhabited the Highlands, none thought themſelves more honourable, than that of Cardell. Donald Cambell was the youngeſt ſon of a diſtant branch deſcending from the firſt chieftain of his clan ; but for pride, he was equal to the chieftain himſelf ; he had the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, in a Highland regiment, and had ſeen much ſervice in the American war. In a battle, where the Colonel was dangerouſly wounded, a young American, whoſe name was Neville, and who was a royaliſt, here lent from the field of battle, at the hazard of his own life ; for in ſo doing, he received a muſquet ball in his right arm, which occaſioned him the loſs of it. Gratitude inſpired by his own wounds, he ſtill ſupported the bleeding Colonel, until getting beyond the reach of the contending armies, he entruſted a pedlant to admit them both into a cart he was driving,and to convey them to a very folitary hut which Neville inhabited in a neighbouring wood, and from which he had ventured that morning to learn the termination of a battle, which the diſcharge of muſquetry, and cannon, at the earlieſt dawn of day, aſſured him was begun. In that cottage, Donald Cambell, at length, named himſelf his own wounds, he ſtill ſupported the bleeding Colonel, until getting beyond the reach of the contending armies, he entruſted a pedlant to admit them both into a cart he was driving,and to convey them to a very folitary hut which Neville inhabited in a neighbouring wood, and from which he had ventured that morning to learn the termination of a battle, which the diſcharge of muſquetry, and cannon, at the earlieſt dawn of day, aſſured him was begun. In that cottage, Donald Cambell, at length, named himſelf his own name, Cambell was nurſed with the utmoſt tenderneſs, by the wife of his hoſt ; he, himſelf, underſtood ſomething of ſurgery, and by their united care, Cambell was, in ſix months able to join his regiment, greatly to the ſurpriſe of the commanding officer, who had received his name to England in the liſt of the ſlain. Neville, who ſuffered in the battle of Saratoga, accompanied him, taking with him his wife, an intereſting, amiable woman, and a ſon, about ſix months old. Colonel Cambell's health being very much impaired by the effects of his wounds, he obtained leave to return to his native air, as the moſt probable means of ſtrengthening his debilitated frame, and Neville being from hiſpolitical principles an alien to his friends and country, was eaſily perſuaded to try his fortune in Scotland. They embarked about the latter end of November, and after a very tempeſtuous voyage, paſſing through St. George's channel, in order to make Glaſgow, where they intended landing, they met with a tremendous gale, which drove them on the coaſt of Wales, where they ſtruck on a reef of bold rocks ; and were ſaved, the only hope of ſaving their lives, was, by taking to the boat. When this was hoiſted out, ſo many preſſed into it, that Cambell thought it would ſink with the weight, recommending it to Neville and his wife, to do the ſame ; ſeveral of the mariners followed their example. They puſhed a night of darkneſs ; as day-break, found the ſhattered hark muſt ſoon divide : hope then ſeemed entirely to abandon them, but deſpair urged them to make one more effort, to preſerve life. The boat which had attempted to join the ſhore, was daſhed to pieces on the ſurrounding rocks, and whether any eſcaped, they could not determine. Cambell took young Henry and bound him to a ſpar. Mrs. Neville was bound to a plank. Two ſailors took the charge of her.—The Colonel took the child under his own care, and poor Neville, was left to ſhift as well as he could (with his one arm) for himſelf ; ſhe arranged, they threw themſelves into the boiling waves. After great, and almoſt incredible langue, Cambell, with his precious charge, reached the ſhore ; and even then, he was ſurpriſed on the beach, had it not been for the humanity of ſome Welch peaſants, who remained every affiſtance to reſtore ſuſpended animation. Mrs. Neville was waſhed on ſhore, but the Colonel, which died inſtantly on his reaching the ſhore. It was three days after this miraculous preſervation, before it was fully known to Cambell, that Neville, his unhappy wife had been ſaved by the exertions of the worthy ſailors ; but what was life, to a woman, robbed of the ſociety of that dear perſon, for whoſe like alone life had any value ? Caſt unprotected on a ſtrange land, without the ſmalleſt means of ſupport, her dependency was ſo great, that when the ſailors, who were ſtrand in their reſpective for the Colonel and child, diſcovered, and bore the little Henry in triumph to her, ſhe claſped him in her arms and exclaimed, " Oh ! my child ! my child ! why are we ſaved ? Why do we not reſt in the bottom of the deep with your loſt father ? For who is there in the world who cares for us ? How ſhall I ſupport you ? my child ! my child !" Cambell was not perſenſible of the favours he had received from Neville. When he returned to Scotland, he took the ſolitary widow with him, placed her under the protection of his ſiſter, and calmed the anxiety of her maternal boſom, by aſſuring her ſhould be loved, Henry ſhould never feel the loſs of a father and protector. But Mrs. Neville had received too great a ſhock for her delicate conſtitution, and expired a few months after her huſband ; the gra fually ſunk under the preſſure of irremediable affliction, and in leſs than a year after his arrival in Scotland, Henry Neville became an orphan, dependant on the bounty of Cambell for ſupport, education and future advancement in life. During this period, the Colonel married, and in the courſe of a few years, became the father of one ſon, and two daughters ; Iſabella and Grace. In the earlieſt days of childhood, Henry Neville entered in the family of his benefactor, and Cambell and Henry nerſing, from conſtant companionſhip, and habits formed, love ſiſters more ardently than they loved Iſabella and Grace. Henry Neville became a handſome youth, and perhaps the event would never have taken place which changed the younger part of the family into the deepeſt ſorrow, had not Cambell's ſon, who was at the time written by her aunt to London, and there attended young Donald in his academical purſuits, where he reaped equal advantages with the ſon of his generous friend. Thus did things ſtand, when a few days after the period Henry was twenty-one years old, and Grace fifteen ; each in mind and perſon, perfectly amiable ; the term *brother* and *ſiſter*, which in childhood they were taught to uſe, being laid aſide in the more diſtant terms of reſpect, *ſir*, and *madam*. What wonder that which they felt they were not related by blood, they experienced the more tender attraction which ſprings from an union of heart. Henry Neville was the ſoul of honour, he loved with all the fer vour of youthful enthuſiaſm ; but he would have ſuffered martyrdom, rather than have ſeduced the affections of Grace Cambell ; for well he knew the haughty ſpirit of a Scottiſh nobleman would ſpurn at a union between his offspring, and the humble dependant orphan Neville. But Henry needed not the aid of words ; his eyes were intelligent, and it ſeems poor Grace but too truly interpreted their language. For two years, the uninterrupted intercourſe which their ſituations conſtituted, fanned the paſſion with which had mutually ariſen between them; and when young Donald was ordered to the Eaſt-Indies, with the regiment, Henry Neville was left behind (he had like his father made arms his profeſſion.) Henry who wiſhed to go with him, had an Enſigncy procured for him, as it was out of the power of his benefactor to purchaſe a Lieutenancy for the lovely Grace with the money which ſhe had ſo carefully nurſed, ſo tenderly watched, and whoſe life he had ſo acutely felt. Soon after their departure, Colonel Cambell took his daughters, (their mother had been ſome time dead,) on a tour to the Highlands, and being on a viſit in the family of a noble Duke, the eldeſt ſon who was then with them, became enamoured of the lovely Grace. This nobleman was nearly forty years old, impotuous to his paſſions, libertine in his principles, and broken in his conſtitution. Yet this wretch, becauſe diſtinguiſhed by a title, and heir to one ſtill higher, did Colonel Cambell preſent to the tender, innocent Grace, as the man he wiſhed to ſee become her huſband ; and the old Duke, anxious to have his ſon married, waved the want of fortune in conſideration of the noble blood which flowed in the veins of Grace, through whom he hoped his poſterity would deſcend, uncontaminated by plebeian or foreign connections. Grace, unaccuſtomed to diſguiſe her thoughts, told her father with all the ſimplicity of unaffected innocence, that ſhe could not marry her noble lover, for it was impoſſible ſhe could love him. When this was interrupted at the offended father, " Beaſtly," ſaid the bluſhing, trembling girl, " I can never love any man but Henry Neville." Words would but ill expreſs the anger which burſt on poor Grace ; ſeveral months ſevere perſecution followed, at the end of which time, ſhe was dragged by her unfeeling father to the altar, and compelled to give her hand to the man her ſoul ſtill abhorred—ſhe did ſo, yet her heart, that was with all. She fainted before the ceremony was quite finiſhed ; a long and lingering illneſs followed, from which, though ſhe at length recovered, her reaſon ſeemed to have been greatly impaired ; ſometimes ſhe ſunk into fits of deep melancholy ; at other times, her vivacity was equally diſtreſſing, as it more evidently diſcovered the derangement of her mental faculties. At length, change of ſcene, and being removed from the preſence of her huſband, in a great degree relieved her. Her father, who was ignorant of beyond conjecture by the fatal conſequences of his cruelly exerted authority,—pleaſed to obſerve returning health and reaſon ; puntured to one of the marquis's ſeats on the borders of England ; and entirely pleaſed her, by an unconſcious whether ſhe was going. Her huſband was appriſed of their coming, his tenants came out to meet and welcome their new miſtreſs. She ſtood unconſciouſly, when ſhe heard herſelf addreſſed by the title of marchioneſs—Where am I, ſaid ſhe, turning fearfully to her father—juſt then the chaiſe entered the court, at the head of which, on the ſtight of ſteps leading to the houſe, ſtood the man ſhe moſt dreaded on earth. " Oh Lord, me I love ye !" ſhe exclaimed, and ſunk into convulſions as ſudden as unexpected. The Marquis perſeived his hand ; treacherous, and ſtruck him to the ground. Alas, it was the laſt day of ratisfaction that poor Grace ever knew. They remained ten days at the caſtle—but her unhappy malady increaſing, it was thought proper to ſend her under the care of a ſkilful medical perſon. She was removed to Edinburgh, to a ſmall houſe of her father's ; but medicine was of no avail. " I've ſeen her laugh, I've ſeen her ſmile, but in this deſolate place every viſit from the perſecuting friend, who had uſurped the title of huſband, brought on dreadful paroxyſms of raving ; ſhe ſtill ſo perſiſted in not mentioning her. Colonel Cambell had paid the debt of nature within the year after this fatal marriage ; and as he was never rich, his family eſtate devolving to his ſon, loaded with debt, his helpleſs daughters were left to the mercy of the Marquis—who with become almoſt brutal in his manners, from the profligacy of his life and habitual intoxication. In one of his fits of temporary mod ſty, he went to viſit his unhappy wife—he ſaw from the window that ſhe was in the garden ; that ſhe was kneeling before a plant which ſhe exerciſed with her arms, and bent her head over it with looks of delight. " What is the about ?" ſaid he, to an attendant who was in the room. " She is ſmelling the flowers of her favourite plant, would Mr. Henry come for ſhe might before he went away." " Henry, what Henry," ſaid he, " Henry Neville ?" " Yes, my Lord," ſaid the affrighted girl, who knew not the miſchief ſhe had done, " my lady loved him like a brother." This was enough ; the ſeeds of her ſanguinance was now developed ; ſtung to the heart with rage and jealouſy, he darted into the garden, and puſhing her rudely from the flower, tore it from the ground, and trattered its leaves and branches on the earth. The ſhrieks of the diſtracted Grace, brought her ſiſter into the garden ; ſhe beheld the cauſe, and it was the end of their affecting converſation ! was a witneſs to.—On their return to the houſe, the ſavage reviewed his ill-treatment, nor left her, until ſhe of an alarming nature threatened the life of the wretched victim of ambition. A raging fever was the conſequence, and on the tenth day, when every ray of hope had fled, Donald Cambell, and Henry Neville ſtarted. With caution they were informed of the unhappy ſtate of their beloved Grace ; they were led in the room ; Donald execrated the wretch who had ſo ſtruck her a-

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flower Henry sunk on his knees by the bed side:—"My life," said Donald, leaning over her pillow, "may lonely after, do you not know me?" She raised her head, looking fruitfully on her brother for a moment, and faintly articulated, "You."—Her eye glanced from her brother and caught the form of Henry.—She extended her languid head, raised herself in the bed, and taking a few withered leaves from under the pillow, which, during her illness, even when her mind was at the worst, she had carefully preserved, she put them in Henry's hand, sighing deeply, said, "He tore it up by the root, but I planted it in my heart, and for how fruth it has kept." The feelings of the two young men can better be imagined, than described. Death had laid his icon forpire on the object of fraternal love to me, and adoration to the other, all efforts were in vain—about day-break the next morning, the sonk to eternal rest—having previous to her departure, had a lucid interval, in which he knew and kissed her brother, receiving and bidding his sister a last, and fruitly charging him never to leave her. She evinced her tenderness for Henry in the most affecting language, and expired while breathing a prayer that her mercitful perfecutor might be pardoned.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The ITINERANT.—No XXII.

> "*Le pouvoir se voit pour les tourmens et les inquiétudes des riches; il ne fait point les difficultés et les angoiffes du pauvre: il ne connoit point le cœur, et ne cherche ni à le juger — celui pourquoi n'eſt pas content de ſon ſort.*"

THEY who have attempted to reconcile us to our feveral allotments in life, and to perſuade us that happineſs is not fo unequally diſtributed as we are apt to imagine, tell us that we form our judgments with too much precipitation: that we diſlike our ſtate of good fortune from ſuperficial appearances, and not from thorough examination; and that peace, content, and enjoyment, are often concealed under the cottage of the peaſant and the rags of the beggar, while the halls of ſtate and the courts of princes are the reſidence of grief, remorſe, anxiety, and diſcontent. The richeſt feaſts are ſometimes covered by a rough and ſhabby cover, and deadly poiſon is often contained in the moſt beautiful flowers.

It muſt be confeſſed, that every ſtate has its peculiar calamities, and that the moſt enviable ſituations would create unhappineſs in ſome perſons, are unnoticed or viewed with indifference by others; and that no one can diſcern with, from his own feelings, what another, of different education, habits, and diſpoſition, would feel in the ſame ſituation. Yet none, but thoſe who are void of all feelings, have become the ſlaves of ſyſtem, can poſſibly admit that wealth or evil is equally diſtributed, or that the enjoyment of the former, during preſent is not inferior to that of him, who is in poſſeſſion of ſociety, of plenty, and of independence.

A habit of labouring under difficulties will render them light. Greater afflictions ſometimes ſeize the life, and the mind and body become gradually hard and impenetrable, and receive little or no impreſſion from external circumſtances. Thoſe, on the contrary, who have been bred in luxury and pleaſure, and entertained by eaſe and indolence, poſſeſs feelings exquiſitely fine; are liable to the ſlighteſt inconvenience, and vulnerable by the leaſt ſhaft of fate. The fruit which is ſeaſoned to a reliſh by the ſummer's ſun, is ripened by the froſt of winter from and unpleaſing an trouble.

He, whoſe lot it is, to move in the lower ſphears of life, look up with envy and diſlike to thoſe who are placed in a higher ſtation; who are ſurrounded by affluence, and familiar with the beautiful and the great. They are viewed as placed in an Elyſian region, overſpread with the luxuriance of plenty, and fanned by the breezes of felicity.—They conſider them as enjoying perfect happineſs, and laugh at their petty pricy cares and inſignificant complaints, as being of no real importance, and unworthy of regard. It is impoſſible for them to conceive, how any one can be rendered unhappy by miſtake by the cut of a coat or a gown, or the diſlike of a new head-dreſs or a new pair of ſhoe-ſtrings.

To be univalled in beauty or dreſs, to engroſs the general ſhare of attention and reſpect, and to meet with no indifference and no diſappointment, is not the lot of mortal beauties. Trifling as theſe exertions may appear, thoſe who are not fine ladies cannot poſſibly imagine the uneaſineſs which they occaſion. It is impoſſible to gratify them ſo faſt as they may be generated, or always to avoid the trum-pets occaſioned by which extremity of reſentment may be wounded. The weather will ſometimes be foul; a chicken will ſometimes be ill roaſted; a new fuit will ſometimes be fickle.

Such is our fituation in this life. Every age, and ſex, and condition, have each their peculiar cares and perplexities; and we ought to conſider, when we feel envious of the condition of others, that if by a change we could diveſt ourſelves of our preſent inconveniences, we ſhould nevertheleſs find new ones ariſe in their place; and that the fluctuation in life to which we have been long habituated, is generally that in which we may enjoy the greateſt portion of happineſs. H.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

ARRIA THE WIFE OF PŒTUS.

THOSE writers who have attempted to exalt the virtues of their ſex, *ſo far* from adding the merits of *ours*, have moſt *ſurely* aſſerted, that the female mind is an incapable of *fortitude* as it is of *conſtancy*. To prove that this opinion is both unjuſt and ungenerous, I ſhall take the liberty of preſenting my readers with two hiſtorical inſtances of female conſtancy and reſolution, which are but to be fruſtrated in the annals of manly fortitude.

Amongſt the number of thoſe who have ſuffered the cauſe of Catullus, was a noble Roman of the name of Pœtus who, upon the diſcloſure of their ſchemes, had fled for ſafety to a diſtant part of Rome, attended by the object both of his love and tenderneſs.

As the crime, of which Pœtus had been guilty, was conſidered unpardonable, and which never failed to obliterate his retreat, were ſuch as it was not poſſible to elude, and at length his enemies found out his concealment.

The amiable Arria had long expected this misfortune, and had prepared her mind to ſupport it with reſignation; but when ſhe heard the officers of juſtice inhumanly refuſe to permit her to attend him, the horror of a ſeparation was greater than the moſt ſhocking death. She endeavoured, by tears, to move their compaſſion; finding, however, that all petitions were ineffectual, ſhe offered a large reward to the owners of a fishing boat, if they would follow the ſhip which conveyed her huſband. The hopes of *profit* ſubdued the impreſſion of *fear*, and the ſtrike relief put to ſea: happily on the paſſengers, its paſſengers, and the courageous fair one arrived in ſafety at Rome.

The baſeneſs were no leſs aſſonniſhed at the ſtrength of her reſolution, than they had been at the boldneſs of her attempt; and though they were unable to grant the life ſhe begged to clear, for her ſake they reſerved to preſerve it, and allow her the privilege of attending him in his confinement.

During that period, inſtead of diſarming his reſolution, it only ſtrengthened it. One day, the emperor endeavoured to inſpire him with fortitude; and when he found that the baſeſt hopes he had entertained that his life would be ſpared, could no longer with prudence be indulged, he conjured him to avoid the ignominy of a public execution, by a voluntary termination of his own exiſtence.

Whether it was a natural fear of death, or a dread of putting what he knew to be his wife to a trial of her perſuaſions, cannot be aſcertained; but, finding that all her arguments were ineffectual, ſhe drew a dagger from her boſom, and burying it in her boſom, gave it reaking from it, and preſenting it to her huſband, with a ſmile, and, tenderly ſaid, "It is not painful, my Pœtus!"

FABINUS AND EPONINA.

IN the reign of Veſpaſian, the Roman Emperor, Sabinus, one of his generals, revolted from his allegiance; and being defeated, was obliged to conceal himſelf in the ſubterranean vaults of the throne. At firſt he was aided in the preſumptuous undertaking both by his ſoldiers and his friends, but finding himſelf ſucceſſively deſerted by the one and by the other, and unable to ſupport his caſtle, he now relinquiſhed the bold deſign, and thought only of *his a refuge for life*. Flying ſudibly to his country-ſeats, he intruſted a ſlave, whoſe fidelity he had tried, with the plan he had formed for the preſervation of his life, and requeſted his aſſiſtance to enable him to accompliſh it. The ſlave, faithful to the truſt repoſed, inſtantly avowed eternal fervity; and attending his maſter to a remote cavern, and ſupplying him with neceſſaries for his exiſtence there, for the ſpace of a general conflagration, and locally frequented his maſter's death.

The fabulous tale was univerſally believed, and too ſoon extended to the ears of his wife. The affection which ſubſiſted between Sabinus and Eponina, one of the moſt refined and tender nature; and the lamented his loſs with an exceſs of ſorrow, which the ſympathizing ſlave was anxious to aſſuage, and in excels of tenderneſs revealed the ſecret.

Joy, tenderneſs, and exultation, by turns, agitated Eponina's breaſt; with fond ſolicitude ſhe waited the approach of night and then privately flew to the object of her affection. It was in vain that he endeavored her to quit the cave, and endeavoured to forget he was ſtill in exiſtence! Her tenderneſs converted his dungeon into a palace, and in his ſociety the forgot all ſorrow! What *intereſts* could not accompliſh, *fear* obtained; and Eponina continued to quit the cavern, from an apprehenſion that her abſence would cauſe ſuſpicion, on conſideration that ſhe ſhould pay him nightly viſits.

As time obliterated the remembrance of his crime, he began to aſk with freedom, and Eponina took an alarm from ſome whiſle months together, under the pretence of viſiting her relations; and whilſt ſhe was endeavouring to ingratiate the ſeverity of her huſband's tenderneſs, ſhe entered the remembrance of *her own*. The ſuppoſition of his diſcovery was no longer feared, and ſhe had the happineſs of beholding him reconciled to confinement. Two children had ſucceſſively been born within the receſſes of the gloomy cavern, and ſome years expired ſince Sabinus had been priſoner. Her dream of happineſs was then terminated; and artillery, unlooked for, ſoon appeared.

The frequent abſence of Eponina from her huſband, created ſuſpicion in the minds of her huſband's enemies who, watching her footſteps, eaſily diſcovered the ſecret; and Sabinus was drawn forth from his long confinement.

The wretched Eponina, ſtruck with terror and aſtoniſhment, trembled with fear, and followed her huſband, whom ſhe attended by the pledges of their mutual love. All the circumſtances could diſclaim, or all ſhun plead, the affectionate ſolicitude of her huſband, which ſhe diſcloſed in the affecting ſuppoſition; but Veſpaſian's hate was ſtrongly againſt irritated.

Finding that all that ſhe could ſay was ineffectual, and that juſtice was determined to conquer mercy, ſhe ſcorned Veſpaſian both of cruelty and inhumanity; and declared, though ſhe had the power of taking away a life for more dear to her than her own, ſhe would not be ſo unjuſt as that the moment which ſeparated them from death, ſhould reunite them in the realms of happineſs. She was ordered to die with Sabinus.

AMUSING.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

IN the country, laſt year, lays Madame de Monteſpan in company with a number of friends, eighty paces from whom I had the following ſtory:

"About forty years ago he was ſent for to a baron, to prepare him for death. They found him in a ſmall chapel, with the ſtuck father, and while he was taking every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived a man was whiſpered through the family attempt into his ear. The father, deſirous of his penitent, did not reflect that a few hours at moſt appear before your Almighty only what can divert your attention from an affair of ſuch importance? Perceiving, however, the interruption he cannot divert myſelf of an idea that you have it in your power to ſave me life.—How can I poſſibly effect it? ſaid the prieſt; and what can I do? I will tell you, anſwered the ſick man, and thereby give you an opportunity of calculating your courſe? If that be all the requeſt you explain it in a few words, you may eaſily do it. I beheld the rack two years, to ſpare you the pain of its ſummons. The friar ſeſted as I and you ſhould have no further ſolicitude. he yielded to the impulſe of curioſity, and in the ſame moment was in poſſeſſion of eaſe. The chapel where they were, was lighted by one little window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. Yes, he anſwered the ſick man, I ſee that you have on the chair, which can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get on it, I can reach the top by the help of your ſhoulders. The friar conſented to the requeſt, and the former mounted the altar, which was portable, he feated himſelf quietly in a chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who came to prepare him for execution, knocked at the door, and on their value had become of the criminal. He muſt have been an angel, replied he, for by the faith of a prieſt he went out through that window. The executioner was ſtruck with a panic, and fled. After ſome time, the friar found himſelf a captive in the ſame room, and ſtruck with a pleaſant journey to the culprit, was ſtruck. Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Andes, was

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his way, jolt as the day was closing: a kind of pendant ar-
cofted him, and, after examining very attentively, asked him
whether he was going? and told him the roads in the neigh-
borhood was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he
added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance,
where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was
much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's coun-
tenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he
had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape,
he followed him with trembling steps. After a walk of half
an hour, he perceived the farm which the peasant
had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the
proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of
the finest chickens in the neighborhood, and to regale his
guest with the best wheer. While supper was preparing,
the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children,
whom he then addressed: "Children, give forth your
graceful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him,
you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my
life. The friar infinitely ramified the features of the
speaker, and recognized the thief, whose escape he had fa-
voured. The whole family loaded him with carefiles and
kindness; and when it was alone with the man, he enquired
how he came to well provided for. I hope my word
with you, said the thief, and resolved to lead a good
life in future. I happened one day, father, which is my na-
tive country, and engaged in the service of the wife of this
farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to
his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God
has blessed my endeavours; I have eight children by her,
and I beg you will accept of me and all that belongs to me;
I shall now die content, since I have seen and been able to
exhibit my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told
him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered
him, by the use to which he had devoted his life he had pre-
served. He would not accept of any thing as a re-
ponse, but could not refuse to stay some days with the coun-
tryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then
obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to fin-
ish his journey, or where else could he find him, but travel-
led the dangerous roads that abound in thofe parts.

THE FASHIONS.

[To be a London paper of June 6, 1803, we notice a very lengthy account of the celebration of His Majesty's Birth-Day; at which we perceive, all the Ladies of the firft rank. As it may amuse our Fair Partners, and acquaint them with the latest Fashions, we by leave to prefent the following extract, of the various LADIES DRESSES *worn on the above occafion.]*

HER MAJESTY.—A petticoat of amber colour and
silver tiffue, with draperies of black British lace, trimmed
with fine broad black lace, and richly ornamented with dia-
monds in a variety of forms, in chains, rofes, and bows;
tuffels, which had a rich magnificent appearance; the
mantle and body of the fame kind of tiffue, trimmed with
fine lace; a diamond ftomacher and breaft-knot.

PRINCESS OF WALES.—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS's drefs was
magnificent beyond defcription; the petticoat and train
of rich filver tiffue, with deep draperies of the fame, embroidered
in a moft elegant and tafteful manner, with high polifhed
pearl wreaths of flowers, intermixed with ftars, ftoles, and
trefoils; alfo filver fringe, and pearls; the pocket-holes
finifhed with filver robings and lace; high polifhed ftee! embroi-
dered band round the waift; head-dreft, diamonds and fea-
thers. In the evening her Royal Highnefs's drefs was re-
treacly elegant, train and drapery of white crape, fpangled
bugles embroidered at bottom with fame, bountifully or-
namented with diamonds and provence rofes tafteftily dif-
played, diamond wreaths and tiaraies; turban to corref-
pond with magnificent diamonds.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—A moft fuperb dreft of white
crape, and lilac crape petticoat, with the bodyfkin
embroidered; with convolvulous flowers, and branches of
filver flowers; cord and tuffels of an entire new and ele-
gant pattern, and fine blonde pockets. The body and train
of rich lilac and filver wove filk.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A white crape petticoat, rich-
ly fpangled with filver, with full draperies of rich filver
tiffue gauze, formed in divitions by broad Vandyke, filver
foil and brilliant robes; drawn to a centre, and faftened
with handfome large filver bunches of oak and corns; a
broad foil bottom; the whole elegantly difplayed and
highly finifhed, with rich filver cords and tuffels: train
white and filver tiffue; head-dreft and eloquent diadem of
feathers and diamonds, tafteftily difpofed. The *at refidue* of her Royal Highnefs, as ufual, bore a fplendid appear-
ance.

PRINCESS MARY.—A white crape petticoat fuperbly
embroidered in filver; a fuperb broe drapery of fmall fi-

ver rings, with a rich border of filver foil, ftudded with
large white beads, and intermixed with fpangles joining
broad flowers, joined to bunches of laftica of the white;
fmall pointed drapery thrown over, with a border of foil
wover, drawn up with wreaths of laftica of the valley;
rich filver cords and tuffels; this petticoat merits much
notice, as it was particularly admired for the light and ele-
gant difplay of tafte. White and filver tiffue train.

MADAM LA LAVENDARA, *the Spanish Ambaffador's Lady*
—A pink and filver tiffue petticoat, with white crape dra-
peries trimmed with fuperb pearl point and filver robing;
rich filver cords and tafsels; train pink and filver tiffue.

Countefs of GROSVENOR.—An elegant white crape and
filver drefs; the body over drapery in a rich Arabic pattern,
with a deep handfome embroidered border, rich tuffels and
cords, and broad blond pockets.

Lady WALDEGRAVE.—A fine crape petticoat with blue
crape draperies, embroidered with white bugles and ele-
gant borders of beads and bugles, joining confpicuous
ftripes; cord and tuffels of crape and bugle, train blue
crape; cap, blue crape and bugles, with large ftars of dia-
monds and white feathers.

Lady MARY PEAKE.—A lilac crape petticoat, trimmed
with beads and ftreel; the body and train of lilac crape trim-
med with blond.

MRS. FOOTE.—A petticoat of white crape, with tu-
nics of lilac, and bugles and beads; borders of white flow-
ers and filk rope; body and train of lilac crape.

Counteſs TEKELI.—A petticoat of white crape and
Brabella lace, with ftalls of white crape bugles, looped up
with rich white filk cord and tafsels; body and train of
white crape, bordered with point lace; the head drefs
white feathers and diamonds.

[We might infert many others equally brilliant as the above, but our limits will not permit.]

COMPARISON.

THE mind is a garden where all manner of feeds are
fown. *Profperities*, are fine painted tulips; *innocency*, white
lilies; the *virtues*, fweet gilliflowers, violets and primroſes;
learning, lavender; *affection*, rue, rofemary, rue, wormwood, and thor-
burb; *pride, ambition, exhortation*, grafhoppers and hedghogs; *fru-
gality, poppy*; *luft* and *ignorance*, briers and thiſtles.

We cannot be quiet, or eaſy or real, with dignity or grace,
but in our own ſphere.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

IN the ſummer of 1802, Lieut. Wyke, of the Sparrow
Cutter, during a cruize off the ſouth ſide of Hiſpaniola,
detained an American brig from Baltimore, and ſent her
down to Jamaica for adjudication. Her papers being totally
wanting, afforded no evidence againſt her, but while the
navie was pending, and the veſſel on the point of being gi-
ven up as illegal property, Lieut. Foſter of the *Active*
ſchooner, entered the Court, and turned the ſcale by evi-
dence of a very ſingular nature.—Having cruized on the
ſame ſtation, he had caught a ſtark, and ſo opening him
had found a pocket book containing the very papers in
queſtion perfectly legible? The American captain confeſſed
he had thrown them overboard, which decided the trial in
favour of the captors. The bones of the ſtark, remark-
able for its ſize, now hangs in the Admiralty Court of Ja-
maica. : : : *Lond. Paper.*

ANECDOTES.

A WOMAN was walking, and a man hooked at her, and
followed her. The woman ſaid, "why do you follow me?"
He anſwered, "becauſe I have fallen in love with you."—
The woman ſaid, "why are you in love with me? my fel-
low is a much handſomer man than you."—The man ſaid,
"I am not in love with the woman after me—go and
make love to her." The man turned back, and ſaw a wo-
man with an ugly face; being greatly diſpleaſed, he went
away to the firſt woman, and ſaid, "Why do you tell a lie
to me?" The woman anſwered, "Neither did you ſpeak the
truth: for, if you are in love with me, why did you go af-
ter another woman?" The man was confounded. *Oriental.*

A FELLOW well known in the diſtrict, hone, having
alſo but one arm, and dreſſed in the habit of a ſailor, was
the other day with much vociferation begging near Tow-
er-hill. A tar who had juſt come out of a houſe where he
had probably paid his reckoning and received returns for a
note, was as he walked, counting his money with more at-
tention than is uſual to perſons of his deſcription. While
he was thus buſily engaged, the beggar *ſe* him, and thruſt-
ing his hat before him exclaimed, "Here's your noble heart
in worthy meſſmate, ſpare a few pence for poor Jack.
dropped in the ſtarboard arm, his knee-braces not away,
and turned out of the ſervice without a ſmart ticket."

The ſailor ſtill intent upon his calculations, which in-
deed formed no requiſite to the utmoſt ſtretch of his arid et-
cal abilities, threw a ſhilling into his hat and was walking
away. The ſtarm fellow ſtuffed on with ſucceſs, limped after him,
bawling out, "Miſs you my noble meſſmate I have you no
more *ſmall change* for your Jack? *My bread* don't want
empty indeed!"

An Avail, brother, avail!" ſaid the ſailor, as the beggar
was ſtuffing upon him, "Dont veer ſo much *you-rope*, but
ſheer off while you are well. If I had given you the *big*
and *cargo*, you'd ſtill have begged for the *long-boat*." *L. P.*

LITERARY.

Meſſrs. MONROE & FRANCIS have publiſhed the *Seventh* Number of the LAW-REPORTS;—containing the Tragedies of *King John*, *Richard II.* and the *Firſt Part of Henry IV.* Dr. JOHNSON obſerves, "None of SHAKESPEARE's plays are more read than the *Firſt and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded ſo much delight. The great events are intereſting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the higher occur-
rences are diverting, and except one or two ſufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fer-
tility of invention, and the characters diverſified with the utmoſt nicety of diſcernment, and the performance of ſtill a the nature of man. But FALSTAFF, unwitneſſed, unimita-
ble FALSTAFF, how ſhall I deſcribe thee? Thou compound of knife and wit, of folly and ſenſe which may be admired, but not
eſteemed, of vice which may be deſpiſed, but hardly detest-
ed. FALSTAFF is a character loaded with faults, and with
thoſe faults which naturally produce contempt. Yet the
man thus corrupt, thus deſpicable, makes himſelf neceſſa-
ry to the Prince that deſpiſes him, by the moſt pleaſing of
all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of
exciting laughter, which in the more freely indulged, as
his wit is out of the ſplendid or ambitious kind, but con-
ſiſts in eaſy eſcapes and ſallies of levity, which make ſport
but raiſe no envy."

BY MENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED.—At New-York, on Saturday evening laſt, 11th inſt. Maj. BENJAMIN RUSSELL, of this town, Editor of the *Columbian Centinel*, to Mrs. SARAH CAMPBELL, of the former place.

At Salem, Capt. David Patten, to Miſs Sarah Silſbee:—
Mr. Benjamin Patterſon, to Miſs Sally Hoyle.—At Bridge
water, Maj. Daniel Dickerman, to Miſs Rebecca Smith.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At New York, for the week, ending the 11th inſt. 63—16 of which, "malignant fever."—At Lynn, (Maſ.) Mrs. B Hallowell; Mr. John Kingſbury; Mrs. Oliver; Widow Sybanah Williams; Mr. Joſeph Rundell, Mr. Jonathan Howard; Mr. B. Boardman; Mr. John Williams; Mrs. Rebecca Hawkes; Widow Richards—and *nine* children. In Before *above* other people that lay dead on Sunday laſt —in all 12! A very large and affecting inſtance of mortality for the population of that town. At Charleſtown, William Shaw, Eſq. of Quincy, on his return from the office country.

joſeph

In this town, Mr. Thomas Low, *Æt.* 56.—3; Mrs. Williſton, *Æt.* 60; Mr. Walter M'Farlane, Zchariah Hopkins, Jun. *Æt.* 28, conſort of Capt. Obadiah Jenkins.—87. By returns, from deaths only *Lond Diet* this town for the week ending laſt even-

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. OLDERY & DEAN,

If the following lines, which were the pure language of a heart, agonized by contending emotions, are worthy a place in your Magazine, they are at your service. They were written at a period the author feared having forfeited the esteem of a valued friend. L. N.

I ASK my heart, why in my breast,
It anxious flutters, throbs and glows?
Lie still poor trembler, still and rest,
Let reason lull thee to repose.

I strive to call my thoughts away,
To tune the lyre, or turn the page;
The effort's vain, for they will stray—
One subject only can engage.

I strike the strings, and strive in vain,
To breath some light and cheerful lay;
The music only will complain,
The voice in murmurs dies away.

At midnight oft, forlook by rest,
Abroad I madd'ning thought pursue;
On the cold earth repale my breast,
Wet with the chill nocturnal dew.

Thou parent earth, from whose rich bed
Hill, dale and valley take their charms;
Oh! let thy wretched offspring's head,
Repale within thy clay cold arms.

And Thou! first, fall, eternal cause,
Who form'd and doth the whole sustain;
If my weak heart transgress thy laws,
Forgive, and wash away the stain.

Yet if that treacherous heart I know,
It would not wilful guilt pursue;
Or seduce with front it to show,
But might stand forth to clear you.

If 'tis a crime to be unbleft,
If 'tis a fault to feel life's woes;
Then guilt is harbour'd in my breast,
Thou thanu this aching bosom knows.

But from that lacerated breaft,
Its torture'd, bleeding inmate tear;
If paffion in a cherish'd guest,
If wilful guilt is harbour'd there:

Oh! search and try its inmoft part,
Cleanfe it from each unhallow'd fire;
And make at pure as in the heart
To whofe eftcem I muft afpire.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

MY love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object ftrange and high;
It was begotten by defpair,
Upon impoffibility.

Magnanimous defpair alone,
Could thew me fo divine a thing
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,
But only flap'd its vinful wings.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended foul is fix'd;
But fate does icon wedges drive,
And always crouds itfelf betwixt.

For fate with jealous eye does fee
Two perfect lovers—nor lets them clofe:
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power difpofe.

And therefore her decrees of ftrefl,
Us, as the diftant poles have placed
(Though love's whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themfelves to be embrac'd.

Unlefs the giddy heaven fall
And earth fome new convulfion tear,
And, us to join, the world fhould all
Be cram'd into a plumifphere.

As lines, fo loves, oblique may well
Themfelves in every angle greet;
But ours fo truly parallel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the loves which us do bind,
But fate fo reviouflly debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And oppofition of the ftars.

Boston, July 23d, 1803.

EPITAPH,

Written by EDWARD THOMPSON Efq. late Captain in the British Navy, to be put on his death on the Coaft of Guinea, in January, 1786.

NED THOMPSON at laft is fail'd out of the world,
His ftormy ocean's o'er and his topfails are furl'd;
He lies in a death's boat without any concern,
And is moored for a full dout a head and a ftern:
O'er the compafs of life, he has merrily run—
His reckoning is out and his voyage is done;
When his journals are fcratch'd by their lordfhip's above,
Then his feeway in life will be damn'd or approv'd.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XI—ANNA TO ELINOR.

London, July, 1777.

I PURSUE my fubject. Suppofe Mr. Romain again fpeaking.—Laft night madam, I was fatally convinced, all my fufpicions were juft; I offer to remain filent concerning the feene to which I was an unwilling witnefs. I ruthed into the room, with a horfewhip in my hand, (for I had rode from town,) and made the diftmenable reptile feel its laft pretty severely. It is my firm refolution never to live with my loft jeffy again; but I will not expofe her to the world. I will forgive her for once, and by fo doing, plunge her into the abyfs of fhame and infamy; I am refolved to protect her againft her will. I have feared, and I am now convinced, that a living witnefs of her defection will appear. But my friends, in France, will know nothing of what has paffed, and I will place her in the convent at St. Omers, where my father has been from choice many years a boarder; here fhe may remain until the unfortunate little being fees the light. I will then confider what is beft to be done. I fhall leave this place, and if poffible, England, with every day's ardent request you to fee to the packing of the plate, linen, &c. in order to their being fent after us. I fhall empower a perfon to fell the furniture, and rent the premifes. I thank it will not be beft not to take any of our prefent domeftics, as they are but too well acquainted with Jeffy's frailty; I have fent to the inn for a poft chaife, and muft beg you to go and prepare the unhappy woman for her removal."

My aunt returned to Mrs. Romain; fhe found her awake and riting. It was an awkward tafk to inform her of her hufband's refolution. She ftood near to the door, and my aunt while fhe was fpeaking; but when fhe found fhe was filent, fhe turned and thus addreffed : "I am obliged to you, Madam, for the trouble you have taken; I underftand you have been in the houfe all night; and I have no doubt but it is to your advice I owe this hafty determination of Mr. Romain. I muft confefs I think you have been unneceffarily officious, and muft beg the few moments I have to tarry in my own houfe, I may remain unmolefted." As fhe was fpeaking, the chaife drove up to the door, and Mr. Romain entered the room. "Come, Madam," faid he to his wife in a folemn voice, "give orders to your fervant to pack up a change of cloaths, and do you prepare yourfelf for a journey; breakfaft is ready in the parlour: take from your drawers what you want, and then deliver your keys to this lady, who will take care that every thing is fent after you." "Sir," faid the lady to my aunt, "I do not chufe that any ftranger fhould have the liberty of examining my drawers." "If, Madam," he repied, in a ftern and pointed manner, "you have any thing in them you are afraid or aftamed of having feen, it were beft you removed or deftroyed it before you went away; but I defire you to be quick, as I muft depart within the hour." She coloured; a few tears forced themfelves down her cheeks; while in an unftrudy voice, fhe begged to be left alone two minutes; her requeft was complied with; fhe then came down ftairs, with a forced appearance of compofure, ftabited ready for her journey. She drank a cup of chocolate with difficulty; and, when her hufband enquired if fhe was ready to go with from her feat, faying, "no—neither ready nor willing; but it is your pleafure, and I muft obey." She trembled, fo, fhe could fcarcely ftand; the colour left her cheeks, and it was with unequal ftops, and a bofom that throbbed almoft to fuffocation, that fhe feated herfelf in the chaife. Mr. Romain drew up the glaffes; and a few hours took her out of England; to which, had fhe been prudent, fhe never returned. Thefe circumftances, being made known to me, when it was too late to prevent Sarah from forming a connection, which I greatly fear, will prove the ruin of her peace, I thought beft not to mention them; but here is fome my return, particularly here to think I am in the bed acquainted with any circumftance concerning Mrs. Romain. But I am determined to keep a ftrict eye upon her, and if fee her laying any plans to regain her alienated lover Darnley, I fhall pack my trunks and bid him adieu, in a manner that will not be very pleafing.

Mrs. Darnley, at prefent, feems inclined to think all reports which fhe has heard, of a very grofs nature, (Jeffy fhall henceforth call her) in a fpecious woman; very outgoing in her manner; and my dear Sarah, with all her good feelings, is very credulous, and open to deception; but I do earneftly hope that the film will not fall from her eyes in this refpect; for what fituation in life is more mortifying, than that of a neglected wife? A knowledge of fmuttery on the part of her hufband, would awaken all her refentment. I know her, fhe would never reproach him, fhe would never complain; fhe has much of duty as a virtue for any ftation of her own. She herfelf is more amiable in the path of rectitude; but fuch an exertion would exale her many bitter tears; and her fuffering would be more poignant, becaufe fhe would conceal them in her own bofom, and wear the mafk of fervility over a lacerated heart. I fhall let you know what difcoveries I make; I fhall not be officious in my prying, but I fhall believe no draw conclufions from thofe obfervations, not ingratify my impertinent curiofity, but in order to guard the peace of the inviolable Sarah.

London, at this period, is not very pleafant; Darnley talks of taking a lodging at Hlington; I think I fee through his plans; his wife acquiefces in all that he propofes; fhe is pleafed with the idea of living in the country—I hope I will in the end, contribute to her felicity; but I greatly fear it will not. One remark I have made fince my return, that Darnley is changed, and lives very little at home; and always after him, who look like pro effed gamblers; they are ill bred, and by no means fociety, fo far his fhocking gantle wife. *Adieu, I am in truth, Yours*

affectionately, ANNE.

USEFUL.

ON THE GROWTH AND CULTURE OF FOREST TREES.

AS wood is among the neceffaries of life, a farefl is a neceffary appendage to every farm. Forefl-trees have the power of re-producing themfelves as well from their ftems as their roots; fo that when a forefl is once planted, it will be found growing in fufficient numbers in almoft every part of this country. A farmer's wood-lot fhould be nearly as much the object of his care as his orchard. Trees fhould not remain untouched, during the feafons of fpring and harvest; becaufe, the wood being then full of fap, is lefs durable for timber, and lefs valuable for fuel. Stumps and roots, being nearly exhaufted of fap, have not ftrength to fhoot forth again. Wood fhould be felled or cut down between the months of November and March. This prunes of forest trees is more durable in number; and cauſes o when ufed in fuel, to yield more heat, with lefs fmoke: at the fame time, the roots being abundantly replenifhed with fap, which is the blood of plants, are able to fhoot forth a new progeny.

In applying the axe to a wood-lot, which the owner would wish to perpetuate by a feries of productions, the beft method is to cut down every tree, as far as the axe will goes. This will give the young and tender progeny the neceffary advantages of the circulation of the air, and of the unobftructed rays of the fun; whereas if fome of the large trees be left, the fhoots, which fpring up from the ftumps of others, will languifh beneath their fhade. The part of a wood-lot, that is felled by the axe, fhould be kept as carefully fenced as a corn-field; or otherwife the lence ging of cattle, efpecially in the fpring of the year, will prefs on and deftroy the rifing tendrils. Care fhould alfo be ufed to pluck off a part of the tendrils or fhoots around the ftumps; leaving only, by the fize of each ftump, two or three of the moft large and thrifty.

By fuch a prudent management, a wood-lot might be rendered a perpetual fund of timber and fuel.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XXXIX.

——*fatis ut paucis adsit*
Memmius.

——*aut quem tot sustet Ardonides nevoles.*

HAVING adopted my motto to the *subjects* of the following letters, I shall, without further preface, prefect them to my readers; only adding, that I shall observe a sympathetic with the "BASHFUL MAN," and periodically unlock and the extreme pusillanimity of his sensation. At the same time I have laughed heartily, at the whimsical complaint of "BASHFULNESS."

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

SIR,

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from the company on which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my original and present character, by which you will be enabled to judge of my situation. My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning, than what he acquired at a common country school, but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me what he fancied would make him happy, namely, a liberal education.—I was accordingly sent to the University at Cambridge, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having left my small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the final cause of my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person, I am tall and thin; with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme fulse sensibility of nature, that I am afraid to be fledged, or come forth, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The confusion of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became accustomed of a College life; I had therefore determined to live at the university in some capacity or other, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. the death of my father, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies. This uncle I had but seldom had my father's attention, and it was generally believed he had left me but a trifle, when he arrived in this country only a week after my father's death. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by thole whole education has been better than their fortune, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not unwarrantably grieved, for the loss of that which I had often been ashamed to own. While my uncle was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether from change of climate or what other cause I know not, he was seized with several fits of the dreams of greatness by a short illness, of which he died; and I was left heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, &c. possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward, in every genteel accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who know me, as a wealthy, learned clown. I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a genteel neighbourhood. My company is much courted by the surrounding families, (especially by such to have marriageable daughters,) from their gentlemen I have received pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under some pretence or other. However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner, left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Colonel Friendly, who lives about a mile distant, in a gentleman with about two thousand dollars a year, estate; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maid-servant at Colonel Friendly's country Hall, distant from their father's. Confcious of my unpolished gait I have for some time past, taken private lessons of a tutor, who teaches "grown people to dance," and though I at first found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, yet my knowledge of mathematicks was of prodigious use, in teaching me the true equilibrium of my body, and the subjullment of the centres of gravity to the five positions. Having now learned to walk without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Colonel's invitation, in a family dress; having hired a new suit of quirements would enable me to excite the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by experimental practice! As I approached the house, a bell alarmed my fears, for I had fixed the dinner by a watch of punctuality: unprefied with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing whom or what I saw: at my firft entrance, I honoured all my company, and also learned their names; but my confusion I but unfortunately, in bringing my left foot back to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of the poor Colonel, who had followed me into the room for the convenience of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived. Since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that deficription the number I believe is very small. The Colonel's politeness for a while relieved my confusion; I was assonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease before his wife and family. The characteristicks of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, indeffinitely led me to throw off my bashfulness; until at length, by the repeated calls to dinner, I recollected, and even to flatter new subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived the Colonel was a man of taste, and I therefore began to gather, an eulogium of Xenophon, in fact en volumes, which, as I had never seen before, greatly excited my curiosity; I rose up to examine it; the Colonel saw what I was about, (I suppose,) and kindly gave me leave to look over a few of the books down, which made me more eager in present him, and hastily having my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but the first effect was to send me back by leather and gilding had been made to look like fixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedge wood inkstand, on the table under it. It was then Colonel Friendly affure me there was no harm done; I saw the ink flowing from an inlaid table, on the Turkey carpet, and fervently knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed, dinner was ferved up. In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat between Mrs. Friendly and her eldeft daughter. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself and feel comfortable cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my former heat. The dinner was placed on the table near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole boiling contents into my lap. The fate of an immediate deluge of raspberry cream, the furface of my clothes, my black silk breeches, were not proof enough to save me from the effects of this sudden fermentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed as though they were flowing in a boiling caldron: but recollecting how Colonel Friendly had disguised his pain when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my torture in silence, and fat with my lower extremities perboiled amidst the fixed giglings of the young ladies and fervants. It was then I relate the fevera blunders which I made during the firft courfe, or difh as I was thrown into by being defired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that were near me, fpilling a fauce boat, and knocking down a falt cellar; rather let me hasten to the fecond course, which was very full of delicate ones behind me quite." I had a piece of rich fweet pudding on the end of my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me to help her to a pigeon that ftood near my bottle: I whipped the pudding into my mouth fobot as to burn it it was impoffible to conceal my agony, my eyes burfting out of their fockets. At laft, in fpite of shame and refolution, I was obliged in drop the caufe of my torment on my plate.

Colonel Friendly and the ladies all compaffionated my misfortune, and each advifed a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that water was beft for drawing out fire, and a glafs of fherry was accordingly brought me from the fide board, which I fwallowed up with eagerneft. but oh! how ftall! till the fequel I whether the fervant miftook, or purpofely difigned to drive me mad, he gave me the ftrongeft brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already fcalded and blifered! readily anfwfed to every kind of anfruit fpirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not fwallow; and clapping my hands to my mouth, the curfed liquor fpurted through my nofe and fingers like a fountain, over every dith on the table. And I was crufhed by burfts of laughter from all quarters. It was then the Colonel reprimanded the fervants, and his lady chaftifed her daughters, for the raifing of my fhame & their diverfion was not yet complete. To relieve me from this intolerable ftate of perplexity and fhame, the Colonel had recourfe to a moft confidering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated bandkerchief which was ftill wet, from the confequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my fine drefs with ftreaks of ink in every direction. The Colonel himfelf could not fupport this fhock, but joined with his lady in the general laugh, while I ftrung from the table in difguft, ruffled from the hearth, and ran out of the houfe in an agony of confufion and difgrace, which the moft poignant guilt could have excited. Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am fuffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lowef half of me has been almoft fcalded, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Owe upon my cheek; yet thefe are trifles when fubject to the everlafting fhame which I muft feel, whenever this adventure fhall be mentioned, unlefs by your affiftance, for which my prayers I now humbly implore. Pity my unfortunate cafe, they will ftare their reviling, and have fome feeling for

A BASHFUL MAN.

Danvers, Auguft, 1803.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MADAM,

IT was not until yefterday that I heard of your general invitation to have all complaints made known to you; immediately upon hearing of this invitation, I determined to open my mind to you. In a life of forty-four years, what I alone! what change have taken place! When I was young, what dread and reverence were paid to omens, dreams, vifions, blue burning candles, knives and forks acrofs each other, falt fpilt by awkwardness, and every kind of propagation, that led into the avenues of fate! The prefent times, or rather the laft twenty years of my life, treat thefe important points as trifles. Owls fcreech unheard; a myfical dream and repeat my dreams unregarded. Thieves appear in the watch lights, and we bafe a marrow fpoon next day, no matter, nothing foretold our lofs; nor fhall, befrid, and very old I confefs, affures me, that her bed contains have been drawn afide, three times within that three weeks; by fhaking the bed at the edge of a dog without a head; but fhe, poor woman, is looked upon as doating. Jett, my little fpaniel, often lees fomething that comes from the other world; but Jett's but a dog, and can only bark at it.

What a pity it is, madam, that when we abhor the fuperftitions of popery, we cannot, at the fame time, have that veneration, I had almoft faid duty, to cebrial warnings, which formerly had a very great influence over every action of our lives. It was then, madam, that a waf ing fheet in the candle, or a tinkler coffin jumping back the fire, fent many a wicked girl to her prayers long ere together. It was then, madam, that Doctor *Pus ranop coll lion*, the fair gazing haberdafher—Doctor and reckon, the dead and comb conjurer, were full are in their fervice with as true devotion as Mefh

wicked days. My mother has often informed me of many strange modes, superstitions, and customs that have been heard in our family. My honoured parent was not only a pious matron, but a great believer; and shall I degenerate? All good fairs forbid! Yet I further, that while me mull die the family veneration for supernatural caufes; for my two grand daughters are incorrigibly obftinate and careleſs; they give each other knives and leiſſors, without conſidering the conſequence, that ſuch kind of inſtruments invariably cut love and affection. Sukey the eldeſt, never failstoput the room as ſoon as I begin to read my fate in coffee grounds, and her ſiſter, Nancy, ſtands laughing at the leaſt regard to Childeman's day. What can I do? I pray Madam aſſiſt me in correcting theſe girls, and in teaching them to ſtand in awe of ſpirits, bogleſtan, will o' the wiſps, &c.

I am yours, HEPSIBAH FAITHFUL.

Dover, July 17th, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESSAYS—№ IV.

A RESTLESNESS of temper, an invincible deſire of novelty, has ever been obſerved to be predominant in the human breaſt. New publications are read with avidity, new inventions are applauded, though coſt judgement allow to be vaſtly inferior to the efforts of prior genius.

This paſſion is not confined to the *beaux* who vegetate in *Cheapſide*, who having no laudable employment to occupy their time, frequent BLAKE's, to gaze at new faces, and criticiſe upon new publications, who put modeſt women to unquiet pain, by their laborious efforts to pleaſe, inſtead of freeing a lowly bluſh tinge their countenances; but the wiſeſt of men have ſometimes entered upon the chaſe of this unſatisfied attendant on novelty. A diſcuſſion of this paſſion will ſhe very nearly ſe a man perfectly at eaſe in the ſituation which Providence has allotted him: even, after ſpending years in ſtriving to obtain ſome favourite object, in the purſuit of which, his whole time has been employed, thinking no labour too great, conſidering the ſacrifice of time and wealth of little importance, provided his endeavours are crowned with ſucceſs; yet he frequently diſcovers what he ſo ardently lunged after, ere fatiety interrupts his happineſs, and deſtroys his pleaſure. He envies his neighbours fortune, and by this means makes his own ſituation intolerably uncomfortable: unhappy indeed is his condition! miſerable is his ſtate, who diſregarding the comforts of his own, envies the felicity he imagines he perceives in another's ſituation. It is unable to enjoy the pleaſures which are in his power, becauſe he is incapable of obtaining thoſe which belong to his rival. The rich ſtand in the garden of Eden, and ſtretch forth to Adam's tree, becauſe one tree was forbidden. We have all inherited in ſome degree the ſpirit which brought ruin on our guilty progenitors; ever ſighing after novelty, and diſcontented. To gratify our hanging after novelty, the air and ſea are pillaged; the fruitful inventions of our ſpecies are racked to ſupply us means of obtaining the new.

From this natural importance, the privation of liberty is conſidered by all men, as the greateſt calamity which can befal them: delighting in independence man cannot brook having his actions controlled by any terreſtrial beings haughty and overbearing, leaping all bounds of prudence and diſcretion, piety and morality, he ſometimes even preſumes to murmur at the diſpoſitions of an all-wiſe PROVIDENCE. Such is man, the chief of all terreſtrial beings. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EDUCATION.

Reflections from a PARENT *to the* TUTOR *of his* SON.

"I VALUE the inſtilling of a ſingle principle of GODLINESS or HONOUR into the mind of my dear child, beyond all the wonders which the Indies can remit.

"I would not have you through zeal or attachment to me, think of pulling my boy into learning of the *Language*, beyond his own *phaſters*: neither would I have you puſh him, or perplex his judgment, with the *Arts or myſteries* parts of our HOLY RELIGION.

"Firſt, be it your care to inſtruct him in MORALITY! And let the *Love* precede the *Goſpel*—for ſuch was the advice on which God appointed for the world. Give him by familiar and hiſtorical influences, an early impreſſion of the *diſcreteſt* of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn from this day forward, to diſtinguiſh between Natural and Imaginary wants; ſo that nothing is eſtimable, or ought to be deſirable, to him as a neceſſary or uſeful to man. Inſtruct him to ſhun loud luxury if poſſible, in a preference of neceſſaries and comforts, which bear an intrinſic value to thoſe which receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle ſtamp of FASHION. Shew him, alſo, that the ſame toils and ſufferings, the ſame poverty and pain, from which people now fly from as from a plague, were once the deſire of heroes, and the faſhion of nations; and that thouſands of patriots, of captains, of philoſophers, through love of their country, of glory, of applauſe during life, or diſtinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleaſure, embraced want and hardſhips, and ſuffered more from a voluntary mortification and ſelf denial, than our church feems to require in thoſe days, for the conqueſt of a ſenſual world which we are taught muſt end by outliving us to a crown in the KINGDOM OF ETERNITY.

ALFRED THEODORE.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON REVELATION.

[*Concluded from page* 170.]

PRIDE I fear is the foundation of ſcepticiſm. Humility and faith are effential requiſites, to form the baſis of our belief and works: another genius ſtrikingly renders us ſuſceptible to our fellow-creatures, happy in ourſelves, and hereafter gain us a glory and felicity in paradiſe. Let man then ever reject the vain and foolish cavils of preſerted diſputants, who prate themſelves in an opinion of profound erudition and philoſophical abſtractions, than which nothing can be more deteſtfully erroneous, more incompatible with the principles of reaſon, and more repugnant to found reaſon, rational religion, and the opinions of the wiſeſt and the moſt learned of mortals. Befides, let it be remembered, all the bleſſings we poſſeſs, and peculiar pious in which the terreſtrial ſwe, the gratitude and admiration, or the enraptured mind of man is ſo commendably and ſo poſitively employed, as in the overflowings of adoration for that ſtupendous goodneſs, in the Divine Being, in ſending forth the balmy gift from heaven, which teaches the human race how to live and die in the favour of the Divine Being; which diffuſes its ſoft and ſoothing and reviving efficacy in the hour of afflictive vitiation and mournful vicitude. Surely man is bound to be thankful for ſuch unmerited benefits; bound to be grateful, when he reflects, that all the bleſſings he enjoys, are the gifts of heaven; ſurely then, where his happineſs and duty are ſo intimately interwoven, it is to ſending and joyful thing to be thankful." Nor can it be leſs peculiarable to extend the limits of virtue, and train his mind to the impotent duties of Charity, Candour, Truth, Juſtice, and Benevolence, by the contemplation of the wiſdom of the magnificent works of creation, in which the glory and power of the creator, is ſo wonderfully conſpicuous. "The ſun, that fountain of life and light, the heat of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven enthroned in glorious majeſty; the Moon ſhining with a luſtre borrowed from his beams; the ſtars glittering by night in the clear firmament, the air giving breath to all things that live and move; the interchanges of light and darkneſs; the courſe of the year, and the ſweet viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons; the rains and the dew; the ſeeds ſwelling from above, and the fruitfulneſs of the earth cauſed thereby, the bow bent by the moſt high, which compaſſeth the heavens with a glorious circle; the awful impreſſion which ſtorms and thunders, and the piercing power of the lightning; the infinite animals, and varieties of vegetable and mineral productions; the great and wide ſea, with its monſters and wonders; all theſe, I ſay, are enough to inſtruct us in the myſteries of faith, and the duties of morality."

"*Whoſe ſpreads confeſt, and veiled in ſilver hair,*
And ſanctioned by a reverend face of ſix hundred head,
She ſung the praiſes of this terreſtrial ball,
The Hills, the Rocks, the Rivers and the Soil."

BLACKMORE.

But, I aſk, whether the perfections, the mercy, and goodneſs of the moſt powerful and beſt of kings, is not more tranſcendantly copious and admirable in the ſuperadditions of the revelation of the Goſpel, and the incarnation of the bleſſed Saviour of mankind, which as far ſurpaſſes every other bleſſing and all the works of creation, as real gold ſurpaſſes the falſe ſplendour of tinſel. Man muſt look to the Deity for ſupport, without which we are aſſured he is a wretched being. And let it be obſerved here, that every ſolid comfort, every amiable virtue and every generous emotion muſt be derived from the chriſtian religion. Such ſatisfaction and delight cannot poſſibly flow from any other ſource.

From the ſame ſource of genuine conſolation and uſeful knowledge, the ſentiments may at all times be eſtabliſhed, the morally paſſions may be checked, and the more benevolent affections heightened and improved. Let the ſecular chriſtians, the moſt modern converts implicitly call forth the moſt grateful emotions of the mind! and let us never neglect the offerings of thankſgiving and praiſe to the Divine Majeſty. The benefits of Revelation, the attributes of the moſt high, and the works of creation, cannot be ſufficiently extolled, or too frequently contemplated and admired. O, that the gratitude of men here born, proportion to the goodneſs of their creator and redeemer of the univerſe! But indeed, on any of theſe exalted ſubjects it ſhould be preſumed, the mind cannot be long employed, without being elevated, improved, ſtrengthened and pleaſe. And let it never be forgotten, that the goodneſs of the Univerſal father of mankind, is equal to his wiſdom, his mercy is equal to his power, and his love is equal to his perfections.

Degenerate minds in many error loſt,
Why combat how'n and impious triumph the boaſt?
Are noble are ſeems of animating fire,
And rated are this breathing breaſt inſpires.
Grateful to know's I'll ſketch a ſtrong wing,
And ſing his power, who gave me power to ſing.

BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

THE CONFIDANT.

THE SEDUCER PUNISHED.

LAW REPORT.

[☞ We *publiſh theſe caſes from time to time the trouble and difficulties mankind bring on themſelves, by their acts of wickedneſs and folly.*]

COURT OF KING'S BENCH—LONDON, *July 9, 1803.*

Crim. Con.—SMITH *v.* SMITH.

MR. Scarlet opened the pleadings, from which it appeared, that the action was for damages, againſt the defendant for the ſeduction of the Plaintiff's wife. The damages were laid at £.6000.

Mr. Erſkine ſtated, that this was one of the moſt profligate and diſtreſſing caſes that ever occurred. He lamented that it fell to his ſhare to lay it before a jury. When he peruſed the ſame kind were frequently dwelt upon, they tended to excite an indignant warmth in the mind, and were rather apt to be viewed with ſome degree of diſguſt. He thought not be able to deſcribe the wrongs of the Plaintiff, with all the delicate reſerve and delight of thoſe who could upon for the firſt time to expreſs their indignation againſt vice, and their ſympathy with abuſed generoſity. It impreſſed enough, to be ſure, ſimply to ſay, that the Plaintiff had the Defendant for his friend—that his wife, a woman who had borne him four children, and with whom he had lived happily upwards of ten years. But though ſorrow, ſuch a ſtatement, muſt at once convince the caſe of an injury, which no words could delineate, clients might not be ſatisfied without ſome exertion on the part of their Counſel. The gentlemen, for whom he had to ſay, were *beaten for*. In the courſe of his practice he recollected of but one caſe attended with ſuch aggravation. Whether from inſtinct or from inſtitution, happily for the purity of the ſex, ſo between perſons of rank allied in blood by affinity, who lived under the ſame roof in open familiarity and unſuſpected intercourſe, the criminal paſſions very rarely exiſt. The attachment, which ſhould ſubſiſt between parent and endearing, but unmixed with deſire, and never hurrying on to unhallowed gratification, and a diſregard of all the laws of nature, and of man, was the baſeſt kind of conſanguinity which the Defendant had violated. Gratitude required that he ſhould rather have died than inflicted upon the Plaintiff one moment's unreſtrained. *When had a few months paſt he was left an helpleſs orphan.* The Plaintiff took him into his houſe, and *reared him with the moſt affectionate care.* Having received a ſuitable education, he was put out as an apprentice to a hereditary friend of Mr. Smith. When his apprenticeſhip had expired, he was placed under the care of a clergyman, until means ſhould be found out, for his eſtabliſhment in the world. The Plaintiff afterwards fitted up a part of his own houſe, as a ware-room for him, and for him up as a Birmingham manufacturer. The Plaintiff's houſe continued as before to be his home. The return that he had made for ſuch *unexampled kindneſs*, was *to debaſe the wife of his benefactor.* Mrs. Smith had continued for years after her marriage, a virtuous and affectionate wife. She began, however, by degrees, to drew ſymptoms of alienation and eſtrangement, which at laſt grew to ſuch a height, that the caſſet for a ſeparation from her huſband. To the Defendant was aſſigned the taſk to be aſſiſted. Little doubt could now be entertained that a criminal intercourſe had long ſubſiſted between them, and on the 17th of March the openly eloped with him. The miſery which the Plaintiff had ſince ſuffered, could only be conceived by adverting to the quieter from whence the blow was aimed.

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quent him. His mind was completely broken, and his health so materially impaired, that he had been unable to pay the least attention to business. The jury could do little to alleviate his wretchedness; but the poor compensation which money must appear to a man in his situation he would now receive at their hands.

[We have not room to infert the examination of all the witneffes on this trial—but]

Mr. W. Smith, the plaintiff's brother, fully confirmed what Mr. Jeffries had before given in testimony in behalf of Defendant. In 1795, the Plaintiff and his wife left Birmingham, and came to live with him at Harbord. About the beginning of 1802, the Plaintiff was extremely diftreffed for a bed in his wife's underdrefs, he imputed it to her difcontent at not having a houfe of her own; he therefore took a houfe for her in Birmingham, and gave her leave to fit it up in the moft elegant ftyle; but her conduct remained unaltered, until the at laft eloped. The witnefs on his cross-examination, allowed that Mrs. Smith fhewed a partiality for the Defendant, but denied that he thought there was any improper intercourse between them. He had on one occafion taken the liberty to mention it to his brother in the frequent ferious converfations they had together on family affairs. While Mrs. Smith was at Harbord, fhe was at leaft once frequently with the Defendant, and once or twice went to the play with him.

Mr. Haywood ftated, that he had purfued Mrs. Smith and the Defendant; on the 25th March, he difcovered them at Edinburgh; he took lodgings in the houfe oppofite, and frequently faw them together.

Mr. Cuffalin, leading Counfel for the Defendant, then addreffed the Jury in a fpeech remarkable for its ingenuity and force. He refted the defence upon the ground of the Plaintiff's cafe alone. He obferved, that from what Mrs. Smith's growing paffion for the Defendant was notorious to every one, and that the Plaintiff was abfolutely warned of his danger by his friends, it appeared that the Plaintiff had enjoyed no happinefs in the married ftate, and himfelf wifhed for a feparation. He therefore could expect little favour at the hands of a Jury, for the moft part compofed of the fons of commerce. His wife might not be juftified in throwing herfelf upon the protection of another man, and the Defendant might defcend fevere blame for not rejecting her proffers.

Mr. Bracken faid he had married a ftter of Mrs. Smith's, and that he lived at Mount Green; his brother-in-law then living with him, was a very ill man. Mrs. Smith attended by the Defendant, came over feveral times to fee him, but returned before dark. Thefe vifits were continued after his death. One of the Jurymen, Mr. Jubber, Broker, here interpofed fome diftinct explanation at the familiarities which fubfifted between Mrs. Smith and the Defendant; Mrs. Smith cried much, faid it was hard fhe could not receive attendance from fo near a relation, without *existing fufpicion*, and obferved, *that if fhe had not the laft of husbands, her reputation might fuffer from fuch furmifes.* The Plaintiff comforted her, and told her fhe might confide implicit in him. Thefe circumftances never named him to be on his guard, nor faw the leaft reafon for doing fo. He had no doubt that a criminal intercourfe had fubfifted for fome time; but when the affair broke out, he was as much furprifed as if he had heard that Mrs. Smith had eloped with any one perfon at the trial. Such came a long letter written by Mrs. Smith to her husband, from months before the elopement, full of the moft bitter complaints of her unkindnefs, and the tendereft expoftulations with her upon her fenfelefs conduct. But her fevere letters to the Defendant, even declares his conviction of her virtue remaining untainted.

After an uncommonly animated reply from Mr. Erfkine, Lord Ellenborough obferved, that this was one of the moft feeling and lamentable cafes that ever came into a Court of Juftice. The Plaintiff complained of receiving the injury, from one on whom he had fhewn the moft affectionate of a father, and all the generous friendfhip of a brother! When but twelve months old, the Defendant, then an orphan, was taken under the Plaintiff's roof; whether he returned during the intervals of pleafure while he was at School; afterwards to the fame perfon he was refpectfully fo out in the world and treated with the moft unbounded confidence. His fituation left him no opportunity of want of the defence, and the grounds on which it refted. He denied that the Plaintiff could juftly be accufed of negligence. He had evidently no fufpicion of the Defendant. That there feemed no ground for jealoufy and fufpicion. Was a huffand to be fuppofed to have confented to his own difgrace, if he permitted his wife to vifit the death bed of a brother, or company of a near relation, one whom he could truft a fon? What though Mrs. Smith had been allowed to go with the Defendant to the play? In this war it would be impoffible for a man to fend his wife to a public place with propriety in company with her own children! His Lordfhip praifed, in the higheft manner, the Plaintiff's letter, which he conffidered as an evidence of an upright and moral mind.

It was a fource of great fatisfaction to fee fuch fentiments prevailing among us, while in neighbouring countries the marriage tie was daily relaxed. The chief ftrength of any ftate he conffidered the morality of its inhabitants, and happily, in the hour of difficulty, upon this we might ftill rely.

Verdict, for the Plaintiff, damages *three thoufand pounds.*

AMUSING.

Of MANTACCHINI, *the famous* CHARLATAN *of* PARIS.

A YOUNG man of a good family having in a few years fquandered a large eftate, and reduced himfelf to abfolute want, felt that he muft exercife his ingenuity, or ftarve. In the ftate of mind he was in, he was ready to adopt the various devices which fave from indigence, and are moft favoured by fortune. He foon perceived that *charlatanism* was that on which the blind bounfalem lavifhed his favours with moft profufion, and in the greateft abundance. An adroit and loquacious domeftic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he drefled him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a fplendid chariot, and ftarted on the town under the name, ftyle, and title of " the celebrated doctor Mantacchini, who cures all diftempers with a finger touch, or a fingle look." Thefe precious art was poffeffed by too many of his brethren to draw afide him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excurfion, and modeftly announced himfelf at Lyons, as the " famous Mantacchini, who reviives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared, that, in fifteen days, he would go to the common burying-ground, and reftore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour and violent murmurs againft the impoftor; the police was informed, and he was fummoned, applied to the magiftrate, and requefted he might be put under guard, to prevent his efcape, until he fhould perform his undertaking. The magiftrate granted the greateft confidence, and the whole city came to confult doctor Mantacchini, and purchafe his *Baume de vie*. His conftitutions, always well paid, were fo numerous, he had fcarcely time to eat and drink. At length the day of approbation, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his fhoulders, began to fhow figns of uneafinefs—" You know nothing of mankind," faid the doctor to him, " be quiet." He then left and fpoken thefe words, when the following letter was prefented to him from a rich citizen.

" The great opportunity, doctor, which you are going to perform, has ftroke my reft. I have a wife buried for fome time, who was a fcay, and I am unhappy enough already without her refurrection. As the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your fecret to yourfelf."

In an inftant after two ftarling houfes arrived, who, with the moft animated geftications, entreated him not to revive their old father, for nearly the greateft mafter in the city, as in fuch an event they would be reduced to the moft diftreffful indigence. He offered him a lot of forty louis, but the doctor ftook his head in doubtful complaints.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of unalterable reftraints from the fear of his doctor, and with fobs and fighs implored his mercy;—in fhort, from mere till night, the doctor received letters, vifits, perfons, fees, to an exacts that abfolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the people were divided, and the entire city againft, fome by fear, and others by curiofity, that the chief magiftrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and faid: "Sir, I have not the leaft doubt, from the experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplifh the refurrection in the church-yard the day after to-morrow, *exceeding* to your generofity; but I pray you to obferve that our city is in the greateft uproar and confufion, and to confider the dreadful revolution the fuccefs of your experiment muft produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus relieve the tranquility of the city. In juftice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I fhall give you an attefted vifion in due form, under our feal, that you can receive the deeds that it will do our own fault we were not eye-witneffes of your power."

The certificate was duly figned and delivered, and doctor Mantacchini went to work in the moft diftant other cities. In a fhort time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and fpent immenfe fums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a *downright chriftian* in love, affifted in reducing him to want; but he fet out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

LONDON FASHIONS—For JULY 1803.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—Robe of white muflin, with a train pertectur; the robe trimmed with Chambray muffin; the fleeves plain, with full epaulets of the fame muffin. A fmall frear hat trimmed with pea-green ribbons.—Plain robe of white muflin, with thick ftripe down plain tucked the bofom; a lace fhirt; hat of yellow fatin, plaited with black ribbon, and turned up all round, with a yellow feather to fall over the left fide. Dress of blue Chambray muflin, made high in the neck with muffler; long fleeves from the elbow to the wrift, of white muflin. Hat of white chip, with a filk band, and ornamented with orange coloured leaves in front.

FIVE DRESSES.—Plain dress of white muflin. Bonnet of pink and white filk, ornamented with a flower, ftawl, with a pea-green border. The head ornamented with an embroidered veil.—Drefs of buff Chambray muflin, with a white filk collar drawn down in pufts; the epaulets very full, and drawn up to a point, trimmed with the fame. The back made plain, with white filk fraps.—Robe of blue cambric farfnet, fhewing the front of the laft dress. The hair drefled and ornamented with cameos.—Dress of thin muflin, with a drapery falling on the left fide, trimmed with lace; the fleeves of white filk, ornamented with beads. The hair drefled with cameos.

OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are lilac, pink, blue and pea-green. Small round ftraw hats, and others of men's fhapes, are the moft favourite, ornamented with flowers or white veils. White cloaks of all fhapes, are very general; but the moft prevailing is the long Spanifh cloak, which reaches nearly to the ground.

USEFUL.

CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.

THE great number of children who fall victims to the Cholera, in this feafon of the year, is a ftrong inducement to publifh the following remedy, which has been fo well tried when that dreadful complaint has been the effect of worms, the cutting of teeth, or from repercated humours; it ftrengthens the debilitated organs and neuteralizes the acrimony of the morbific humours.

Put half a drachm of fait of Tartara in a pint of water, this is all the remedy.

Give the patient of this alkaline water every two hours, lengthening the interval of the doftes as foon as the complaint begins to abate, which commonly happens the fame day.

To a child one year old, two tea-fpoonfuls for the firft dofe, and afterwards only one tea-fpoonful, every two hours, in two or three fpoonfuls of milk and water fweetened together; increafing the dofe according to the age, half a teafpoonful more for every year.

This remedy is equally effectual for adults, it is infort of fpecific in bilious diforders.

The firft dofe for an adult, in a table-fpoonful, mixed with an equal quantity of fweetened water, afterwards the half of this dofe four or five times every four hours.

If due attention be given to this remedy, hundreds of victims will be fnatched from the jaws of death every year.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Advice from a Brother to a Sifter; and On Pride, by the fame hand—very good.

We receive the Sermon, H. G. M's favour.

On Religion—Shall appear fhortly.

On Happinefs—Shall grace our Miffellany.

Maria's favour is received, and is excellent of its kind.

Poem by F. S.—incorrect.

MARRIED,

MARRIED—At Bromley, Mr. Samuel Hayden, of this town, to Miff Silence Hollis.

In this town, Capt. Raffell Trevett, to Miff Mary Atkins, daughter of Capt. Henry Atkins; Mr. Luther Sweetman, to Miff Lydia Clark; Mr. John Blair, to Miff Rebecca Wood.

DIED—At Pembroke, Rev. Dr. Gad Hitchcock, Æt. 85, and 5 th of his miniftry. At Cornwall, (V.) Mr. D. Sperry, Æt 20; he never exceeded 8 lb. weight.—At Medford, Mr. Hezekiah Blanchard, Æt. 76. At New-York, Ms. and Mrs. Gordon, of the fever. They died within 18 hours of each other, and have left five infant children. The poor little orphans were fent to the Alms-houfe!

☞ The deaths in New-York, for the week ending the 30th inft. were 82—24 of which, of the fever. The new-cafes on the 24th inft. was 28, and 6 deaths. More than half of the inhabitants have left the city, and the diftreffs many families who were unable to remove, call loudly for the affectations of public charity.

In this town, Mr. Ebafmus Peirce, Æt. 61; Minerfy Collins, Æt. 28; Mrs. Eunice Robbins, Æt. 35; Trinity of Chriftian Church, Æt. 39—Mr. John Jones, formerly Sexton of Chriftian Church, Æt. 40—Mr. Jofeph Dumaf—— ing children. Total 12, for the week ending la

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIMILE.

PASSION is like the bale narcotic flower,
That flaunts its scarlet bolom to the day;
And when exerting its nefarious power,
Benumbs the limbs, and steals the strength away.
In the gay morn attradive to the eye,
Its thin leaves flutter in the wanton wind;
But ere the sun declines, will fade and die,
While fall its baleful poison barks behind.
But Love! pure Love! the human soul pervading,
Is like the moth rose, fecuting summer's breath;
Charms when budding, in its prime, and fading,
Will even yield a rich perfume in death.

S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ● ●.

YES! you may read my heart in every line,
Nor would I ***** hide it from thy view;
Every pulsation vibrates full with thine,
It glows as ardent, and it beats as true.
Hath thou a sorrow it would not partake?
Hath thou a pleasure it would not increase?
Say, could it bear thy coldness and not break?
No! 'tis thy friendship fouths it into peace.
He's ne my soul in pray'r approaches heav'n,
It asks not for myself one poor, poor wealth;
It ardent prays, that unto thee be giv'n,
Content of mind, a competence, and health.
Health! heaven's choicest gift! dcfend! defend!
With healing wing from thy ne'er-wearied pray'r;
Waft thy salubrious airs around my friend,
And bid each threat'ning malady to fly.
So joy once more shall make her mansion here,
So peace shall still with that sweet cheerless breast;
I'll breath no sigh, fhed no repining tear,
Be ***** well, and prosper thou and bleft.

● ●

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PRUDENCE TO BEAUTY—ON HER OUTSET IN LIFE.

ALAS! my child, fweet born so fair,
Poffeft of every charm,
Thou stand'st in need of double care,
The tempter to difarm.
Oh! for a moment then attend,
Nor fpurn me tho' I'm old;
For truth me—thou an honeft friend
In Prudence doft behold.
Life to the view's a pleasant way,
But dangerous to youth;
Beauty is apt to go astray,
From innocence and truth.
Be virtue, then, thy greatest pride,
She'll add to ev'ry charm,
And while poffeft of such a guide,
No vice can do thee harm.

EMMA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

COLD, perfive mute, attends thy plaintive lyre,
Ah! chaunt a feleom, deeply loathing strain;
And all ye fingers of th' Aonian choir,
Come weep with me on yonder dreary plain.
How lonely feems the lawns, the fields, the groves,
While Boreas rudely rages o'er the sky!
Ah me! rude florms through the woodland roves,
And throws around an universal gloom.
Where now that form, whole finile could glad the heart,
Whole sympathetic feel could give relief—
Where the dear face at which pleasure could impart,
To pallid mien or inamcss'd an grief?
Alas! no more thy voice the heart can cheer—
Nor can my more with pattay be blefs'd
Than oh!—away the tender parting tear—
And be her virtues on my mind impreft.
Now expands and heav'n'-ethereal ray
Thro' bright, translucent, glittering beam it fhines!
But lo! sacred spirit nought confines;
Forever in ETERNAL DAY!

ANNA.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known;
And to convince the strictest maid
Lovers should use their love alone.
Into their very looks 'twill steal,
And be that most would hide his flame,
Does in that calm his pain reveal
Silence itself can love proclaim.
This, my Aurelia, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread,
Whole guilty passions are begun
Not in their hearts, but in their heads.
I could not figh and with troll'd arms,
Accuse your cruelty, and pray;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As *Mow* adore and *Women* hate:—
But carelefs liv'd, and without art
Knowing my love you muft have fpied;
And thinking it a foolish part
To fet to flow, what none can hide.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XII—ANNE to FLIMSY.

London, October, 1777.

THIS Jeffey is more artful than I believed her to be; she has gained such an ascendancy over Sarah, that she leads her into all manner of diffipation and extravagance. She is ever on the watch to find out some new fashion, which she will fay, of making her inattentive to her own particular conduct. The unmarried gentlemente have commenced, and the play, the opera, and other fafhionable entertainments every evening; this leads to great expenfes, conftantly appearing in public, requiring numerous changes of dress Sarah, undoubtedly from the great liberality of her husband, in her own table prevents her dreffing fine, is thoughtlefsly extravagant; elegant laces, rich fattins, with gloves, caps, shoes, &c. infinite, are procured for a trifling fum in the courfe of a year; and Sarah is, perhaps, not fenfible of her cloaths, or attentive to the expenditures of her houfe-keeping as she ought to be; her heart is naturally liberal; fhe has no idea of every charge, but that of pleasure, and this sometimes a fright fufpicion will excite her mind, that her provifions are wafted, or her cloaths wilfully boft, any plausible excufe will quiet her, and from a nature love of peace, she will ceafe to enquire concerning her domeftic concerns, or appear fatisfied, when in fact fhe is not convinced; fhe exerts but little authority in the management of her family; dreffing, making and receiving visits, late hours at night, and conftquently late mornings, have in appearance, totally altered the character of the late interefting Sarah. She gives dinners and fuppers, in very high ftyle, and herfelf, the very fool of the parties fhe draws around her; while Jeffey, fatisfied with having perfuaded or flattered her into thefe follies, with an affumed humility, declines joining the parties, and I am well convinced, has more than once infligated Darnley to blame Sarah for a conduct, which she knows I acknowledge reprehenfible, for fhe will be remonftrated with mildly, and not vulgarly reproached, and counted with having all the extravagant propenfities of a fine lady, without having brought any fortune to fupport them. Yet fuch unmanly reproaches are made to the humiliated Sarah, in my prefence, a few days fince. To which fhe replied, with more fincerity than prudence: "You know my poverty, and wilfully burthened yourfelf with a woman who can neither feel nor think as you do. Yet Mr. Darnley, let me add, if you had treated me with the confidence due to a wife, you would have always found me conformable in my drefs and purfuits, to the circumftances of a huſband, whom it is my duty, and would be my pride to honour, if he would let me." This occafioned a violent altercation; he told her, it was not because he could not afford it, but because she did not *chuſe*, that fhe fhould lead in gay a life, that he found fault: fhe flew out of the room, and gave vent to her full heart by tears, (which the ever endeavours to reftrain in his prefence) in her own apartments; thither the officious intruſive Jeffey followed her, and I was afterwards when we met at dinner, for I was guiling the day with her, to find her dreſſed, and hear her declare, the intent to join a party going to the play, from whence fhe was going to a card party, and that the return to fup not. She entreated me to accompany her; but I very good naturedly felt at that moment, a ſtrong propenſity to ſtay and keep Mrs. Romain company. And ſtay I did, much to the mortification of that *amiable* lady, and her more *amiable chere ami*. I found a new novel in Sarah's dreſſing room, and bidding the maid fetch Mrs. Romain's work, told Darnley we did not want him, and that he might as well follow his wife to the play; and having partly laughed, and partly fatyrized him into ſome ſenſe of ſhame, had the pleaſure to ſee him depart, and very compoſedly began and finiſhed the novel before twelve o'clock; at which hour, Jeffey being no longer able to command her impatience, and perverted pleaſure, when in truth ſhe was hurrying with vexatious, that ſhe was loſing time, candles, and with a profuſion of civility, bade me a good night.

About two o'clock Sarah returned, Darnley with her, he was very ſorry for taking a candle, and immediately to his room. Sarah threw herſelf on the ſopha and burſt into tears. What is the matter, my dear? I aſked.—"Nothing of conſequence I ſaid ſo, I am aſhamed myſelf, but, "I am afraid, my dear Sarah, "and I, in a fixed mood laſtuating voice, "that you are ſometimes blame on the laſt of the month, to-day; you muſt be offended, you have ever given me leave to be friends with you—why, when Mr. Darnley expreſſed a diſlike your leading ſo diſſipated a life, why did you immediately aſſure him, that if you pleaſed, you muſt diſtreſs a friend?—"Anne," ſaid ſhe, wiping away her tears, "I feel you are right, but I cannot command my temper at all times. Know it is nothing to conſult Jeffey, ſhe is old, and I muſt be ſilent and unreſiſting—but, my dear Ann, why does it not treat me with confidence? why am I kept a ſtranger to all his concerns? whether he can afford the ſtyle in which we live, or whether he is worth a ſingle guinea; ſometimes he will give me money unaſked; ſometimes buy me jewels in profuſion; at other times he groans and ſighs, and will ask me how far wearing his preſents, though it was fulſy to do him honour that I put them on it in the laſt time, Ann, I will ever ſpeak on the ſubject—but my dear, you muſt ſee, you muſt ſee, at the laſt I had entertained the ſmalleſt idea of the miſery, the certain miſery that muſt attend a woman, married to a man who has not the moſt diſtant regard for the leaſt expenſive word, opinion and action, is an entrance to her forbidden. If would have gone out to the moſt mental day labour, before I would have taken a penny, if I had not the moſt poſitive aſſurance of fortitude to fulfil as I ought. Heaven knows continued ſhe, and her lips began to work, and her voice to falter, "Heaven knows I ſtrive to conſider him with candour, but it is difficult; but how can I be compelled by heart to love a man, who one hour treats me with rudeneſs and contempt, and the next with a diſpoſition fooliſh, even more diſtreſſing to my nature, than ſubſtantive?—Anne, I have ſpoken with ſincerity, I was conſidered you as a friend—I will, and muſt now entreat you to bury what I have ſpoken in your boſom. When you ſee to-act wrong, or I have to-day, do not heſitate to reprove me; but in regard to him, I pray you be ſilent; it is an unmanly and unnatural, and a cruel and threſtful ſhe who believes me happy; I would not undeceive them."—I will implicitly regard your prudent injunction, I replied Struck with the magnanimity of her reſolutions, but as to my advice on this ſubject. Be upon your guard againſt Mrs. Romain; do not let her perſuade you to act in oppoſition to your huſband's will; and gleds both a candle once with the name of ſpirit, reſolution and proper independence." "Ann," laid ſhe, "do you apprehend the Jeffey has any intereſted views in ſowing diſſention between us? do you think—I perceived her colour, and relief that I had nothing to conceal, and ſhe remain a woman whom I could wiſh to be the friend of Sarah Darnley. She has a ſtrong turn ſure of foreign manners, and what might be called the appellation of a fine lady indeed; but ſhe has no one quality which ſhould give her an aſcendancy over ſuch a mind as yours. Good night," ſaid I, kiſſing her cheek "let me ſee you good friends before I am unaccountable long your huſband, to-morrow; and while you have yourſelf every diſpoſition to make your fetters eaſy, do not leſſen effects by childiſh reſentment, and ſelf-conceal always from the impulſe of your own heart, and I am ſure you will act right."

The next morning I had the pleaſure to ſee them quite compoſed and civil to each other; and to prevent any interpoſition that might again ſtir up diſcontent, I inſiſted on Mrs. Romain's going to ſpend a few days with me. She were home yeſterday, and I have not heard from Sarah ſince. *To be continued.*

ANN.

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DIVERTED TO
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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP.—N° XL.

To, quid ego et populus mecum desiderat, audi.

PERSONS who prepare an entertainment for the public, and store themselves upon the hill of literary adventures, whether they be first offered to their patrons be compiled of materials drawn from their own immediate possessions, or collected from the honest furnished stores of their predecessors or contemporaries, should ever candidly acknowledge when their pursuery has obliged them to borrow of their neighbours—for if the treat be ally supplied, they avoid the censure they might otherwise incur—and if well, they will at least obtain the applause due to their candour. I am led to this remark, by the mortification I have experienced during the last week, from having told the letter signed "*A Baffled Man*," which I presented to my readers in my last number, thinking it to be original, was not so; but had appeared very lately in an American Miscellaneous publication.—When I communicated the GOSSIP, it was my wish to present nothing to the public that was not original; and through in the course of my own trifling lucubrations, a stolen idea may now and then unknown to myself steal in; (for what is there ever under the sun?) I can assure my readers it is not unconsciously done; and I now inform my correspondents, that I myself, and the public also, do expect *originals*. If the author of the above letter so specious is a fact, I feel that it is necessary to request the patrons of the paper to pardon it—at the same time, I inform the person who first it, that no other communication in the same hand writing, will ever be received. If the publication to be imputed so, let it be through some other medium. I am well aware that the most ingenious fictions from approved authors, may be, to my predecessors of my pen; but then they should be acknowledged as such; and I shall reserve, that all future communications, communications, &c. addressed to the GOSSIP, stay, when first, be marked whether *original or falsified*; if the latter, from whence falsified.

I have before me at present, letters with the following dates and signatures :—*Jamies*, 15th July—*Dash Tippy*, no date—*A. no date*—*Alonzo*, July—*Matthew Mole*, July 28th.—The two last of which, I this week beg leave to offer my readers; and shall, at some future period, take up their complaints—I have only now to add, that the letters from the former hand as the "*Baffled Man*," are left with the printers of the paper, to be returned to any one, who shall bring a line in the same hand writing, entitling him to receive them. I am an economic being, my pen is my comforter, solace and nourishment, and on every subject gives utterance to the genuine feelings of my heart, leaving it to the learned to declaim with philosophical precision, and dress their thoughts in the splendid decorations of grammar; yet fearing above the fervid tribe whose fancy-ite minds, like a vane, veers over to the gale most prevalent, I will keep on a middle course, and though moment hope ever to be exalted to the altitude of the former, will never sink to a level with the latter.

I seize my pen, and while rapt Fancy glides
With happy wing over misfortune past;
Gratefully catching from the present hour
Sweet balm to heal the wounds past sorrow gave;
Or lightly flirting on to future joy,
Lulls into rest the present moment's care;
I write, and smile, and leave the world behind.
And even now, when silence reigns around,
And up the blue expanse the orb opaque
Sheds by refracted beams a mimic day,
Fancy has caught me, in her silver net;
And Sadness, her soothing veil thrown off,
Leads to the presence of the wife, the great,
The learn'd and good, of pall and prefent times;
And if amongst the silent throng be but one,
For unanimity good applaud the lay,
I have my great reward. Ye mental-strike,
Whose pens move lightly, and whose hands are fee
Plutus, with golden good, to spur ye on;
Confure me not, ye cannot feel like me—
Applaud me not—your praise is pointed satire.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

All the numbers of the GOSSIP fometimes fall in my way. I have difcovered that you are a fort of redreffer of wrongs; or rather, that complaints are made to you on fubjects, and queftions propofed on others. I therefore take the fame liberty of addreffing you on a matter of my concern.

Know then, Sir, that I am near-fighted. I have never made any ufe of fpectacles, becaufe I had rather be ignorant that the friend for whom I am looking, is on the other fide of the ftreet, than pafs for a fop. But I fometimes make ufe of a glafs to affift my fight on particular occafions. Now as you are a GOSSIP, and confequently are perfectly aware of whatever is faid or done by every body in town, I with to be informed what there is laughable in this? For my part, I cannot for my life find out the making ufe of proper means to enjoy, in a greater degree, one of the deareft fources of earthly exiftence. I am fo much a friend to laughter that I am always ready to join in it, although it be made at my expenfe. Therefore, if nearneis of fight be a thing to laugh at, I fhould like to be told why and wherefore, on this fcore, for I am as much difpofed as NYTAS was, to lengthen life in that way. Whenever this misfortune is afcertained to be of a ludicrous nature, I fhall take occafion to inform you of a number of very valuable acquifitions which have been made in the Comic ftock of materials with which our facetious and farcaftic wits of both fexes, keep their talents in exercife. I make no doubt but that a looker-on will become a very jocular exhilirating topic of converfation, during the prefent fcarcity of docis, and abundance of rain. And a wooden leg muft certainly form an inexhauftible fund of entertainment. Your opinion on this head will be read with much attention, by

July 28, 1803. MATTHEW MOLE.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

HAVING almoft completed an apprenticefhip, and finding it very inconvenient at prefent to procuring a feat in a Meeting-houfe, on the Sabbath, (notwithftanding my matter has a pew almoft entirely empty,) I am determined to ufe your influence, where it will be found of refpectable ability to allow my apprentices a feat in my pew, when I have commenced bofinefs? Or give them the fame liberty on the Sabbath, which moft gentlemen enjoy in ftrolling about the ftreets, holding up corner poft; and meering at every one that paffes? I am entirely at a lofs what ftcps to take. I find it is not fafhionable for lads to carry a meering with their miffes; on the other hand, if I do not permit mine, they will be in danger of forming bad connections in their idle hours, to the difadvantage of their morals and my intereft; in the mean time to be taught, I fhall have *Fafhion* to contend with my *Duty* and *Intereft*.

Whenever my time allows me to enter upon the ftage of action, I fhall endeavour to make a proper beginning; therefore, I take the liberty of laying this cafe before you.

Bofton, July, 1803. ALONZO.

CONTEMPT, THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF MISFORTUNE.

THAT contempt is the natural confequence of misfortune muft be evident, from the many examples afforded us every day in the common courfe of things, to a man of very flight obfervation; nay, fuch is the frailty of human nature, that fometimes we are driven on to hatred, and this for no other reafon but what the fchlemels of fortune affords.

Slight as this reafon for avoiding the unfortunate is, yet nothing is more common. The man who yefterday lived in affluence, whofe houfe afforded an afylum, and table fuftenance to a number of apparent friends, is to day avoided by them, as if he was afflicted with fome malignant diftemper, which is communicable to thofe who are near the afflicted perfon, becaufe by fome unforefeen accident, he is brought to ruin and poverty; nay, fo far do men fometimes carry themfelves, that they will point out to the unfortunate to the world, that they may be fubjected to the ridicule of all.

Let us but reflect on the fate of Alcibiades, Cimon, Themiftocles, and thoufands more of equal fame and merit, and we can never be at lofs for examples of the influence fortune has over the fool of man. Thefe great and able men, when in the midft of their power and grandeur, were efteemed, may even deified, were ftyled by all, the defenders and fathers of their country; but when Fortune, changing goddefs! was tired of heaping conquefts and rewards upon them, when the once deferted them, applaufe and popularity took wing; then it was they in the people's eyes, became the very reverfe of what they were efteemed before; then was the cry as much againft them as before for them.

How mean, then, are the motives of man's regard! Which we have it in our power to fupport pomp and grandeur, we have crowds of friends; but, when once the nipping froft of poverty approaches, they are gone, the fwallows at the end of fummer, to feek a more friendly climate. & T. T. B.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MORAL BENEFITS ARISE FROM AFFLICTING DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

MOTIVES are more conducive to the character of man, and at the fame time difcloverers his want of judgment more, than his propenfity to confider as the moft unneceffary, thofe afflictive, but falutary difpenfations of Heaven, which experience teaches, though he does not perceive it, to the promotion of his happinefs. He cannot, for inftance, conceive the benefits of affliction, and wonders for what purpofe man is fo frequently involved in them. He is not aware, that without them we could not be happy, that one continual round of the fame pleafures fatiates the appetite, and renders him more unfit for enjoyment, than do his feverefl afflictions. Without any reference to future events, he judges folely from prefent impreffions, of a fyftem which he thinks in feveral refpects might have adopted; and which, in the plenitude of his wifdom, he fuppofes would be more conducive to the happinefs of man. Without remarking on the fallacy and impiety of fuch fentiments, let us for a moment contemplate the fubject.

Afflictions are not only very falutary, but almoft indifpenfable in the courfe of life. They circumfcribe the inordinate expectations of man, which we naturally anticipate when the morning of our day fhines with uninterrupted ferenity, and by forcing us to feel, at an early period, the influence of fuch ills as muft more or lefs be fubjected to in the courfe of life, prepare us to enter on the ftage of action, experimentally qualified to fupport its tragic, as well as comic fcenes. By afflictions, the *temple of our thoughts* is impelled to a proper *reflexion*; we are then ferioufly led to feek that only fource of true happinefs within the confines of this world, and are thereby forced to take refuge in God alone.

Afflictions are alfo neceffary, not only as they check our pride;—the ferenity of our portions,—as they give to the heart a more confident temper—fweet, and to the mind a jufl equipoife; but as they infufe that friendfhip, tenderneis and fympathy for others, which are the fweeteft and moft cherifhed bonds of fociety. Thofe who have been early initiated in the fchool of affliction, and who are duly impreffed with religious fentiments, have no unhappy foreboidings of events to come; for affictions having ftrengthened their natural powers of fortitude and patience, and rendered them capable of fupporting any thing that mortals can, and Religion giving them the fweet conviction of the difpenfations of Deity, which conduceurs in the trying hour, their only fources of conolulation, they are at all times prepared, as far as mortals can prepare, to meet the wave of fate which may dafh againft them. On Heaven they re-

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ty, and are rewarded for it; for at the very moment when he seems to afflict them most, the rays of his mercy shine through the clouds of adversity in beams of love and grace, and give to the soul, that peace and serenity, of which those who have not felt a form before the sunshine, can have no idea.

Afflictions also, by raising our views above the sphere of earthly action, give a dignity and elevation to the soul, which enables us from our empyreal height to look down on the world, its cares, its troubles, and its pleasures, and with the apathy of a stoic, but only with that mixed degree of affection and indifference, which to its pollefor, is certainly an enviable flate of mind. With regard to the degree of affection we should entertain for the world, the misanthrope and the enthusiast are both equally remote from the right point. Affection for the world, both their extremes, and seem to be the meaning which Heaven adjufts, proportions and regulates, the affection we should entertain for life.

Finally, afflictions, from their repetition, enable us to oppofe an undaunted front to the storms of life, and bear fuch of its ills as thofe who are not proficients in forrow would flink under, not only with fortitude, but frequently with compofure and ferenity. The clouds may look angry —we have feen them fo before. The lightnings may envelope us in a flame—the ftorm of thunder may be loud, and earth fhaken to its foundation—death may fhake his fharpened lance, and fay, "are another week, thy bones mall moulder in the duft," but we have all anticipated from what we have already experienced, and can meet them with a fernity felt only by thofe, who by long, but gradual foceftion of evil, have been thoroughly prepared to winnds them.

On the other hand, thofe who have paffed a tranquil morning, and whofe profpects have fcarcely ever been thadowed even in the tranfitory veil of a cloud, will form their opinion of the world by what they have already fo happily experienced in it. Experience, though in moft cafes a cruel ftandard, approaches in this only the means of delufion; for as in the natural world many a ftormy day has fucceeded to a beautiful morning—fo in the life of man, early fun-fhines which create fond perfages of a brilliant meridian, only inflame the paffions in which we have difcarded the arrows of future difappointment. It will therefore be difcerned, that thofe whofe youth is paffed in eafe and happinefs, free from the afflictions incident to that period, and who in confequence thereof, anticipate equal eafe and happinefs during the remainder of their days, only habituate themfelves to expectations which it would be rare indeed to have realized, and which terminate in different degrees of difappointment.

Let me, therefore, admire the hand of Deity alike when it difpenfes *affliction*, as when it confers *happinefs*; without the one, we fhould not know how to appreciate the other, and a due mixture of both, is what conftitutes our moft regular and equal bleffings—both are ordained, and remote conf equences, and not judged of from momentary impreffions, afflictions appear, as do all the works of Deity, in the moft ufeful and falutary light. Indeed, without them, the earth, inftead of being peopled with men of *virtue and fobriety*, would abound with none but bloated and offenfive *epicures*; they would be an age of licentiouſneſs, and the world become *one afinal theatre of intoxicated pleaſures, of indolence and depravacy*, and of *coarſe ſprawling to the extinction of the human race*.—Thofe, therefore, fubmit to the difpenfations of Heaven, believe them right—" and as thou art of God, be humble and be wife." H. G. W.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADVERTISING EPISTLE FOR A WIFE.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

AS your Magazine is generally perufed by the Ladies I have chofen it as the vehicle of conveyance for the fubfequent communication:

My prefent fituation, as well as my feelings, induce me to with for a partner for life. I fhall, therefore, honeftly defcribe *my own* perfonal qualifications, as well as fituating in the world, that thofe to whom they may be acceptable, may depend upon not being deceived. My figure is of the middle kind, neither large nor fmall; and the *nut refemble* will not, I expect, be found difagreeable. My age is rather more than half way between twenty and thirty; my temper fomething hafty, but not violent or laſting—my profpect in life tolerably good, conſidering I have juſt begun buſineſs; and I have reaſon to ſuppoſe it will be better, fo much ſo, as with prudence, to afford all the neceſſaries and many of the comforts of life. I am calculated by nature to enjoy ſociety, and am never happier, than when reaping the advantages reſulting from the converſation and company of thoſe, for whom I have reaſon to think, may be entitled to the name of friends.

The perſon who may apply this, muſt not however, expect a fingle life in the preſent faſhionable and unreaſoning mode, furniture of the higheſt price, and moſt elegant appearance; large and handſome houſes, with other appendages to conform to them, his finances will not allow of; but every thing neat and convenient as his ſituation will admit, will not be refuſed.

Beauty of perſon in the Lady, is not his firſt or principal object; he rather views the fenſes to an open countenance, in union with a generous and liberal heart, manners *free from reſerve*, but governed by the ſtrict laws of modeſty. In this view of life, he hopes to be equally to his own mother; in that of the family, he will be her own miſtreſs. He however hopes they will be diſpoſed to liſten to the arguments of each other, for their mutual benefit. As I ſaid before, there will be no objection made, if between twenty and twenty-ſix; this will give him the preference of years, which he thinks the man ſhould always have.

As he calculates upon domeſtic happineſs, he ſhall be pleaſed to have for the partner of his cares and ſorrows, a perſon who has improved the mind by reading and obſervation; who will make an agreeable companion in a long winter evening, and eſteem that time beſt ſpent, *which is ſpent with his wife*. Perfection he does not expect, nor indeed, perhaps, from his deſcription of happineſs, that the writer of the above is of a ſour, moroſe diſpoſition, and not diſpoſed to accommodate himſelf in any degree to the feelings incident to human nature; this by no means is one of his feelings; he abhors thoſe who may encourage ſuch an opinion, that no exertions on his part ſhall be wanting to make their ſituation as happy as poſſible, and hopes they will endeavor the principle, that their future felicity muſt reſult from themſelves.

Should his ſituation and principles, as now expreſſed, meet the ideas of any of the female ſex, they will, in return, pleaſe to ſtate theirs. S. O.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR JUNKER,

of the Univerſity of HALLE.

MANY, who were perſonally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote:

Being profeſſor of anatomy, he once procured, for diſſection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the diſſecting-room not being forthcoming at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a cloſet which opened into his own apartment. The evening and Junker, according to cuſtom, proceeded to reſume his literary labours before he retired to reſt. It was now near midnight, and all his family were aſleep, when he heard a ſtrange rattling noiſe in his cloſet. Thinking that, by ſome miſtake, the cat had been ſhut up with the dead bodies, he roſe, and taking the candle, went to ſee for what had happened. But what muſt have been his aſtoniſhment, when, on opening the door, perceiving that the fack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached, and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were well ſecured, and he thought it impoſſible the body could have been ſtolen. He tremblingly looked round the cloſet, and obſerved the dead man ſeated in a corner.

Junker ſtood for a moment motionleſs; the dead man fervent to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man ſtill kept his eyes upon him.

The *profeſſor* then retired, ſtep by ſtep, with his eye ſtill fixed upon the object of his alarm, and bolding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man inſtantly ſtarted up and followed him. A figure of ſo hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion—the latenefs of the hour—the deep ſilence which *prevailed*—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confuſion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkneſs. He retreated his ſteps to the chamber, and throwing himſelf on the bed, thither, however, he was purſued; and he ſoon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly ſobbing.

Repeated cries of " Leave me! leave me!" reſeafed Junker from the graſp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, " Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me!"

Junker ſoon perceived the cauſe of what had happened, and reſumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated ſufferer who he really was, and made a motion in order to call up ſome of the family. " You with then to deſtroy me!" exclaimed the criminal. " If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I ſhall be taken and executed a ſecond time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to ſave my life."

The phyſician ſtruck a light, decorated his gueſt with an old night gown, and, having made him take off a ſandal, reſolved to know what had brought him to the gibbet. " It would have been a truly ſingular exhibition," obſerved Junker, " to have ſeen me, at that late hour, engaged in a diſcuſſion with a *dead man*, decked out in a night gown."

The poor wretch informed him that he had enliſted as a ſoldier; but that, having no great inclination to the profeſſion, he had determined to deſert; that he had unfortunately ſuffered his ſecret to a kind of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who immediately betrayed him for the reward which he was to remain concealed; that this woman had diſcovered his retreat to the officers of juſtice, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to ſave the poor man. It was impoſſible to keep him in his own houſe, and keep the affair a ſecret; and to turn him out of doors was to expoſe him to certain deſtruction. He reſolved to conceal him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign juriſdiction; but it was neceſſary to paſs the gates of the city, which were ſtrictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dreſſed the man in ſome of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and, at an early hour, ſet out for the country with his *protegé* behind him. On arriving at the firſt village, he found well known, he ſaid in a hurried tone, that he had been ſent for to viſit a ſick perſon who was dying in the ſuburbs. He was permitted to paſs. Having both got into the open fields, the deſerter threw himſelf at his deliverer's feet, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance, departed, offering up prayers for his happineſs.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occaſion to go to Amſterdam, was accoſted on the Exchange by a man well dreſſed and of a reſpectable appearance, who, after having informed, was one of the moſt reſpectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not profeſſor Junker of Halle? and on being anſwered in the affirmative, he requeſted, in an earneſt manner, his company to dinner. The profeſſor conſented. Having reached the merchant's houſe, he was ſhown into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful wife and two fine healthy children; but he could ſcarcely ſuppreſs his aſtoniſhment at meeting ſo cordial a reception from a family with whom, as he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant taking him into his counting-room, ſaid, " You do not recollect me ?"—N t at all.—" But I am the deſerter whom you ſaved from the gibbet at Leipſic, and whom you paid ſo much attention. On parting from you I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerably expert at accounts; my figure was ſomewhat intereſting, and I ſoon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the intereſts of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from buſineſs, I ſoon ſucceeded him, and became poſſeſſed of his wealth, for my wife, whom I do not have lived in experience all their enjoyments.—Henceforth look upon my houſe, my fortune, and myſelf, as at your diſpoſal."

Thoſe who poſſeſs the ſmalleſt portion of ſenſibility, can eaſily reprefent to themſelves the feelings of Junker.

EXTRACT.

THE following is an excellent example of ſmiling ſatire it can ſcarcely judge no other author than Addiſon.

"I remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a ſprightly turn in converſation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate deſire of appearing faſhionable. This ran him into many extravagancies, and involved him in many diſtreſſes. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, becauſe he would not be a queer fellow, and was every new e d that ſtarted down by a confiable to ſignalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and ſo improved in them, his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be ſhort, after having fully eſtabliſhed his reputation, of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty." *Poet Folio.*

ON GAMING.

TO how many bad paſſions do how many baſe arts does it give riſe? what violent agitations of the mind, ſometimes

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hurting into a rage and frenzy, does it occasion? What a shameful traffic of gain does it form amongst persons, whom the world in like and their connection in society, ought to have called above the thoughts of enriching themselves by such dishonorable means! How many friendships has it broken? How many families has it ruined? In what deadly cataclysthes has it often terminated? The gamester go down at the fatal table with eager spirits and mighty hopes—should loss win but fifteen—a wretch, haggard and forlorn, curling his face, and, from despair of retrieving his ruined fortune, driven perhaps to entertain the horrid thought of ending his own existence.

LOVE.

THE following animated picture of love, and its tendency, is drawn by Dr. *Fordyce*, in his "sermons to young women."

"Honorable love! that great preservative of purity, that powerful fostrer of the flame of spirit, that mighty improver of the rudest manners, that all fashioning yet all exalting principle of the human break, which humbles the proud, and bends the stubborn, yet fills with lofty conceptions, and animates with a fortitude that nothing can conquer—what shall I say more? which converts the savage into a man, and lifts the man into a hero!"

CURIOUS METHOD OF DEFENCE.

THE servant of a Mr. Stapleton, at a village, near Sittingbourne, in Kent (England,) being left alone in the house, the family having gone out on a visit, a thief's hand in the life of Shorpy, was asked about twelve o'clock at night by the noise of thieves breaking into the house. She immediately arose, and getting to the window, discovered two men endeavouring to force the window-shutters of the ground floor: she called out to them and asked what they wanted, they replied, that they had left their family to from home, and finding upon having whatever plate and valuables her master was possessed of," adding, "that if he made noise they would blow her brains out." She told them there was no occasion to threaten her, for she had long determined on revenging herself on her master, and that if they would wait, she would throw the plate out of the window to them. In a few minutes her apprehension at the window with a silver tankard which she had in the interval nearly filled with ages forth belonging to her mistress; the thieves took them both to disorderly assistance at the window, and endeavour to catch it, as it was full of dollars and curious pieces he master had collected. The thieves put themselves in the article to receive the treasure, when the emptied the contents full in their faces. The agony the poor wretches were instantly thrown into can only be conceived by those who are acquainted with the effects of this burning liquid. They hollowed out revenge, forsaking with dreadful imprecations as they went away, they would return and set fire to the house. The girl however following up the stratagem by informing the neighbors, four of whom kept watch during the remainder of the night, but saw no more of the robbers or their companions.

USEFUL.

Boston, Saturday Evening, Sept. 3, 1803.

COMMENCEMENT.

ON WEDNESDAY last, was the Annual Commencement, at *Cambridge*—when the Candidates for A. B. and A. M. were admitted to their respective degrees. The exercises were few, owing to the indisposition of many of the Professors who were expected to have spoken. The company also attended, were not so numerous as we have seen it; and though there was certainly an assemblage of beauty and elegance in the galleries, we have witnessed upon former occasions, more extensive and brilliant circle. Among the Orations, &c. delivered on the occasion, KIRKLAND, ABBAS, SAVAGE and BATES, fland forward in point of excellence. FARRAR humorously lashed the prevailing rage among the fair, for sales of horror, ghosts, goblins, and haunted caverns—and BATES stood forth the firm, yet modest champion of religion—nor was SAVAGE wanting in elegance of language, or energy of manner, though evidently labouring under a severe cold, in his Oration on he Patronage of Genius. A damp was thrown over the hilarity of the day, by the recent death of that ornament to literature and honour to mankind, DR. TAPPAN—many were the eulogiums paid to his memory; many the tears of affection and regret that fell upon his grave.

ON THURSDAY, the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, held their anniversary. An elegant and impressive Poem, we delivered by the Rev. Mr. JENKS; and an excellent Oration, by the Rev. Mr. PARSONS, of *Providence*. The Chapel was crowded with company, and much beauty and fashion honored the festivity with their attendance. Every portion of taste was highly gratified, and unanimously join in the hope of seeing Mr. JENKS's Poem in print.

LITERARY.

MR. E. M. BLUNT, has in the press, the second edition of *Wolfe's Mercantile Arithmetic*. The above work has received the sanction of the principal Merchants of Boston, Salem, and Newburyport. *[A few copies of the first edition for sale at the Office.]*

TO FARMERS, ON CUTTING BUSHES.

THE bell times, fays the curious and learned Dr. Elliot, in his firth of our Field Husbandry, are the months of June, July and August, in the old of the moon, and on the day the fign is in the heart. He fays, on one of these days he fent a man to make trial: in going to the place, some of his neighbors faw him, and learning the reason, went re their land and cut bufhes alfo on that day; their bufhes were tall and had never been cut, his were fhort, fuch as had been often cut, but to no purpofe, whether it was to increafe their numbers; the confequence of this trial was, that in every place if killed fo univerfally, that there is not left alive fcarfe one in a hundred. The trial has been made in feveral places on the fame day with the fame fuccefs, &c. This author feems to think it may incur the imputation of ignorance or fuperftition to fhow fuch a regard to the figns; but he fays it is well known by the learned that the moon's attraction has great influence on all fluids.

If farmers attend to the time, and cut their bufhes at fuch a time, he fays they will univerfally die. If cutting bufhes only once in either of the aforefaid days will kill them it might be worth the trial; for it would fave many days labor.

CURE FOR THE DYSENTARY.

THE following Recipes for the Cure of the Dysentary, were handed to fome gentlemen in this town, who have for many years effected by them the prefent feafon.—We fear the publication of them will do more injury than good, as fome people are apt to place fo much confidence in fimple remedies recommended, as to neglect applying to a phyfician until too late. We however fubmit them to the public inference, hoping that they may produce the difired effect.

Printed at the Northampton "Hive."

RECIPE I.

Make a ftrong Tea of *Cramp Bark*, (by fome called *Maufefear*) add one half pint brandy to a quart of this Tea, and Molaffes fufficient to make fyrup—Drink it freely as often as the pains or gripings come on.—This when taken at the commencement of the diforder, will never known to fail of effecting a cure.

RECIPE II.

Steep one ounce of Cinamon in a quart of water, add thereto the crufts of Rye and Indian Bread, mix the liquor with an equal quantity of fweet Wine, and let the patient drink freely of it—This will foon give relief at any ftage of the diforder.

RECIPE FOR A COLD.

By the late DR. JAMES MACKITTRICK *of London.*

TAKE a large tea-fpoonful of linfeed, with two penny-worth of thick liquorice, and a quarter of a pound of fun raifins. Put them into two pints of water; and then add to it a quarter of a pound of brown fugar candy powdered, a table fpoonful of white wine vinegar, or lemon juice. NOTE, the vinegar is to be added only to that quantity you are going immediately to take; for if it be put into the whole, it is liable in a little time to grow ftat. Drink half a pint at going to bed, and take a little when the cough is troublefome. This medicine generally cures the worft colds in one or two days, and if taken in time may be faid to be almoft an infallible remedy. It is a foveregn balfamic cordial for the lungs; without the opening qualities which endanger frefh colds in going abroad. It has been known to cure colds, which have been almoft fettled into conſumptions, in lefs than three weeks.

TO PICKLE SMALL CUCUMBERS.

TAKE them frefh from the garden, and put them into a brafs pan, with vine leaves over and under, and a little bay falt; let them ſcald very low, ſtrain them off, and dry them in a cloth. Then boil frefh vinegar, fome mace, and a little allſpice, and pour on boiling hot three days; repeat it twice, leaving a day between: then cover them up for uſe.

A COMPOSITION FOR GIVING A BEAUTIFUL POLISH TO MAHOGANY FURNITURE.

DISSOLVE bees-wax (equal parts) in oil of turpentine, until the mixture attain the conſiſtency of paſte. After the wood intended to be polished is well cleaned, let it be fully covered with the above compoſition, and well rubbed with a piece of old carpet, until the wood attain a fine polish, and until no dirt will adhere to its ſurface.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITORS perfectly agree with the ſentiments of the GOSSIP, as expreſſed in the number preſented to their readers this week, concerning pieces ſent for publication *as original*, when in *fact, they are not.* With theſe impoſitions, they beg leave to return all the pieces received from the perſon who ſent the letter ſigned "*A Boſpital Mate.*"—They are thankful for *Communications*, but with them to be *Headed* whether original or ſelected. They conſider themſelves like the maſters of an inn, who would not prefer an eſtabliſher with even the ſmall capon twice dreſſed, if with the ſame cnic they could procure him a freſh though common chicken.

We aſſure our friend "P." we have not received the Communication mentioned in his late note.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Dorchester, Mr. Joſiah Bryant, of Lexington, to Miſs Sally Wallington, of the former place.—At Waldoboro', Mr. Simon Hardy, *Æt.* 69, to Miſs Polly Belknap, *Æt.* 19, and 3 months difference in their ages of only 49 years, and 3 months!

To this town, Mr. Jacob Endicott, to Miſs Ruthy Hawkes; Mr. Wm. Welch, to Mrs. Martha Godfrey;—Mr. Ebenezer Holmes, to Miſs Mary Marſhall.

OBITUARY.

DIED—At Natick, Rev. Stephen Badger, *Æt.* 71. At Weymouth, Miſs Deliverance Bates, *Æt.* 97. At Medford, Miſs Harriet M. Green, *Æt.* 17, daughter of Francis Green, Eſq. At Cheſter, Miſs Ann Payſon, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Payſon. At Cambridge, univerſally lamented, the Rev. David Tappan, D. D. Hollis Profeſſor of Divinity in Harvard College, *Æt.* 56.

☞ The deaths in New-York, for the week ending the 27th Aug. was 109, including 45 perſons of the fever.

In this town, Mr. James Blake, (ſurveyor) *Æt.* 64; Mr. Nathan Warren—Mr. Jeremiah Hunt, *Æt.* 19—Mrs. Mary Howe, *Æt.* 29—and 7 others. Total 11.

" GOOD FORTUNE THAT COMES SELDOM, COMES MORE WELCOME."

WE are credibly informed, that the blanks and prizes are already preparing for the drawing of the 4th claſs of *South-Hadley Canal Lottery*; and that the Managers will, in a few days, commence the time of drawing. The tickets have already ſold very rapid; and thoſe who with to purchaſe at the original price, muſt apply before they go into the hands of a Company, of which the Managers will duly acquaint the public.—MEMO. higheſt prize 10,000 dollars—to much money don't grow in every field—whoever gets it, can ſay,

" *Fortune, the great commander of the world,*
Hath drawn a ſword to fight her followers."

Thoſe who are lucky enough to draw *blanks*, ought ſtill to perſevere, with this remark :—

" *Fate's dark receſſes we can never find,*
But Fortune at ſome hours is all is kind."

Blanks and Prizes, either in whole, halves or quarters, in the above Lottery, for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN, at No. 56. State-ſtreet, over the Store of Mr. PEIRCE.

☞ Red and Black Writing INK, (the former in bottles of 25 cents each) for ſale as above. *Sept. 3.*

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN.

THE following, (either I say it myſelf) is, in my opinion, as good as ſome of your Poetry, and therefore I venture to offer it. If you deſire a quantity of it, either by wholeſale or retail, I can, as Pope ſays, "Spin you a thouſand ſuch a day."

SONNET to DAY-BREAK.

AURORA, goddeſs of the morn,
Parent of health, and nurſe of wit,
Ope not, with unforgiving ſcorn,
Why falls repentance at thy feet.

'Tis long, by *Somnus* led aſtray,
Since he beheld thy blushing charms;
As oft he ſtrive to wake the day,
As oft was held in *Somnus'* arms.

Henceforth let others take delight
To wake in bed the youthful day;
For me, I'll wake at even-of night,
And brush the pearly dew away. .

They bloom with health, who oft thy charms behold;
Thy potent touch turns every thing to gold.

MARCIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meſſrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IF you think the following quotations, worthy a place in your uſeful paper, you may inſert them, and thereby oblige a cuſtomer. F.

A POEM ON DEATH,

——"DEEP in a rooky cave's receſs,
Lav'd by oblivion's lifeleſs ſtream, and lenſed
By ſhelving rocks and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypreſs ſhade, from all intruſion
Of buſy noon-tide beam, the monarch ſits
In undiſturbed majeſty enthron'd!
At his right hand, meanct himſelf in place
And freighted ſail of form, his parent, ſin,
With fatal indulgy and cruel care,
Buſies himſelf in painting all his things,
And ſtipling every ſhade with venom, drawn
From her infernal ſtore: around him rang'd,
In terrible array, and miximre ſtrange,
Of unremuth ſhapes, ſtand his dread miniſters.
Foremoſt Old Age, his natural ally
And firmeſt friend; next him, Diſeaſes thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire,
Conſumption, wan; Palſy, but half awake with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing Gout
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulſion wild,
Twelve Dropſy, panting Aſthma, and Quinſy
Full gorg'd. There too the Peſtilence that walks
In darkneſs, and the ſickneſs that deſtroys
At broad noon-day. Thoſe can't be chronicled more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when,
By heaven's command Death's waves his chon wand;
Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
And ſcatter diſſolution o'er the land!

From this horrible picture of human miſery, let us turn our attention to a ſcene of an oppoſite deſcription; it is that of the Patriarch before the flood; when the ſpan of life was not dwindled into three ſcore years and ten.

Not then, as ſince, the ſhort-liv'd ſons of men
Hock'd to his realms in countleſs multitudes:
Scarce in the courſe of twice five hundred years
One ſolitary ſhoft went hovering down
To his unpeopled ſhore. In ſober time,
Through the ſequeſtered reign of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch quickeſt held
The tenor of his way; labour purſue'd
His ſimple fare, and temp'rance ruled his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early dawn
He ſunk to ſudden reſt; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as ſweet
Were all his ſlumbers: with the riſing ſun he roſe,
Alert and vigorous as He to run
His deſtin'd courſe. Thus ſurv'd with plant ſtrength,
He ſtemm'd the tide of time and ſtood the ſhock
Of ages, rolling harmleſs o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he ſtood,
And looking round, ſaw all the realm ſo filld
With cuſtoms from his loins; fail well content
To leave his race thus fenatored o'er the earth,
Along the gentle ſlope of life's decline,
He bent his prudent way, till, full of years,
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave!

A CLEAR EXPLANATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF *FREE WILL AND NECESSITY*.

I GRANT that whatſoever *may*,
That alſo *can*, for *can* doth *may* obey:
But he that *may* and *can* is more than man,
For *can* may more, but *may* can never can. E.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO WORE A PATCH UPON HER FACE.

THAT little patch upon your face,
Would look ſo fair on ſome leſs fair;
Or, you it hides a killing grace,
And you in patty place'd in there.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XIII.—ARABELLA DARNLEY, *to* HERSELF.

London, March 20, 1778.

IT is ſome time ſince I wrote to you; my time has been variouſly occupied, and that not in the moſt agreeable manner. Mrs. Darnley has ſuffered much during the period in which my perſecutions darkened, and I have every reaſon to believe conſtant. Darnley has loſt his mother; ſhe was an amiable woman, and in her laſt illneſs often found ſolace for her afflicted heart. I look upon it as a circumſtance peculiarly unfortunate for her, as the reſpectability of his mother's character, her ſteady though unaſſuming love of virtue, made Grenville bluſh for his conduct, and reflect to decency; but that ſlight reſtraint removed, he will no longer regard appearances. He is young, I fear, the high road to ruin—the ſame he has taken on Jeffry, ere attending, while a tradeſman is allowed to ſupply him with money, to no purpoſe. Sarah's thoughtleſſneſs and folly (for I muſt give it that harſh term) enerates, the more agonized her heart, and ſpoils all peace. I am certain a very high degree), the more diſſipated her conduct; and to ſee her in company, you would ſuppoſe her the happieſt of the happy. When alone, the either ſits penſive and unemployed, except in reading ſome work of fancy, or applies to her muſic, playing and ſinging the moſt plaintive airs, while tears roll down her cheek, and ſhe ſeems loſt to all but exquiſite ſenſibility. Yet from the ſcene of depreſſion, ſhe will ſtart ſuddenly up, dreſs, and fly to ſome ſcene of pleaſure, and often ſolve very conſiderable ſums at cards—and ſeldom or ever returning home very late at night; therefore as ſhe is ſurrowed with her huſband's company, but oftener ſhe is left to herſelf. I am almoſt continually with her, for I feel for her, and ſhall endeavour by ſtudying women, can be placed in a more perilous ſituation, than to be neglected by her huſband, and yet confidantly miving in that kind of ſociety which I have deſcribed as deſtructive and flatterers, who think ſuch a woman ever an object of illicit gratfaſt—not that I doubt Sarah's principles, I knew the leves virtue for its own ſake; but ſhe is imprudent, and might inadvertently fall into errors which may ruin her reputation, and perhaps her peace of mind forever. I am going this evening to her houſe, to remain a week with her, and ſhall not finiſh my letter until I return from that viſit.

The veils at length reſt, Sarah can no longer even pretend blindneſs to the infult her huſband has offered her; how ſhall I relate it, my dear Clementina, I cannot think, nor can I dare to adviſe, I can only communicate her ſituation, and weep, not with, (for the has not ſhed a tear,) but for her. My mind is ſo agitated, and has been ſince the diſcovery has been made, that I could not write laſt night, and even now I hardly know how to frame my account, for the ſcene of laſt evening ſeems in my memory now as the traces of a horrid vision. But I will endeavour to proceed with ſome degree of regularity. I have already told you, I was to go to Mrs. Darnley's laſt evening with a deſign to ſpend a week. I had appointed to meet her in a large party, at a friend's houſe in Berkley-ſtreet, and was to proceed home with her after the party broke up. She was not there when I arrived, but came from after accompanied by Mrs. Romain. "Where is Darnley?" ſaid I, when ſhe was ſeated beſide me; "he had the head ache," ſhe replied, "and will not come out to night;" "then why, my dear Sarah," ſaid I, "did you come out?" "Why Anne," ſhe replied, rather petulantly, "you know my company affords him no pleaſure, his converſation is only fit for the gaming table, the race ground, or a warſe place; I cannot, will not labour to diſcourſe ſo offenſive to my ears, ſo degrading to my feelings; and he will labor to no other." I knew well enough it was the caſe, and therefore could ſay no more. She ſtood a moment after to compoſe her ſpirits, and then, as if ſhe had forgot every thing, even the gay ſcene ſhe was in, ſhe ſat down to a commerce table, and forgot the good intentions ſhe had near one o'clock; I then found the party was out and that ſhe was preparing, ; the party, reminded her of the hour. Mrs Romain had been engaged in a whiſt party in another room; we now enquired for her, and found ſhe had been ſeat for ſhe was hours before, a meſſage coming that her child was ill. I muſt own my heart ſunk at this diſcovery, and I thought a flaſh of awakened indignation hurtled upon her cheek of Sarah. It was full an hour before the coach could go up to the door, and even when it did, and we were ſeated in it, whatever were the thoughts of either, we found mutually reſolved to reſtrain them while the bounds of ſilence; when we arrived at home, juſt as the carriage drew up to the door, it was opened by one of the maids who was ſtanding at the door, and preſented the ſalad tap at the door. "Where is Mrs. Romain?" ſaid harſh impatience, "in the drawing room," ſaid the maid. "How is maſter?" "Better I believe, he has been in bed three hours." Sarah opened the drawing room door, the candles were burning on the table, but the room was empty; "I will go up and ſee how Darnley is," ſaid ſhe, taking a chamber candle from the ſervant, "and will be ſee you up for a few minutes before I go to bed." She ran haſtily up ſtairs, ſhe is very light of foot, beſides which, the ſtairs are carpeted, for that I ſuppoſe reaſon no more than the riſing of a ſhadow. I ſat down by the fire; in leſs than five minutes ſhe returned, her face pale and preſtively ſpoke for herſelf—her voice ſcarcely ſupported her to the ſeat on which I was ſitting, and when ſhe had ſunk into it beſide; I aſtoniſhed, I rang for water, ſhe ſwallowed a little of it, then ſpeaking with difficulty, bade the ſervant go to bed, as ſhe would ring when ſhe left the parlor, and that ſhe knew where to find her night cloathes there was no occaſion for her to go into the room. The poor girl, who ſuſpected what was the matter, hoped Mrs. Darnley had been waked by her from the room, with an emphatic "go," and a motion of the hand, which in her carries with it poſitive command. When the maid was gone, ſhe turned to me, and laying her hand on my arm, ſaid, "Jeffry is a fiend—Darnley is a wretch. What could I ſay, I preſſed her cold trembling hand and remained ſilent.—"I will not expoſe the unprincipled man, nor ſhall I attempt to aggravate the wrong you can thus convince me on what a degrading puſillanimous huſband ſtratagem to me was founded. I hardly know on what to determine, but you believe to me my duty to permit Jeffry to remain another day under my roof, will go into your room," ſaid ſhe, riſing mournfully, "and endeavor to compoſe myſelf to reſt, good night, my dear you." The ſhe did, but neither of us ſlept I believe one moment. About eight o'clock we heard Darnley bell ring violently, he immediately left my chamber was ſhocking—ſhocking indeed, that a man of his rank, a certain fact, the treacherous huſband had the inhumanity endeavour to veil his own conduct by arraigning that his innocent wife. Where the devil have you been all night, madam?" ſaid he, in a loud imperious tone. "Mr. Anne's chamber." "And what is the reaſon you did not come to your own?" "Becauſe I was ill, and in a ſtate for a ſtorm voice," my place was pre-occupied." "It is well ſaid he ſwaſſeringly, "but I ſee your aim; you are no goun, you are ſenſible, my dear, of your own ſituation, and ſhall be jealous of you. I told you before I ill-fated moon took place, that our hearts could never be at union. I am now more than ever convinced of it." "But pray, madam," ſaid he, "what put it in your head that your place was occupied; which of the curled ſons of dang ſervants?" "Neither, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "my own eyes witneſſed me; I came up the moment I recollected, and found that thing I ſaw, was Jeffry's place,"—" Damn the beſtial lad he, interrupting her, "and ſo that is all the mighty you have for thinking Jeffry was in your place, I have told you, Jeffry has twice the tenderneſs in her nature that you have. When the cave home, the found me very ill, and ſent me to bed, and as I was very lively, brought Jeffry to herſelf, and fearing her boys might make a noiſe, put the off her feet; ſat down, and bathed my temples in bathing ſpirits, and, madam, as a wife, you ought to be grateful about, while your huſband was ſick at home, but I find you found more agreeable company, and employment abroad, than nurſing your huſband." "If I loved you," ſaid ſhe, "after a miſerable being I ſhould grieve at her ſhark heaven, that is an agony from which I am ſafe." She then left him, returned to me, ordered tea, I ſat in my room, and when ſhe heard him go out, with her own, in hopes of obtaining a few moments reſpite have taken the opportunity to write thus far, but I am heart ſet ſore, I muſt conclude. You ſhall hear from again ſoon. ANNE.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *SEPTEMBER* 10, 1803. [N° XLVI.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:
DEVOTED TO
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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—N° XLI.

Quam temere in nosmet legem sanciamus iniquam,
Nam vitia nemo sine nascitur.

THE letters which I now prefent to my readers, being fomething fimilar to each other, *each fetting the folly of Fashion, the other of Gaming*, I fhall give my next number up to thofe fubjects.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

MY reafons for addreffing this letter to you are, that I hope you will make it public, that I may thereby redreft the injuries that have been fo repeatedly offered to my fex by Goddeffs of Fafhion. You muft, yourfelf, have been witnefs to many of the ftanders that have been thrown at her, by thofe cullibrats mortals, who, under the veil of fafhion throw their perfon within the fair of detection; being whofe wrens extend no further than the low appearance of decency, and who in their dreffs, ftudy only convenience not utility; hence, whofe minds never reflected on the laborious contemplation of a pair of Wellkers, or reflected on the unbounded beauty of a pair of naked Elbows; yet all thefe efforts are in vain; the greater their exertions, the more does the extend her charms; her power increafes with their endeavours to obftroy it; and fo long as the world remains, fo long will fhe be worfhipped, and her laufes be courted.

Though you have yourfelf, in feane meafure, cenfured the worfhippers of Fafhion, yet I cannot but think you will alter your opinion, after hearing the arguments I may offer in thefe favour. Though the greater part of mankind worfhip this Goddefs, yet the two different ways in which the men feem to pay their adorations, have created fuch difference between them; ridicule has been thrown by each; very, and each party have exterminated the fame in return. As one of the greateft Critics, Addifon, I my duty to act in her defence, and fhall endeavour to fhew one of the many advantages peculiar to her worfhip.

The drefs of females has been mofily the object of cenfure, and they have gone fo far as to fay, that women would foon get to wear no clothes at all. Now, Sir, if both were nothing but the feeble efforts of modefty to prevent this, I am not certain but it would at fome time or other take place; but there are more weighty reafons that will certainly prevent it. Three quarters of the entertainment of a great part of the female world, is derived from drefs; not only in viewing it, but likewife in contriving upon it. In fuch a ftate, their fociability would ceafe in ftience; vifiting parties, which now can employ their tongues a whole afternoon on Mrs. A——'s new gown; Mrs. B——'s new bonnet; how Mifs C—— was drefs in the ball-room, or Mifs D——, at the play; would then be obliged to fet as mutes, and if fpeak in a fhort time, loofe the ufe of fpeech!—But you will fay, though that which forms the body be gone, cannot they converfe on that which adorns the mind? But here let me tell you, Sir, no fuch converfation is far below the attention of Ladies of Fafhion.

Ladies' Head-Dreffes have been much ridiculed; but in the enticing eye of him, who has a real tafte for drefs, no one fingle part deferving it? Variety is allowed by all to be pleafing; now, Sir, if the ladies change their drefs as once every week, does it not give very great pleafure to the public eye?—Among the modern improvements of fafhion, there are none that more improve its than Veils; fome wear them only for convenience, to keep off duft, flies, &c. but the more enlightened, who fee in them a greater variety, wear them for ornament—How beautiful does the new laid vermilion appear, when viewed in a way, thus prifmatic and enchanting. I have actually loft my heart by it about a dozen times, in taking a walk through *Cornhill*, in a pleafant afternoon.

The noble art of Face-Painting, which would feem to merit the admiration of all the world, has not efcaped its fhare of cenfure; but what can be faid in the *abuft* of cenfure? certainly none, but thofe who have no tafte for the real enchanting graces of coquetry. This I think is one of the moft extraordinary improvements that ever has made on nature; if the latter has made the face paffid, the former hereby gives it the moft blooming appearance; an appearance that age itfelf cannot eradicate; though the firft glo's may fade, yet it will leave fuch a beautiful variety of fpots and pimples, as will ever after attract the eye of thofe.

But among all the abufe that has been thrown at our fafhionable Ladies, bare Elbows have received much the greateft part; a ftrict indication that *men* have not yet difcovered thenfelves of that fenfe of modefty, which is unbecoming to them as to the other fex, who have, to their honour, made greater advances in its diffolution. Who is there, that can be offended to the bareneis that play upon the naked corners of a lady's arms; and if fome intruding waift ftruld light upon her gown, how does the charming goodneffs fhine, and add new beauties to the colour; but for, out, there are beings, who can view this with the eye of difguft, and cenfure them as unbecoming.

The dreds of our Beaus, ftrange as it may feem, has often met the encounter of cenfure. If fuch tranfcendant characters are to become the theme of ridicule, how long can we expect that ridic to laft, by which our young men make themfelves fo abundantly acceptable. A young man cannot expect to enjoy the company of fafhionable ladies unlefs he is in the *Pink of the Mode*; as the expreffion is; he muft walk up to an affembly in a ftrong, as alle a lady's hand at an affembly, without a pudding on his neck; he muft rule in fhoes and walk in boots, wear a handfome glove and a tafty ring—a ftriking bread-pin, and his bofom ftuffed out a collar high; thus accomplifhed, let him compliment a lady on the peculiar beauty and whiteneis of her hand, he will be fure to meet an agreable reception from all the fafhionable ladies.

Whether the above arguments have any weight in your mind or not, I truft, Sir, that you have fuch a refpect for impartiality, that you will not refufe a place in one of your numbers—by which you will much oblige

Your moft obed. ferv't. DASH TIPPY.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to folicit your advice, partly on my own account, and for the benefit of the community at large.—The fituation in which you have placed yourfelf, is one of the moft important in life; inftructing the young and inexperienced, has ever been conidered a noble employment.

I am now about to introduce a young man of my acquaintance, whom I think poffeffed of a good difpofition, and to whom nature has not been unkind. But from a defect in early education, or fome hereditary fource, has treafured up an enormous portion of *felf-conceit*, a ruin of conftitutional vanity. He has often fuppofed in love——but I do not think him poffeffed of that delicate fenfibility which, in my opinion, is neceffary to conftitute a real paffion. Girls feem fixteen to eighteen, are his favourites; innocent and unexperienced, liable to be led into the paths oftenly and wickednefs. I dare not fay what I think has been the cafe in many inftances.

It is not the duty of man to pervert the innocent and moft beautiful of nature's works, rather than ftrive to deprive them of that which is more precious than even life itfelf, and leave them miferable indeed!—Cold and infenfible muft be that heart, which can reflect upon fuch proceedings without remorfe—He vainly imagines, that with a wave of the hand and a glance of the eye, no young Mifs can avoid being enamoured with his perfon and accomplifhments. But, Sir, it is quite the contrary; nothing is fo certain of pleafing, as the appearance of being pleafed; attention feldom fails of being returned in its own kind, and often times forces an appearance of refpect, which in reality does not exift. Young people for the moft part, efpecially the *Fair Sex*, are very fufceptible of flattery, not diftinguifhing between it and real efteem.

No man of good fenfe and principle, I am fure would ever ride it. Unfortunately, the perfon alluded to, poffeffes this art in a confiderable degree. I am aware of the being a difficult fubject to anfwer; but all obftructions muft vanish before your able pen. Do point out fome way you think will be likely to produce information, and you will oblige, *Your Friend,* JUNIUS.

Greiton, July 19, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—N° XXIII.

"Jolo is true water." CIC.

EVER anxious for the fatisfy of my readers, both in mind and body, I am extremely happy in being able to communicate the valuable intelligence contained in the fubfequent advertifement of my learned and illuftrious friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DR. CHING-CHING-TI-CHING, from *Pekin*, Fellow of the Imperial Medical Academy of China, Second Grand Phyfician to the Imperial Seraglio, Chief Counfellor of the Emperor's Chief Phyfician, &c. &c. informs the American ladies and gentlemen, and particularly thofe of *Boftin*, that after many years ftudy and travelling through Afia, Europe, and Africa, he has now arrived in America, where he has already commenced to difplay his wonderful ftill in curing all difeafes and afflictions of the heart, be they ever fo defperate, or of ever fo long ftanding. He needs no other recommendation than his unlimited forces, particularly in Europe; thoufands can teftify the efficacy of his prefcriptions.

His MANIFUM IMPERIANUM BRANDRUM RESTORANUM, or *Great Imperial Brain Reftorative*, in a late and infallible remedy for the reftoration of the mind. For this incomparable difcovery he has obtained the Imperial Letters Patent; and the certificates of the numerous and unprecedented cures performed by it, are compriled in thirteen volumes, folio, which may be infpected gratis. The *Magnum Imperiantum Brunorum Reftorandum* is offered at the low price of Thirteen Guineas a bottle, containing half a pint, with printed directions. Sold only by the Doctor, at his lodgings, No. 83, Cornhill.

Among others, he has already performed the following remarkable cures, viz. The truth of which, each patient is ready to atteft on oath.

Cafe I. Miss FANNY FUTTLES, had been long in a ftate of confirmed melancholy. Her appetite was alfo diminifhing rapidly, and abfolutely infatiable. She was ever longing and crying after the moft unnatural food, which fhe devoured with a furprifing greedinefs, and of which fhe required a certain quantity. She alfo became fo have continued in one week, befides chickens, pork, fweetmeats, &c. fix yards of lutftring, five of colonade muflin, four and a half of cambric, five of dimity, fix pairs of filk hofe, twenty-fix yards of fine linen, two pieces of lace, and a quantity of gold, ftones, ftraw, leather, &c.—She was particularly fond of paper, of which fhe would digeft any quantity whatever, and difcovered a great partiality to that ufed for Bank-bills. All attempts to keep thefe fubftances from her were ineffectual, and every exertion towards removing the difeafe proved abortive. By the prefcriptions of Dr. CHING-CHING-TI-CHING, fhe was in a fhort time rendered perfectly healthy; her mind became calm and eafy, and her appetite was regulated, and circumfcribed to its proper bounds—To many, who have conceived the difeafe incurable, this moft aftounding cure will appear impoffible; but for the fatisfaction of fuch, he is in poffeffion of numerous depofitions on oath, at ftating to the above circumftances as well as to the cure, which depofitions are open to the infpection of the curiohful, but which are too lengthy to be inferted in the narrow limits of an advertifement.

Cafe 2. MASTER WILLIAM MORLEY, from the country, was bred at the plough, till he was fixteen, when he was fent to town, and became an apprentice in an eminent fhop in Cornhill. The town's air had fuch an effect on him, that in lefs than a year his former acquaintances were un-

while to recognize him. He became pale and debilitated, and was evidently in a rapid decline, attended with an alarming mental derangement. His dress, his gait, his manners, were amazingly altered; he was unable to walk without the affiſtance of a cane or ſtricken. His ſpeech was proportionally diſguiſed; he liſped exceedingly; his ſentences were broken and unconnected; he was acculſtomed to utter, with rapidity and incoherence, the words *taſte, beauty, elegance, grace, ſenſibility, theatre, drama, action, emphaſis, &c.* with the epithets *angelic, divine, incomparable, charming, delicate, ſuperlative, adorable, enchanting*, and many others of the ſame claſs. He was exceſſively faſtidious, and ever changing. In ſhort, he was evidently *non compos mentis*, and was allowed by all to be in a very dangerous condition.—He was reſtored to health and reaſon, by a courſe of the infallible *Magnum Imperiandum Branſom Reformation*, after taking only twenty bottles. To eſtabliſh the truth of this, the Doctor has his maſter's certificate.

Coſt 5. MR. WALLBRACHWASP had for many years been raving with the political hydrophobia. This curious derangement, while it exerciſed the mirth of his enemies, extremely perplexed and annoyed his friends, by whoſe earneſt ſolicitations the Doctor was induced to viſit him.—He is now in a fair way of recovery, to the great mortification of his adverſaries.

To theſe, innumerable others, equally aſtoniſhing, might be added, were it neceſſary.—But I am already occupying a ten dollar note, addreſſed to DR. CHEMO-CHIRO-TICHNO, M.D.; F. L. M. A. C.; S. G. P.; C. E. P. will be attended to, and the greateſt ſecrecy obſerved.

Boſton, Sept. 5, 1803.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS BECKET.

THE origin and riſe of the famous THOMAS BECKET, afterward Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, an extract from *The Hiſtory & Life of King Henry the Second*, by GEORGE *Lord LITTLETON.*

"The Archbiſhop of Canterbury was treated by the king with great regard, and had a conſiderable ſhare in the adminiſtration of government, which he deſerved by the firſt ſteps he had done that prince in affairs of the higheſt importance, and by the cordial affection which he bore to his perſon. He was a man whoſe experience and knowledge of buſineſs had made a miniſter of ſtate, rather than genius; having gain'd good enough to be eſteemed, and no great enough to be feared. He was of a gay, and ſometimes even an extravagant temper, he would have given trouble to government; for whatever he undertook he puſhed on with an obſtinate and warm application, and he purchaſed found to his coſt on ſome occaſions. But being now grown old and weary of faction, as well as blindneſs in any quarrel with a ſovereign whom he loved, he tried to keep the church and ſtate as quiet as he could; which was all that Henry deſired, unleſs by a continual and inſupportable ſervitude of the exile ariſing from his unwarineſs and paſſion. One of the clergy, he was compelled, for the ſake of civil ſociety, to attempt a reformation of thoſe abuſes.

On the recommendation of the primate, Thomas Becket was raiſed to the office of chancellor. He was a man of moſt extraordinary of the age he lived in, an from the ſingularity of his character (to which there are few parallels in the hiſtory of mankind) aroſe the greateſt part of his ſtory. He was born at London, in the year eleven hundred and twenty-one. His father and anceſtors (as he ſays himſelf in one of his epiſtles) *were citizens of London, of good credit, and eaſily among their fellow citizens, and were not the laſt among them.* It ſeems that his education was intended to qualify him for the church. We are told that during his childhood, his father put him to ſchool in Merton abbey; and, when he had attained to manhood, ſent him to finiſh his ſtudies at Paris. After ſome time he returned from thence to London, was employed as a clerk in the Portgreve's office there, and then introduced to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who finding him a youth of uncommon parts, and ſome improvement with his gayeſt and winning addreſs, gave him the livings of St. Mary le Bread ary Otteford in Kent, and obtained for him two prebends in the cathedrals of London and Lincoln. Theſe benefices he, probably, held by the pope's diſpenſation; for he was yet only in deacon's orders; and deſiring to qualify himſelf for greater preferments prevailed on his patron to ſend him to Bologna, the moſt famous univerſity then in the world, eſpecially for the ſtudy of the canon and the civil laws, which of all ſciences was moſt likely to promote his advancement, either in the church, or in the ſtate. After reſiding there a year, he went to Auxerre in Burgundy, where thoſe laws were alſo taught: and returned into England no more proficient in them but with ſuperior talents for negotiation; which the archbiſhop diſcovering, he diſpatched him ſoon after wards as his agent to the pope, on a point he thought of great moment, *namely*, to get the legantine power reſtored to the ſee of Canterbury. This commiſſion was performed with ſuch dexterity and ſecreſy, that the archbiſhop entruſted to him all the moſt buſineſs he had with the court of Rome, particularly a matter of the higheſt importance to England, the ſoliciting from the pope thoſe prohibitory letters againſt crowning Prince Eadbert, by which that deſign was defeated. There was, however, it had made, againſt the rights of the Engliſh monarchy, during the reign of his father. And therefore, (as we are informed by an anecdote preſerved to us in a letter of Becket) one of the cardinals, who favoured Eadbert, told him in confidence, *that it would be eaſier to hold a ram by the horns, than a lion by the tail.* The ſtrength and power of Eadbert, whoſe foreign dominions were ſo much connected with thoſe of Henry, certainly could not be ſo hard to contend with, nor was it probable that his authority in the kingdom of England would be ſo firmly eſtabliſhed by the ſolemnity of a bull, if the latter ſhould recover the crown of his anceſtors. This was a conſideration, which it behoved the court of Rome to regard with great attention, before they took any meaſures to oppoſe the ſucceſſion of Henry, eſpecially, as there was no reaſon to believe, that the principles and maxims of government inſiſted upon Henry, would incline him to acquieſce in the meaſures, that Becket himſelf otherwiſe, in the above cited letter, then when he came to the crown, *he approved the liberty of the church, by a kind of hereditary right*, as he had exerciſed it, in ſeveral inſtances, with remarkable ſpirit. Eſtabliſhed in theſe principles, with reaſonable hope, that he ſhould be favoured by the policy of the Vatican; and ſenſible of the advantage that Eugenius could be brought to act againſt him, as Stephen in that conjecture, had a miniſter at Rome who had much influence over the mind of that pontiff, namely, Henry de Murdac; to whom Eugenius had given the archbiſhoprick of York (as I have before related) and whom Stephen, who had long refuſed to acknowledge him, had now received, in hopes of his intereſt with the pope, for the coronation of his ſon. But the implacable hatred of the pope againſt him, and Becket's great abilities in negociation, overcame all the weight of the ſtrongeſt motive, that could intereſt on the ſide of that prince: which happy ſucceſs, in an affair of ſuch conſequence and to much difficulty, gave Becket a merit, not only to the prelate by whom he was employed, but alſo to Henry, which laid the firſt foundation of his high fortune. At his return into England, the archbiſhop conferred upon him ſeveral new favours, making him maſter of the caſtle of Berkhamſted, which Becket from thence held together with the former; and juſt before the death of Stephen the archdeaconry of Canterbury was likewiſe beſtowed on him by the ſame prelate. But theſe were only the beginnings of his advancement. For immediately after Henry's acceſſion to the throne, he was made the king's chancellor, at the requeſt of his patron, who thought no dignity or truſt above his merits. Nor, in doing this did Henry placſe the archbiſhop alone. Becket's promotion muſt have been extremely agreeable to the Engliſh; as he was the firſt of that nation, ſince the latter years of the reign of William the Conqueror, on whom any great office, either in the church or ſtate, had been conferred by the hope of his becoming acceptable to the Normans from his diſpoſition being a mixture of policy, coloured down by that manner to their taſte, and founded (as we are told by William of Malmſbury) on the example of what he had obſerved in the Parliſian England, after the deceaſed Canute the great. For the Engliſh having been ſubdued, by the indulgence of Canute to retain within a large ſhare of liberties and power, in conſequence was, that they ſoon recovered the government, and drove out the foreigners. Whether the expulſion of the latter were really owing to the cauſe here aſſigned, or to their own provoking inſolence, may well be diſputed: but this opinion unqueſtionably, prevailed too much in the minds of the Normans, and continued too long. Even Henry the firſt, who courted the affection of the Engliſh, as the chief ſtrength of his government, and in other reſpects was kind to them, adhered to this maxim, more perhaps, from an apprehenſion of offending the Normans, than any jealouſy in himſelf. Stephen and Matilda ſeem to have acted on the ſame principle: for that this diſhonourable humiliation and ſervility remained fixed on that people, until the ſucceſſion then of Henry Plantagenet. He was the firſt who took in all and certainly this deſerves to be celebrated among the moſt memorable and moſt laudable acts of his life, to put that which removed all the appearance of a conqueſt, entirely completed the encouraging union between the two nations, which his royal grandfather had founded, but had not brought to full perfection. He might, poſſibly, more inclined to favour the Engliſh, as by his grandmother, he deſcended from the Anglo-Saxon line. But it may better aſcribe the kindneſs he ſhewed them, to the true and generous notions of policy, which made him deſire with the Engliſh to become one with the people of England had ſtood for ſome time: foundations too extenſive the ſuperſtructure of glory and public good, which his noble ambition and his benevolence delighted to raiſe. The work indeed was to him leſs difficult than it would have been to his grandfather: for England had now ſuffered ſo many *outlaws* tells us) *not only a King, but many Kings, and ſubdued, nearly grown out of and native kingdom, who had deſcended both from the Norman and Engliſh blood, now to honour to the one and a comfort to the other.* This happy effect of the ancient and long-ſubſiſting union, that ſo greatly leſſened the jealouſy, which, for almoſt a century had been ſo ſtrong in the Normans. But a prince of narrow mind would have ſeen the preſent advantage, or apprehend the utility of departing from the maxim he ſucceſſors had adhered to: and it would have been hard ſufficient to diſcover the ſource of Henry the ſecond, that by putting an end to this diſtinction, as well as to the which the fury of civil diſcord had lately produced, he penſed the temple of honour to all merit, called forth every talent, and every ſpirit in the ſervice of the public, made himſelf the common father of his whole people.

The chancellor of England at this time, had no aſſiſtant court of juſticiary, which he ſupplied: but he ſat together with the juſticiary and other great officers matters of the revenue, at the exchequer, and ſometimes the counties. The great buſineſs of forming it in authority, he ſuperviſed and leaded the writs and patents that paſſed in proceedings pending in the king's court of juſtice whatſoever. He alſo kept all the charters, which were to be ſealed with that ſeal. Mr. Madox obſerves, that he was uſually a biſhop or prelate, becauſe he was ſeated upon *ex officio* the king's chapel, which was under ſpecial care. In the chancellor's hands was every high ſtores that he had the principal direction and credit of all foreign affairs, performing moſt of that buſineſs which was afterwards done by the ſecretary. The office ſice to which Becket was raiſed: but the favour of maſter made him greater than the power of this office, great as it was in itſelf."

AMUSING.

SELF-LOVE.

In the fiſheries of *Marſeilles* a beggar, with a moſt pathetic, aſked alms. Says a paſſer by, *Are you not aſhamed to be in ſuch a poſture as that?* Why, ſays the beggar, *I am aſhamed*—ſo he plied the beggar, *Take your charity, and not your ſhame*, and immediately turned his back upon him with an air of diſdain and diſlike. The beggar was as proud as a poet in a garret—was raſhly hurt. *Self-love* prompted him to beg, and by another kind of *Self-love* he could bear it repreſſed.

A muſſionary travelling in *India*, ſaw a fakir naked with chains, naked as an ape, lying on his belly, and fourgoing himſelf for the ſins of his countrymen. *Friend*, ſays the muſſionary, *you are in a miſtake about your ſins. What ſelf-denial is this?* ſaid one of the ſpectators *Self-denial?* replied the fakir, *Let me tell you the ſin—the ſin of this people is ſelf-love, and to cure them of that, we are to wear, as you ſee, a chain, and I your tutor.*

Thoſe their lore, who maintain that *Self-Love* is the baſis of all our ſentiments and actions, have given a ſtrong for it in *India, Perſia, and* in all the Eaſtern world, and no one undertakes to convince men that they have a bad ſo there is as little occaſion to prove that they have *Love.*

INSTANCES OF SENSIBILITY IN CHILDREN.

[Related by M. DE ST. PIERRE.*]*

I WAS at Dreſden in 1786, and happened to go to the Count-Thorine's the piece performed was The Father the Electreſs, with one of her daughters, who might be about five or ſix years of age. An officer of the guards, who had introduced me, ſaid, in a whiſper, That child will intereſt you much more than the play.' In fact, as ſoon as ſhe had taken her ſeat, ſhe reſted both hands

the front of the box, fixed her eyes on the flage, and remained, with open mouth, immoderately attentive to the performers. It was truly an affecting exhibition; her face, like a mirror, reflected all the different passions which the drama was intended to excite. You could see in succession, depicted upon her countenance, anxiety, surprize, melancholy, sorrow; at last, as the interest increased from scene to scene, the tears began to trickle copiously down her little cheeks,—accompanied with sheering, sighing, sobbing. —Still it became necessary at length to carry her out of the box for fear of her being stifled. My companion informed me, that, as often as this young princess attended the representation of a pathetic piece, she was obliged to retire before it came to the crisis.

I have witnessed influences of sensibility still more affecting in the children of the common people, because they were not produced by any theatrical effect. As I was taking my walk, some years ago, through the Pré St. Gervais, about the setting of winter, I observed a little girl creeping along the ground, employed in weeding a bed of forrel. Close to her was a little girl, of fix years old at most, standing motionless, and quite inparadied with the cold. I addressed myself to the woman who attended to these symptoms of indisposition, and enquired into the nature of her malady.

"Sir," faid the to me, 'for three months paft I have fuffered very severely from the rheumatism: but my difeafe gives me much less pain than that poor child does: the will not quit me a fingle moment. If I fay to her, "Sir, you are quite benumbed with cold! go within doors and warm yourself." the replies, "Alas! mother, if I leave you, your complaints will be your only companion."

Another time, being at Marly, I went into that magnificent park, and amused myself in the woods with looking at the charming groupe of children, who were feeding with wine boughs and grapes, a fine goat, which seems to play with them. At no great diftance is an inclosed pavilion, where Louis XV. in hise weather, fometimes went to enjoy a collation. Being caught in a fudden fhower, I went in for a moment to fhelter myfelf; I there found three children, who interrifled me much more than the children in marble without doors. They were poorly clad, yet uncommonly handfome, employed, with fingular activity, in picking up, round the arbour, the fcattered fticks of dry wood, which they depofited on a bafket that ftood on the King's table; while a little boy, all in tatters, and extremely lean, was devouring a morfel of bread in corner. Inflamed the tafteft, who might be about eight or nine years old, what fhe intended to do with that wood which fhe was fo bufily collecting?

She replied, 'Look, fir, at that poor boy there; he is very hungry, indeed. He is fo unfortunate as to have a mother, who fends him out all day long, to pick up wood: if he earns a cote home he is beaten fevercly; when he happens to have got little, and is carrying it off, the Swifs at the park-gate takes it from him, and applies it to his own ufe. He is half-dead with hunger, and we have given him our breakfaft.'

However thus fpoken, fhe and her companion filled the little basket, helped him up with it on his back, and run away before their unhappy friend to the gate of the park, to fee if he could pafs unmolefted.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

DRANSIENUS, a refpectable hiftorian author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to obtain as an infallible proof for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years: during which space it was thought, that, by fome accident or other he had loft the ufe of his fpeech. He happened one day to be at an affembly, where he met his miftrefs, with whom he began to talk little, love being conducted in thofe days in a more myfterious manner than at prefent. The lady boafted fhe could earn him in filence, and did it with a fingle word, *Adieu*.—What more could the Pythagorian philofophy have done with all its parade and boafting? Is there a lady now that could do fo much upon fo much an obedience, even for a fingle day? But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples, almoft incredible, of an attachment carried even to adoration, which the knights and other military heroes of thofe ages, unfeignedly exhaled for their miftreffes, to whom, indeed they were, in the literal fenfe of their amour was prodigious—the devoted *flaves*.

ANECDOTES.

A SINGULAR and diverting occurrence took place at *Tauston*, in *Somerfetfhire, England*. A favorite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parfley, efq. being locked in the ftable, on hearing the noife of a French horn, and the full mouths, he began to be very reftive; the oftler going into the ftable, judged that the fpirited animal, wanted fome fport, he inftantly faddled him, to which he offered a large mackrel, and turned him loofe, who following the found, joined the pack, and was one of the firft in, at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the fporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by obferving the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true fportfman.

AN Engliſh gentleman, a few years fince, having attempted in vain to introduce the pudding-fauces in Paris, a royal Engliſh plumb-pudding, according to his receipt, and having undertaken to procure one, to gratify the curiofity of his French friends, befpoke the humbleſt of the following expedient :—As the Parifian cooks would exercife their own judgment, addicy or diminifhing from this rule, he determined to apply to a apothecary, who fhould make his pudding in a mortar, and weigh every thing with scrupulous preciſion. He therefore converted his receipt into medical Latin, and his quantities into Troy weight, and ſtyled his prefcription with the name of the celebrated John Hunter. The honeſt Frenchman duly executed his order, which perplexed his profeſſional ſagacity not a little. Whether it was a wound or a diſeaſe he could not tell, and was extremely puzzled whether to bottle it, or ſpread it upon leather. A brother of the peſtle, coming into the fhop, was appealed to, who, having no ſmall ſhare of the confidence and vivacity of his countrymen, pronounced decidedly, that it was not a cataplaſm, but a *remede*, which he had frequently adminiſtered in cafes of the *hydepine*. The pudding was therefore inſerted *comme*, and the apothecary, who had been enjoined punctuality, made his arrangements accordingly, and was himſelf the bearer of it, in order to be of uſe in the application.

DR. Kennicott, of Oxford, a man remarkable for his love of good eating, having diſcovered a remarkable fine fig upon a tree in the garden belonging to his college, was determined to appropriate it to himſelf, and for that purpoſe, (as it was not quite ripe) faſtened a piece of paper upon it, on which he wrote, "*Dr. Kennicott's fig.*" One of the fellows of the college obſerved it, and being a punſter, eat the fig, and in its place, wrote another paper, which he hung there, "*A fig for Dr. Kennicott.*"

MORAL AND USEFUL.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

THE great Creator of the World has appointed one day in ſeven, for us mortals here below, to devote wholly to him, that we may approach the throne of grace, and make known our wants and requeſts. On this day I how often do we break that day, which of all the reſt, ought to be kept holy; and the breaking of which is eſpecially forbid in the fourth commandment. Let us, on this day, as the ſubject draws nigh, to examine ourſelves, and call to mind the numberleſs iniquities we have been guilty of, and determine within ourſelves (as God ſhall aſſiſt us) in future to endeavour to live more to the honour of our great Creator, Benefactor and Preſerver, and always keep in view that we are born to die, and that a few hours, or a few days, may be but a few years, and ſhall lead us in that world, from whence we never ſhall return.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SUGAR CANE.

SOON after the commencement of the revolutionary war in this country, all commerce with the Weſt-Indies being eſtabliſhed, attempts were made to obtain ſugar-like from the ſtalks of Indian Corn. The cornſtalks, while full of ſap, were ground in a mill, like apples, and the ſap or juice that was preſſed out, was boiled to a ſyrup of the conſiſtence of molaſſes. The ſubſequent ſupplies of ſugar, by the capture of a large number of Britiſh Weſt-India ſhips, prevented this experiment from being carried to any conſiderable extent. The ſugar-maple is the indigenous *ſweet cane* of North America. If this valuable ſpecies of trees were to be raiſed in nurſeries and tranſplanted and diſtributed over the country, they would in time, annually produce vaſt quantities of ſugar. There has been found another ſubſtitute for this ſugar-cane, which, perhaps, may prove ſuperior to the ſweet-maple.

Mr. Achard, of the kingdom of Pruſſia, has diſcovered a method of making ſugar from the root of the white beet. This proceſs is ſaid to have been already brought to a high degree of perfection in Pruſſia; inſomuch that coarſe ſugar, refined ſugar, molaſſes, &c. are now obtained in large quantities from the white beet, and at a much leſs expenſe than that of the ſugars of India. As beets are eaſily raiſed, the time may come, when the farmers in the northern climates of this country, and eſpecially thoſe who live diſtant from navigation, will ſupply themſelves with ſugars and molaſſes, from the produce of their own fields.—*Bal.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

"Leonora," to "S. G."—A Riddle—and ſeveral other Communications, are received.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Raynham, the Rev. James Thompſon, of Middleborough, to Miſs Debby Waſhburn, eldeſt daughter of Dr. Seth Waſhburn.—At Raymond, (N. H.) Mr. John Leavitt, Æt. 60, to Mrs. Hannah Shannon, 74!

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Clarke, to Mrs. Rebecca Cooper—Mr. Francis Anderſon, of Belfaſt, Maine, to Miſs Jane Dunlap, daughter of Mr. Andrew Dunlap.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At Newburyport, Hon. Theophilus Bradbury, Eſq. late one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth, Æt. 63. At Litchfield, (Con.) Mrs. Mary Adams, Æt. 105. At Bennington, of the dyſentery, five children of the Rev. Mr. Clinton, within the ſpace of five days! Upwards of 30 perſons have died of this morral diſeaſe, in that ſmall town, within a few weeks. ☞ The death in New-York, the 6th inſt. were 11, and 16 new caſes of the fever.

In this town, on Sunday evening laſt, after a lingering illneſs, which he bore with patience and chriſtian fortitude, Mrs. Sarah Owen, Æt. 63. She was an amiable woman—whole life ſeverely felt by her children, relatives and friends.

"*We muſt all die,*
All love ourſelves, it matters not where, who,
Nor ſtrange nor near the ſtroke of death.
"*Thoſe ſtocks of nature are knit*
To warm us of our end."

Miſs Mary Towle, Æt. 16, of Watertown. We truſt ſhe is gone to a better world; and though her day was ſhort, her loſs will long be remembered.—Miſs Sarah Smith, Æt. 12; unfortunately ſhe was burnt to death, by having accidentally caught her clothes.—Mrs. Mary Miller, Æt. 34, wife of Mr. John Miller—Andrew Moor., Æt. 2, and 4 mo. ſon of Mr. Seth H. Moore, printer.—Mr. John Freeland, Æt. 28.—Mr. Edward Eaſton, Æt. 71; worthy and much reſpected citizen. His remains will interred on Monday next, at half-paſt four, from his late dwelling houſe, North-Bennet-ſtreet.—Miſs Mary French, Æt. 6, daughter of Mr. Samuel French—her death was occaſioned by eating a quantity of wild cherries that had been ſteeped in liquor.—Total, for the week ending laſt ev. 12.

ON THURSDAY NEXT,

WILL be published, and for ſale by GILBERT and DEAN, a SERMON, delivered at *Plymouth*, Sept. 4, 1805, occaſioned by the death of the Rev. David Tappan, D. D. Hollis Profeſſor of Divinity in Harvard College. By JAMES KENDALL, A. M.

Miniſter of the firſt Church in that town.

"And is the meek, the humble, the benevolent, the pious, the godly Tappan dead! Shall we ſee his face no more! Muſt our ſouls never again be awed and ſolemnized by the ſublimity and fervor of his devotion! Will our hearts be charmed no more by the power and pathos of his eloquence! Ah, no!" But the excellent, the immortal ſpirit lives, tranſlated from toil to reſt—from faith to viſion—from hope to enjoyment—from humility to glory."

Sept. 20.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DESPONDENCE.

HOW glorious bright does Phœbus shine,
How gay the rising day appears;
Why, Laura, does thy head decline?
Why are thine eyes suffused with tears?
You flow'r surcharged with dew behold,
Its leaves deprest'd its head bow'd down;
Chill'd by the late nocturnal cold,
It mourns the absence of the sun.

But Sol ascends his golden throne,
The pearly drops are chas'd away;
Re viv'd, refresh'd, its languor gone,
Its glowing bosom meets the day.

Ah! soon the sun will cease to shine,
Declining to the southern sky:
Then will its fading leaves decline,
Then will it wither, droop, and die.

But spring will come, and Sol return,
The flowers will bud and bloom anew;
Then why, my Laura, doth thou mourn?
In what do their resemble you?

'Tis friendship's fun that cheramy breaft,
That makes the day or gilds the morn:
Be but its genial beams fuppreft,
'Tis night—long, dreary, and forlorn.

Spring will return, the chilling froft,
No more fhall fetter nature's charms;
But friendfhip chill'd, efteem once loft,
Seldom again the bofom warms.

Sol will again our fky relume,
Freth verdure fhoot from fhrub and tree:
The flow'rs their richeft tints produce,
But neither fhine, or bloom for me.

For me, twin youth fcarce feem'd to fmile,
My profpects dark, my wifhes croft;
Our fhadows cheer'd me for awhile,
That fading, hope itfelf is loft.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPISTLE TO ****.

ALTHOUGH the Muſe and I are foes,
I fcorn, dear Jack, to write in profe;
And having nothing elſe to do,
Will bite my pen, and rhyme to you.

'Twill be a year, come next October,
Since FRANK and I, nor drunk nor ſober,
But mellow'd with a glaſs of wine,
Met as a friend's to talk and dine.
While roaſt and boil'd, and fiſh and fiſh,
Pudding and pie, grac'd every diſh,
We prov'd the ancient, frugal faſt,
When roots and herbs could pleaſe the taſte;
When health and temperance were join'd,
The ſpirits light, and calm the mind;
Herold'd the viands, when coffee, tea,
Geneva, punch, and *eau-de-vie*,
Were yet unknown: when ſarſan and king
Rode ſtately at the Gerard Inn;
And every morn their breakfaſt made,
And ſup'd, and din'd, on milk and bread.
How eaſy, as we go along,
To reaſon right, and practice wrong!
But FRANK, whoſe wit is never ſtale,
For every moral has a tale;
And told us, to the purpoſe pat,
A ſtory of a Fox and Cat—
"Theſe two philoſophers"—but hold—
Here, take the ſtory as 'twas told.

"GRIMALKIN, on a ſummer's day,
Wish KETCHAM ſage agreed to ſtray;
And as, in cogitative mood,
They ſkim the lawn, or conſcle the wood,
Reflections deep, and morals ſage,
The philoſophic pair engage—
Firſt KETCHAM thus his friend addreſs'd:
'Of virtues which inſpire the breaſt,
'Tis MERCY that adorns us moſt;
The beſt, the nobleſt we can boaſt.
Pray, is not this reflection true?
Of my decition what ſay you?'
'Why, truly,' looking wondrous wiſe,
GRIMALKIN to the ſage replies,
'With judi'cer remark is made;
'Tis what I always thought and ſaid.'

"As thus diſcourſ'd the generous pair,
A cock's ſhrill clarion broke the air:
Adieu to morals,' KETCHAM cries,—
Scizes the prey—the victim dies;
While a plump *menſe*, that PEGGY eſpied,
Turn'd her philoſophy aſide."

I.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On the late deceaſed Mrs. LYDIA MASON, *conſort of the Rev. Mr.* THOMAS MASON, *of Northfield.*

FAIR virtue weeps; her loveliеſt child has fled;
The accompliſhed MASON moulders with the dead;
She, who in life the path of virtue trod,
Who lov'd mankind, who glorified her God,
Who for a while to friend ſo early was given,
Has hid adieu, and died to live in heaven.
That graceful mien now reaſes to impart
Her generous, grateful, ſympathiſing heart;
Thoſe fluent lips no longer will unbind
The ſentimental beauties of her mind;
Death graſps the whole; nocturn, nor prayers, could ſave
The lovely lifeleſs form her early grave:
Ungenerous fate; why doeſt thou doubly dart,
Thy deadly poiſon in a parent's heart?
Why doſt thou make a father thus oppreſs'd?
Why cauſe affliction in a brother's breaſt?
Could'ſt thou not ſtop at dear AUGUSTUS'S* tomb,
And there exert thine fatal ſtern command?
Alas! in vain does excellence contend,
When fate has fix'd its deadly duſt to end;
A power unerring points the deſtin'd way,
And good and bad muſt each alike obey.

B****.

* *Mr. AUGUSTUS* KENDALL, *brother to Mrs.* MASON, *who died a few years ſince at* DARTMOUTH.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES on a WATCH.

"LITTLE monitor, I ſay,
Some inſtruction to the heart;
Shew the buſy and the gay,
Time is paſſing fwift away:
Follies cannot long endure,
Life's uncertain—death is ſure;
Happy they who wiſely learn,
Truth from error to diſcern;
Truth! immortal as the ſoul,
And unſhaken as the pole;
Such, fair mortalities can ne'er enſlave;
They ſmile, whilſt others perſecute and rave.

THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; a NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIV.—ANNE to ELINOR.

London, March 25, 17-8.

DARNLEY'S dinner hour is four o'clock, the uſual time for dining with all mercantile perſons. Sarah kept her room until near three. Mrs. Romain had never ventured down. Darnley had been out all the morning. I really ſo much dreaded the general meeting at dinner, that I was almoſt ill; one moment my blood run cold; another, my face flufhed like fire: the leaſt ſtir below, made my heart beat quick and my whole frame tremble. About a quarter before three, Sarah came into my room; ſhe was drefſed as uſual for dinner; and from her countenance, no indifferent perſon could have judged ſhe had been difcompoſed: it was marked with a peculiar kind of fadneſs, which rendered it interefting; but to me, who knew her, the effort ſhe made to conceal her emotions, was very evident. "Anne," ſaid ſhe, I am determined to live and ſpeak to Jeffey before Darnley's return—how will it be beſt? to go up into her room, or ſend for her into my dreſſing room?" I gave my opinion, for the laſt. She thought a verbal meſſage might have a rude appearance, but would on a ſlip of paper;

* Mrs. Darnley requeſts Mrs. Romain to favour her with a few minutes converſation previous to their meeting at dinner." The maid went with it, and after remaining a ſhort while ten minutes, returned with the following anſwer. "After the ſuſpicions of the night, and the pointed neglect of the morning, Mrs. Romain cannot ſuppoſe a perſonal interview can be deſirable to either party; ſhe begs to be excuſed ſeeing Mrs. Darnley, and alſo declines appearing at dinner; Mrs. R. will not intrude on Mrs. D's family, longer than ſhe can procure a lodging."

Sarah's countenance changed as ſhe peruſed this haughty ſcrawl, for the uneven letters betrayed the tremor in the hand that wrote them; ſhe tore off the back of the billet, and wrote with her pencil:

"Madam, a perſonal interview is not fought from any expected pleaſure it may afford, but becauſe I think it neceſſary to ſpeak a few words to you. I muſt inſiſt on ſeeing you; if you cannot come down, I will come to you.

S. D."

The ſervant brought a verbal meſſage, ſaying, "as Mrs. Darnley was in her own houſe, ſhe had a right to go into every apartment, if ſhe pleaſed; therefore, if ſhe inſiſted on coming up, ſhe, Mrs. Romain muſt ſubmit."

Sarah walked unto or twice across the room, "Ann" ſaid ſhe, "you muſt go with me; I hope I ſhall not forget reſolve; I hope I ſhall remember I am a rational being, and chriſtian, and that though this unhappy woman has injured me, I am not myſelf free from error, and have therefore no right to treat her with unmerciful contempt."

I do aſſure you, Madam, when the magnanimous woman uttered this ſentence, I could not help gazing at her, as a being of a ſuperior order. "Heaven ſupport your good reſolves, my dear Sarah," ſaid I, and was obliged to turn from her, to hide my own riſing emotion. "Do not be a child, Ann," ſaid ſhe, taking my hand, "or you will make a fool of me and I am weak enough already, heaven knows."

I followed her up ſtairs without anſwering; ſhe tapped at Jeffey's door, the little girl opened it, and being extremely fond of Sarah, gave her a violent exhibition of joy, ſaying, "Come in Ma Patny; Lyza glad, Lyza want kiſs Patny." I fear'd this innocent prattle would be too much for my friend's fortitude, and preſſed forward; the ſhuffling, hiſſed the child, and rugging the bell, bid the maid take her down and give her an orange.

Jeffey had her face from the door; I ſaw from her ſtiffing eye and convulſion cheek, that ſhe expected reproaches; but this mild dignified manner, humbled her to the duſt; ſhe turned pale, and her eyes were abſolutely full. Sarah bowed her head, as if to ſet the example; a parſe of almoſt minute enſued, in which period I am not certain but leſs more than either the injurer or the injured. I perceived that Sarah's heart beat high; the ſtruggle for ſelf-command muſt be attained it. "I came out, Mrs. Romain," ſaid ſhe, in a low, but impreſſive voice, "to recapitulate paſt events, or to make unfeeling reflections by reproaches. Whatever were the circumſtances which took place laſt evening, I with them to be buried in eternal oblivion. I am, from a ſenſe of what is due to myſelf, under the neceſſity of informing you, we cannot any longer be reſide under the ſame roof; but as I do not deſire the private concerns of my family, whether pleaſant or otherwiſe, ſhould become the theme of converſation among the ſervants, I will be removed to ſome place as quietly as poſſible. I do not intend that even the domeſtics ſhall know on what account you quit the houſe, but I muſt requeſt you will procure a lodging as early as you can. It is for the reſpectability of all parties, that the ſubject be not ſpoken of, and particularly for your intereſt. You may eaſily afford to remove, it ſhall never trouble, and I can anſwer for this young lady, that through her it will never be made public; but ſhould ſuch circumſtances the place again, I cannot anſwer for the diſcretion of others; and you muſt perceive, that to ſay, in that caſe, your reputation will be entirely loſt; nor will any woman of character countenance you."—"I am ſorry," ſaid ſhe, in a tremulous voice, "that any miſunderſtanding ſhould have wounded your peace of mind."—"Do not labour under a miſtake, Madam," ſaid Sarah, "you have not wounded my peace, though I greatly fear you have given bruiſed your own; but let us talk no more, I muſt requeſt you to appoint dinner, and let our ſeparation, when it takes place, preſerve the appearance of good meeting"—So ſaying, ſhe left the room, and went to her own, where ſhe remained until dinner was ſerved. Darnley ſent word he ſhould dine out: Mrs. Romain came down, but we eat little, and ſpoke leſs to the evening. Jeffey ſent for a coach, and having thanked Sarah for all favours, and received her wiſhes for her health, went to a lodging.

The next morning her trunks were ſent after her; but the occurrences of that day muſt be the ſubject of another letter.

ANN.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP——N° XLII.

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Iniussi nunquam desistant.

I RECEIVED a letter the other day, complaining of a young lady, who, after having exhausted a very considerable portion of both time and money in learning the piano forte, and to accompany it with her voice, always had a thousand excuses ready to avoid performing, whenever entreated to do so by her friends or visitors. As this comes under the head of *affectation or conceit*, I shall include it in the number; though I do not think it necessary to trouble my readers with the latter itself.

Concert and assemblies are in nearly allied to each other, that they have an apparent, the other necessarily near affinity. Do any affect to undervalue their own abilities, as they speak with affected humility of their own qualifications with their natural or pretended, you may be sufficiently assured that they are embracing every one to every one with whom they converse. There are varieties in this species as well as in every other animal; and though all of the same genus may be classified under different heads, yet whether male or female, affectation is the *fort* by which the contented being may always be undoubtedly discovered.

There are, first, of Males,

1st. The conceited CHICOMB.
2d. The conceited PEACH.
3d. The conceited BLADE.
4th. The conceited Dandy.

Of Females,

1st. The conceited PRETENDER.
2d. The conceited COQUET.
3d. The conceited BELLE.
And 4th. The conceited ANT.

The CHICOMB and the BUTTERFLY may go together in nature call them in the finite mould; and except that they love to hum about and display their finery in the sunshine, fluttering their wings and their tails, and sometimes flitting with a whirr—ing noise, directly under the nose of some freshly rational being, disturbing his meditations or interrupting his pursuits, are quite harmless, as any other insignificant insect which has neither poison nor sting. They buy the finest clothes they can procure, yet should any one admire the pattern, the cut, the quality or the set of their garments, they care not. They are the freightfullest things ever seen, they are absolutely ashamed to be seen in them." Then they will tell you how much the article in question cost, how advertised Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one was, that they could not get some of the *former*; it is no handsome, they know it is not, but it struck their fancy, perhaps it is their want of taste." Then they will go to the looking glass, if any should be near, adjust their finitive or cuckoo, declare they look abominably ugly, and look round with a half frown as to hear you contradict them, which if you should from want of apprehension neglect to do, they will be most amazingly chagrined and disappointed; and in the very next company they may watch, will declare you to be a great illiterate if they do not know that you had no more taste than a savage, and were as stupid as an Hyguanaut.

We pass to the conceited PEDANT.—This is a most troublesome insect; it is as stiff as the coat of mail which encases the horn bug. It makes but little noise; sometimes indeed it will hum like the drone-bee round the honey, which, though it has neither skill nor industry to make, often *rifles*, thieves, and deliberates. He will chop logic, as broach deep mathematical questions in a society where his auditors can only gape and stare in return; yet declare "he is a perfect ignoramus in their things," and beg pardon for performing to tell you, what you know to *much better than he does*. While inwardly he exults in his own profound erudition, and wonders how any person can be so painfully ignorant.

The conceited COQUET, is as troublesome as the foregoing character. She puts her own set of countenance, and like the common fly, annoys the other, without power to wound them. She laughs without pleasure, weeps without pain; does every thing by design, yet declares that is the moth thoughtless creature in the world. Swoons at the sight of a spider on her cheeks, yet is altogether how any body can be *affected*, lays every flatter to catch notice, makes herself ridiculous by affectation, then wonders how the impudent fellows should dare make love to her! though she would have died with vexation if they had not.

The conceited BLADE and BELLE are as nearly related as the *Goose* and the *Butterfly*. They decide to the extremity of the fashion, and have a frustrating of all the accomplishments that can please the fair sex or gentleman, follow their own inclinations in distance of custom and decorum, affect to dispise the opinion of the world, yet are never more attentive to any than applauding; they visit public places when others are about to leave them, talk loud at a play to please the gallery, and ridicule all those who are exerting themselves to hell, laugh, and make remarks. The Belle will ramble the shop of a tradesman only to give trouble. The Blade will exert his or her mischievous talents, to strike at the foppish man, and draw him into a quarrel; prevent from her folly she will prostrate a take in a most detestable creature, yet if there is enough her acquaintance one man more celebrated for his gallantry than another, she will single him out for her chief favorite. He will rail at women, call them *pretty playthings, poor fools, silly souls*, lamenting his difficulty in ever meeting with one who could have been in love with him, protests that he laughs at and despises the wholesex, when should or call the very lowest order, intank, in mind, or person, tell him he loves them all, in fact or fact habitations, he would adopt that mode, though the most ridiculous in the world.

The conceited POET is creation mad, overhearing, unfeeling, and indolent. To the oratory of the elephant, he adds the flexibility and obduracy of the ass, and with the grace and agreeableness of the *fox*, he affects the commanding majesty of the *lion*. Possessing powers of even an ignorance, impenetrably selfish, and savagely tyrannical, with whom can such a being be elated, but the conceited POET? Had he been created a single species, he had failed, he seems with angry sir hair any round; marks her own nest how near how free from flow, and forging in a loud discordant key, flaps all en whom he alights.

But there is another class, who are elated by another spirit. I mean your *pretty men* and women, who mince and prate, and dribble their pains, who seem as if their limbs were held together by thread and pack thread, and clip their words, and deign to smile enough to throw their teeth, but would not laugh outright, or speak loud, for it should not convenience the features, or derange their complexion. And in this class comes our MUSICAL LADY, and I more than half suspect, our CONCEITED GENTLEMAN, complained of by JUVENIS; who begins nothing half so well as themselves, and of course, by exercising like the conceited turkey who emulates the splendor of the peacock, expands his tail, erects his varied craft, and at the same time by his unmusical notes and loud gobbling, publishes betrays the dunghill from whence he sprang. Not but that turkeys are excellent meat, very excellent indeed; and if they knew their place, would be content with being useful, without affecting to be beautiful.

But what has Passion done all this while? Ah, well asked! poor gaddy dame, though I had sparcastly forgotten her, I am really her friend. For with all her whims and eccentricities, I do very believe, in all civilized communities, she does more good than harm. I would have exiled at her affandrians; but I looked round and saw so many industrious mortals supported by her fluctuating follies, that instead of railing, I exclaimed, Go on, bright Dotty, proceed; change as before; as they anguish well, run outward bound; wrap us in the sleeves of Colchis, or those us with the muffins of India; drip our arms to the Esquimaux, and draw up our pantaloons for the temples; whilst with folds of fine cambrick adorned with needle-work, you envelope our throats; let us follow these in all thy windings, for as the ingenious architect, with his dull little ones, may fit down at the table of plenty. To be fare, madam, as winter is coming on, if you could prevail on your fair votaries to cover the feet of the lungs, and shield from the biting air, the elbows, which are very fuzzy tibiel of cold, and when thoroughly chilled, may lay the foundation for *spasmodic* complaints, difficult to be removed; it might be of infinite service to the *little generation*. As to modesty, decency, and the like, as far as it regards dress—what is modish in one age, is the reverse in the next. I pull now call my eyes on the picture of my great grandmother, who I profess is more expofed in her person, than the most modern belle dreffed in fashion's late mic; and yet, be it known unto all, my great grandmother was a very virtuous, respectable matron.——Go to! purify the mind, thick more of the inward, and less of the outward man; be really chaste, and leave the semblance to the hypocrite. Remember, the Spartans thought the capture of the person tended to curb the licentious paffions; who shall thou dare to blame the women of the present day, who daily follow fo laudable an example?

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CONTEMPLATOR——N° II.

Non est ludus hic sermo, sed res gravis, nisi ludo quem.
Tu vero ludos fecisti, ut ludum tuum ludo. PLAUT. POPE.

AS I was sitting at my window this afternoon, contemplating on the various beings around me, I could not help observing a gentleman approach with whom I was fond to be pafsing some particular object before him, though all partook in different directions; the different appearances in their countenances, feemed to discover the fensations which possessed their breasts. Impatience, hope and expectation appeared to keep in company; in others, capprehension seemed almost left, while hope kept up a pretty good pace; in others, fear and hope were almost left behind, as if the were of no ufe, and expectation preffed forward in full affurance of foon meeting the desired object.

When, faid I to myself, can this grand object be that so attracts the attention of all this multitude? Happiness is an object that seems to have attracted inafufficient to draw all mankind towards it; but can that be the purfuit of this throng, fo different in their manners, morals and sentiments, and so various in their proceedings? Does yonder labourer think his toil has principally during the rack? No, it cannot be, for he pours——perhaps he will find happiness, but no money for his labour, nam for his money, and happiness with his team.

Can happiness be the object in which yonder beau appears so eager in pursuit? Yes—he hopes and expects to find it; and he will find it, but it will be a happiness peculiar to himself, peculiar to infipidity. His thoughts in all his airs and motions, he is now walking towards *Cornhill*, there to display his foppish graces, and win the heart of every coquet he meets. This is the happiness of a beau. What blisful prospect what weakneſs——could he see but one inch from his nose, he would then discover that true happiness is not to be found in *fashion or foppery*.

But, said I, if that young man finds not happiness *on Cornhill*, why do those two in that tatly gig, ride so desperately through it, as though it were the habitation of perfidence? But, that is not the place for their enjoyment; the feat of their happiness lays at *Leeh Pond*, and the many other temples of Bacchus visited to this town. There, at the gambling board, pleasure pushes on every corner, and should fickle fortune chance to frown, the flowing goblet at once destroys all unpleasant sensations and restores them to *their* highest happiness.

A young lady was now passing——her countenance, said I, seems to bespeak the anticipation of some near arriving felicity; but from whence is this felicity to come? Does the fine young pretty coxcomb at a distance coming towards her, or hear ever kneeling his suit behind her?—No—

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phrase is new—whence then is it to come?——Ah! life is so coarse; I see the lonely harbinger of all her joys; the has it in her hand; it is a book,—it is a Novel—she will soon enjoy that happiness peculiar to weak minds, and true to which, *real* enjoyments never intrudes. She will soon bury herself in their regions, which lay far beyond the bounds of probability, and to which human nature ever *aberrds*.

There she will soar with the delufive beings of imagination, until she falls and finds herself fill on the earth. How painful must her confusion then be, while the recollects the many hours she has spent in difgufting, rather than gratifying taste. If for the performance of thole duties that are conftantly attending her.

After thus reflecting on the different appearances of this multitudinous crowd, if at length concluded, that every one was purfuing after happinefs, and that each one took that path in which he thought he could found it. But, for too many there are, who never arrive at the wifhed for place; many are deluded into wrong paths by the falcitating appearance of the entrance, and are often detained there by fome pleafing impofture too long to arrive at the really happy place.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF SAXONY.

HENRY, duke of Saxony, was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his purfuits, impatient of difappointment or control. His temper was fortified by a bad education; for fcarce was he paft the firft ftage of infancy, but he was a foverign; and he was ever foothed in the notion that a prince is above all law; at the fame time he was inclining to the principles of popery, and believing, where his paffions did not oppofe; and he had a profound awe for the fupreme Being, which, by his wicked life, dreaded more to fhipwrifon.—The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every ftage of his life is ftained by his luft, cruelty, and ambition; and at his court, beauty, riches, honours, became the greateft misfortunes. His horrid enormities filled him with fplendor. If a gallant was ufhered, I was for inftire to form plots; if he was fubmiffive and obedient, it was merely diffimulation. Thus did the prince live, woefully bafhfary, in the midft of fplendor; a ftranger unity with every one, and, laft of all, at peace with himfelf; fuming daily, repenting daily; feeling the pangs of reproving confcience, which haunted him wakaing, and left him not when afleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impreffion of a wicked act, no more perpetrated, he dreamed that the nether lord of the country ftood by his bed-fide with a book in his hand, mixed with fome dig-ted ftuff. "Ill fated wretch," faid the apparition, "left to the awful command I bear: the Almighty, unwilling to extend mercy on the bafis of this guilty, has fent me to give this warning." Upon this the angel reached a fcroll of paper, and vanifhed. The fcroll contained the following words: "*Repent!*"—Henceforth abrupt recital for the mysterious is made here his office. The fpance awaked in the great fi conftternated, deeply ftruck with the vifion. It was certain that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death: which he fo concluded was to happen in his months, perhaps in or days; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Maker, by an unfeigned repentance of his crimes. Upon life and inclination turned now their objects, which he fincerely purfued in the exercife of religion and humanity. Where is now the duke of communal, which recommended to much thoughtful fo cruel a one, and every againft every controlling power? that ingenious jealoufy, the caufe of much unhappy treafon, fuits founded in his bofom, preying inteftine—a prey to the vitals, and the cravings of his foul! Happy expofal!—did not fucceed by the goads off all fuffice, black defpair!

Thus, in a certain mall remnant of mind, fir we leave the mentale, parted away, but death did not follow; and now he concluded that fir years were to be the period of his un-feafible. Lo! by this fentence the ambaffador of terrors not over; hitherto he had fequeftered himfelf from the bond, and had fpent in abftinence and private worfhip the fhort time he thought allotted him.

He now began to form refolutions of a more ftrongly repentance; how was he fired to do good, as he formerly had done mifchief, with all his heart. The impofed flowers of this warning had hitherto not left a in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the weight at lead upon his mind. Now was he refolved to make the moft ample reparation.

In this ftate, when hope prevailed, and fome forms of fatisfaction appeared be adding through the cloud, he addreffed himfelf to his Subjects in the following manner:

"O thou glorious and omnipotent Being! parent and fovereign of all things! how lovely are thou in peace and reconciliation! but oh, how terrible to the workers of iniquity! While my hands are lifted up, how doth my heart tremble, for manifold have been my tranfgreffions! Headlong down by impetuous paffion, I deferted the path of virtue, and wandered through every fpecies of iniquity; trampling confcience under foot, I fuit ordered myfelf in diffolutene, which, under the colour of good, abandoned me ftill to naftery and remorfe; happy only, if, at any moment, an offended conference could be laid afleep. But what fhare of happinefs in doing good! and in feeling the calm fatisfaction of a mind at eafe with confidence! when thou art a friend, what imports it who is an enemy? When thou looked dreadful, where are they fled, all the blefings, the comforts of life? Thanks be to thee, o fupreme bounteous mercy, that hath not left me to reprobation and mifery, but hath indulged a longer day for repentance. Good God! I have finned againft thee moft heinoufly: let me never more feel; be it now my only concern in this life, to eftablifh with my conficence a faithful correfpondence: my immediate paffions, thofe delaying enchanters, root them out; for the work is too nigh, for my weak endeavour. And oh! mould thou my foul into that moderation of defire, and juft balance of affection, without which no enjoyment is found, no pleafure exempted with pain. Hereafter let it not be fufficient to be quiet and inoffenfive; but fince gracious to my life thou haft added many days, may all be fpent in doing good, as the day he darned left, which fees me not employed in fome work beneficial to my fubjects, or to mankind; that, at laft, I may lay me down in peace, comforted, if I have not proved, in every refpect, an unreprovable *servant*."

His firft endeavours were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unrecruited applaufion he *found for the moft part* that he felt that fatisfaction in eftabliftring himfelf as their father, which he never knew, when he confidered them as his flaves. He now began to make his court to the moft deferving, of which a pride and jealoufy had made him hitherto inferible. He had thought fi ctitiftip a chimera, ucvifed to impofe upon mankind; convinced now of its reality, the cultivation of it was one of his firft cares. Accordingly he found a few honeft and faithful, difcerning efteem, and capable of friendfhip: hitherto he had judged of others by the corrupt emotions of his own heart; but now, by reafon of many intervening moments of difcuft and remorfe, his fpleen and bad humour, the never-failing attendants of vice and debauchery. Fearful to exprefs his kindeft purpofes, and dreading every ftartling eye, he had ftrange of himfelf from the world; and what could be expect, confcious as he was of a depraved heart, but a reftlefs and horror? Miferable is that ftate, out of firm all to comfort, in which an unhappy mortal's chief concern is to fly from man, becaufe every man is his enemy. After fafting of the mind try, how did he belch the happy change! How always to be fecret, and to be fecret, when he guided every thought of his heart and action of his life. It was now his delight to be feen, and to lay open his whole foul; but in it dwelt no fecrets, no guilt. Fame became his friend, blazed his virtues all around; and in diftant regions was the good prince known, whereby his views had been ftrength. And now his counfels, as juftice and pure difpenfers, poffeffed claimed every where the chief place; in all difputes he was the confeffed mediator betwixt fovereigns, and between the mand their fubjects; and he gained more authority over princes and people by his words and intercence, than they had ever their own laft, &c.

In this manner elapfed the ten years, on the fatal period came. The duke was, by his own computation, within that was expected: for, at this *precife* period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimoufly chofen EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mefs. Gleaner & Dare,

If you think the following fhould be worthy of your approbation of a place in the

VISITOR,

you will oblige a ſimple, [illegible] the duties of Religion, fhamefaced in my, that degree of humanity, which a benevolence to mods our divine Creator dictates.

The man who refides early in the morning, and goes through the exercife of prayer, in his family, before he commences the ufual bufinefs of the day, naturally feels a gratitude towards his benefactor, which always fubfequently in his addition, in the laudable purfuit, of to fuccefsive a performance. This man ever feels happy in the pleafing purfuit of religious order is kept up in his family, and that genuine friendfhip, which always refts therein, in a furprifing calculated for himfelf, which is not eafily difturbed by the turbulence of others. When the approaching night appears, and the ufual bufinefs of the day is fufpended, he never forgets to offer up his fentiments of gratitude in prayer, to that Supreme Being, who condefcended to fe has benefited—it through the day, and whom he has refolved to think, will be the guardian angel of his family throughout the night.

If that ambition, we fo often furmife to be conflicted with worldly affairs, were prafifed more towards good, inftead of many other fubluetary things, it would to open the mind, and conciliate the heart towards the Supreme Being, whom it offends to forget, and fo to ferve and honour, to obtain eternal happinefs hereafter.

UNION.

USEFUL.

LONGEVITY.

Capt. *Matthew C. Carman*, of this town, Beſides his [illegible] covered a method of afcertaining the largeſt in the ſmalleſt perfition, and upon a principle fo ſimple, that it cannot fail ſpecific that it was not difcovered before. He ufes Gunter's Quadrant (commonly called Hadley's) to which he mounts a telefcope combining the powers of the aftronomic and reflecting telefcope, and is enabled thereby to take obfervations of Jupiter and his Satellites as accurate and ſteadily as on land.—The difficulty hitherto has arifen from the imperfectibility of viewing the Satellites of Jupiter at a fufficiently profound depth through the ocean, as this difficulty ſatisfied with all the planets viſible to the naked eye, until the improvements in the quadrant and inſtrument, enabled the obſerver to bring the object to the horizon. Capt. C. has made obſervations, which, if purſued by the ſkilful of Mr. Grove's new but ingenious delivery, will promiſes to be of great importance. *[illegible] Mr. Grove is now preparing for the publication of a Work from the Press of the United States, and we underſtand to turn out a voyage to England, to complete his diſcovery, and to obtain the premium offered by Government for the ſame.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF MAKING THE CAUTCHOUC OR INDIAN RUBBER.

IT conſiſts of a very elaſtic reſin, produced by a tree which grows on the Iſland of the river of the Amazon. It grows to a very great height, perfectly ſtraight, having no branches except at the top. Its leaves bear ſome reſemblance to thoſe of the walnut tree. They are green on the upper part, and white beneath. The ſeeds are about the number, and contained in a pod, conſiſting of three thin valves. The whole of the ſubſtance is not made of it there is a kernel, which being ſtrip ped, and boiled in water yields a thick oil or fat, which the natives uſe for the ſame purpoſes that we do butter. The juice, which at firſt is to very different ſhades, is collected chiefly in the rainy ſeaſon, becauſe it flows then moſt abundantly. They make an inciſion through the bark, and there iſſues from it a milky juice, which they receive in ſhells, or in holes in the ground kept a ſmooth ſurface. Though ſome aſſert, it thickens, and becomes gradually ſolid by being expoſed to the air. Others affirm, that it is in a conſiderable degree of fluidity and elaſticity. The Indians make boots of it, which, water cannot penetrate: they have a method of finishing them, that makes them look like ſeal leather. Bottles are made of this ſubſtance, by the ſavages, which are hardened hollow molds, ſo that the liquor that is contained them may be ſqueezed through the pores by preſſing the bottle. Pumps are alſo made with it, and have been propoſed to each of their gueſts at their entertainments, would never fail to make life of it before eating.

METHOD OF PREPARING COMMON PLAIN ENAMEL.

A MIXTURE of glaſs, with the metallic calxes, compoſes the fubſtance called enamel. The general baſis of the different kinds conſiſtsof a equal proportion of black lead and tin calcined, or burnt, together on a fire, often ſtirred in a powder, which is then called ſtream, or pring off the water carefully each time; this opera is repeated as long as any part of the calx paſſes off with water. The remainder is waſhed again, dried and ſifted in ſame manner as before. After compounding the different waters which have been poured off from the calxes a powder of extreme fineneſs remains; this, with an equal proportity of cryſtal frit, and a ſmall proportion of white lead tartar, when powdered, ſifted, and well mixed together a once more expoſed to the operation of fire for fome hours and being again reduced to powder, forms the material common plain enamel, of which all others are made.

DIRECTIONS FOR PURIFYING A LOADED WITHOUT REMOVING THE CARGO.

TAKE a caſk that will hold 100 gallons or more, and one head out—let it below in any part of the veſſel into this caſk one bushel of unſlaked lime—add to this

gallon of boiling water, after diffolving 30 pounds of pot or pearl afhes therein—this fhould be done as quick as poffible—then ftint the kitchen, and make the fhip tight—in this fituation, let the veffel remain until next day, and then difcharge the acid by means of the Air-Pump Vefſel. By this time the lime will be fettled in the veffel, and the water or lie, will be very clear—drain it out carefully, and, after drawing the hoops out of one of the fhip's pumps, fend it through that channel into the pump-well. *Philanax.*

AMUSING.

JUST IDEAS OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE juſt idea that can be had of friendſhip, is, that it is an entire conformity of ſentiments joined to a mutual benevolence.

Mind and reaſon give it birth: the eſteem which we have for our friend, and that teſtified which we repoſe in him keep it alive; and he muſt be noble and diſintereſted to queſts generoſity and honeſty, it is and muſt always been very rare.

The advantage a whole ariſe from friendſhip are the honourable, the uſeful, and the pleaſing good. For there can be nothing more honourable than to love a man for his own ſake, without expecting any advantage or intereſt; nothing more uſeful than a faithful friend who never flatters us; nothing is more delightful than the converſation of a real friend, and truly no endearments and pleaſures are more eaſily felt than they are deſcribed.

The fundamental law of friendſhip is, that it can only ſubſiſt among virtuous perſons.

Its firſt duty is to keep exactly promiſes, and inviolably all ſecrets.

Flattery is a great defect in friendſhip, and ſhows the want of ſincerity of the perſon that uſes it, and his ill opinion of the perſon whom he flatters.

Honeſty, virtue, fidelity are the moſt eſſential qualities of a friend, who before muſt be a man of judgment, tender hearted, endowed with an even temper, and ready to proclaim the favours which he receives, as to forget thoſe which he confers.

With ſuch a friend a very debart would loſe its horror, and only ſeem a pleaſing retirement. How great muſt then be the happineſs of two friends who, free from the hurry of towns, and the hatred of courts, can enjoy the ſweets of a well-grounded friendſhip in a delicious ſolitude!

LUXURY.

LUXURY has been declaimed againſt in verſe and in proſe, for 2000 years paſt, and is ſtill as much as ever thriving.

What has not been ſaid of the firſt *Romans*, when thoſe robbers ravaged and pillaged the barren ſide of their neighbours; when, in order to augment their poor villages, they deſtroyed their other villages of *Alba*, and the *Sabines*; thoſe men were diſinterested and virtuous! They could not then boaſt gold, ſilver, or diamonds, becauſe there were none in the town which they had ſacked, and the *Sabines* and their warriors poſſeſſed no perfumes nor pleaſures, and we applaud their temperance.

When by degrees the good principles of mankind broke the bottoms of the *Adriatic* and into the *Mediterra*, and had ſenſe enough to enjoy the fruit of their expinces for ſeven or eight hundred years; when riches elevated every one, talked every where, and every one had the means to gratify his taſte them, they then ceaſed, it is ſaid, to be wiſe and good men.

All theſe declaimers are reduced to prove that a robber ought never to eat the dinner he has taken, nor to wear the clothes, nor to adorn himſelf with the ring he has ſtolen. They muſt throw all theſe (in fact) ſtolen riches, if they would be conſiſtent with their principles, that they ought not to ſteal. Condemn robbers when they plunder, but do not treat them like fools when they enjoy their proud luck. Where a great number of *Engliſh* failors had enriched themſelves at the taking of *Pondicherry* and the *Havana*, were they to blame for entering into the pleaſures of *London*, as a reward for the hardſhips they had undergone at the extremities of *Aſia* and *America*?

Would theſe declaimers have all the wealth buried that has been amaſſed by the chance of war, by agriculture, by commerce, and by induſtry? They quote *Lacedæmon*: why do they not alſo quote the republic of *St. Marino*? Or what ſervice was *Sparta* to *Greece*? Did the rare produce a *Demoſthenes*, a *Sophocles*, an *Apollo*, a *Phidias*? The annals of *Athens* gave riſe to men who excelled in every way: *Sparta* had ſome heroic deeds, but fewer than other cities. But it was lucky, that a republic conſiſting of *Lacedæmon* continued poor; ſwede if it was worſt every thing, as well as it we enjoy all that renders life agreeable. The *Canadian* ſavage ſubſiſts and arrives at old age like the *Engliſh* citizen who has 3,000 guineas a year. But who compares the country of *Iroquois* to *England*?

Let the republic of *Raguſa* and the canton of *Zug* make ſumptuary laws; they are in the right; the poor muſt not ſpend more than they are able; but I have ſomewhere read,

Knave, above all, that luxury excites
Large nations, like a ſmall ſociety of ſharpers

If by *luxury* you mean exceſs, than indeed it is pernicious in every way, in abſtinence as well as in gluttony, in economy as well as in generoſity. I know not how it happens, but in many countries, where the ſoil is barren, the taxes heavy, the prohibition to export the corn that they ſow intolerable, there is, notwithſtanding, to be ſeen a ſtuff clothes who has not a good cloth coat, and who is not well fed and well fed. If this ſtuff-bearing ſhould work in a fine coat, white linen, and with his hair curled and powdered, this certainly would be the height of *luxury*, and impertinence; but ſhould a citizen of *Paris*, or *London*, appear at the play dreſſed like this peaſant, he would be thought ridiculouſly ſordid and unpoliſhed.

Et mundus erubuit, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque, nequit conſiſtere rectum.

When ſciſſars were invented, which are certainly not of the greateſt antiquity, how much was laid againſt thoſe who cropped their manes, and who cut off part of their hair which fell over their noſes? They were treated, no doubt, as fops and ſpendthrifts, who bought at a high price an inſtrument of vanity, in order to ſpoil the work of the Creator. What an enormous ſin to clip off the hoon that God ordained to grow at the end of our fingers! This was an attempt to the Deity. It was much worſe when ſhirts and pumps were invented. It is well known with what fury the old counſellors, who had never worn them, exclaimed againſt the young magiſtrates, who came into that fatal *luxury*.

HUMOROUS MISTAKE.

AN infant was lately taken to be chriſtened at Ringley Chapel, Cheſhire (*England*), by a daughter aſked the mother to name the child, who anſwered, "Betty,"—and the young ſtranger was accordingly ſo baptiſed.

When the parſon came to the clauſe in the chriſtening ſervice, aſked the mother, whether ſhe was ſatisfied with the name he had given, but he would try to recollect—"

ANECDOTE OF Dr. YOUNG.

AS the Doctor was walking in the garden, at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, an errant came to tell him a gentleman wiſhed to ſpeak with him. "Sir," ſays the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my ſituation." The ladies obſerved that he ſhould go, as his viſitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As perſuaſion, however, had no effect, one of the ladies took him by the left hand, and led him to the garden gate; when finding reſiſtance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in a manner reflective of his genius for which he was ſo remarkable, ſpoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam bowed when from the garden driven,
"And thus did Eve retreat and bleſs him Heaven.
"Like him, I go; but yet to go am loth;
"Like him I go; for angels drive us both.
"Hard was his fate; but more ſtill more unkind,
"The Eve we quit has not, like mine, ſtays behind."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

There it a dog at preſent belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for ſome time attended and aſſiſted the people in the neighborhood. A man who goes through the ſtreets ringing a bell and ſelling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, he ran to him with unuſual joy, leaped upon him, and ſeized him by the coat, to lead him to pay. The pieman, who underſtood what the animal wanted, threw him a penny, and pointed to his muſſer, who ſtood at the next door, and ſaw what was going on. The dog ran without any ſolicitation to the grocer, threw down the penny, and looked. The muſſer put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he inſtantly delivered to the pieman, and received his pie. Thus the ſtile between the pieman and the grocer's dog is ſaid to be daily practiſed for months paſt, and ſtill continues.

Scottiſh Philoſophy.

MARRIED,—At Londonderry, (N. H.) John A. Harper, Eſq. daughter, to Miſs Sally Tibbets, daughter of Iſaac Tibbets, Eſq. of the former place.—At Reading, Joſeph Cordis, Eſq. to Mrs. Elizabeth Spear, both of that place.—At Bath, Mr. John Marſh, to Miſs Sarah Treadway."

In this town, Rev. Aſa M'Farland, of New-Concord, to Miſs Eliza Knoeland, of this town.

Commonwealth Bank of Boston
INCORPORATED
1851.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At Hingham, Miſs Lydia Cuſhing, Æt. 19.—At Middleborough, Rev. Caleb Turner, Æ. 71. At Newbury-port, the Right Rev. Jas. Bass, Biſhop of the Epiſcopal Churches in Maſſachuſetts, Æt. 58. His remains were entombed on Tueſday laſt, when a funeral Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Parker, of this town.—☞ The death in New York, for the week ending the 7th inſt. were 121—*adult* of the fever.—At Lenox, two Children of Mr. Joſhua Baker. The boyle accidentally took fire, while the reſt of the family were abſent; and before any aſſiſtance came, the poor infants were burnt to death.—At Grafton, (N. H.) a child three years old, of Mr. Francis Swaze, fell into a mill pond while his father was grinding; he then ſtaited twenty feet through a part of the pond and he floom; they pulling under the gate he paſſed about twenty feet more through the bye ſpout, and was lodged upon the floats at the tub under the cylinder of a patent tub mill. There he remained, until an elderly brother came from the oppoſite ſide of the pond into the lower part of the mill and informed his father; on ſearching, found him in the mill tub; but in ſo bruiſed and mangled condition as to ensure the moſt heartfelt grief in every beholder.—The firſt of May laſt was torn in hurricles from the bene—the tubs on one ſide were laid bare by a guſh across them—and the ſtalks of one acre was torn off the bone from the elbow to the thumb by a beſides many other wounds. He lived, and had his limbs perfectly, until the 9th day ſ when, calmly calling his elder brother to him, ſaid "bra, I die"—and, repeating the words, immediately expired. —At Bath, Dr. Samuel Moody, Æt. 74.

In this town, Mr. Jonathan Balch, jun. Æt. 30; Capt. Thomas Barnard, Æt. 64; Mr. Benjamin Seward, Æt. 56; Miſs Eliza Roberts, Æt. 14; Charles Henry, ſon of Mr. Moſes Poor, Æt. to mo.—a Child of Mr. James Mills Mr. Thomas Welch, Æt. 69, and 7 others. Total 14.

JUST publiſhed, and for ſale by GILBERT and DEAN, a SERMON, delivered at *Plymouth*, September 4th, 1801, occaſioned by the death of the Rev. Nathan Taſpan, D. D. Hollis Profeſſor of Divinity in Harvard College.—By JAMES KENDALL, A. M.

THE TIME FIXED

AND if you don't approve of it, blame no one. The 4th cliſh of Hudley Lottery, commences drawing the 16th of *November*, and all unſold tickets go into the hands of a company, on the 19th of *October*, who will ſell the price to D. 5 50. Tickets for ſale by *Gilbert & Dean*.

☞ The Maſonic Brethren are reſpectfully invited to encourage the erection of a Maſonic Hall, as a neighbouring town, by voluntary contribution. A Scheme of a Lottery, granted for this purpoſe, may be ſeen as above. It commences drawing the 27th inſt.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mess. GILBERT & DEAN.

THE following pathetic Ballad, most powerfully affected my feelings on a late perusal, and when I heard it sung, I was still more pleased; the music is simple, and adapted to the style of the words—pray give it a place in your entertaining Miscellany, and permit me through your medium, to recommend it to all your fair readers, who are proficients in the tuneful art. It is published by G. GREANLEAF, No. 6, Franklin-Street. AMATEUR.

THE POOR LITTLE CHILD OF A TAR,
A MUCH ADMIRED SONG.

IN a little blue garment all ragged and torn,
With scarce any shoes to his feet,
His head quite uncover'd, a look all forlorn,
And a cold flinty step for his feat,
A boy cheerless fat, and as paffingers pafs'd,
With a voice that might warrice hor,
Have pity he cry'd, let your bounty be caft,
To a poor little child of a tar.

II.

No mother I have, and no friend I can claim,
Deferted and cheerleſs I roam;
My father his fought for his country and fame,
But, alas! he may never come home!
Parch'd by cold, and by hunger, how hapleſs my ſtate,
Diſtreſs muſt all happineſs tear;
Look down on my ſorrows, and pity the fate
Of a poor little child of a tar.

III.

By cruelty drove from a near rural cot,
Where once with contentment we dwelt,
No friend to protect us, my poor mother's lot,
Alas! too ſoftenly ſhe felt!
She'd ſcarce by misfortune, death made her his own,
And ſtretch'd her to regions afar;
Diſtreſs'd and quite friendleſs, the left me to moan,
A poor little child of a tar.

IV.

Thus plaintive he mourn'd; when a ſailor that paſt,
Stopp'd a moment to give him relief;
He ſtretch'd forth his hand, and a look on him caſt,
A look full of wonder, and grief!
What! my William, he cry'd, my poor little boy!
With wrath I've return'd from the war!
My ſorrows ſhall ceaſe, nor ſhall grief more annoy
The poor little child of a tar.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FLOWERS.

FULL of my theme, with doubtful feet,
I ſought the muſe's bow'r,
Half doubting, half afraid to meet
Some kind inſpiring pow'r:
When ſtreet along the riſing dale
The queen, fair Fancy, roſe,
And thro' her rain-bow tinged veil
A glance benignant caſt:
Then painting thro' a fragrant grove,
"Come tee," ſhe cried," the train
"Who own, in this ſecluded ſhade
"My wholeſome reign."
Fir'd to obey the glad command,
I took, with ſilent awe my ſtand:
Meanwhile in wanny a varying veil
Of ſplit texture aptly drett,
Ideal myriads ſeem to reel,
Tremulous thro' the cultur'd greve;
And ere, as inbred inſtinct led,
From every flow'r embroider'd bed,
Some certain plant, whoſe bolom rofe
Symbolically pleading, chofe:
With fruth, fern look, and light tho' fleaky tread,
Came Courage firſt, and croppd a dow-ſtung d Roſe:
For in the tender Roſe might beſt be read
Her ſtrong reſidence—boom that grainy glows,
Inſpir'd by gentle breath, prone to diſpenſe
To all, all ſweetneſs: yet abet to ſhow,
Wrath invaſion outer deeds commence,
Their warm refreſhment points a thorn below!

Retiring from the public eye,
The maiden mark Humility
Was ſeen to turn with nuddeſt grace,
To heaven her thoughts, to earth her face!
And all unconſcious what fair fame
Were ſhe here might well aſſume,

Preſer'd to ev'ry juſter claim,
The lowly Daiſy's ſimple bloom.
Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding or changing,
The coquet Affection ſtrives wantonly by;
On her breaſt a Narciſſus ſhe bore,
As if, with Narciſſus of yore,
For a form like her own ſhe could languiſh and die.

Heedleſs of the ſcorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's ſtroke,
Perſevering Patience ſtood,
Conq'ring evil ſtill with good,
Binding for her brow the while,
Artleſs wreaths of Camomile;
Hardy plant, whoſe ev'ry root ſtone
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.
Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent Hope all pauſing flew,
Prompt her eager eye to train
Far beyond the preſent view;
Quick from out to out to ſtray,
She the Primroſe held moſt dear;
Firſt-born of returning May,
Promiſe of the ſweeter year.
Pure Conſtancy whoſe hallow'd fires
Time-ſtarved ſcarce might expires
In ſpite of abſence grief or pain;
Approv'd true faithful Marigold,
Wreath'd round her the Silene unfold
When firſt the ſun aſſerts his reign;
Had his glad progreſs thro' the day,
Clole graſped with his parting ray,
Nor open till he ſhines again.
Superſtition came telling her ſteps and her beads,
Like Jack-in-a-bush hung all over with green;
Agnus—callus by whoſe ſide ſtraight ſtood the Beads
And ſtuck, with due care Holy Thiſtle between:
A chaplet of Monkhood the pluck'd from her head,
And Bedſtraw ſprigs for the boſom of the dead.
Illeatare to a corner Bade,
And taught her blood-ſhot eyes to roll,
As if ſhe hop'd to blight,
Each ſcene of happier days and hue
Save pain'nous Aconite.
Hand in hand, for they never ſtunder are feen,
All cheerful their fearcens all eaſy their mein,
Contentment and Innocence reign'd along:
By the delicate ſnow-drop was Innocence known,
Contentment took Heart's-eaſe and graſp'd it in her own,
Poor envy! ſhrunk from the ſight in the thicket lay.
The throng!—juſt hint to wild conceit like mine;
Why what a wreath had I began to twine!
Indulgent Fancy a ſtill now whiſpers in my ear—
"Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flow'ry road,
"Nor what was meant a *ſupper*, make a *load*."

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER X.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, April 6, 1778.

THE morning following, the eventful day of which I gave you an account in my laſt, Sarah appeared at the breakfaſt table with a more than uſual countenance; ſhe had retired early the night before, and I was in hopes, would have obtained ſome quiet reſt—but how different from her expected leaſure, and tortured mind, ſeemed greatly to ſtand in need of. I learnt that Darnley had not been home all night; he had come home early in the morning, and changed his clothes, but ſaid he could not be did not wiſh to have her miſtreſs diſturbed.

"I am afraid," ſaid ſhe, "he fears reproaches, and ſo a touch his honeſt heart—but I am reſolved to contain to be ſilent, I am ſure I ſhall not broach the deteſtable ſubject; he is now in the compting-houſe, his firſt me word he is ever lady, and will have his breakfaſt there thither. What can I do? Some method muſt be taken to make him humble than fear of again meeting me. I had thought of writing a note, deſired in terms which may tend to a reconciliation; for while he retains theſe fears of reproaches which confidence tells him he deſerves, he will hide them under ill nature; and ſuſpecting I ſhall accoſt him in tenderer language, will, to prevent it, load me with the moſt illiteral abuſe."

I approved the idea, and ſhe wrote whilſt eating her breakfaſt, the following:

"It is certainly painful to me, Mr. Darnley, to find you voluntarily avoid my ſociety. Perhaps I can divine the cauſe, and by removing it, the effect may happily ceaſe. You think we feel and reſentment will lead me, when we meet, to recapitulate ſome late events, and make diſagreeable remarks thereon. Such a recapitulation is by no means neceſſary. Let us meet as though we ſaw each other and ſo taken place: let the whole paſt into eternal oblivion; truſt me, it ſhall not be my fault if it does not. I hope you will dine at home this day: And in engaged, and if you ſhould dine out alſo, I ſhall dine alone.

"S. DARNLEY."

This letter was evidently what it appeared to be, the effect of principle; ſhe would perhaps rather have dined alone, than with her huſband in his preſent ſtate of mind, but ſhe felt it was her duty to endeavour to draw him back to domeſtic ſcenes and domeſtic peace. No anſwer was returned until paſt one o'clock, when one of the clerks brought me the following:

"You are very much miſtaken, Mrs. Darnley, if you ſuppoſe I dread your reproaches; I know with all your boaſted forbearance, you dare not utter any, or it is not your regard to me would prevent you; but pray underſtand, madam, if I am not maſter of my own houſe, and of my actions and perſon, and ſhall go and when and where I pleaſe, without conſulting your pleaſure; mind your own buſineſs, and don't trouble yourſelf about me; you have got a comfortable home, and may get out of it as ſoon as pleaſe. But you cannot ſuppoſe, after the very polite treatment which you took to turn Jolly out of doors, that I ſee you in the preſent ſtate of temper; I expect you have withdrawn from her your protection, I feel doubly bound to afford her mine. She is a woman whom I eſteem; ſhe loves me with her whole ſoul; ſhe has given inconteſtable proofs, that her affection for me ſurpaſſes all other conſiderations; and had the ſooner been freed from her matrimonial ſhackles, you would never have been the wife of

"G. DARNLEY."

Sarah gave vent to her ſwollen heart in a flood of tears when ſhe had peruſed this unmanly epiſtle; ſhe wrote a few lines, which, as near as I can recollect, I inſerted:

"That I am your wife, Mr. Darnley, is more my misfortune than my fault. But ſince you order a ſeparation, I ſuppoſing I ſhall have it. No woman can be under the influence of that ſacred paſſion, (whoſe power I can never, though I ſhould live to the age of Methuſalah) without being a moſt wretched being, when the object of it is ſtripped of principle and for ſtage-gratification, plunges the edifice of the preſumed adoration into misery, by treating him to repeated breaches of every tender and moral obligation. To ſay I have a comfortable home, I am that houſe before, from whence domeſtic peace is baniſhed? You are your own maſter—It is well you are ſo. World to God I was ſo.

"S. DARNLEY."

He never eat at two o'clock; I ſaw Sarah ſhifting under her mental ſufferings, and put off my engagement to ſee her home. She was in a violent fever. Mr. Darnley was ſent for; he came, and declared he ſhould not be put up to loſe a footman; this was ſpoken in the preſence of his wife. We ſent the next day to know how ſhe did, and I found they were going to quit their houſe; and that they had they were going to quit their houſe; and that they had they were going to quit pleaſure.

They having thus expoſed themſelves to open cenſure, I no longer held myſelf bound to withhold the whole proceedure from you. I attended reviews with Sarah during his abſence. She has reviſited her compoſure, and ſoon again in ſociety; but the abſence to that there is now no tie between Darnley and herſelf; but the force of ſtrict entertains of what is due to moral rectitude. Whether they will behave to each other on his return, I cannot divine—I have no doubt but he will endeavour to incenſe her againſt her, and to make her with a ſeparation; but Dear Anne as to that, as there is no ſtate in the world ſhe thinks ſo humiliating and pitiable, as a woman in a ſtate of ſeparation from her huſband; ſhe would ever ready to reconcile, if not fail ever to attach ſome ſtain or blame to the conduct of a wife who is ſlighted and forſaken by her legal protector.

* * *

I was interrupted an hour ſince, by the arrival of a letter from Southborough, where my brother has been for ſome time; he is dangerouſly ill—I muſt leave Sarah immediately; ſhe has promiſed to write often; you ſhall have copies of all her letters, as ſhe has allowed me that liberty. Farewell. May Heaven bleſs you, ever prays, Dear Jane

ANNE.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP.—№ XLIII.

Pene fugientibus Affer.

TO laugh at and ridicule the follies of the age, or of individuals, is allowable; nay, if done in such a manner as to tend to shame them out of society, it is even laudable; but to laugh at the misfortunes and weaknesses of our fellow creatures, is mean, detestable and wicked. When I see a young person, whose eye sight I know to be in full vigour, wear a glass by way of ornament, suspended to his or her neck, by a fashionable ribbon, and observe them with the most affected air elevate it to the level of the eye, while with a slight inclination of the body, they impertinently peer into a face they are either totally unacquainted with, or in but a cast of countenance; I am tempted not only to laugh, but to rail. Such folly is inexcusable, and may be considered as a fair mark for ridicule to aim its shafts at. But when real infirmity obliges the use of glasses, to affix the eye to discover the features of a friend, he must be unfeeling as aharnard, and venomous as the serpent, who could dare even a look that might wound the feasibility of the poor sufferer. Of all the afflictions to which human nature is subject, there can be none more deplorable than a weakness, or total imperfection of the optical genius. How many dear delights are conveyed to the soul through the perceptive nerve. The works of creation are beheld with rapture; and as we gaze, the mind rejoicing with fervent ecstasies of wonder, mingled with pleasure, fears on the wings of gratitude even to the presence of creation's God. True, were we deprived of sight, we could still hear the voice of nature, the cares of friendship, and animal, pleasing pastimes. But what could compensate for the deprivation of that power by which we read the countenance of those we converse with, each form the index of the heart? Nor are we to suppose, whole eyeballs can convey to the soul more exquisite pain or pleasure, than it is possible for the organ to express, whose pure thoughts appearing through *holy windows* of the soul, would throw on all that is dear to mind, a selfle-worth; or appal from all that is degrading to the man of honour and the christian. Yes, there are *whole* whole fmallest instance of approbation is of more real value, than volumes of flattery from the tongue of the artful, or the pen of the parasite. Feeling as I do, how *ably* to appreciate the blessing of sight, I cannot but rejoice that those who possess that precious gift, are taught so to use, to strengthen, preserve, or restore it, when in danger of being loft. But I fee fo much depravity in the world, fo daily hear the artful and the unfeeling, (more at once of contemptuousness, that I cease to wonder at any one—and should I meet misfortune in any shape whatever, I know full well, the cruelest cenfure, the bitterest *ridicule* the most poignant satire, would follow.—Spirits of christian charity, forgive me, fenfible as I am of this merciless fact. I alfo know, and fooothing to my feal, that *knowledge is power*, that the ability to read, write, or call nature's fofteft mould, you would lament; feel for my woes, and even as my fimilies drop a tear—but chi *we fhall your mercy.*

Poor MARTIN.—Most complains, that he is laughed at, and that the weaknefs of his eyes obliging him to wear *fpectacles*, has fubjected him to the ridicule of all ignorant and unfenfible. My good friend, be thankful it is no worfe; did a derangement in your peculiary affairs oblige you to ask the affiftance of your friends, to help you to find your way out of the labyrinth, into which you had inconsiderately wandered, alas! you would find that fo far from affifting, they would eternally ftrike from your hand the feeble reed of hope that might fupport you; and as you plunged into the abyfs of poverty, laugh aloud, while they bid the hyfflanders obferve your heedleffnefs, and ratify the merit of their own careful pace and firm foothold, by a comparifon with your inadvertent flip. But let him who ftumbels, take heed leaft he fall; and he who ftrolls cleanly, turn from the fight of his fellow; left by contemplating the dark fhadows in the vale of life, he will find his fight refrefhed and invigorated, and by contrafting it with the golden beams which play on the mountain of funmit learn juftly to appreciate that bright, pure, mild light, which cheers the intermediate fpace.

I AM very forry to learn from my young friend ALONZO, that it is fo fafhionable for mothers of families to take their apprentices to places of public worfhip with them, or if they do not go themfelves, allow them a proper and convenient place in the church for meeting their fweethearts, where they can pay their adorations to the Giver of all good, and liften to the voice of inftruction drawn from the facred treafury of holy writ. I think every mother and miftrefs of a family is in fome meafure refponfible for the conduct of their domeftics and affiftants of all kinds; it behoves them to enforce precept by example, and more efpecially where youth are entrufted to their care, will their minds unformed, their habits and tafte unvitiated; and I would addrefs Alonzo, when he enters on the bufy ftage of life, not only to preferve the ftrictneft regard to all religious duties, but until on every part of his family doing the fame; taking care that they have a feat in the houfe of public worfhip by the fide of their mafter, left the eye of envy notice that they pay the fabbath proper refpect; and let him be affured, a man never looks fo refpectable as when at the head of his houfehold, he leads the way to the houfe of fupplication. The ftranger and the ftick him, his friends love, venerate and eftecm him; happy are the children of fuch a father; thrice happy the woman, who fhall call fuch a man husband. For he who is kind to his wife, loves and worfhips his Creator, will, in the midft of moft contentious manner, fulfil all the relative duties of life.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TYS G.

IT is the opinion of many that to produce a good *effect*, means what, but perfectly confiftent with their propriety may be juftifiable. I no further coincide with that opinion, than to believe that the end juftifies their means when the intention is laudable, and that they are freed from the fhackles and forms which confine dependent minds. That fhem you have adopted for regulating for a "partner for life," is undoubtedly new, although a digreffion from general cuftom. For fhe, who limits his wifhes to a man fhe hath fucceeded (alas! falfely) and thus excepted; I fhall believe it a method whereby many happy connections might be formed, to their fincere benefit, and where the advertising candidate "honeftly defcribes their own perfonal qualifications, as well as fituation in life, that thofe who may be acceptable, may depend upon not being deceived." But alas, where do we find that genuine and honeft principle, that paints the image of his mind? Where every one is tempted with the falfe propriety of fentiments, how few emancipate themfelves from the fetters of cuftom, or defcribe the traits of my own breaft. I fhall withhold all fhe advice of "honeftly," for you are an idea of romance even in this, a perfonal application, and as I am not in the market, I fhould they meet your views, they may poffibly be deterred from further correfpondence. A belief that an elegant perfon is not neceffary to make a good hufband, and that coftly furniture is not neceffary for connubial joys, Leonora thinks will be a fufficient check to every extravagant defire of grandeur and fhow. As for "beauty of perfon," you appear almoft indifferent; Leonora will fay fhe is not troubled by beaux, or fought for by fops; and fhe can fafely add, that fhe at leaft poffeffes intereftable, if the endowments of her mind, you will form a better judgement from from her defcription, when you are informed that her company is rather fought by her inquirers in age, in accomplishment and in natural excellence, than by the effeminate or fromdifhnife. You pour partner muft efteem that time beft fpent, which is fpent in the company of her hufband. How far you will "accommodate yourfelf in feelings incident to humanity," as it relates to that, muft be a fubject of future inquiry—but, certain it is, that

" *Soft retirement fweetens the return,*"

and that love—but why mute that tender paffion, fince love, nor even friendfhip, which is a ftill anfwering feeltion? compares with the delight experienced in your prefence. LEONORA believes that true conjugal felicity cannot exift without love.

" *Love refores*
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath its fun
To confine, and is judicious."

If in your breaft you find a fpark of that purefl paffion which hymenial wedlocknefs might kindle to a flame, which would light and cheer the dark and dreary paths of life, arow it through the medium you receive this; to think never again to hear from LEONORA.

Bofton, Sept. 7, 1803.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

THERE are two things in life, which I fcrupulofly meet with, and which, as often as they happen to me, give me unexpreffible pain. The firft is, when I fee a poor drudge of a waiter made the point of a company at a tavern, and obliged to fubmit to the arrogance of every haughty or unthinking fellow, who affumes the authority to make him an any little trifling enquiry. The next is, when a gentleman take upon them to fcold and reprimand their fervants before any company of vifitors whom they entertain. In both thefe cafes, I bring the condition of the waiter and the fervant home to myfelf, and by imagining, I think, I could never be able to endure the ill-ufage they muft fo often fuffain. To the proud and haughty, whatever I could fay on the fubject would be of little weight. But I muft beg leave to remind the giddy part of one, (who, from wantonnefs or thoughtleffnefs, fometimes ufe againft the known humanity of their own minds) that nothing is fo mean as to give ill language to any man, whofe condition in life renders it unfafe for him to return the abufe; and that nothing can be more ill-mannered to a company, than to make it uneafy for a waiter, who is there to attend them to converfe with in the room. Nor, at each's own table, can any thing be more ill-manner'd to guefts, than to give one's fervants a fcolding in the hall-room (if there) becaufe it muft proportionally fpoil their entertainments, as they partake of their inviter's concern.

GOD GAVE US PASSIONS, AND AT THE SAME TIME GAVE US REASON.

OUR paffions are the moft important belps granted by the God, I cannot but think it borders on impiety to treat the impurfuitty of man's paffions, or the dulcet of his judgment, with rifle ule or contempt;—It is fincer ng at God's provi dence for the unequal diftribution he has made. Yet how a man is at his pains to controul his paffions, or to improve his underftanding, ridicule may be permitted, when it is employed with the well meaning intention of fhewing a perfon the unreformation of his. I hope never to ufe it in any other thought. Perhaps fome of my own defects, I fhall never finish contemning any of other's faults, but rather endeavour to write a fatire on the human race. The humiliating obfervations of the moft humorous Dean Swift fhould ferve as an ufeful example, to deter all reformers in the from wantonly ridiculing the wonderful works of that Deity, whofe defigns are unaccountable to us.

J.

THOUGHTS ON BOWING.

ON Sunday, as I was reading myfelf on a hill, with a field of rye wheat before me, I imagined a man could not take a better pattern for a genteel bow and a humble reverence, than from one of the fhafts as it bent beneath the breeze that blew upon it. The ftalk, or body, firft inclined, and the ear, or head, next followed its fame motion. The ftalk then gently rofe again, and the ear recovered its fuccefhon. I felt like a king upon his throne, and I could not help fancying, I faw fo many of my loving fubjects bowing, with adoration, before me. When my readers recollect, that the great Homer likewife compares the ipears of an army to a field of corn, no lefs than three different times in his firft book of the iliad, they will readily fee-

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Hair me for one poet fimile, which I made of the ſtanding corn, although reeds have more frequently been uſed in the like compariſons. But reeds being a little ſtiff in the back, reſpectfent not ſo properly the eaſy graceful motions of a courtier's body.

ACCOUNT OF A HINDOO DEVOTEE.

[From Captain Turner's Account of an Embaſſy to the Court of the Teſhoo Lama, in Tibet.]

THE Geoſſin Pilnpooree exhibited ſo extraordinary an inſtance of religious penance, that I cannot refiſt thereception of relating ſome particulars of his life.

Having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, he was yet young when he commenced the courſe of his extraordinary mortifications. The firſt vow which the plan of life he had choſen to himſelf induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to lie down upon the ground, nor lie down to reſt even for the ſpace of twelve years. All this time he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I inquired how he took the indiſpenſable refreſhments of ſleep, he was anſwered with fatigue, he ſaid, that at firſt, to prevent his falling, he uſed to be tied with ropes to ſome tree or poſt; but that this precaution, after ſome time, became unneceſſary, and he was able to ſleep ſtanding without ſuch aſſiſtance.

The complete term of his firſt penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing thoſe of the other, for the ſame ſpace of twelve years. Whether this particular period is choſen in conſequence of the twelve ſigns of the zodiac, or to the Indian cycle of twelve years, I cannot decide. He was ſtill determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; for that, he ſaid, in the term of his vow could be accompliſhed, he had travelled over the greater part of the continent of Aſia. He firſt ſet out by croſſing the peninſula of India through Guzerat, to the ſea-port of Surat to Buſſora, and thence to Conſtantinople. From Turkey he went to Ifpahan, and ſojourned ſo long among the different Perſian tribes as to obtain a conſiderable knowledge of their language, in which he converſed with tolerable eaſe. In his paſſage from thence towards Ruſſia, he fell in with the Ruſſians (hordes of Coſſacs) upon the borders of the Caſpian ſea, where he narrowly eſcaped being conſidered to perpetual ſlavery; but at length he was ſuffered to paſs on, and reached Moſcow. He then travelled through the northern boundary of the Ruſſian empire, and through Siberia, arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teſhoo Loomboo, and Nepaul, down to Calcutta.

When I firſt ſaw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pole-ſaddle Tangun horſe, from Bootan, and wore a lamo embroidered cloſe, given to him by Teſhoo Lama, of which he was not a little proud. He was a ſenſible and bold and his compleſion, contraſted with a long, buſhy, black beard, appeared really ſtriking. I do not ſuppoſe that he was above forty years of age. Two Geoſſins attended him, and aſſiſted him in mounting and alighting from his horſe. In order that he might be known to the whole tribe of their bands on every occaſion; his own, being formed and commanded in the poſition in which he had placed them, were of courſe perfectly unbroke.

The circulation of blood ſeemed to have forſaken his arms: they were withered, void of ſenſation, and inflexible. Yet he ſpoke to me with confidence of recovering the uſe of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

Other Geoſſins aſſured me, though I could not help doubting the fact, that it is practible to reſtore withered limbs, thus circumſtanced, to perfect uſe. This is effected they ſay, though not without great labor and ſome pain, by means of long continued friction, before a large fire, with a certain ointment which they compound. To complete the full meaſure of his religious penance, I underſtand that there ſtill remained two other expenſive vows for Pilgrimage to Jaſſernum. In the firſt of theſe he is directed to be carried by the feet to a branch of a tree, over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and young back-wards and forwards, his body paſſing through the flame, for one, two and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having paſſed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himſelf, for the laſt act of probation, which is, to be buried alive ſtanding upright in a pit dug for the purpoſe; the freſh earth being thrown in upon him, ſo that he is completely covered. In this ſituation he muſt remain for one half and a quarter, that is, three hours and three quarters; and if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he ſhould be found alive, he will ſtand into the higheſt rank among the moſt pious of the Yogee beg[illegible]

A SOLDIER SHOULD BE BRAVE BUT NOT PROFANE.

AT the battle of Lafelt, when the 37th regiment of foot had been three-broke and rallied again, and when, at the fourth attack, they were totally defeated, *Dijon*, a French refugee officer, who ſtood among the laſt in that regiment, found himſelf at the ſide of one Kerr, a bold, intrepid gentleman, whom, reſpecting to meet, he inſtantly accoſted in theſe words, "Bee garee! me be very glad to ſee you, Kerr: I know you will follow me." "That I will," ſaid Kerr, "I will follow your humour to the bottom of Hell." "Hold, hold, Kerr, not ſo far either; me will only lead you to de gate, and dere me be obliged to leave you." "So, a very fine excuſe, truly, for a refugee and deck, not to continue either at the ſide of a Hanoverian regiment—Though I would wiſh to banish, as much as poſſible, from the mind of the Soldier, the notion of his own danger, the want of reflection, would deſtroy all the ſpirit of this diſintereſted kind, which the grenadier above mentioned ſhewed in his anſwer. I would have no man, in a good cauſe, forget, that *Fa ſhion*, in the opinion of the Executor; for hitherto ſhews us, that no atrocities have been more ſucceſsful than thoſe who fought under a religious inſpiration; nor have any members a greater ſcope of bravery in combat that thoſe who had the fear of God conſtantly before them. We ſee, indeed, that a want of all religion has often the ſame effect of rendering men fearleſs of danger; yet in the thoughtleſs, mechanical courage of the wicked not always to be relied on; for, if a temporary ray of reaſon ſhould ſtrike them, they will ſhudder at death, and the approach of a future ſtate. This is a remarkable inſtance of this I can give, in another ſtory that at preſent occurs to me. An Engliſh gentleman-traveller happened to be dining at a Coffee-houſe at *Metz*, in the Highway with ſome others, who had been concerned in the Rebellion of 1745. In his diſcourſe at table, he uſed great freedom with the Britiſh Royal Family, and with the Parliament, even to a gainſt his Almighty God. He next attacked the character of the Pretender, and at laſt became ſo furious on the ſubject, that a Gentleman of the company, no longer able to contain himſelf, ordered him to walk into the garden." Now, Sir, ſaid the challenger, your blaſphemy againſt my God, I have *done* to puniſh, for he was preſent, and did certainly hear you. But, as you have ſpoken againſt the Prince who is abſent, and cannot reſent it, I demand inſtant ſatisfaction. Draw, Sir, or you ſhall aſk his pardon."—Theſe words were delivered in ſo reſolute a manner, that the offending gentleman imagined he heard the voice of an avenging angel, fent from heaven to puniſh him for all his blaſphemies. He therefore, for the firſt time in his life, had often *diſtinguiſhed* himſelf in battle; though he had as often proved his courage in ſingle combat; and though he had on theſe occaſions, with apparent reſolution, put his heart fulleſt him on this occaſion; and, after a few ſhrulls, his antagoniſt diſarmed him, and obliged him to beg his pardon.

ENGLISH SAILOR.

THERE is a well-known ſtory of a ſailor, who, coming off a ſtroke with his pocket full of gold-money, ſubmitted to the Admiral's diſcretion, whether, that money coming fairly into his poſſeſſion, he muſt not make it his own? "Why, if the ſame ſhall, to be ſure!" quoth Jack. "Then not ſhall, ſaid the ſailor, to make the back of the ſame rich veſſel-cover for the ſame firſt wish the front; the Admiral had the back of his made of coarſeren cloth." "No matter for that, quoth Jack; make mine all velvet; I'll have no ſtuff about me, by God!" Soon after, when Jack had got his watch-coat on, he met the Admiral on the ſtreet; but inſtead of taking off his hat (for which he had no occaſion) he pulled out his pocket-pipes up with one hand, and with the other he clapped his back on." No ſtuff, here, Admiral: no ſtuff about me; *'tis all* velvet, by G—!"

ANECDOTES.

A YOUNG man, more noted for vanity than for talents, was boaſting that his advantages had been ſuperior to thoſe of other literary men, as he had received his education at two univerſities, Cambridge and New-Haven; when a throned old gentleman in the company remarked, that it reminded him of a tale he had ſeen, which had looked two cows. "And what was the conſequence?" ſaid the conceited young man. "The conſequence was," replied the old gentleman, "that he grew to be a *very great calf*."

A FELON on Holway to *execution*, at Pennenden Leath, called out to ſome ſoldiers, as he paſſed, to know if they were not militia-men, and ſome other *ſubſtance*. Being anſwered in the affirmative, he dryly aſked if either of them would become a *ſubſtitute* for him, as he did not like ſo much parade and nonſenſe, and wiſhed to go another way.

WHAT is the reaſon, ſaid one freſhman to another, that you and your wife are always diſagreeing? Becauſe, replied Pat, we are *both of one mind*—ſhe wants to be maſter, and ſo do I.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

WHEN the Almighty was about to create Man, he ſummoned before him the Angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They ſtood in council around his bidder throne.

"Create this man," ſaid the angel of Juſtice; "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppreſſable widow."

"Create him not," ſaid the angel of Peace; "he will manure the earth with human blood; the firſt born of his race will be the ſlayer of his brother."

"Create him not," ſaid the angel of Truth; "he will defile the ſanctuary with falſehood, although they ſhould ſtamp on his countenance ethnic image, the ſeal of confidence."

So ſpoke the angels of the attributes of Jehovah; when Mercy, the youngeſt and deareſt child of the Eternal, ſmiled, and clapping his knees, "Create him father," ſaid he, "in the likeneſs of myſelf; for being kindneſs, and having all thy meſſengers forſake him, I will teek and ſupport him, and turn his fault to good. Becauſe he is weak, I will make him know the ſtrength of mercy, and feel its influence. When he departs from peace, from truth, from juſtice, the conſequences of his wanderings ſhall deter him from repeating them, and ſhall gently lead him to amendment."

The Father of All gave ear, and created Man, a weak faltering being; but in his faults the pupil of Mercy, the ſon of ever-active and meliorating Love.

Remember this, my friends. O man! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother. Mercy alone will deem to be: Love and Pity ſwathed thee at their boſoms.

USEFUL.

TRUTH.

[From Edgworth's Practical Education*]*

HONESTY is the beſt policy, muſt be the maxim in education, as well as in all the other affairs of life. We muſt not only be ready to tell the truth to our pupils but to every body elſe; to acquaintance, to ſervants, to ſtrangers, to enemies. It is not here meant to enter any overſtrained remark againſt the common forms of phraſe, or ſtrictly the current coin may not be pure, but when once its alloy has been aſcertained, and its value appreciated, there is no fraud, though there may be ſome baſeneſs, in paſſing it: trade upon equal terms with our neighbours, with men of high nominal, and ſecretly any real, value. No ſophiſtry whatever can make an Engliſh Lawyer believe, that because no deception is intended; the words are falſe, if they mean, and are underſtood to mean, nothing more than that the perſon in queſtion does not chooſe to ſee the reaſons which induce him to act. "I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and humble ſervant," at the end of a letter, does not mean that the perſon who ſigns the letter is a ſervant, or humble, or obedient, in the ſtrict and literal ſenſe of the words: but every one who reads the letter, according to the uſual form of expreſſion, underſtands the uſual phraſe and welcomes it but do not be ſo, in the ſtrict and literal ſenſe of the words, to ſervants, tradeſmen and ſtrangers. The feelings of children are ſoſtly and eaſy to be treated with deciſiation ducto hypocriſy and falſehood. For all theſe vices are never ſuch grievous puniſhments, when can, indeed, be more found ſufficiently to excite for great crimes; great crimes, conſequently, for want of adequate puniſhment, will increaſe, and the little faults, that have been with impropriety the common reſtraint of all ſocieties, and comparatively amiable, in the eyes of unreflecting human nature. It is not difficult to explain to young people the real meaning, or rather abuſe of theſe, and a few complimentary phraſes; their integrity will not be recreaſed or diminiſhed by either laying, or omitting to ſay, "I am much obliged to you, Sir" or "I ſhall be very happy to ſee you at dinner," &c. We do not mean to include in the harmleſs lyſt of compliments any expreſſions that are meant to deceive; the common cuſtom of all country and of the ſociety in which we live, ſufficiently regulates the ſtyle of complimentary language, and there are few ſo ignorant of the world as ſeriouſly to miſunderſtand this extraordinary ſociety for trifles.

There is a ſtory told of a Chineſe mandarin, who joined a viſit to a friend at Paris, at the time when Paris was in fear of poliſhends. His wall bred lord, on the firſt morn-

of his arrival, gave him a handsome supper, lodged him in the best bedchamber, and when he wished him a good night, amongst other civil things, said he hoped the mandarin would, during his stay at Paris, consider that house as his own. Early the next morning, the polite Parisian was wakened by the sound of loud hammering, in the mandarin's bedchamber; on entering the room, he found the mandarin and some masons busy at work therewith down the walls of the house. " You rascals, are you mad?" exclaimed the Frenchman to the masons. " Not at all, my dear friend," said the Chinese man, loftily, " I fet the poor fellows to work; this room is too small for my taſte; you fee I have loſt no time in availing myſelf of your goodneſs. Did not you deſire me to uſe this houſe as if it were my own, during my ſtay at Paris?" " Aſſuredly, my dear friend, and ſo I hope you will," replied the French gentleman. " the only misfortune here is, that I did not underſtand Chineſe, and that I had no occaſion for a Chineſe interpreter, or a Chineſe dictionary, and when the Pariſian phraſe was properly tranſlated, the mandarin, who was an honeſt man, begged his polite hoſt's pardon for having pulled down the partition. It was rebuilt; the mandarin learned French, and the two friends continued upon the beſt terms poſſible with each other during the remainder of the viſit.

The value of a character for truth ſhould be diſtinctly felt by children in their own family: whilſt they are every morning be adviſed that their intereſt cannot be tempted; as they grow up truſt ſhould by degrees be put in them, and we ſhould diſtinctly explain to them that our confidence is to be eſteemed before it can be given; neither let ſin any perſon's truth is not a matter of affection, but of experience and neceſſity; we cannot doubt the affections of any perſon whom we have found to ſpeak uniformly the truth; we cannot believe any perſon, let us with to do it ever ſo much, if we have detected him in falſhoods. Before we have had experience of a perſon's integrity, we may hope or take it for granted, that he is perfectly ſincere and honeſt; but we cannot feel more that *belief upon truſt*, until we have actually ſeen his integrity tried. We ſhould not pretend that we have faith in our fellow creatures if we have tried them; we may hope from their habits, from the examples they have ſeen, and from the advantageous manner in which truth has always been repreſented to them, that they will act honourably; the hope is natural and juſt, but confidence is another thing of the mind. The firſt time we tried a child, we ſhould not ſay, " I am ſure you will not deceive me; I rather wiſh you may not deceive me;" this is flattery or folly; it is paying beforehand, which is not the way to get honeſtly done; why cannot we, eſpecially as we are teaching truth, ſay the firſt time, *I hope* you will not deceive me. If I find that you may be truſted, you know I ſhall be able to truſt you another time; this muſt be owned upon you, and entirely upon me." We muſt make ourſelves certain upon theſe occaſions, how the child conſtructs himſelf: it is not peculiar to us any artifice, or to affect to have falſe ſhame; any perſon that would not feel it is better openly to ſay," You fee, I do not the juſtice to examine me fully, how you have conducted yourſelf; I with to be able to truſt you another time."

PLAY THINGS.

IT is ſurpriſing how much children may learn from their playthings when they are properly choſen, and when the habit of reflection and obſervation is aſſociated with the ideas of amuſement and happineſs. A little boy of my acquaintance, who had been a long time at ſchool, aſked, " why a hoop, or a plate, if rolled upon its edge, keeps up as long as it rolls, but falls as ſoon as it ſtops, and will not ſtand if you try to make it ſtand full upon its edge?" Was not the boy's underſtanding as well employed when he was thinking of this phænomenon, which he obſerved whilſt he was driving his hoop, as it could poſſibly have been by the moſt learned purſuits?

When a pedantic ſchoolmaſter ſees a boy eagerly watching a paper kite, he obſerves " What a pity it is that children cannot be made to mind their grammar as well as their kites!" and he adds perhaps ſome proviſh ejaculation on the natural idleneſs of boys, and that pernicious love of play againſt which he is doomed to waſte perpetual war. A man of ſenſe will ſee the ſame fight with a different eye; to this *pernicious* love of play he will diſcern the ſymptoms of a love of ſcience, and, inſtead of deploring the natural idleneſs of children, he will admire the activity which they diſplay in the purſuit of knowledge. He will feel that it is his buſineſs to direct his activity, to furniſh his pupil with materials for ſuch combinations, to put him, or to let him put *himſelf*, in ſituations where he can make uſeful obſervations, and acquire that experience which cannot be bought, and which he muſt not communicate.

It will not be beneath the dignity of a philoſophic tutor to conſider the different effects, which the moſt common plays of children have upon the habits of the underſtanding and temper. Whoever has watched children putting together a diſtreſſed mop, muſt have been amuſed with the trial between wit and judgment. The child who quickly perceives reſemblances catches inſtantly at the firſt bit of the wooden mop, that has a ſingle hole or hollow that ſeems likely to anſwer his purpoſe; he makes perhaps twenty different trials before he hits upon the right combination; whilſt the wary youth, who has been accuſtomed to obſerve differences, cautiouſly examines with his eye the whole outline before his hand begins to move; and, having exactly compared the two indentures, he joins them with the firſt effort. The former proof of never diſgracing his judgment by a fruitleſs attempt, than ambitious of rapid ſucceſs. He is ſlow but ſure, and wins the day.

A RECENT EXPERIMENT ON PICKLING SEED-WHEAT.

A MAN, in this ſtate, in converting his ſeed-wheat for ſowing, ſteeped one buſhel twelve hours in pickle, and then rolled it in plaiſter, and ſowed it through the middle of a field containing eleven or twelve acres; on each ſide of this ſtrong band of ſeed was ſown that which had been rolled in plaiſter, but not pickled. Soon after the grain began to vegetate, he perceived a ſtriking difference, and that, during the whole growth, the ſtrength of the pickled ſeed were much ſuperior in thriftineſs and luxuriance.

After reaping, threſhing and meaſuring the grain, and making a calculation upon the whole, the part of the pickled and unpickled ſeed, (which was done the preſent year,) the owner has aſſirmed it as his opinion, that, of the bad pickled the whole of the field which was ſown in that bad pickle crop would have been increaſed three bushels more than ſeventy or eighty buſhels. : : *Hud. Pak. Sept.* 13, 1803.

THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

STILL continues to receive many valuable additions. Thoſe lately added, are an elegant collection of modern Engliſh coins, preſented by Mr. Bowe as his gift received from Paris. They are executed in a maſterly manner, among which are the following, large as life, viz. Conſul BONAPARTE, Mrs. BONAPARTE, brother and ſiſter-in-law, HORNER, CATO, LAUCOON, and his SON—DEMOSTHENES, APOLLO, DIANA, ROMAN VESTAL, &c.—*Alſo*, ROMAN and JULIET. This hiſtorical group, contains four elegant Wax Figures, which Mr. B. has alſo added.

FEMALE ASYLUM,

THE BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM,

YESTERDAY celebrated its third anniverſary. The performances took place at Trinity Church, before a very large and reſpectable audience. The Sermon by the Rev. Dr. PARKER, was peculiarly pertinent and appropriate:—and indeed, all the performances gave univerſal ſatisfaction. We have not learnt what collection the Society made, but it muſt have been above five hundred dollars. The ode written for the occaſion, will be found in the next page. The Franklin Muſical Society performed the muſical part, to great ſatisfaction.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

FOR AUGUST, 1803—LONDON.

Walking Dreſs.—Dreſs of cambric muſlin with a cambric habit ſhirt; a ſhaffer ſacket of blue ſilk; helmet bonnet of ſtraw, ornamented with a green wreath; tambreen ſleeves.—Plain ſtocks of white muſlin with long ſleeves; habit ſhirt of muſlin and lace; Leghorn hat; ſaphire ſtones.

Head Dreſſes.—Hat of white chip, edged down with white ribbons, and large leaves in front. Cap of white net with quillings of net round the front, and ornamented with a fancy flower. Turban of white ſattin and muſlin, with two rows of beads round the front, and ornamented with ſelected feathers. Cap of white net, ornamented with pink ribbon; fancy flower in front. Hat of white chip and lace crape, turned up in front and ornamented with ſelected feathers. Cap of white net, with lace border. A dimple front ſtraw bonnet with a dome crown. Dreſs hat of blue crape, ornamented with feathers or flowers. Round hat of ſtriped ribbon.

General Obſervations.—The prevailing colours are blue, blue and green. Dreſſes are made very low in the back, with the waiſts ſhort. Lace continues to be worn generally. Plain Leghorn hats are at preſent conſidered as moſt faſhion. ble. Cloaks of worked muſlin trimmed all round with lace, are moſt prevalent.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge with gratitude, the receipt of a ſecond favour from M. H. G. W.—Other favours are on hand.

ORDAINED—At Beverly, on Wedneſday laſt, the Rev. JOSEPH EMERSON, to the paſtoral care of the third church in that town, in the new houſe lately dedicated with religious ſolemnities to the worſhip of God.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Charlestown, Mr. William Belcher, to Miſs Hannah Bond. At Saco, Mr. Samuel Nye, merchant, of Boſton, to Miſs Ruſanne Cutts, daughter of Col. C. In this town, Mr. William Dinſmoor, merchant, to Miſs Catharine Brown, daughter of the late Mr. Gowen B.—Mr. Samuel Cooper, merchant, to Miſs Ann D. Smith, daughter of Capt. J. Smith, of Charleſtown.—Mr. Luke Willard, to Miſs Ann White.—Mr. William Howe, to Miſs Mary Harvey.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At Philad. John Barry, Eſq. for many years a diſtinguiſhed commander in the navy of the United States. At Dorcheſter, Mr. Joſeph Burnard, of the ſmall pox !—At Trinidad, Mr. Wm. A. Bond, eldeſt ſon of Mr. Nathan B. of this town; an amiable and worthy young man. ☞ *A friend has favoured us with an excellent character of this young gentleman, to be found in our next.*]

At Concord, on Wedneſday laſt, Mrs. Lucy Wheelock, the amiable conſort of Mr. Jonathan Wheelock, Æt. 39. She was an excellent woman; and by a regular diſplay of every moral and ſocial virtue, ſecured the reſpect and eſteem of all who had the pleaſure of her acquaintance.—At Northampton, Gen. Moſes Leavitt, Æt. 64.—At Brookline, on Tueſday evening laſt, the amiable and virtuous conſort of Stephen Higginſon, jun. Eſq.

At Sunbury, Mr. John Vila, Æt. 78, eldeſt ſon of Mr. James Vila; a youth of the beſt diſpoſitions, and engaging manners. ☞ Deaths at N. York, 20th inſt. 9.

At Buxton, Maine, Miſs Appleton, Æt. 20. She deſerved beſtiff of life, by twiſting twenty ſtrands of tow yarn about her neck with her hands, while with the other, ſhe held herſelf up by the round of a ladder. She was found in this ſituation; and her arm being looſed from the ladder, ſhe fell, and broke one of her legs.—She had been melancholy ſeveral months, on account of the doubts the entertained reſpecting the mode of religion ſhe ought to profeſs. Her father, it ſeems, was a Baptiſt, who told her *if ſhe did not join the Baptiſt church ſhe would be damned.* Her mother, who was a Congregationaliſt, aſſured her that *ſhe would be damned if ſhe did join the Baptiſts.* Thus circumſtanced, her melancholy commenced, and continued to increaſe until ſhe ſtrangled herſelf in deſpair.

In this town, Mrs. Ebenezer Cuſhing, Æt. 68:—Dr. Penneſett, of Charleſtown, (S. C.) Æt. 63:—Mrs. Ann Rand, Æt. 40:—Miſs Hannah Hewes, Æt. 45:—Maſter John Bull, Æt. 16, ſon of the late Mr. John B.—Caroline Fiſk, Æt. 8 months, daughter of Mr. Wm. Fiſk, Jun. Alſo, 2 Children. Total for the week ending laſt evening, Twelve.

THE TIME FIXED!

AND if you don't apply in ſeaſon, blame no one. The 4th chaiſ of Hadley Lottery, commences drawing the 16th of *November*, and all unſold tickets put into the hands of a company, on the 15th of *October*, who will raiſe the price to D. 5 50. Tickets for ſale by *Osborn & Dean.*

☞ Scheme of a lottery to be *ſeen* as above, which commences drawing on Wedneſday next. Sept. 14.

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POETRY.

AN ODE,

Written by Mr. J. Hoyte, jun. for the *Boston Female Asylum*, and sung yesterday, at their 3d anniversary.

WITH hope the foundling lyre
The lay shall may oft inspire,
And rouse to ecstacy the rapture'd soul;
But notes of purer kind
Invite the feeling mind,
Enlivening streams of bliss for *Orphans* roll.
Oft hath the mother tried,
With every beauty grac'd,
Its father's image on her infant child;
But angels shall approve
The fat figurine love,
Which feels on *Orphans* its celestial mould.
Immortal pow'rs rejoice,
Raise your applauding voice,
Thro' Heaven's high arch of *female kindness* sing;
Departed saints, defcend,
Here with your offspring blend,
Borne from celestial climes on fcraph's wing.
The golden age, renown'd,
Was when bashful bliss was crown'd,
Earth field with yellow bending harvefts flows;
No widow's plaintive figh,
No *helpleſs Orphan's* cry,
Difturb'd the cottage, or approach'd the throne.
But, in Boston's days,
The nobleſt meed of praife
Flows from the virtuous and the grateful poor;
Here woman fourhes difpair,
She hears the *Orphan's* prayer,
And thro' the paths of virtue ſhall allure.
Now fancy takes her flight
To azure realms of light,
Where love divine enthron'd ſhall ever reign;
Thence ſhe will e'er impart
Her hoffings to the heart,
Which feeks the wretched, and allays their pain.
Cherubic choirs proclaim
Their pæans to the name
Of Charity, the friend of human kind;
Who, like the orb of day,
Illumes the Barbary'd way
To thrones celeſtial, and to joys refin'd.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Meſſrs. Gilbert & Dean,

THE following lines, occaſioned by the death of a FAVOURITE HORSE, were written ſome time ſince; believing that I was the only mourner, they have ſlept in fcrutore; but ſentiments avowed in a late number of the *Intruſt*, from re warrant thoſe contained in *Hero's* Eulogium, and therefore a place is ſolicited for it. Yours,

ZAMA.

DOES nature's God put forth his fov'reign power,
And form the brute for generous, kind and true;
Then have him in death ofcenſious—gloomy hour,
To link ingloſed in his righteous doc?
Can model's work with feeming virtue join'd
Rife ſair to view, then ſink again to nought?
Muſt each domeſtic virtue be conſign'd,
Nor moral praiſe, nor Chriſtian's thought,
Unleſs they are found on man, imperious crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, he feels he's lord on earth?
For ſhay, vain mortal, call not bliſs thine own,
The faithful brute may claim another birth.
Kind Heaven may grant him yet to live again;
To roam in fields of bright immortal green;
Where freed from man, from ev'ry toil and pain,
He'll feed on joys, and drink in bliſs ſupreme.
And if exalted merit ever claim'd
Another life to compenſate for toil;
Then ſurely *Hero* merits being nam'd,
As one tranſported to a noble ſoul.
But ſhould our hope deſolve prove at laſt,
And *Hero* ceaſe, nor ever roam again;
Yet we'll remember all his labors paſt,
And hail him reſting—freed from every pain!

EPITAPH ON A COQUET.

Here, ſunk in earth, O paſſby ſtark in dirt!
Lies an unlikable, hackle, cabal, unfeeling *Flirt*:
Each youth admir'd her, but admir'd in vain;
Her ſole delight—to aggravation her train;
She ſnuff'd on all, to all denied her charms,
'Till death, indignant, *Gregg'd* her to his arms.

THE NOVELIST.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVI.—Sarah to Ann.

London, May 10, 1778.

THE receipt of your letter, which aſſured me of your health and ſafe arrival at the end of your journey, was welcome, but I have ſcit little diſpoſition to write, as I had no pleaſant ſubject to employ my pen. You have engaged me to write all that occurs in regard to Danſley and Mrs. Remain; it is an unpleaſant taſk, yet when the heart is overflowing with anguiſh, it naturally ſeeks relief by pouring out its complaints to one who ſympathizes in its pains, and ever was ready to participate its joys. Ah! my dear Ann, how many of the former, how few of the latter have fallen to my ſhare. I review my paſt life and ſtrive to recall ſome pleaſing remembrance, but it is in vain; the ſtorms in my boſom, when the vivacity of youth, united with the eaſe and plenty which reigned in my father's houſe, might have been expected to have crowned every ſcene with felicity, the unkindneſs of my aunt, and ſome other painful circumſtances, prevented my youth paſſing with that hilarity, which in general is the attendant of that ſtage of life. At preſent, the unpoſſeſſed calmneſs in regard to the fate of my father, does not a little increaſe the painful ſolicitude of my ſituation. Had he not left England, I ſhould never have been what I am. And indeed, when I diveſt myſelf of all, I can only wonder how I ever voluntarily put on a chain, which had not even the ſhadow of a reaſon to hide the points and goads with which every link was armed. As to Danſley, I am happy he is not here; were he to return at this period, I know not what would be the conſequence; but of this I am certain, he would call Danſley to a very ſtrict account; and I ſhould become the object of public animadverſion; perhaps public cenſure; and certainly (notwithſtanding airs) of public pity. Ann, ſee he diſpiſed the neglect of his huſband, as ſomething that nearly bordering on contempt, that I think were Danſley's delinquency very generally known, I ſhould with to ſhrink into obliviſion, and hide myſelf in the ſhade of adverſity. But wilful are the ways of Providence, may not the fault have been in ſome meaſure my own? Yes! yes! I feel the fault to mine, and more be it ſubmiſſively to bear the puniſhment. You wonder, perhaps, to hear me thus criminate myſelf. My friend, was it not highly criminal to promiſe to love, honour and obey,—when my heart ſtrife cold in my boſom and refuſed to ratify the ſacred oath? It is true, I have endeavoured to conform to his humour, to make his home the happieſt place; but I ought to have known, that thoughts, opinions, propenſities, and purſuits were ſo diametrically oppoſite, that they could never meet in one point. I think it is not improbable had he married a woman more ſimilar to his own diſpoſition, a woman who having been with her whole heart, would have not diſcovered his errors, or have been ready to overlook them, he might have made a more reſpectable member of ſociety, but I have not the power to even reſpirit, and embitered his. Why was he ſo precipitately ardent? And why, oh! why, was I ſo puſillanimouſly weak and tame. Had he been a man of ſenſe, Jeſſy had been a widow, he would undoubtedly have married her, and both would have been ſaved from that golph of infamy and perdition into which they are now plunged. But I forget I have as yet given you no information concerning the time and manner of his return; it was as extraordinary as his departure. After you left me, I remembered your advice, and did not attempt many of the inſtitutions that were daily poured upon me; nor could any entreaty prevail on me to ſtay at a party after the cloſe of evening, leſt I ſhould by myſelf open to the ſiſcious animadverſion of ſome perſon whoſe company might not be altogether pleaſing, or proper. My time did not paſs heavily: for I how the buſineſs of my family, and having to herd with many in circumſtances, and felt among other things, how happy I was, free from from tender feelings towards the perſon to whom duty and propriety would direct them, I had not been ſo unfortunate as to experience them towards my ſiſter, for that muſt be the height of human miſery; to be wretched, and involuntarily guilty, to know you daily err, yet feel the total inſufficiency to ſuppreſs the error. From this ſtate, may Heaven, in its mercy ever protect me. Ardent as my feelings are, what would be my ſufferings I ſay, the error is involuntary, becauſe I believe it is not in our own power to awaken affection; and if we cannot call it into exiſtence, it follows of courſe, when accident or encounter us with a perſon of ſimilar diſpoſition with ourſelves, or whoſe various attractions have wrouſed it, it is not in our power to annihilate it. Yet do not miſunderſtand me, I am by no means an advocate for thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be hurried away by their paſſions, and plead inability to conquer them. No, Anne, this is the ſource of romance and folly. That the emotions of our hearts are not always in our own power, I allow, but our actions always are; beſides, I do not think but that thoſe who reſiſt into guilt, and plead love as no excuſe, are miſtaken in regard to the paſſion by which they are actuated. Danſley loves Jeſſy; loves him; he is deceived; I cannot believe it poſſible, for a woman who loves a man, with that purity, ſacredly tender emotions, which it preſents and deſires to be, to ſuffer him to degrade himſelf in the eyes of the world; break the commands of his Creator, and infringe every moral obligation. Nor would ſhe, I am certain, think ſelf-juſtification was the motive, tender hurtful, to a breath of the firſt great ſeminine virtue, *Chaſtity*, an object of contempt to the man ſhe profeſſes to love, and whoſe affection ſeals in that object her whole delight. But how tedious I am, how unwilling to commence the ſtile you ſubmit to hear; and ſo it is ever, when we have any thing to communicate that intereſts us, we muſt meet with our full ſhare.

Danſley had been abſent nearly three weeks, when one morning, oh! I deſcended to breakfaſt, I perceived his ſtanding with his back towards the door, reading the paper, apparently with as much *nonchalance*, as if he had been at home all the time, and nothing diſagreeable had taken place. I felt an involuntary ſhudder, and ſomething like indignation roſe in my boſom, and burnt upon my cheek—but prudence had me repreſs theſe emotions, and to conceive him with that complacency, as might make him believe I had forgot all paſt tranſactions, and wiſhed to live in peace.

"You are welcome home, Mr. Danſley," ſaid I, ſtill extending my hand towards him. He acroſe, took it with an appearance of confuſion, and ſaluting me, ſaid, "I was glad to ſee me look ſo well. I came into town very late laſt night," ſaid he, "and would not diſturb your repoſe by knocking you up at three o'clock"—very conſiderate all at once, was he not, Ann? I ſmiled, and enquired if he had had a pleaſant journey? "Yes," was the reply—to he was deſirouſly ſome diſagreeable buſineſs longer than he expected." We ſhared in ſilence, and in diſcourſing during breakfaſt, with much complacency on both ſides, he told me he had received a large party of gentlemen to dine—"I will order proviſions for you today," ſaid I, "for I have an opportunity, Mr. Danſley, permit me to remind that our book-keeping bills run very high; the trades people want their money; and ſome of them are quite importunate. I have received no money on that account ſome time, and am really entirely out of cash." "You muſt be very extravagant then!" ſaid he, perſonally, "for month ago you had ſent me £" "I cannot tell exactly, but I believe, between three and four hundred pounds" "And where the devil, Sarah, do you think I can get three or four hundred pounds; I did not expect you owed more than one." "I am ſorry you think me extravagant, but" "Why you have an excuſe ready, I dare ſay; women are never at a loſs for that; but I will not hear it," and damned in a manner whenever I am at home. When it is convenient, I will pay the people, until then, they muſt be patient. This is not quiteneſs—very pretty, indeed, thought I, money unpayable; to make the moſt of it; for I do not know when I can give you any more."

He then took his hat, and went immediately out. I went into the kitchen to give the neceſſary orders for dinner—as I came up the ſtairs, I met the head clerk in full converſation; he followed me into the breakfaſt parlour, and entreating my pardon for the pain he was about to give me; ſaid he was afraid Mr. Danſley was likely to be ſo for that bills had been preſented the day before, to a conſiderable amount; and that he had gone out this morning, without giving any orders how they were to be provided for.

I hear Danſley below—I will reſume my pen ſoon.

Adieu,

SARAH.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *OCTOBER* 1, 1803. [N° XLIX.

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The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The PASSENGER—N° I.

AS the coach drove up, in which I was to take passage, it had merely driven over one of a group of children, who had been gambling with cents, and were now too much engaged in a violent dispute to notice the carriage. There were two ladies and three gentlemen in the full, whose conversation, as I found on taking my seat, had been upon political topics, and the exertions which had been made to discover and remove their causes. And pray, said an elderly gentleman, to one who appeared to be a citizen, have you a Moral Board of Health in the city? Oh yes, replied the other, it is by their exertions that so much cleanliness is produced, public waggons traverse the city three times a week by their order, to cleanse the streets; our docks are filling up, nuisances of every kind are removed, and even manufactories which threaten the use of offensive fubstances, are checked during the heat of the summer months.—You miftake me, fir, faid the other, I aflked if you had a Moral Board of Health, to remove the ftocking impreeations which were uttered by thofe children, fome of whom appear to be juft emerging from infancy? Did you notice the violence of paffion which agitated every nuicle, and every feature? Did you feel the feeling their danger of being overrun by the carriage? Did you obferve that the origin of this infatiate mania was *Gambling?* Are not fuch fpecies diforders of more alarming import to the moral and phyfical conftitution of fociety, than any epidemic can be to the natural? It is, continued he, unfathomable with the Deity Politic, to guard againft the contagion of malignant difeafe, by every meafure which human reafon can fuggeft, or experience recommend; and here conftitute feeble power of man, the difeafes of which are held in the control of Him who placed us in this ftate of being, and little can he done by mortals to counteract the laws of nature, or the exifts of its author; yet so human endeavours are to be permitted to fucceed, that little fhould not be neglected, nothing fhould be omitted which prefents a probability of removing the cauſe, refiſting the effects, or mitigating the diſtreſſes of peſtilence: It is undoubtedly fent, not only as the meſſenger of death, but as a trial of our fortitude, an exercife of our rational faculties, which ſhall call upon guard every energy of the ſoul. In this light I view all evils which we term natural. From natural evils I diſtinguiſh all thoſe which originate in the unreſtrained or human inclination, by the name of artificial evils, becauſe they are the effects of art, and by art may be multiplied or reduced; they are fown and cultivated by the art of man, by him they are nurtured to maturity, and he is diſgufted with the fruit of his labours. Of this truth, we have juſt been a demonſtration in the rapid growth of evil in the habits of thoſe children, who are but in the early ſpring of life, what ſhall then muſt their ſummer and autumn produce!

But you would not prohibit neceſſary amuſement in the education of youth, ſaid the ſtranger.

Nor would I prohibit neceſſary food, replied the other; but he who ſhould exhibit arſenic as food to his children, would be conſidered as a madman; and permit me to aſſure you, that arſenic is as ſuitable an ingredient in the food of children as gambling is to conſtitute a part of their amuſements; one poiſons the body and the other the mind; but this difference attends their effects, that this mental poiſon is infectious, and the other is not.

And how, ſir, ſaid one of the ladies, would you prevent the effects of this poiſon, or arreſt the hand which adminiſters it, ſince the evil is diſcoverable at ſo early a period?

This early diſcovery, anſwered he, gives the fartheſt mean of extirpation. Could the ſeeds of thoſe epidemic diſeaſes which infeſt our cities, be as early diſcovered, they might be eradicated—or could their remedy as certainly be adminiſtered, no one city would be deſerted in retreating from the contagion. In adoleſcation and example the ſeeds of artificial evils are ſown: if not eraſadred on their firſt appearance, they ſhoot the progreſs of virtuous and amiable habits, and ſtorp their place.

Then do you think, ſir, (reſpected the lady,) that children may be made what we pleaſe by education?

I am of opinion, madam, that no purſuit in life is entirely under the control of man, but that ſucceſs in ſome cafes, depends in a very great meaſure on his judgement and exertions, cannot admit of a doubt; and of thoſe cafes, the government of youth appears to be peculiarly committed to his charge. I will, by a familiar ſimile, explain my opinion of the extent of our influence in the formation of the human character, by the adoption of juſt meaſures in their proper ſeaſon. The cultivation of the mind has very juſtly been compared to the cultivation of the earth; and the compariſon appears ſo juſt, that the parallel may be traced from the commencement to the termination of the productive ſeaſon in both. The natural ſoil has its ſpring, ſummer, autumn and winter; ſo has the mental. The natural has its varieties of fertility or ſtility from the moſt productive to the oppoſite extreme; ſo has the mental. In the natural, a crop of uſeful article or fruit, whether it be cultivated or not, yields the ſoil be totally barren; juſt ſo is it in the mental. So in both will the product of this crop be viſible or pernicious, for want of culture, or healthful and ſalutary from the care of the cultivator. In both, the produce will be more or leſs abundant, in proportion to the exuberance of the ſoil and the aſſiduity of the hand which cultivates. In both, the utmoſt care of the cultivator cannot prevent ſome noxious weeds from appearing to demand his addreſs to extirpating them. The proper ſeaſon for removing them is their firſt appearance in each caſe. In both caſes tares may be ſown by another hand; and juſtly may we exclaim in aſther, "An enemy hath done this."

Now it is true that a man is a being in many diſagreeable hopes of the beſt handsman, and notwithſtanding his utmoſt vigilance he may reap chaff; yet this inſtance is to be rare, compared with thoſe in which he gives in all his harveſt, that the ſpring never involves him in a doubt whether he had beſt cultivate his grounds, or reap their ſpontaneous produce in the autumn.

Here the ſtopping of the carriage interrupted the converſation, which was afterwards renewed, and will be continued in the next number.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A CHARACTER.

WITH a form neither too dazzlingly attractive for the ſecurity of the heart, nor yet ſo common as to be viewed with indifference, Elvira unites the eaſe of graceful movement, with a dignified, yet not repelling aſpect, a countenance of the moſt delicate and intereſting beauty, with an air ſo poſitive as cannot fail to excite the moſt lively intereſt even in hearts that never before palpitated but in uniſon with the coldeſt feelings—and with all the appearance of innocence to diſtruſt, united with all the meekneſs and gravity of a Religious Recluſe.—Her folded arms, the languor of her dark blue eyes, and the occaſional diſcloſure of her head, under the cheriſhed ſenſibility in her face, indicate to a ſtranger nothing ſhort of a child of miſfortune, or a Religious Enthuſiaſt.—Whether thoſe ſymptoms of melancholy ſtudied by young females in early youth, or whether partial nature determined by them to give the moſt fafcinating intereſt to the figure of Elvira, is unfortunately known only to herſelf.—It is certain, however, that they cannot be affected, for in her aſpect ſhe is uniformly the ſame, and affectation neither does, nor can exiſt, without occaſionally unmaſking.

From this partial deſcription of the perſon and appearance of Elvira, every one will exclaim, "how grave muſt be her converſation—no lively repartee, no ironical complaiſance, no tart reply can proceed from her." Such concluſion would be apparently juſt, and I own it ſingular that in reality it is extremely curioſous. That one who has all the appearances of a child of melancholy, ſhould be gay in her converſation, is certainly uncommon.—But Elvira is the very fool of company, and whenever ſhe leaves a circle that has had time to learn her powers of diverſion, the gravity which ſucceeds to the countenance of all preſent, could hardly be extended by the ſolemnities of a funeral. She is ever the champion of the female ſex, and her powers of ridicule and ironical compliment, when provoked by the men, ſhe makes them feel ſeverely.—She is not, however, fond of thoſe ſpecies of declamation, and though conſcious of her powers, never commences, but contents herſelf with purſuing the ſtracks of others.—If therefore the converſation's pride be mortified, though the arrow be keen, he muſt himſelf have forced her to ſhoot it—it is principally owing to her diſcriminating remarks on men and manners, the wit of her replies in common converſation, and the fund of plaiſantry ſhe has ever at command, to which her interſting appearance gives great effect, that the company of Elvira is ſo much ſought after by thoſe who have once been in it. In thoſe particulars, ſhe ſtands unrivalled. The eccentric ebullitions of her eccentric mind, however irregular and incongruous, always carry with them the ſterling ſtamp of pleaſing; ſo much ſo, that it would be pleaſant to wander from the path of ſolid reaſon, into the wilds of her creative fancy. She poſſeſſes the rare faculty of extracting happineſs from every object, and both the with and ability to reflect that happineſs to others. Fertility of invention, light delicacies of fancy, quickneſs of conception, and a natural ardour in which overleaps all obſtacles in purſuit of a favorite object, ſhe poſſeſſes in an eminent degree. Yet with all her talents, ſhe is far from being vain; and ſhe prids the poſſeſſes, in only ſufficient to maintain the dignity of the female character.—She can adapt her manners to all ranks of company, and be as engagingly affable with the low rooted cottage, as with him, whoſe refidence indicates unbounded affluence and eaſe; although ſhe perfectly underſtands all the forms of etiquette and punctilio, which it is neceſſary to ſee in polite ſociety, ſhe ſhines as equally conſpicuous amidſt the domeſtic ſcenes of a family, as ſhe does brilliantly in the ball room. Such a moſt ſuperfluous to add, that charity, mercy, and all the fine feelings attributed to the female ſex, revolve with the utmoſt velocity in the breaſt of one poſſeſſed of the traits already recited.

Such was the character of Elvira, by nature, at the age of eighteen—whether ſhe has ſince changed for the worſe, and the preſent, conſiſts in the impoſſibility of a ſtranger's aſcertaining what is is, whether it poſſeſſes any permanent and unvariable traits, or whether in her mind ſhe be fixed or fickle, deep or ſuperficial, energetic or feeble. Such will be found in her power to vary her conduct, at pleaſure, to appear penſive or gay, that ſhe has probably become ſenſible of the privilege, and may make ſome uſe of it.—Another diſtinctive in the conduct of Elvira, why ſometimes appears penſive and melancholy, and at others exceedingly entertaining, and many opinions have been formed. Some, that her gaiety is forced, and proceeds from the reflex of a mind naturally melancholy. Some, that ſhe is affectedly penſive,—others, that ſhe controuls her real nature, to excite the curioſity of thoſe who become acquainted with her; and others again, that ſhe acts thus in oppoſition to herſelf merely out of humour, and to comply with the freaks of an irregular mind.—Thus, however, is moſt ſingularly ſhe a poſitive cauſe can be aſſigned. It is however to be further remarked, that there is no medium in her nature—ſhe is either extremely gay or extremely penſive—when gay, ſhe is moſt laughably diverting; when penſive, irreſiſtibly interefting.

Such are the ingredients, which, however they may chuſh and be oppoſed in their qualities, conſtitute a character that needs only to be known, to have its ſociety univerſally courted. H. G. W.

REMARKS.

EVERY body takes pleaſure in returning ſmall obligations; many perſons even acknowledge moderate ones—but there is ſcarcely any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

We paſs often from love to ambition; but we ſeldom return from ambition to love.

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ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION.

[*The noble and just sentiments expressed in the two following* LETTERS, *will, we hope, be of some use to the rising generation, as they may serve to caution some, and to reclaim others, who are not already too far sunk in infamy and vice.*]

CICERO, *to his Son* MARCUS,

TO RECLAIM HIM FROM HIS LOOSE COURSE OF LIFE.

CAN I think, O Marcus, thy vicious courfe of life could suffer to call by any glory? I would question even the oracles of truth in this cafe, for nothing is more difficult than to make a man believe what he does not like: Yet I am obliged to give credit to my fenfes. I fee their daily involved in all kinds of luxury, and hear thee a defender of the most nauseating but vanity. If fortune had no other way to attack me. My country owes its safety to me, and both the senate and people have lifted me their protector. I have furmounted the meanness of my birth, and buffled all the attempts of envy, malice, pride and calumny against me. Nothing but the vagaries of Marcus could render me unhappy. Your unfortunate Cicero! reduced to that ftate by the disobedience of a child, which thy enemies could not bring thee to. Thou, Marcus, thou alone robbeft me of my honour, obfcurest my virtue, and clogged the wings of my fame. Upon what a weak foundation have I founded my hopes? Upon one, who, inftead of thinking of his own towards the acquiring of glory, will, if he does not reform, leave to posterity the character of a libertine: and whereas he might increase the renown due to my labours, will depreciate the father of all contents, and himself of all efteem. But it is yet time, O my fon, to call back thy wandering mind, return to thy duties. By me, then wilt reduce my quiet; and by the other, reclaim thyfelf. It is never too late to learn: I have known many of a mature age, and ftudied after inftruction; nay, all wife men will hearken to their friends, even when they are dying. Call off then that yoke which now has put on thee, and which, if continued in obedience, thy fenfes ftupified, thy reputation loft, and ruine obfcured. Consider their worldly pleafures as Syrens, that decoy thee to the ruin, and which are really nothing but vain, vile, frail, ftained things. Subject them to your found accidents, and whofe end is only torment and repentance. Yet all this while I do not fpeak against thofe diverfions that unbend the mind. A bow will by them in fome broken, and the inflexibility of our nature requires fome recreation. I blame only unreasonable, hurry, and a superfluous use of material drink. No vice is more to be abominated than intemperance, from whence all other vices flow: Yet to thofe thou haft raised altars; to thofe thou payeft thy vows. I wonder thou doft not blush to appear before thy mankind, to get rid of their continual reproaches. Thou not either not a man, or not my fon. Drunkenneſs has transformed thee, and, like that of Alexander the Great, has tarnished all thy glory. The defpifed and ill-treated the proverbs of Hannibal. Whilft thou art drunk, O Marcus, thy hand turns round, thy tongue falters, thy eyes deceive thee, thy feet fail thee, and all thy fenfes offend thee. Wherefore, if thou art not altogether become ftupid, thou muft needs be fenfible thyfelf of the uncouth motion of thy vices. My cheeks burn at thy difhonour, while I repropher for thefe enormities, and my mind is under apprehenfions of contaminating itfelf by the bare naming them. Before me, Marcus, vice has got the afcendant over my paffions, and will not fuffer thee to be fenfible of thy folly. It will not permit thee to look through the black fogs that enwelope thy brain, and conceals its own deformity from thee. It keeps it from obtaining the love of the gods, men, and the brightneſs of thy race. If thou couldſt but view the beauties of virtue, I am confident thou wouldſt feem fo in love with her. To know her is to love her indeed, but muſt be all dead by her charms. The wide world cannot fhew any thing more amiable. She is prafe to herſelf, and without her, perfection would be imperfect. She raises up, by her authority, even the laſt of our enemies. Thus fame ſtopped her courſe to admire her. Alſo death itſelf, which nothing elſe can conquer, and which buries every thing in oblivion, yet yields to her, and fubmits to that immortality which is only acquired by her. Tell me, I befeech thee, my ſon, what is become of all the ancient Greek magnificence and building? Is it not devoured up by time? Yet the works of virtue, like gold, will not ſuffer to diminiſh. Both the names and actions of virtuous perſons will endure the ſtrongeſt teſt of time, and, through all the endleſs revolutions of ages flourish. He muſt not to fear the horrors of death, O Marcus, who can be ſure to out-ſtare the bounds of all-ſubduing time. Whoſe breaſt then can reſiſt the inſolent fury of thoſe, a thou had lived unregarded, will die unlamented, and not in the grave unremembered. Or if thou ſhalt eſcape any notice behind thee, it will be only to be infamy, than which it were farbetter to have been condemned to oblivion. That is but a foolish opinion which ſome entertain, and which I daily reflect upon with contempt and diſdain, that our happineſs ends with our lives, and our glory ceaſes with our deaths. Thoſe men know not, that true life begins at the grave, and ſprings from the very boſom of death. Our fouls are Phœnixes, which revive from our own aſhes. Then are our names exerciſed; then have envy and malice no more power to obſcure our merits, or to diſguiſe our virtues. Then are the privileges of our ſouls would be nothing, if they were ſubject to the corruption of the body. Now, ſon Marcus, if thy obſtinacy will not give thee leave to lay hold on theſe inſtructions; if thou will ſtill continue thy courſe in vice with horrors, who have no other ſenſe than their luſts; if, in a word, thou will perſiſt to forfeit both mine and thy own reputation by thy ill courſes, I have no other authority over thy will, I can only ſatisfy myſelf in that I have thus far oppoſed thy vicious inclinations. *Farewel.* [*No. II, in our next*]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF DISSIPATION IN THE INSTANCE OF DR. DODD.

LIFE is a dream, which ſometimes clofes in ſuch a tragical manner as moſt commonly attends the Lydian king of Lydia, after making before Solon a diſplay of his vaſt wealth, vainly aſked the philoſopher, whether he did not think him a moſt happy man. Solon replied, much to the diſpleaſure of the king, that no man could juſtly be pronounced happy, until his death. Shortly afterward, Cyrus, vanquiſhed in battle and taken priſoner by Cyrus, was condemned to the fire: and when he was binding on the fatal pile wherein he was to be burned, he thrice repeated, with a loud and mournful voice, the name of Solon. Cyrus, who underſtood not the meaning of the exclamation, ordered him to be taken down from the pile, and aſked him the reaſon of his calling upon Solon: and when the condemned prince informed him of Solon's declaration, *that no man could juſtly be pronounced happy until his death*, and which he had regarded with contempt while in proſperity, had ſo deeply affected him in the extremities of his adverſity, as to occaſion his exclamation, Cyrus was ſo much touched with a ſenſe of the uncertainty of human greatneſs and grandeur, as well as with compaſſion for his fatal captive, that he granted him pardon and freedom, and received him to favour.

It uſually coſts a long ſeries of conſtant efforts, either to aſcend, or to maintain a refined and great character; whereas a ſingle raſh ſtep may deſtroy both, and precipitate the perſon into the depths of wretchedneſs, and miſery. Let Wilkes, with his ſmiling and ſelf-ſatisfied countenance, inſtance. He was a popular preacher in London, and had been a chaplain to his preſent majeſty: many deeds of benevolence had marked and exalted his character, but one raſh act, the effect of a ſudden impulſe and careleſs of the nobility, ſome of whom had employed him in educating their ſons, led him to a ſtyle of living far beyond his means. Deceiving tradeſmen enſued; and in the fatal hour of temptation he committed the crime of forgery, for which he was condemned to ſuffer under the gallows. Powerful ſolicitations were made in his behalf to the throne.

Lord Percy preſented a petition for his pardon, ſigned by no leſs than ſeventy perſons of rank.

The following affecting letter was written and ſent, a ſhort time before the warrant for his execution received the royal ſignature.

To the EARL *of* MANSFIELD.

My Lord,

For a few days—and the lot of the moſt unhappy of created beings will be decided—except I know the weight of your Lordſhip's opinion. It is that which will undoubtedly decide, whether I am to die an ignominious death; or live out the few days I have to paſs in peaceful miſery.—O, my Lord, do not refuſe to hear what I in my humility dare to oppoſe to the ſeverity of the laws.

I feel how frightful my crime is! the ſentence which condemns me is out too juſt. I however flatter myſelf, that, amidſt all the reproaches caſt upon me on account of my crime, it will ſtill be remembered how ardent my charitable intentions have been to the very bleeding wounds I have injured. I aſk nothing but the preſervation of my life,—life which I ſhall ſtrug out in diſhonour, and perhaps in miſery! Have compaſſion, my Lord, on a man covered with infamy, without fortune, and without reſource, but not his ever without fear at calling his eyes towards the abyſs of eternity.

However great that miſery which will be my lot, yet ſtill allow me to live. That very miſery under which I ſhall languiſh the reſt of my days, will forewarn all thoſe who were witneſſes of it, to beware of indulging their paſſions, and to guard againſt a fatal vanity and a ſpirit of diſſipation.

For the laſt time, I conjure you, my Lord, to ſuffer me to live; and when you ſee me paſſing from the frightful dungeon which now encloſes me, to an ignominious end, be aſſured that juſtice will be ſufficiently ſatisfied by the ſufferings of him who is, My Lord, Your Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM DODD.

[*Hod. Bahour.*

MORAL and USEFUL.

SILENT WORSHIP or DEVOTION;

Seriously recommended to mankind univerſally for their moſt ſolemn conſideration.

DEVOTION, conſidered ſimply in itſelf, is an intercourſe between us and God:—between the ſupreme, ſelfexiſtent, incomprehenſible Spirit, which formed and governed the univerſe, and that particular ſpirit, with which for moſt reaſons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth, that we call man. It is a ſilent act in which the ſoul deals itſelf of our weard things: ſits into heaven, and pours forth all its wants, wiſhes, hopes, fears, guilt, or pleaſure, into the boſom of an Almighty Friend. Through this devotion, in its firſt ſtage, may be a wearifome or inſipid exercise, yet this ariſes merely from the depravity of nature, and of our paſſions. A little habit will overcome this reluctance; when you will find a ſecret ſpring of ſatisfaction, the very ſource of this wildom will be ways of pleaſantneſs, and all its paths peace. True devotion doubtleſs requires a conſiderable degree of abſtraction from the world. Hence moſt of chriſtians teach us, that a convent is the moſt eligible ſcripters. Have little of inſtruction;—But it glows in the ſcripturer,—it warms us as the ſathers,—it burned in us with fire, and many others of the primitive chriſtians, who now are with God. That we hear little of us, is not wonderful. It makes no noiſe in the circle of the learned, or at the clergyman. Under a ſhrop of worldly care, we ſmother the lovely infant, and will not let it breathe: Vanity, ambition, pleaſure, avarice—quench the celeſtial fire, and think, what can man do to the god of mortals? ever ſince the world began, writers have been ſtudying to eaſily with ſhadows of this piety, inſtead of giving us its ſoul and ſubſtance. Superſtition has placed it in opaqueness, ceremonies, diſtinctions, phylacteries—and has ſought for it in formal analogery, which has little connection with ſentiment or ſpirit. Enthuſiaſm has ſwelled with unnatural conceptions, and abſtracted a few perſons from living on the world, inſtead of engaging child of reaſon and truth; whilſt the laſt-named have reſted in a few outward duties, which have had no longer a name than they ſprung not from the heart, never entered the temple of the Moſt High.

Real piety is of a very different and of a much more animated nature;—it looks up to God,—ſees, hears, feels him in every act of life, recollects him in every moment, in all ſeaſons—and upon all occaſions. It is theory, veried by experience; it is faith ſubſtantiated by mental enjoyment: it is hope realized by reflection on paſt bleſſings, and in the confidence of the divinity warming and enereling man; it is a ſpiritual ſenſe, gratified by ſpiritual ſubſtances;—without this all outward appearances of devotion, however gay ornaments and meditations, are but a body without a ſoul, or a ſtatue without animation. That man is capable of ſuch an intercourſe with his Maker, there are many living inſtances to prove without having recourſe to the viſions of fanatics, or the dreams of the enthuſiaſt;—it may be proved to ſpring from natural, and philoſophical cauſes. God is a ſpirit, ſo is man: and ſpirit muſt have a reſpondence to ſuch ſimilar;—when minds are in no aſſimulating ſtate of purity, they have union with their Maker. Thus was the bleſs of paradiſe,—thus interrupted, and ſolemnly reſtituted to a ſtate: Thus diſpoſed, the Creator communicates himſelf, in a manner which is inſenſible to the outward eye, who ſeeing only the body, does not ſee the ſoul, or the ſecret powers that that is to vegetation. The primitive ſaints are deſcribed thus when they ſpeak of their tranſports—David ſelt it when he longed for God, as the hart panteth after the water brooks: Paul when he ſaid, whether we be in tribulations, it was imbodied in him,—when he was carried up in the third heaven, and heard things impoſſible to be uttered,—Stephen was ſo filled with it, when he ſaw the heavens open, and prayed for his murderers;—by it martyrs were ſupported when they were ſtoned, and ſawed aſunder and ſmiled at the ſwords in their eyes, we ſhall never truly know how glorious the Lord is. If you can acquire the ſpiritual abilis ſkion, you will at once have made your ſorrow for eternity ſweet: will be of little moment, what is your lot on earth, or what the diſtinguiſhing calamities of mankind,—if poverty, or adverſity—health or ſickneſs—ſorrow or diſguiſe—acottage or a crown—will be but mat-

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inf ruments of glory;—the whole creation will become a temple, every want, and every object will lead your mind to God, and his greatness and perfection. You will infenfibly lofe the littleneſs,—the glory and tinſel of all human things,—and I wiſhed only to let off your perſon, to the greateſt advantage, I would recommend this true ſublime of religion —It gives a pleaſing ſerenity to the countenance, and a cheerfulneſs in the ſpirit beyond the reach of art, or the power of affectation;—it communicates a real tranſport to the mind, which diſſipation mimics only for a moment;—a ſweetneſs to the diſpoſition, and a balm to the wounds, which all the pleaſures of modern politeneſs ſtudy but in vain. Eaſy in yourſelf, it will make you in perfect good humour with the world, and when you are diſſolving happineſs around you, you will find a ſatisfaction in the broken fragments that remain after you have eaten. This devotion however, though eſſential to a ſilent intercourſe between the ſoul and God yet to prevent a trembling of matter as well as ſpirit, muſt be nourished by external forms, it muſt ſtrike the ſenſes, in order to awaken the imagination.

INFLUENZA.

A CORRESPONDENT wiſhes to make the following ſimple recipe known: A handful of the roots of Angelica, boiled in a pint of water three quarters; ſtrain it off, and make a balſam or rich ſyrup, with liquid Narbonne honey, and take two or three tea-ſpoonfuls daily, and particularly two at night and morning. If attended with ſore-throat, add a few eitre drops.

MOULDING OF WOOD.

A Mr. Lenermond, Profeſſor of Natural philoſophy in France, has diſcovered a method of moulding wood, ſimilar to that in which the platiſt of Paris is moulded. He reduces the wood to powder, and mixes one part of this powder to five parts of Flanders glue, and one part of fifh glue. The compoſition is a paſte capable of aſſuming, in moulds, any requiſite form. The ornaments thus produced are ſubject to no alteration, from either dryneſs or moiſture.

AMUSING.

POWER OF THE PENCIL.

AS the famous Peruke Counſellor was one day ſmithing the face of a crying child, in the repreſentation of the Iron Age, with which he was adorning the floor, called the Hot Bath, in the Royal Gardens, the Duke of Orleans, who happened to be looking over him, for his amuſement, could not forbear expreſſing his approbation, by crying out, "Oh! how well that child cries!" To whom the artiſt replied, "I have your majeſty's word to for how juſt a cauſe to make this dreadful laugh! Behold, I will prove it in an inſtant."—Then taking up his pencil, by giving the contour of the mouth a certain turn downwards, inſtead of the uneven upwards, with which it before had; and with little or no alteration in any other part of the face, he made the child, who, a little before, ſeemed ready to burſt with crying, appear in equal danger of burſting its ſides with immoderate laughter! and then, by reſtoring the altered features to their former poſition, he ſoon let the child crying again.

MONS. DEVAUGELAS,

ONE of the firſt Academicians, known by his tranſlation of Quintus Curtius, which he was twenty years in finiſhing, and by his remarks on the French language, was a man of great integrity, of a mild diſpoſition, and very agreeable in company. Though he had been long in the ſervice of Madam, brother to Louis XIII. as his chamberlain, he died very poor. In his laſt will there was the following remarkable clauſe, "Having experienced all his effects to the impoſſibility of diſcharging his debts, he adds; "But as it may happen that there will not be enough to ſatisfy all my creditors, in ſuch a caſe, my laſt will is, that my body be ſold to the ſurgeons for as much as it will fetch for the prudence be applied to the liquidation of thoſe debts for which I may be accountable to ſociety, in order that if I have been of no ſervice to it during my life time, I may be no burthen to it after my death."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

MADAM SPITFIRE, at the ſign of the Furies, in Hackle-Street, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern; offers her ſervices to the public, to teach the noble art of Scolding and Quarrelling, in good or bad humour, in love or ſpite; by the week, day, hour, minute, or ſecond; carſe or hate; before or after meal; without regard to any reſtriction in Dutch or Engliſh. She has diſcovered a new way to weave to pull the hair and cap of their adverſary. Scolding, &c. taught at the genteeleſt manner, to country women as well as town ladies.—Judges and magiſtrates ſtudied in the neateſt ſtyle. She has a very conſiderable of ſcolding, adapted to every age and circumſtance of life. Married women taught to ſcold their huſbands blind, deaf and dumb, in ſix weeks. As a proof of her abilities in this polite acquirement, ſhe ſcolded eight huſbands to death in three years time, and the ninth is ſtr gone. She teaches how to make princeſſes or furious fa es; how to look ſharp and Mary Magdalen like; ſleepy huſbands may have their wives taught to ſcold them awake. She ſcolded the tenth out of her head the firſt year. She followed this noble buſineſs, which renders her incapable of teaching the art of biting; but, on the other hand, ſhe has not afforded with the tooth-ache, which is a great advantage.—She is well previded with needles and pins, to teach how to ſcratch faces, arms, hands, eyes, &c. Water changed into vinegar by ſcolding. Scolding done in the neateſt and moſt approved ſtyle, in black, blue, red, or any color, on the ſhorteſt notice.

THE TRAVELLING SNUFF-TAKER.

A REAL ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN going a ſhort time ſince to Harwich, in England, was accompanied by another *opulent* gentleman, who upon the road, pulled out a large ſnuff-box crammed with that commodity. His fellow traveller, more out of complaiſance, and to have an opportunity of priſing the ſnuff, than from any real want, with great politeneſs put forward his hand towards the box, and regardleſs a pinch, when he met with a moſt extraordinary, as well as unexpected denial. "Sir, (ſaid the proprietor of the box, this is Harding's beſt, No 32, and I do not know I ſhall be able to get ſuch another cargo upon the continent—you know I am going to Oſtend, you muſt therefore excuſe me —were I going to London inſtead of coming from it, the caſe would be different, I then might ſpare you a pinch; but in my preſent ſituation, it is impoſſible." Saying this, he ſhut the box, put it into his pocket, and never pulled it out again during the remainder of the journey.

EPIGRAM.

GOLD is ſo dacible, learned chemiſts ſay,
That half an ounce will reach a wondrous way;
The metal's hale, or elſe the chemiſts err;
For, now-a-days, a guinea wont go far!

ANECDOTES.

A PEEVISH Engliſh moraliſt was lately complaining, that the Ladies of the preſent day had *red ſoſtens, red cheeks, and red elbows*, and indeed were well *red* in every thing but in books!

A PLAYER in Richard III. who had nothing to repeat but that paſſage, "My lord, ſtand back and let the *coffin* paſs," was deſired to ſay it, ſtand, my lord ſtand back, and let the *parſon cough*.

QUEEN Anne, wife of King James the Firſt, had a wen in her neck, to cover which, ſhe wore a ruff; and, if we may credit tradition, that firſt began the fashion of wearing ruffs in England.

IN a ſtorm at ſea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, aſked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? To which he replied the latter, if it blows as hard as it does now, we ſhall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to night. The chaplain, terrified at the expreſſion, cried out, *O God forbid!*

ONCE on the feſtival of St. Stephen, a monk was to deliver a panegyric on the ſaint, and it being late before he began, the prieſts, who feared that the preaching might detain them too long, begged him to abridge his diſcourſe. He mounted the pulpit and addreſſed his auditors. "Brothers I it is one year to day, ſince I delivered before you a panegyric on the ſaint whoſe feſtival we celebrate. As I have not heard that he has performed any thing new ſince, I have nothing to add to the encomiums, which I then paſſed upon him."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank a reſpected friend for the firſt number of *The Paſſenger*, which we preſent to our readers this week. The following we endeavour, as we are ſorry to ſay, too prevalent.

S. G. to *Leonora*, ſhall appear next week.

The Communication from *Dedham*, has political references which are not appropriate to the original plan of our paper—beſides, the writer *ought not* to have raged us with the poſtage. *If* in future, all letters *muſt have the poſtage paid*; otherwiſe they will not be taken up. Communications, as uſual, left at the Poſt-Office in this town, come free of expence.

APPLY IN SEASON.

TICKETS and parts, in South-Hadley Lottery, which commences drawing the 16th Nov. for ſale by *Gaillard & Ives*. After the 19th inſt. all unſold tickets go into the hands of a company, who will raiſe the price to five dollars and an half. Oct. 1.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Marblehead, Mr. John Pedrick, 3d, merchant, to the amiable Miſs Elizabeth Pettyplace. At Chatlebtown, Mr. Wm. Belcher, to Miſs Hannah Rand, (not Bond, as inſerted in our laſt.) At Baltimore, Mr. Alexander Reingale, to Miſs Ann Dupont.
In this town, Mr. Patrick Gorman, to Miſs Eliza Bacon. Mr. John Rand, to Miſs Eliza Babcock.

DIED]—At *Trenidad*, Mr. Wm. A. Bowe, ſon of Mr. Nathan Bond, of this town. In the death of this truly excellent young man, we lament an irreparable loſs—we deplore a public misfortune, and a private calamity.—He had early promoted, by his talents, to be an ornament to his country, and thoſe who were favored with his acquaintance, had already taſted the pleaſure of his ſociety. In diſpoſition, integrity, and underſtanding, unrivalled; his intimates acknowledged and delighted to proclaim his worth—and their number, and the ſincerity of their grief, is an honorable proof of his merit. The voice of mourning again is heard in the former ranſom of peace. All-erring time, his humane work had not completed, when Death, revelling in misery, again tears open the wound that was begun to heal.—But we exult over you on his bereaved afflicted family, our ſympathy for their ſufferings fills them with tears. We ſorrow to behold the ſtaff, ſo ſoon, ſo rudely ſnapped, on which his parents hoped to lean, as they journeyed down the vale of years. Bereaved your loſs, unhappy pair, weep o'er the recollection of your William, for there is ſure a luxury in grief, and he was worthy your affection.—Oh! that it had been granted to maternal love to attend him in his ſickneſs, to have received his laſteſt breath, acknowledging his gratitude for her kindneſs, and praying for her bleſſing!——but alas!

" *No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,*
" *Pleas'd to ſoft ſhade ſhou'd grace the mournful bier;*
" *By foreign hands, his dying eyes were cloſ'd,*
" *By foreign hands, his lowly grave adorn'd,*
" *By ſtrangers honor'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd.*"

The ſame power who commiſſioned angels to bear his gentle ſpirit to the ſkies, will ſurely heal parental anguiſh;—they will reflect that he has gone thus early, ſooner to receive the meed of goodneſs here, reſtful bliſs—may they receive conſolation from this idea, and from the hope of meeting him hereafter, in a world of ſerene and perpetual happineſs.

At Providence, Hon. John Brown, Eſq. Æt. 68. At Albany, Mr. Thomas Otis, junr. Æt. 28, fourth ſon of Joſeph Otis, Eſq. of Barnſtable.—At Brookline, Mr. Daniel Dana, Æt. 71. At Dorcheſter, Mr. Jame Baker, Æt. 61. At ſea, Mr. Elijah Clements, Æt. 33, of this town. At Chelſea, Mrs. Mary Shirley, Æt. 80. At Weſtborough, Mr. Joſeph Treadwell, formerly of Boſton, Æt. 35, conſort of Mr. William Treadwell, merchant.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Mason, Æt. 70, Mr. John Conner, Æt. 24, Mrs. Mary Long bell, Æt. 18, wife of Mr. John Cowden.—Mrs. Abigail White, wife of Mr. James W. Mrs. Martha Simpſon, Æt. 20, wife of Mr. Jeremiah C.; Andrew M. Paſſenger, Æt. 13 mo. ſon of Mr. Andrew P. a Child of Mr. Joſeph Smith, Æt. 14 mo.—Miſs Eunice Webber, Æt. 26; Mrs. Clark, Æt. 49; Miſs Emmuel, Æt. 18; and 7 children. Total 17, for this week and laſt.—

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

SOFT floods the sun his cheering ray,
And nature all around is gay;
Richea and plenty CERES pours;
POMONA bows beneath her flores;
Delight in every face I see,—
But nothing has a charm for me.

From every spray the feather'd throng
Pour the mellifluous notes along,
While the charm'd *Echoes* of the grove
Lill their light fongs of joy and love;—
But fick of grief and poverty,
Nor love nor pleasure fmiles on me.

Friendleſs, alone—'tis Fate's command
To figh, and ſhake the lingering hand.

MARCIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET to SLEEP.

Oh gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee?
SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN, gentle deity, thy kindly hand
Drawn o'er the eye-lid the ſomnific veil;
" Creative Fancy" calls her airy band,
And thro' " the ſeat of thought" light viſions fail.
From thee, the captive draws a ſweet relief,
Unfelt the wound the galling fetter gave;
In thee, the mourning ſpirit hides its grief,
Its ſorrows 'wheln'd in thrift oblivion's wave.
Oh come then, ſoothing power! and with thee bring
The Lethean cup that lulls each pang to reſt;
Wave o'er my aching brow thy balmy wing,
And buſh to peace my agitated breaſt.
And let imagination's vivid glow,
Paint ſcenes of fanciful bliſs, and banith real woe.

ELIZA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS to FRIENDSHIP.

CELESTIAL Friendſhip! deign to hear my pray'r,
Height'ner of bliſs, and ſoother of deſpair;
Whilſt thro' the ſtormy paths of life I ſtray,
May thy kind influence ſmooth the rugged way.
Or when misfortune's adverſe ſtorm ſhall riſe,
And Hope, ſweet comforter, before it flies,
Be thine the talk, to lull my cares to reſt,
And ſooth the ſorrows of my tortur'd breaſt;
Wher'e'er I roam, what e'er may be my lot,
The lofty manſion, or the humble cot,
May thy benevolence inſpire my ſoul,
And each rude paſſion bend to thy control.
When death, ſure archer, aims the fatal blow,
Which puts a period to my date below,
To angel form deſcending from above,
May'ſt thou ſtretch out to the realms of love;
In that fair ſoil immortal Friendſhips grow,
And ſcraph's boſoms, warmer ardour glow.

HORRORS.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE BITER BIT.

A CERTAIN poet had hoarded up,
A ſecret ſtuth of gold;
But where he might beſtow it ſafe,
By fancy was not told.
At laſt it came into his head,
To lock it in a cheſt,
Within the channel, and he wrote
" Treaſon, *Wit Down* 99.

A merry wag, whoſe greedy mind
Long with'd for ſuch a prey,
Reſpected not the ſacred words,
That on the caſket lay.
Took out the gold and blotted out
The Prieſt's inſcript thereon,
Wrote, Reſervoirs out of ſize.
" Your God is cin'n and gone."

SONG.—BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

AH me! when ſhall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner;
Not a look, nor a ſmile, ſhall my paſſion diſcover.
She that gives all to the falſe one purſuing her,
Makes but a pertinent, ſotiſh a lover.

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL, thou! who ſtill ſo fong in this old box!
With forced awe I bend before thy ſhrine!
O'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliſs of viewing thee as mine!
Like my poor neat, thou haſt been beat many days!
Well curled and powdered once it was thy lot,
To frequent halls, and maſquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and the loci known what!
O thou haſt heard a fin Mellen's fong,
And oft times viſited my Lord Mayor's tenet;
And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
Thy form was ſo commodious, and ſo neat.
Alas! what art thou now? A mere old mop!
With which our houſe-maid Nan, who hates a broom,
Duſts all the chambers in my little ſhop,
Then hides thee, ſlily, in this lumber-room.
Such is the fate of *wifes* and *mortals* too!
After a few more years than thine are paſt:
The Turk, the Chriſtian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Muſt all be laid at laſt in duſt and aſhes!
Vain *man!* to talk ſo loud, and ſpeak ſo big!
How ſmall's the diff'rence 'twixt thee and a *wig!*
How ſmall indeed, for ſpeak the truth I muſt,
Wigs turn to *aſhes*, and *aſhes* turns to *duſt*.

TO HOPE.

AH, wee is me! how ſlowly on the day
I drag a life of pain and ſorrow!
Yet ſtill, ſweet Hope, I hear thee ſay,
" Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow.
The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm, diſtreſs or grief relieving!
And I am ever doom'd to ſee,
Sweet Hope, thy promiſes deceiving!
Yet falſe, and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delution will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* muſt perish.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; a NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XVII.—SARAH TO ANNE.

London, July 2d, 1778.

YOU ſay you are uneaſy; I do not wonder at it; yet I had neither ſpirit nor power to write before. When I cloſed my laſt letter, it was my full intention to reſume my pen the next morning; but that morning came, I could not—only told a promiſſory lie, and ſtood it away. I have now fitten down with a head and heart ſo full, that when I would begin, thought whirls with ſuch rapidity through my brain, that I know not a how where or how to begin, or how to frame my narrative. You will not think that ſtrange, when I tell you, I am actually writing in a ſpanging houſe—my nobuppy!——, by what name ſhall I call him—no matter—Mr. Dunkey is ſleeping—yes, Ann, ſleeping profoundly; he has ſteeped his ſenſes in the Circean bowl, and lies to unfeeling torpor. I would moralize, but where would be the uſe? I would preach of patience, but alas! alas! I am feelingly convinced to preach is eaſier than to practiſe.

I will take up my narrative from the time when I broke off my laſt. The clerk's information alarmed me, and I reſolved, whatever might be the conſequence, to ſpeak to Darnley again upon the ſubject of pecuniary concerns the very firſt opportunity. He brought home ten gentlemen to dinner; we did not ſit down until near five, and they continued drinking until ſeven; when they all ſtarted the idea of going to Vauxhall, and unaccountable as it may ſeem, Darnley aſſiſted on my accompanying them; it was as uſual I paraded the want of a female companion; that was obviated by one, who had he would go and bring his ſiſter or ſiſter's wife, and another went for two couſins—by neither ſiſter or couſins were women to my taſte, and I ſhrunk from the idea of appearing publicly with ſuch companions, but to argue was vain.

The evening was fine; we took water at Old Swan Stairs, and entered the gardens about half paſt eight o'clock; we had ſcarcely made two circuits round the walk, when I obſerved a party of three or four women dreſſed in high ton, and elevated by an officer of the guards, and among them, Mrs. Rumbold, my friend Mrs. Rumbold, my friend the oppoſite way, and pretended not to ſee her; but Darley touched my arm, and ſaid, "did you not ſee Jeffry?" "Where?" ſaid I, looking another way—" She is paſt now," he replied, " but we ſhall meet her again preſently, and the muff not paſs again unnoticed." I obſerved he had an emphaſis on the word, *muff*—and reſolved to ſay or do any thing which might awaken the curioſity of my companions, I reſolved, when we met again, civilly to give her the compliments of the evening. We met, I courtſeyed with a manner formally polite, but judge my ſurpriſe, when, advancing with an air of freedom, ſhe took my hand, and cried, " My dear madam, how glad I am to ſee you again, and you were!" cruel Darnley to Darnley, "where have you been theſe hundred years; I proteſt I thought you had taken a journey to the Antipodes."—" Probably he has, madam," ſaid the young officer, ſarcaſtically, " for he has, I think, been at my ſiſter."—She looked—but ſhe made no reply. " Are you going a hop here?" ſaid ſhe to me, with the moſt eaſy effrontery. " I believe not," ſaid I, ſtammering.—" But I believe," ſaid Darnley, rudely—" It is as you pleaſe," I replied, and my dear Ann, I could hardly reſtrain my tears.—"Yes, it is as I pleaſe, and I ſhall pleaſe to ſtay here," ſaid ſhe, and hold your tongue." As this paſſed we had turned, and Jeffry's party had actually joined us. Oh! my friendly Ann, how I was tempted for your ſupporting my ſtate; I think had you been preſent, he would not have dared thus to inſult me. Jeffry at laſt, would have received your penetrating eye; but ſurrounded by a party, feeling or unfeeling (for they are the ſame as to ſyrmpathy) throng, my very ſoul ſunk within me; and when I ſaw the triumphant, ſcornful looks of that unprincipled woman, I felt humiliated, that I wiſhed the curtain of everlaſting oblivion to fall over me. One of the young ladies who accompanied us, left the arm of her companion, and coming round to me, aſked if mine; "I was look ill, Mrs. Darnley," ſaid ſhe, " the crowd and heat are too much for you; let us turn down one of the unfrequented walks, we will breathe freer, and feel more air."—I gladly accepted her propoſal; we had taken only one turn, and were preparing to join our party, when we met Darnley. " What has you left your company for?" ſaid he, " are they diſagreeable to you?"—" Mrs. Dereley is offended by the leſs in that crowded walk," ſaid my good natured companion, " and I adviſed her to come here to recover." "Oh! I am obliged to you, madam," ſaid my tormentor, for being ſo attentive to her delicate feelings; ſhe has a command at all times, the moſt refined ſenſibility." " Well, Darnley," ſaid I, endeavouring to laugh, as if I took what he ſaid in pleaſantry, "I will take care my delicacy ſhould not to interrupt your evening's pleaſure, but if it ſhould, you muſt make allowances for the weakneſs of human nature, and do as you could be done by." " Certainly," ſaid he in an ſoother voice, and being on the oppoſite ſide to my female companion, he actually ſtuck my arm with his elbow—I know not how near, but I think it was a love, and I felt that it had broken the laſt ſmall link that remained between us.—Diſhonoured—inſulted—frighted—Ann, Ann! I am a woman, and how will not rebels to all greivances, and if it would, could I appeal publicly? No! I can ſuffice in ſilence, but I could not bear to appear again as the acquiver of the man I had once fworn to honour.

My heart is full; I have ſet down to write you a long letter; but it muſt be done at hours, when Darnley ſhort, heavy as my ſoul is, I feel at preſent ſomething like the torpor of deep ſleeping over my faculties; I will indeed it.

SARAH.

THE MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *OCTOBER* 8, 1803. [N° L.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP.—N° XLIV.

Mentis et os

Dis Capitolini fortè inspicis Pitoli
Tristem sinistrè; defendas, et tuus est mos.
Me Capitolinus mordebit acre amicitiæ
A parte ea, cuius hæc mihi permulta cognitus
Fruit, et inodoratus luter quid verè in arte;
Sed frontem adducat, ego facilis subducam illi frontem.
Hic augur vocat subigitare, hoc est
Ab augmine.

I HAVE been prompted to take the above quotation for my motto, by a letter I received, signed A. Z. dated *Hafford, September* 17th, 1803. The tale therein related is not singular, and I feel myself obliged to tell A. Z. that to make his humble parable be literally drawing, would be to blight, and to pollute reprobates. When we hear an absent friend calumniated, I agree with him in thinking it an unjustifiable duty to defend him to the utmost of our powers; for to tell a company of persons who are strangers to the one aspersed, and much probably totally uninterested in the account, that such and such things have been said of him, tho' ingle you are sure they are falsehoods, your knowledge of the man convinces you they cannot be true, is like a physician administering a large dose of laudanum to expel the pain of arthritic; the knowledge that an esteemed friend had defended him, might alleviate the agonies he endured; but the effect of each would be the same, the patient and the character are both, in the end, inevitably lost. Imputation is to delineate a thing, so easily tarnished, and so hard to be reflored to brilliancy, who once a spot is thrown on that every attempt to eradicate, I even but to spread the blemish, and make it more conspicuous.

A. Z. is, I think, perfectly right in renouncing the society of men, who could invite a person to their houfe, to their table, treat him with apparent friendship, and wait but for his back to be turned, affaffin like, to stab his reputation; but where would be the pile of making thy pillow he? It may, (perhaps he will fay,) warn others against believing the profeffions of thefe fcheming friendly perfons. He is miftaken; while men can give good entertainments and fcatter the repaft they offer their guefts with a due proportion of flattery, there will always be plenty of friends, to eat, drink, fing and laugh with them, who the moment they have left the houfe, will give their character as fevere a fcrutiny, as their own may experience from their civil bell-and-halloo's.

I honour A. Z. for the motive which prompted him to apply to me; he feems to be actuated by the truly chriftian principle, of—doing as he would be done by." But alas, how few like him would inveftigate a report injurious to his neighbour; how few be at the trouble of refuting fuch a report. Worthy being! may that felf-complacency which refults from integrity of conduct, accompanied by advice and univerfal benevolence, be your reward, your conftant companion through life; but pardon me if I refufe your request, and condemn your letter to oblivion. Its publication would anfwer no good purpofe; it would only be making certain enemies of thofe of whofe malignity you have had unwarning proofs, and (if he is a man of delicate fenfibility) wound to a moft excruciating degree, the feelings of the very perfon whom you mean to ferve.

Having thus freely expreffed my fentiments in regard to the injury done by thofe who make a fcandalous report public with a view to refcue it, I cannot quit the fubject, without a few obfervations on SLANDER and PROFESSING FRIENDS in general.

Slander is a vice with which the female fex have been charged, as pratcliing it in a more eminent degree than the men; and perhaps, as far as regards quality in knowledge, accomplishments, dress or lovers—it may be juftly. But where intereft in any mere trifle purfuit, or indeed where competition exifts even in arts, fciences, or literature, men are as often guilty of it, if not in a greater as women. I have myfelf witneffed the murder of a character from a ftruggle, a wish, which has, perhaps, at a very critical moment, been an advantageous ftepping ftone to the poft of being ftruck, incrreated a doubt of the credit of a young reader,—the wink from the next who comes up at, becomes an infallible proof, the credit of an individual man is reduced; it is univerfally believed that he is on the point of failing, when the very man who firft created the idea, and gave it currency, will avail himfelf of the opportunity of which he deprived the other; make the purchafe upon credit, fell again for ready money, and in a few months break, to the almoft total ruin of many honeft families, whofe faith property, and family eaim will not bear fuch heavy encumbrances, as this unexpected bankruptcy will make upon them. While the young man, who from wilful mifreprefentations, finds his credition look cold, and under various pretenges, refufe him the time neceffary for his funds, in driers to facrifice part of his actual poffeffions, in order to liquidate immediate demands. In the world as it now exifts in the world, finds himfelf obliged to take his choice: under the law, from the impunity of fome, and the malevolence of others. Bankruptcy muft now inevitably follow; for he is bereaved of refources, which in his ftuation it was almoft impoffible to avoid, and taxed with delicts his honeft heart could never have conceived,—difgrace in fpirit, and difmay in the face of day. Thus a man is almoft impoffible to gain even the loweft ftep on the ladder of fortune, too conftantious to ufe any mean art to accelerate his afcent, or to push another off that he himfelf may mount one ftep higher; he will, in all human probability, remain at his bafe during the whole of his life.

Yet this man was a friend, a moft worthy friend, nay, is, to the laft moment, furrounded by friends—fair, inoceft, moft excellively polite, prefeffing friends—Oh how this world abounds with them!—I have feen an author with pulpit-ing hour, recommended and praifed to the moft fkilful flattering applaufe; every period was followed by the exclamation of charming! exquifite! delightful! the intereftated part of his difcourfe was fhook by the hands of his friends, it fcarcely feeffible that he ftill remain on this terreftrial ball, while his obliging friend is laughing at his weak credulity. Ridiculous as the world is, pointing out to his companions all, and perhaps more than all the faults difcernable in this half performance.—The artift will bow, fmile and compliment a brother artift, in the moft obliging ftile; when turning round to an acquaintance, he will point out how the work might have been better executed, interalia, at the fame time, his own fuperior excellence—The good natured fellow-pitiable being, will fhake hands with him, will be glad to come to handbook, leave him with civilities, declare where he is gone, he is one of the beft fellows in the world; he has a wife and children, he would do any thing in his power to ferve him,—for the world does fay—and then he goes on to give you fuch a catalogue of vice and folly, that you ftare with wonder and aftoniftment to think how he could take him by the hand or admit him to his table—yet he will finith with your fellow, I pity him;—he is really nobody's enemy but his own.

Traitors, fcored infamy, I am not ever bow at thy fhrine, and worfhip in thy temple—did mankind but fully comprehend but half thy virtues, half thy beauties, they would not treat thee with the contempt they do.—It is thou who holdeft firm the vaft fyftem that fupports the peace, profperity and honour of ftates, nations, and even private families; thou maieft the fraternal chain and difcharity bending thou art the grand link to render firm and lafting, the hallowed bands of friendfhip. Yes, bright Deity, even Friendfhip herfelf, unleis thou appear at her right-hand to counfel and fupport her, lofes her laftingness. Oh, thou luminary of the world, unfurl thy confecrated banners, ftand forth the undaunted champion of Religion and Virtue, lead forth thy legions, for legions thou haft, who would arm in thy defence; pull off the mask from Vice, fhew her in her native deformity, difplay the with of error, and convince mankind, the can be refpectable, to be happy, they muft make thee their companion, their guide; the foundation on which to build every prefent and future hope.

Z.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The PASSENGER.—N° II.

UPON alighting from the carriage, we heard the voices of fome perfons, apparently engaged in the heat of argument; and on entering the inn, found two men warmly debating upon fome of the meafures of Congrefs. By queftions which were alternately put from each to the other, it appeared evident that both were ignorant of fome of the moft important particulars which led to thofe meafures, and rendered them indifpenfable. The animated countenances of two of my fellow-paffengers teftified the intereft they took in the conteft, which, upon returning to the ftage, they affirmed, was not fo worthy have entered it to an unpleafant degree of irritability, had not the before mentioned elderly gentleman fet them right, in a particular which feemed to damn their partizanfhip. It remained to be refolved upon the fubject of difpute at the tavern, and were exhaufting their occafional frowns on a meafure not under the cognizance of Congrefs.

During the fufpenfion of converfation which fucceeded, I fat ruminating on the number and variety of the duties of life, the difficulty of diftinguifhing thofe duties, even to our own acceptance, and the heedlefsnefs of thofe who neglect this firft ftudy of man, to fix the government right. My thoughts were naturally led into that train by the jollification I remarked which had been previously exercifed in leaving the carriage, and comparing them with the fubfequent controverfy. I was contrafting the character of the man who poffeffes a cultivated underftanding and an ardent defire to do good, with that of him, whofe untutored mind learns him nothing to difplay, but his ignorance, his paffions, and his vanity. I was endeavouring to retrace the refolvements which had been made, on the cultivation of the human faculties; when my reverie was interrupted by the lady before mentioned, who expreffed a defire to hear the continuation of them.

Madam, faid the gentleman, I feared you might charge me with running down my fubject, and would choofe to avoid the cafe.

No, Sir—But I could almoft wifh that your fimile had not been fo ftrikingly applicable, becaufe it places the refponfibility of error in a queftion of more difficulty, to leave me quite fatisfied with myfelf; for I am a patient.

Permit me to affert, faid he, that no parent, particularly a mother, can fatisfy a parent's duty, without feeling at times, difficulties with herfelf. The teft is fo arduous, as to leave doubts in the reflecting mind, of the propriety of its own decifions, and of its fimplicity, that only thofe who are incapable of reflection, can at all times meet their own approbation. I particularize the *Mother*, becaufe the parental refponfibility refts *chiefly* with her. It is in the ftripling age, that thofe mental feeds are fown, which grow to maturity with manhood. During that early feafon children are almoft exclufively the mother's charge; the daughter continues to be particularly the fubject of her care; while the management of the fons is partially transferred by degrees to the father, as they advance through the feafon of dawning government; this is nature's courfe, nor can it be changed by art, confequently the fuperior refponfibility which devolves upon the mother, is of neceffity, and unalterable. Upon this period of dependance on maternal care, reafon, truth of thofe principles take root, which in time become confirmed habits, and give manhood its genius: I call.

Do you then imagine, fir, faid the lady, that inftinctive propenfions are made on the minds of children, at an age which may be conftrued as only the firft dawning of reafon?

Excufe my anfwering your queftion with another, faid he. Do you imagine that any falling impulfives are made on your garden by the feeds which are fcafonably committed to it?

This queftion, fir, bears its own evidence, and therefore needs no reply; but it is beyond my comprehenfion how

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children can be influenced in good or evil, previous to their being able to utter a word, or underſtand a ſentence of the language in which you ſpeak to them.

If an elder child, madam, ſhould be the play thing of his infant brother, his cries immediately give notice of the violence; his looks and geſtures inform you by whom that violence was committed; his play thing is returned, and he is ſatisfied; here is evidence that the idea of property is fixed, before the tongue can utter its appropriate terms, yours and mine. If the injury be repeated ſeveral times, the younger becomes afraid of the elder, whenever he approaches it; while one is acquiring the principles of tyranny and rapine, the other takes leſſons of hatred to his brother. The childiſh diſſipation of children in trying the ſtrength of parental authority, and the power they early acquire, of knowing *exactly* how far they may dare go in perverſeneſs, is an indiſputable teſtimony of the continual pregreſs of that mental crop, which it is the buſineſs of your huſband in his kind. Thus by the time that the father becomes an efficient agent in the cultivation of this intellectual garden, the mother has ſown the ſeeds, which they are far advanced, as not to admit an eaſy change: if they be good, they will now demand the father's aid in bringing them to maturity; if not, he may correct ſome of the weeds, but to eradicate the ſtiling growth, and produce another different in kind, may require more ſkill, perſeverance and leiſure, than fall to his lot.

Well,—ſaid the lady, I have neither the means nor the inclination to combat your theory, but ſhould be gratified with your deſcription of the meaſures to be purſued, for rearing it to puerility, in the moſt perfect of a family: and, if you pleaſe, the group of children, whoſe rude manners firſt introduced the converſation, ſhall be the ramaple, on which you ſhall trace the probable defects of management, and point out the remedies.

To this the gentleman readily agreed; his obſervations will be referred for the next number.

ADVICE and INSTRUCTION.

Another LETTER of CICERO, *to his Son* MARCUS, *upon the ſame ſubject; being aſſerted of the ſame publiſhed to our Engliſh.*

WHAT I wrote to you lately, I do not think ſufficient to acquit myſelf, and therefore I ſend you this ſecond letter. I muſt once more earneſtly conjure thee, ſon Marcus, to forſake the diſſolute courſe of life thou haſt taken up, which of thine will not do for the ſake of thy own reputation, or at leaſt for that of mine, which I have acquired not ſo much by the favour of fortune, as by pure merit. Do not endeavour to rob thy father of that happineſs which he has been all his life-honouring after. But if nature has not made thee capable of knowing either thy honour, or thy intereſt, the leaſt thou haſt, muſt have allowed thee a ſenſe of that duty, which all children owe their parents. That alone, one would think, ought to excite in thee an inclination to virtue, which thou knoweſt I have not only long aſſured, but alſo commended. Not to ſhy to father, is mere indolence; not to love him, extreme impiety; but to trample on his ſame is worſe than parricide. Neither wa' nor words are alike to expreſs how contemptible and neceſſary a thing obedience to a parent is. The utmoſt extent of time owns itſelf too ſcanty for words which children are dutiful. I will give three inſtances for commendable

wet fanging her fair bleeding friend, his dish and knife rest, and their heart-broken parents, around his bed, all reproaching him with being the author of their miseries.

RECEIPT TO CURE SHEEP OF TICKS.

TAKE one gallon of tar, put it into an iron kettle, over a slow fire, until rendered liquid: then having eight pounds of salt butter liquidated in another kettle, pour it gently into the tar-kettle flirring them well together, leaving the salt of the butter at the bottom, then dress the sheep, and make the tar and butter boil together, flirring them all the time; after boiling, pour it into any dish to cool. The next morning the unction will be of a proper infpiffation, and fit for ufe.

To falve a fheep; the fhepherd parts the wool with his fingers on the back bone from the head to the end of the tail, then, with two fingers rubs the unction plentifully on the fkin or flefh, fo that the ointment may fpread by heat of the body two or three inches down each fide from the ridge-bone.

The fhepherd then parts the wool before, two or three inches from the ridge of the bone, and rubs the unction as before in fuch abundance, as it will fpread two or three inches down wards, then continue the fame method all round the fheep. The fhepherd will falve a foore of fheep in one day, and the unction will kill and deftroy all ticks, cure and prevent the fcab, fefter and fuppurate the fkin, promote the growth and increafe the quantity of the wool. The fheep being freed from ticks will be quiet, comfortable and healthy, whether fat or lean, and whether with a large fleece on or bare. The expenfe and trouble is too fmall to be mentioned, when compared to the profit, advantage and humanity of the action.—the fhepherds call October the *falving* month.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"In woollen when the fwain muft,
Friendfhip is only then complete,
Bleft ftate! where fouls each other drawn,
Where love is liberty and law."

TO LEONORA.

MADAM,

YOUR anfwer to S. G. in a former Magazine, was read by its author with much pleafure and fatisfaction. He is led to believe, from the flattering tenor of your letter, a perfon and qualifications, that you are calculated to afford that happinefs in the married ftate, which will run parallel with the term allotted us here below. You have been pleafed to obferve, that the natural blindnefs of the beft of us, as it refpects our failings and exalted opinion of our virtues, will not permit our giving a faithful delineation of our real characters. I will not pretend to deny it to fuch a general affertion; nor do I with to impreis you with an idea, that I am freer from that failing than the reft of my fex, when I affure you, that after fearching my feelings thoroughly, I gave you a true and juft defcription of *myfelf*; and as far as I know my own heart, I think I can fay in the words of the immortal Shakfpeare, that

"In nothing have I extenuated,
"Or fet down aught extrem."

Your ftyle and manner of writing convince me, that your intellectual faculties have received a high degree of cultivation; and that either in the family or circle, you deferve, and will meet with, the attention and refpect due to your exertions.

When I firft iffued my propofals, I was not fufficiently fanguine to fuppofe that perfection of character was to be found; and it was in conlequence of that perfuafion, I made the declaration of my willingness to accommodate myfelf to the failings incident to humanity.

I expect not th, your life is to pafs on in one continued courfe of happinefs and tranquility ; we cannot hope for perpetual funfhine, without a cloud to intervene. I am difpofed, however, to receive it as a neceffary part of the drama of life; and fhall endeavour to fubmit to it without repining.

It is a fixed opinion of mine, that mutual love is to be conlidered as a primary object, in rendering the married ftate happy ; nor do I think there is any chance of its felicity being durable without it. It was not becaufe it did not appear of importance I did not mention it, but from a prefumption that it would be underftood without its being expreffed.

I can therefore aflure you, that you will have no caufe to regret the want of it; and that although it is at prefent a fpark (though not, I hope, a fmall one) *the torch of love will foon kindle it to a flame*; which I doubt not will continue with us like the pillar of fire of old, and be our light through all the dark and gloomy paths of this tranfitory fcene.

I have now endeavoured to, and I hope with fuccefs, to anfwer your feveral doubts to your fatisfaction—I therefore hope, you will explain yourfelf more fully in a future communication.

S. O.

Bofton, Sept. 26, 1803.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

[FROM CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.]

AMONG the infipid legends of Ecclefiaftical Hiftory, I am tempted to diftinguifh the remarkable fable of *The Seven Sleepers*; whofe imaginary date is referred to the reign of the younger Theodofius, and the conqueft of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius perfecuted the Chriftians, three noble youths of Ephefus concealed themfelves in a fpacious cavern, on the fide of an adjacent mountain, where they were doomed to perifh by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance fhould be ftrictly fecured with a pile of ftones. They immediately fell into a deep flumber, which was miraculoufly prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-feven years. At the end of that time, the ftaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had defcended, removed the ftones, to fupply materials for building a neiw cattle. The light of the fun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a flumber, as they thought, of a few hours, they role from bed, by the calls of hunger; and refolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, fhould fecretly return to the city, to purchafe bread for the ufe of his companions. The ftone ftaves had employed that appellation—could no longer recognize the once familiar afpect of his native country; and his furprife was increafed by the appearance of the croix, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephefus. His linguifter drefs and obfolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the fufpicion of a forrer treafurer, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing difcovery, that two centuries were almoft elapfed fince Jamblichus and his friends, had efcaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The Bifhop of Ephefus, the Clergy, the Magiftrates, the people, and, it is faid, the Emperor Theodofius himfelf, haftened to vifit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who beftowed their benediction, related their ftory, and at the fame inftant peaceably expired.

"This popular tale," Mr. Gibbon adds, "Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran." The fame fable, adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profefs the Mahometan religion.

ANECDOTE.

WILLIAM PENN and *Thomas Story*, travelling together in Virginia, were caught by a fhower of rain and uncere-moniouily fheltered themfelves under the piazza of a houfe, the owner of which, happening to be within it, accofted them with "you have a great deal of impudence to trefpafs on my premifes—you enter without leave, do you know who I am?" to which it was anfwered by one of them "I would have you to know I am a juftice of peace;" to which Thomas Story replied, my friend here makes fuch things as he, he's the governor of Pennfylvania. The great man quickly abated of his haughtinefs and invited them into the manfion houfe; they declined his courtefy, and when the fhower was over, they proceeded on their journey.

BURNING for WITCHCRAFT.

FIVE women were lately tried at Patna, in Hindoftan, on charges of forcery, and being found guilty were put to death. The governor general being informed of the circumftance, ordered all the principal perfons who compofed the tribunals to be apprehended, and arraigned before the circuit court of Patna, on charges of the murder of thefe women, and the court adjudged them to fuffer death. It appeared, however, that this cuftom had prevailed time immemorial; feveral of the witneffes remembered numerous inftances of perfons having been put to death by the Brahmins for forcery, and one of them proved that his own mother had been tried and executed as a witch—the government therefore pardoned the offenders; but to prevent the recurrence of circumftances fo difgraceful to humanity, a proclamation has been iffued declaring that any one forming a tribunal for the trial of perfons charged with witchcraft, or encouraging in any act to deprive fuch perfons of life, fhall be deemed guilty of murder, and fuffer the penalty attached to that offence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Since our laft, we have received the third number of "The Contemplator," two eflays from "K****" from-munications from "G. H. W."—" Firft Poftlon," "Antonio," "Dolly," "J****," &c. which fhall be duly attended to.

☞ We thank a march refpected mercantile Friend, and Capt. John W. Allen, for the loan of a file of *London* papers, to *Auguft* 14, 1803. They are almoft exclufively devoted to the affairs of the nation. Similar favours will be gratefully received; and we will thank our friends for the loan of any Englifh publications, which would afford ftriking materials for our Magazine. It is immaterial whether they are new or old.

NUMERAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Weftminfter, (V.) Hon. Stephen R. Bradley, Senator in the Congrefs of the United States, to the amiable Mifs Lucinda Willard. At Charlefhown, Capt. Samuel Twyerfs, to Mifs Martha Auftin; Mr. Robert Emes, to Mifs Martha Hall. At Medford, the Rev. George O. Stuart, of York, Upper Canada, to Mifs Lucy Brooks, daughter of the Hon. John Brooks.

In this town, Mr. Francis Bradbury, jun. to Mifs Hannah Jones Spooner, eldeft daughter of the late Rev. John J. Spooner—Mr. Francis Wells, jun. to Mifs Margaret C. Stackpole, daughter of Mr. Wm. Stackpole, mer.—Mr. Nathaniel Spear, to Mifs Betfy Hollis.

OBITUARY.

DIED)—At Charlefhown, Mrs. Rebecca Putnam, *Æt.* 43, conlort of Aaron Putnam, Efq. At Medford, Mifs Catharine Rofs, eldeft daughter of Mrs. Newton, *Æt.* 18 At Havana, Mrs. Jofia Fellows, conlort of Nat. Fellows, jun. Efq. and daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Hacker, of this town. At Belfaft, Capt. Wm. Ruffell, *Æt.* 31. At Ward. Dr. Herekiah Merrian, *Æt.* 200. He has left a widow, with whom he lived in the married ftate above 78 years.

☞ The fever ftill continues to rage at New-York and Philad. The deaths in the former city, the laft week, were 130; 66 of the epidemic.

In this town, the Hon. SAMUEL ADAMS, Efq. *Æt.* 82, late Governor of this Commonwealth, and a great character in our revolution. His remains were interred on Thurfday laft, with every mark of refpect and eftem.—Mrs. Mary Welch, *Æt.* 70, wife of Mr. John W.—Mrs. Lydia Welch, *Æt.* 65, wife of the late Capt. Hezekiah W.—Mifs Abigail Fenerell, *Æt.* 23, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas F.—Mifs Betfy Hichborn, *Æt.* 27.—Mifs Elizabeth Ridgway, *Æt.* 25.—Abigail French, *Æt.* 26 mo. daughter of Mr. Abram F.—Son of Mr. John Taylor, *Æt.* 15 mo.—John Vernon Robinfon, *Æt.* 26 months, fon of Col. James R.: Mifs Polly Davis, *Æt.* 26—and 7 children under a year. Total 17, for the week ending laft evening.

THE MAGAZINE.

A generous price will be given, for a few fets of Nos. 16, 21 and 48, of this publication. Apply to the Editors immediately.

☞ Red and Black Writing INK, (the former in bottles of 25 cents each) genuine black *bond*, &c. for fale at this Office.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AFFECTED SENSIBILITY—AT A LADY.

A ROSE-BUD overcharg'd with dew,
Its with'ring head reclin'd;
Nigh broken from its parent bough,
The sport of ev'ry wind.

MARIA to the woodbine bower,
With ELLA chanc'd to walk;
Careful she rais'd the drooping flower,
And tid its bending stalk.

"Ah! live," she cri'd, "my lovely rose,
And let your charms expand;
Free to the gale your sweets disclose,
Nor dread the spoiler's hand."

As through the grove at eloſe of day,
MARIA lonely stray'd;
A wretched female cross'd the way,
And thus implor'd her aid:

"In pity hear a daughter's prayer,
In pity hafte to save;
ALFRED, my father, how'd with care,
Is sinking to his grave.

Content, within a little rot,
Which decks you humble vale;
The grateful song that bleſs our lot,
Was borne on ev'ry gale.

The lord of thefe domains one day
Beheld this lucklefs fare;
His bofom juſtice crav'd to pray,
And paſſion held her place.

In vain to win me to his arms,
Each gaudy lure he try'd;
For me his riches wanted charms—
Virtue was all my pride.

Then wild revenge inflam'd his breaſt;
Remorſe oppreſs'd my mind
My aged father's ſtrife, diſtreſs,
And hop'd—but in his God.

HEAVEN knows, my pure unſpotted fame
Yet more than life I prize:
Nor will I ſeem the bread of ſhame,
No—though my parent dies!"

"Then, gracious heav'n," ſaid ANNA's PRAYER—
"If you delay to love,
My father, how'd with want and care,
Muſt ſink into his grave."

In vain the murmurs of diſtreſs
Aſſail'd MARIA's ear;
What mifery would fue expreſs,
MARIA would not hear.

A gen'rous ruſtic, to be griev'd,
Or heard the mournful tale:
Borne on the wings of eager haſte,
He flitted to the vale.

And as the boiſterous clofe he gave,
Beneficently ſmil'd;
Nor did, from lawleſs power to ſave
The father and the child.

Shame on thoſe hearts, that never felt
A fellow creature's woes;
Yet tenderly affect to melt,
In *pity for a roſe!*

MARY.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EMPTY GUN.

AS Dick and Tom in ſtrees diſpute engage,
And face to face the noiſy conteſt wage—
"Don't *look* your ſtrife in me," Dick ſmartly cries,
"I fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend replies.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES ON THE EYE.

FLUTTERING lovers, giddy boys,
Sighing ſoft for Hymen's joys,
Would you ſhun the trickling arts,
Beauty's traps for youthful hearts;
Would you treaſure in a wife
Riches, which ſtand laſt for life;
Would you in your choice be nice,
Here MINERVA's face adviſe.

Be not caught with ſhape, nor air,
Coral lips, nor flowing hair;
Shape and luxury are nay thing,
Coral lips may ſpeak deceit.
Girls unmaſk'd would you deſcry,
Fix your fame on the eye.
Nature there has truth deſign'd,
'Tis the eye that ſpeaks the mind.
Shun the proud diſdainful eye,
Frowning—fancied—dignity;
Shun the eye with vacant glare,
Cold indifference wiſper's there;
Shun the eager roll of fire,
Glowing with impure deſire;
Shun the wily eyes of prude,
Looking coy—to be purſued.
From the ſlirting eye refrain,
Glancing love—and new diſdain;
Fly the ſtrong fatiric eye
Shooting keen feverity;
For nature thus her truth deſign'd,
And made the eye proclaim the mind.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

NO MEDIUM IN MATRIMONY.

TO thoſe whoſe breaſts with quick ſenſations beat,
The marriage-ſtate is ever more replete
With joys eeſtatic, or with poignant pains,
Raging with equal tumult through the veins:
Such ſtates, they ſay, can never be at eaſe,
Supremely wretched, or ſupremely bleſt;
Like heavy, dull, inſipid couples, they
'Twixt love and hate, ne'er know a *middle-way.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE ſole the perſon is too oft confin'd,
But noble Friendſhip centers in the mind;
There to no object ſettled, prone to change,
Is ever prompted by the with to range;
There to one ſtead; fy paſſion directs the ſoul,
True as the trembling needle to the pole.
The *firſt* too oft is like the raging main,
When ſtorms billows with his fierce wrath ſwain;
The *laſt* reſembles it, unſtirr'd by ſtorms,
When its ſmooth ſurface no rude ſhall deforms.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY: A novel
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVII—(IN CONTINUATION.)
SARAH TO ANNE.

WHEN the ſoul is oppreſſed by calamity, how little reſreſhment does ſleep afford; the eyes cloſe, the ſenſes lay dormant; but the, ſoul ever active, finds no repoſe; it broods over the preſent miſery, anticipates future or again realizes paſt pleaſures. Could a rational being for one moment doubt the immortality of that intelleſtual ſpirit which informs and animates the maſs of clay, let him alk himſelf, and clearly anſwer this queſtion, why, when exceſſive wearineſs, or the natural exhauſtion of nature, or the more powerful effect of ſoporific medicine, has deadened, or ſuſpended for awhile the animated functions, the ſoul ſtill preſerves (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) its elaſticity, and bounds with joy, ſtoks with anguiſh, trembles with horror, ſparkles with terror, and that in ſo great a degree, as frequently to force the body to partake its emotions, and laugh, weep, and even give articulation to the impulſe, by which it is often actuated? The deepeſt cabinſt could not ſatisfactorily ſolve the enigma, and yet ſuppoſt the doctrine of total annihilation at the hour of death. And oh, my dear Ann, what a bleſſing it is to the wretched, that it is not poſſible for human ſagacity to wreſt from them that fire, that ſuſtaining hope.

I return to the ſcene I was with my pen faintly portraying, when I broke off to indulge the inclinde of weary nature.—We again joined our party in the public walk, and ſoon after the orcheſtra cloſed, we ſat down to ſupper. Darnley appeared to be in excellent ſpirits, but I fancied when I noticed the quantities of madeira he poured down, as a ſtate of exhilaration ever rendered him more rude and inſolent to me, as he fancied the only way to ſhew his ſuperiority, and convince the world of his imaginary authority, is to uſe poſitive *ſwill*, and *woes*, upon all occaſions, without conſidering to give any reaſon why he will or won't.—However, for this time, he was to take up with Mrs. Romain, that I was totally unnoticed. To be ſure, Anne, I muſt acknowledge the appeared in all her faſcinations, her dreſs elegant, her fine eyes and features beaming with animation, her manners all life, all wit and whim, I could not help acknowledging how ſuperior the muſt appear in the eyes of all ſurrounding, to the depreſſed, heartbroken wife. But to ſolace her, the champaign ſang and diſplayed all her powers of charming. At 1 very late hour, the whole party aroſe to quit the gardens. At the gate were a number of carriages, and we were obliged to walk ſome paces before we could get to the coach. Bentley led Mrs. Romain, and I was obliged to accept the arm of the young officer, though againſt my inclination; for being ſtuffed with liquor, I ſaw he was inclined to be impertinent. We had proceeded but a very little way, when I ſaw a man touch Darnley on the ſhoulder, and heard Mrs. Romain exclaim, "Heavens, what's the matter?" In a moment, all was confuſion. The hand, for ſuch he proved to be, obliged him to go into a coach which he had called, and into which I followed him, accompanied by two of the moſt uncouth, vulgar looking men that ever I beheld. Jeffey rather died, or pretended to faint, as we drove away. We were conveyed to a miſerable houſe, kept by the man who ſerved the writ; a room was provided, the hoſtels taking care to ſhut me in for fear we had ſome deſign of eſcaping. Darnley threw himſelf on the bed, and ſpite of his ſituation, ſpite of the dreadful gulph of ruin which now gaped ready to receive him, in leſs than twenty minutes was in a profound ſleep. I ſtretched the chamber for ſome time, and raiſed my almoſt buſtling heart, by an uninterrupted flood of tears. About daylight, I lay down for half an hour, but the moſe ſtrikeing ſcene of all, ſome of the ſhocking circumſtance that had happened to my heavy eyelids. I perceived he was awake. "At what fair are you arreſted, Mr. Darnley?" ſaid I. "At the ſuit of one of your tradeſmen, madam," he replied. "I always thought your extravagance would bring me to a priſon." "Where is no diſcretion but what my thoughtleſneſs may have occaſioned," ſaid I, "the amount of the whole is a trifling, I ſhould imagine it would not be difficult to riſe the requiſite ſum." "But there are diſficulties every where," ſaid he, ſurlouſly, "and I muſt be a bad knave, fool, or fortune, if I ſhould be given up by my friends to lie long in gaols, and God knows how we are to live when we get there." He ſtormed as I left, ſcorned at their ſtrictneſs, and continued in a ſullen humour all night. Early, you know, we get ſtirring in the morning, perhaps the ruin has not yet reached as far as a general execution, and you may ſnatch a few trifles for yourſelf and me from the general diſſolution." "I will take a few cloaths," ſaid I, "but I will not touch any thing valuable; the ſale of which, might aſiſt in ſatisfying the creditors—As to the threats of ſubſtitution, I have no doubt but ſome way will open, and you will get into proſperity; I ſhall be willing to join your efforts." "Oh! to be ſure," he cried ſmiling, "you are very willing, and very able to work, you have no pride to ſtifle who are to waſh your own hands."—But I could have done it. Mr. Darnley, and will cheerfully perform that neceſſary office for you and myſelf too, ſince we ſhall no longer be able to keep a ſervant; and not only that, but engage in any employment which might be ſerviceable." "And what the devil can you do?" he replied. "Come I will, you ſhall go home." I rang the bell. "What do you want?" ſaid he "ſome one to call me a coach." "Why cannot you walk?" ſaid I, "what's an hour in the morning? in this dirty place—only a mile and a half through London ſtreets" "Aye, there it is, I ſuppoſe this is a ſpecimen of your humility and economy." "Good heavens, Mr. Darnley," ſaid I, "how can you be ſo ſhocking?—we are likely to be involved in much actual miſery, do not let us augment it by our own fretfulneſs and impatience. I cannot,—I will not walk this morning;—in future, you ſhall ſee I can bring myſelf to ſubmit to every ſituation in which it ſhall pleaſe Providence to place me." *[To be continued]*

APPLY IN SEASON.

TICKETS and parts, in South-Hadley Lottery, which commences drawing the 26th Nov. for ſale by Gilbert & Dean. After the 19th inſt. all unſold tickets go into the hands of a company, who will raiſe the price to five dollars, and a half. Oct. 6

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING, *OCTOBER* 25, 1803. [N° LI.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:
DEVOTED TO
Morality, Literature, Biography, History, The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The GOSSIP——N° XLV.

Quidque, aliena capella gerat fallacius uber
Tibullus.

EUGENIO was, at the age of twenty-two, left independent master of a very genteel fortune; yet having received a liberal education, and possessing from nature a very brilliant understanding, it was the full ardour of his fether, that he should engage in one of the learned professions, as it might at once laudably occupy his time, and increase his fortune; for that master, who received from his parental fate, he might have the means of providing handsomely for an increasing family, and by a proper exertion of his talents, guide him to reputation and honour. Eugenio was what is termed, a very good natured man—shy, credulous, and rather inclined to inactivity. A young man of such a character, with plenty of cash, a good house, hospitable table, and a gay disposition to boot, was certain of having a multitude of *friends* ready to share in their comforts. His love of ease led him to a love of reading; and the poets were his favourite studies; from admiring the tuneful art in others, he began to fancy he possessed a considerable vein of poetry himself. It is true he could hit off a song, a sonnet, or a madrigal, with considerable facility and affect; but the adulation which was offered on the appearance of these poetic trifles, to puffed him up, as that he thought nothing was more easy than to write a tragedy, eternally to excite horror. It was the selfish flattery of applications to persons finely born as great as was his defire of praise; it had be written with attention, exercised with care, portioned done regular plan, and been by the judicious critic to have had a friend, who would have told him the truth, pointed out his faults, and checked his vanity, without wounding his feelings, he might in time have arrived at fomething like excellence. But Eugenio was not so fortunate as to possess such a treasure as a friend of this disinterested nature, who would candidly dobbin, and the hazard of losing the applause of access to his house, his table, and his purse. His living was expensive, his house always full of jovial and idle beings, who did him the favour to drink his wine, borrow his money, and praise his poetry. But three years flipped away in this manner; and he discovered by the help of some tradefmen, with whom he was deeply in arrears, that his expenses had far exceeded his income, that it was necessary not only immediately to retrench, but also to fell or mortgage part of his estate, in order to the liquidation of his debts. He had never once thought of his father's advice. His *friends* told him it would be a shame for a man of his genius, to sacrifice his time to the dry study of the law, or with his refined taste, to wade through the gravity of the chapman, and with his fortune it was totally unnecessary for him to enter upon the fatiguing profession of a physician.

He was alarmed at the dependations to shun a period had made on his patrimony. I will, faid he, still in the money I have left—be more careful in future; get clear of debt, and fecundly for about the ftudy of the law. Having made thefe wife refolutions, he imparted his plan to one of his intimates: at the fame time, confiding to him the arrangement of his finances. The intelligence circulated rapidly amongft his *affociates*. Eugenio was *about to be a laft man*. He found by degrees his company was left fought abroad, and he had but very few vifitors at home. Upon a clofe examination into his affairs, his alarm became more ferious; for, except the money he had left, which was a very confiderable fum, he had but a mere trifle remaining, of the handfome property his father left him. He fold part, mortgaged the reft, paved every one, and with about a thoufand pounds in caft, fat out on a vifit to a friend, a man whom he had raifed from a very painful ftate of dependence; advanced him a confiderable fum to fet him forward in bufinefs; and by fo doing, enabled him to marry the woman of his choice. He was fettled in the capital of a fouthern ftate, and the good natured Eugenio refpired to obferve the eafe, affluence and plenty, which furrounded him. His houfe was conftantly in the ftrifteft ftile; his fideboard elegantly decorated with filver fpoons, falvers, cups, &c. and when evening approached, the room was illuminated with fpermaceti candles, in fuperb bullies and fine candlefticks—his wife, though Italian, was fortunate in not having a fmall fortune with her, and her manners, pofitive, and her drefs the model of tafte.

In a very pleafant mood, Eugenio fo his friend, the fecond day after his arrival, " very pleafant indeed, to find you fo well fettled, and in fo profperous a way."

" Why, yes," replied Ingratus, " I have done pretty well, conderingly, but I find it hard to get on for money in this and though my wife's father furnifhed our houfe fo handfomely, there is always one thing or another one muft be buying; fo that the cafh goes very faft now and then." Friend Eugenio, wives are very expenfive things; houfekeeping runs high, and then the article of drefs——" I expect with you, faid Eugenio, that your houfekeeping runs high; but this I do verily believe, that I added the expence of a wife to my domeftic arrangement two or three years ago, I fhould not have been fo decidedly out of pocket as I am now." Ingratus, with a look of furprife, repeated in a tone of interrogation, " out at elbows?" " Yes, faith," continued Eugenio, without obferving the altered tone and manner of his friend, " I am out at every thing, and have been obliged to fell and mortgage, to make all even, until I have only one thoufand pounds, and my wife left."

When Eugenio firft arrived at his friend's houfe, every attention had been paid to accommodate him in the beft manner.—The beft chamber was appointed for him, the table was ferved with more than common profufion, and Ingratus wasproud to introduce him among his circle of acquaintance, as one of the beft fellows in the world; as a gentleman of a family, of wealth, and of tafte: for he had never heard that the latter article might have been omitted, without offence to truth.—And even now, when he was better informed, it was difficult to ftudy caft, was he obliged to a young man, who began life on credit, and was with not one farthin of income he could honeftly call his own, lived at the rate of five or fix hundred pounds a year.—The civilities to Eugenio were therefore continued, until by fome plaufible pretext or other fix hundred dollars in remaining thoufand pounds, was drawn from him.—Eugenio, ftill poffeffed by the fpirit of proceftination, had deferred entering his name with a perfon of eminence in the profeffion of the law, day after day, until three months glided imperceptibly on, and ftill he was a vifitor at the houfe of Ingratus.

" I think your friend makes a long vifit," faid his wife, to him one day.—" I think he does," replied Ingratus; " but you know my dear, we are under obligations."—" That is no reafon that he fhould live upon us," was the anfwer. Ingratus was ftruck with the remark, and came to a determination what profeffion you fhall follow!" faid he, one morning as they were chatting together.—" I think I fhall be a lawyer," faid Eugenio.—" Why you will make it late in the day before you begin; you are now twenty-five, and twenty, and you muft of neceffity give feveral years to ftudy before you can praftife; that will bring you near thirty; and before all you, my friend, that twenty late perfon for a man to be juft beginning the world."

If my readers are intereft in the fate of Eugenio, they will not be difpleafed to find the fequel of his ftory in the next number; thofe who are not, muft even pafs it over, and hope fome future number will afford them more entertainment; remembering, by way of refolution, that though we dine every day, we are not always furnifhed with dinner—but are obliged to be content with humble fare, and fometime and convenience confents to offer us variety and dainties.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The PASSENGER——N° III.

THE laft number of this paper concluded with the Gentleman's engagement, to defcribe the manner in which his theory might be reduced to practice, in the management of a family.—He conceived, that to fulfil his promife, he muft extend his remarks beyond domeftic government, where the civil originates, into the public police, where it is matured.

From improper, and inconfiftent affociations, faid he, arife a very great proportion of the unfeeful evils of life.—From well devifed, and rational affociations, are derived very many of its enjoyments. In the application of this term, it is not to be confined merely to the affociation of individuals in fociety, but will be extended to the objects of our purfuits, and the conjures adopted for attaining their end; or, the affociation of defires and means. For example, a parent is defirous that his child fhould be early imprefled with a love of Truth, and an averfion to falfehood—at an age when the child is firft capable of learning, it is taught by rote to repeat fhort prayers and hymns, every evening on going to bed;—thefe hymns inculcate truth; but previous to communicating them to memory, the year at leaft muft elapfe, in which the child would perfectly comprehend what was laid to it, of a threatening nature; though this period, the mother or nurfe has threatened the child with punifhment whenever it was refractory; this threat we will fuppofe has been repeated only twice a day on an average, through the year, which by not a little knowledge in a very modeft calculation ;—we will alfo fuppofe, that within this term, the prayer has been fulfilled, fo that the child underftands its import. One morning (previous to the commencement of the year we contemplate) the child happens to be left alone, at the time the chimney fweep defcends from his footy flight; the child runs terrified to the maid, who pacifies him with a promife, which is never to be performed—not after, on every occafion, and frequently without occafion, the threatens him with calling the fweep; that threat, we will alfo fuppofe to be repeated twice a day, and *never* fulfilled.

We will fuppofe the child to be now three years of age, and that from this time, he partook his hymns every evening; and that he was threatened every day, until he has completed his fifth year. We will alfo fuppofe that he has been checked by his parents, whenever they have difcovered in him an inclination to falfehood, and that they have endeavoured to implant a principle of truth in his young mind, on every fuch occafion, which we will fay occurs once a week, through the above fucceeding years. Having fix hymns, Truth has been inculcated feven hundred and thirty times; to the admonitions of his parents it has been added one hundred and four times, to thefe fome add one, for the correction which was admiffible according to promife, and the fum is Eight-Hundred and Thirty Five times, in which a leffon of truth has been admiffered to the child. We now calculate the number of falfehoods, which have been told him in the three years before mentioned, at the rate of four a day, fave one, and the account is Four Thoufand Three Hundred and Seventy Nine; on comparing thefe numbers, we find that he has heard fomewhat more than five lies to one truth.—Oh! fie, cried the Lady, don't give thofe *little foes* to hatch a name.

Here the gravity of the fpeaker's countenance was a little difcompofed; with a chill cared inide, he affect ant of thos were terrible. Sir, refumed he, I am fatisfied, they are certainly falfehoods; but the act of man cannot draw a line between one and the other. The *implicit* principle, laid he, is a thinking example, whereby to explain my idea of the inconfiftent affociation of *effects* and *means*. You desire to give your child a *difpofition*, at every fpecies of falfehood. To produce this effect, you put one to tell fuch and fuch a fingle appellation poffible, he'll fhould be inftructed to the *end* of your little pupil. In other cafes, a confiftency is often obferved, which by its contrail will difplay the weak of that the above inftance. If, for example, you wish to im-

gress the mind of a young child with a fear of straying from home; you will paint the dangerous forest in the most frightful colours—If, will the relief of having seen by dogs, tacked by birds, hooked by cows, overtaken by carriages, with every other terror which the imagination can furnish. Now here is precisely a rational allocation between the colors, and the means of accomplishing it: and while in the cases before mentioned, the picture diametrically opposed to each other.

It is a remark, fashionable by the experience of ages, that example is more prevalent than precept; I shall now add the force of this maxim, to which I believe adhered on the proportion which the lessons of truth bore to those of falsehood, received by the child at the age—and the example, those of the former kind were all *examples*—those of the latter, all *examples*.

What I have thus explained my sentiments of a rational allocation of colors and means. I have endeavoured to support the negative side of my argument, by pointing out absolutes which ought not to be particed. If your patience is not exhausted, madam, I shall make some brief remarks on improper allocations, with respect to the attendants and companions of children, and proceed to state what measures appear to me best calculated, from the domestic and social compact, for training the rising generation to virtuous habits, and amiable manners.

My vanity and self-love, still the Lady, have suffered some mortification during your remarks, but as my reason cannot controvert them, my judgement compels me to solicit their continuance—that my pride may be sacrificed on the education of my children—To behold them receiving my instructions with apparent pleasure, has been a source of delight—I now, as a pupil, receive from your objections equal pleasure, and wish that this candid acknowledgement may make it reciprocal.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BENEVOLENCE.

BENEVOLENCE, with a smile ineffable, shields from tyranny and injustice the indigent beings of mortality; the misfortunes of human life, by its genial influences, are alleviated; the emotions of fear, anger, hatred, envy, and vigour are; the impaired faculties of the mind regain their wonted strength; the brightness of its bosom partakes the gloomy reflection of misery, and cheers the wretched sufferer, with hope, liberty and life. What monuments of exquisite pleasure must the possessor of wealth experience, in the ide. of having relieved from the iron grasp of power, a forlorn being of misery! Or, in the soft and exclusive recess of a retired or genial and distant world, and who, sinking under the accumulated ills of life, pining in a cold and dreary prison, with wretched and unfed companions, relying on the Beneficient Supreme to recal his weary soul to the mansions of the dead, where the forms of fate, intimidation, and oppression, never more shall be erected to chill, tantilly, and fix ends by this humane, and benevolent hand, who, with a look of caring to comfort, tell him he is free. The almost expiring sufferer looks with doubtful gaze upon the stranger; but the buoyancy of hope and joy, with the kindness of his words dissipate the doubt of comfort and of hope, into his cave soon breaks with the genuine effluence of gratitude, and thanks his kind deliverer, and calls on Heaven to make him fully sensible of so generously distinguished a favour. The affluent and powerful beings of prosperity, reflect with coolness, and determine to ask wisdom, ere the dread mandate of it executed. Every hour's run to destruction; difpels around you hopeless and forlorn misery with the blights and appalls of poverty, insensibility and cruelty; diminishes comfort and support to the weary traveller, whose exercised limbs and wasted strength, truly tender him an object of pity and compassion; I exhort this, and Heaven will bestow an additional blessing upon you.

And who with solemn voice,
The God of nature calls, pronounces just,
Thy all exacting deeds daily file,
To the last moment of the day.

Remember, that, though you are now rich with *honour, prosperity and riches*, the short period of an hour, a moment, may deprive you of these *powers*, and render you as wretched and miserable as the unfortunate objects that daily solicit your charity.

R*****.

MORAL and USEFUL.

THREE GREAT RESTRAINTS.

THERE are three stumpwalch restraints from doing wrong—*Religion, love of Fame, and fear of Punishment.*—The religious will do right because nothing else than wrong is engaged in the pious; the man who has no wrong, but it should impede his progress; but he who has neither religion nor love of virtue, must be restrained, if at all, merely by the fear of punishment; and even this is often proved to be insufficient, in all degrees of society.—Amongst the barbarian are the orphans of the most ferocious and bloody nature; whilst in civil, of society, of courage, fraud and deceit, are the principal engines of success. To the former, when it is required to humane torture by the custom, corporal punishment has no terror; and civilized man can be cruel in military, by the dread of punishment, and in civil society, when it is to exercise the barbarian, or him who hath *no learning*, by gaining him unlearning; he may then be taught the principles of Christianity—and if after this he offend, continue him to *labour*, to make him industrious, and if incorrigible to make him think.

THE SEASONS.

Q? An excellent section of the Universal Repertory, is entitled The Seasons, *among others, has the following pertinent remarks:*

"SLAMMER and Winter, feed time and harvest, though important periods of time, too often glide unheeded down the current of years. They are noticed as they affect the health, the comfort, or the property; *not as they speak to us the words, to affect the reflection of mankind.* The husbandman knows it is Autumn when his corn is yellow, and his fields are whitened with harvest. He remembers it is the idle of his prosperity, his improvement pursues full of flocre,' and prefits burthing with the fruits of his orchard. As the season of thanksgiving, as the solemn "field encloses the dead," he knows it not. Even the days are not regard it as a moral lifon forcibly, and continually as it occurs, teaching him the shortness of life, and the near approach of death. Winter, with its dreary snow, he thinks little of his obligations to the Gion of harvest, and of the duties which his annual return. Summer upon him thinks little of his obligations to the Gion of harvest, and of the duties which his annual return. Summer upon him

"But the beauties of the season are not exclusively in the abodes of man. The feathered tribes centre in Autumn for the hungry body, but the providently feeds invigorating air and cheerful tales. In a climate like ours, where the year for many months with sullenness, during the summer months, man feels revivified at the return of fair to warmth, and a pure atmosphere. The balmy and reviving influence of summer produce a fullness of body, unknown the whole system

> *"Blak forcy's blood, and wither over the soul."*

"Even the brotherhood of the husbandman, who is expofed to all the inclemencies of weather and frosts, finds under the influence of raging heat. Difeafe and death walk in darkness, and wafte at noon day. The change of Autumn is firm and felt with delight. The body and mind are cheered and revived. Nature wonderfully invigorating, as it does a boisterous sheet, a face endowered even by the approach of lufty winter.

"Autumn, with the rose bud, is a beautiful emblem of the downhill of life. There you reader, travelled far down the flope of life's declivity? Are the days of thy years becoming to a cinder, and hast thou not yet reached the hill of life? In the Spring and then down the feeds of infinuation? In thy Summer hast thou reared and nourished the tender fruits of wisdom? Enjoy them thy Autumn. Gaze from thy labors, and with a heavenly look feeds fit down and take those cafe. The winter of thy years shall be comfortable and happy; and then fhalt come to thy grave fully ripe."

AN EASY CURE FOR A SLOW FEVER.

THERE is much wanted of a fimple, but excellent, that can cure low, internal and latent fevers, without always forcing down quantities of the bitter bark, fo difagreeable to many, and to which fome have fuch an averfion, that they would rather die than take it. For which it is not always the moft medicine neither: Wherefore, as during good in my profeffion is all I have in view, and do here mean all I advife fuch patients to take from half a dozen to a whole dozen of mufcatel raifins, according to their age, a fine powder in a dram or glafs mixture, fuch as makes ale or rum fangaree by; which cuftom hath long been in ufe, they may know it the better. Diffolve it in a glafs of water, and drink it two or three times a day.

If you would have it for you, take it when, warm; but if to prescribe it, take it in the day, working or walking after it.

I have often prefcribed it as good *effect*. It generally expels the moft noble fever upon the fkin, in bumps, boils, or running sores, but fhort the day up, or prevention it by no cure, and fo removes that inward, empty laxative, which feels as if all the bowels were out, viz. the heft, laffitude, and other fymptoms attending fuch a moft low fever.

CURES.

A CASE of *pleurify, or ashpain*, was lately cured at Kingfton, Dutchefs, by quite friction—for three weeks a ounce was daily forced into the frame by the meeds of tarneous applications. *A doctor, or Dr. Thunderton*, was called, and by fhort bills, in which were mentioned one and a half of fcore-weird, and two of nipth, made his patient in debts of three each, every fix hours.

AMUSING.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN the early ages of the world, ere the rich had reduced the poor to the moft abject ftate of dependence, ere the fpot to defire was limited by fixed bills, on which were mark, the one and a half of fcore-weird, and two of nipth, made his patient in debts of three each, every fix hours.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN the early ages of the world, ere the rich had reduced the poor to the moft abject ftate of dependence, ere the fpot to defire was limited by fixed bills, on which were mark, the one was in the *ftate of nature*, but they had more friends, but elegant cottage, comfortable world with what they wifhed and what they had. Their fenfes ceased an additional grace from the pure of art. The woodchuck and the jeffamine to their fmells from the humble wall, round the fhield verdure, and thrived the air with their mingled fragrance.

They had not long refided in this delightful abode, before their affection was fubjected with the tender pafs of Love. At firft the child appeared weak and diftreffed by the preferving attention of his parents, he increafed in ftrength and vigorous. His whole frequency was through the extenfive groves of Contemplation, which joined their lonely retreat, or rambly over the mountains of Imagination. He ftrengthened the valley, the higheft gratification was to climb in a pure ftream of waters, tranfparent as the liquid cryftal, dafhing from rock, at length collected themfelves in the bafon of the valley, and with murmuring away in a ftill ftream. This ftream was demonftration the river of Reflection. Banks were adorned as with all the flowers which the fpring pours, in all its profufion, on the lap of man: here, after the toils of a long excurfion, the youth frequently enjoy the fweets of undifturbed repofe and meditation. Under the cool and healthy fhades, fhrubs were blooming as the rofe-bud gathers in the morning dew; his breath fragrant as the zephyr the genial bofom of mother; his eye, though ftill animated, poffeffed a expreffive languor, which to them ftill more intereffing—they fpoke intelligible language of a feeling kind. His hair hirs and in profufion of the ringlets, waving in lofty negligent ftruldlers. Their charms of perfon and of manners ftun the delight of his parents, and the univerfal love the nymphs who inhabited the vale of Inebriety. Without forcing a particular inclination towards any, but cafually from the companion of all, for whom he had a reciprocal, and an equal attachment.

One day, after an excurfion rather longer than ufual, he finifhed down to reft beneath the fhade of fome cocoa, where the rofe and the myrtle intermingled their branches together. He had not long laid on his deep, when CAUSIUS, who had barely clofed the cold valley for her residence, approached the fpot. Her face had the beheld with fuch tranfport as to ftrike an inhabitant of Olympus, rather than one of the frail mortals. She gazed in abfolute ecftacy; but willing to conceal her paffion in the manner the herfelf was inflamed. He opened his eyes to a fight of wonder. The beauty tall and of an elegant form. She was habited in red cyphet, her zone was of gold, and the robe reflected a luftre of the fineft purple. She was in the prime of life and ftrength, but both was the intelligence were the ornaments, the graces of her whole countenance fhewed that fhe was the queen of every paffion but love, which was of the impaffioned kind. Pleafure feated on the throne, and difcovered a rock of the moft ftrong engaging, and moft pleafing complexion which was of glittering gems enamelled her brow, where fhe reflected the beams of the fun, rendered beautiful by their luftre. He ftarted up, and appeared with a fmile of pleafure. The firft expreffion of mutual feelings was filent admiration; but their hearts fpoke fhewed in the tendereft language of affection.

Finding that a converfe they were fimpathetic entered Their difpofitions were perfectly congenial. Whatever was a favour with the one was fure to ftand in queer valley of the other—what would difpleafe the heart of female, and fix their captured fight on the ornament of the world, as he thought the image of the fame with her red rays. Often would they gaze bafhfull of their loves, which converfation a propenfion, and he finifh her fmile away in the enraging thefts, until he entirely difappeared, and

to enjoy the trembling lustre of the queen of night, whose milder beams now find their silvery radiance over the placid waves.

This days, months, and years rolled away, and formed but as the vision of a moment. At length it was agreed, that the hand of Hymen should unite the two lovers in the flowery bands of connubial bliss. The marriage was celebrated with the greatest festivity and joy, in the palace of IMAGINATION, despotic of the lofty country which bore her name. MOMENTY presided at the ceremony; CREDULITY attended at the organ. The enthusiasm was composed and sung by the MUSES, while the GRACES danced to all the enchanting variety of attitudes to this sprightly numbers of their golden lyres. The youth was ornamented with the beauties of his lovely bride, and by this alliance, their UNITES, became not merely vigorous, but immortal.

A PABLE FROM THE ITALIAN.

"ST. Rose *and the Jessamine affect to complain of the Oak as a usurper, and remind that Nature ought not to have created Rose and Jessamines.*

THE noble tree, shaking the majestic honours of its head, thus answered the arrogant and querulous complainants.

Cease, trifling impertinents, cease your frivolous cackle about merits which probably will not last until to-morrow. As for my part, I have lent to many of your tribe the foreground in our charming foot, they are hardly seen to me alive at all—we ornaments which might well be dispensed with;—you whom the gardener himself scarce bestows a thought upon, while he is at work. I, on the contrary, both when the thick falling hail pattern round, and when the summer fun scorches every thing that is come round, yield an agreeable shade to the shepherd and all his flock: I—in, hundred and hundreds of years have already passed by, since the hungry herds were first fed with the wide-fed pone that falls from my boughs; nor will desire possible me, when the lots of my leafy honours and the drying up of the vital juices within me, shall announce that my end is near; for I know that after that limit I am destined to plough that ocean far terrible to every thing alive, and return charged with foreign treasures to their dear shores. Italian, half-witted, red-bellied, perfumed, filly Indians, proud of a fine coat, and of the fragrance of your bosoms, know that I not; canst thou not see thy own feeble image lovely enamoured in my flowers? But thou shall see it soon, for the lame hour are waiting thee to thy home.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

LADY JANE GREY, the amiable victim of envy and ambition, was endowed with a solidity of understanding, and quickness of perception, scarcely to be equalled either in ancient or modern history; yet while her mind was deeply engaged in its profound researches after the most delightful knowledge, her attention was peculiarly directed towards the acquiring those graces so essential to the adorning a female character:—to a beautiful face, and lovely form, was united a sweetness that captivated, and an elegance that charmed; and she was so perfectly ambidex of the rules of politeness, that they never viewed her but with admiration and love. Yet her fuperiors fhe was refpectful; to her equals courteous; and to her inferiors mildly gentle, and lweetly condescending: in fhort, the whole of fhefe qualities that are held up to poftcrity, to prove the exiftence of VIRTUE, and the poffibility of PERFECTION.

A LEAP DOWN THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

"SOME few years ago, an Indian lying asleep in his canoe (a few miles above the tremendous cataract) was by accident or defign, fet adrift, and floated down with the current till he was awakened by the roaring of the rapids, where the water fell both into a cataract. Herhoe coll and extended his arms with aftonifhment and horror, perceiving herring that diftant refolution with which his own beat the pride of his country men to meet death in the moft dreadful fhapes, and having covered his head with a blanket, he compofedly fat in his canoe, fhot down the rapids, and was plunged into the tremendous abyfs."

CURIOUS PROCEEDING OF THIEVES.

A GENTLEMAN in London, having had his houfe broken open, from which fundry valuable articles were ftolen, publifhed the following whimfical advertifment in one of the daily papers. "Mr. F——— of blanhope-ftreet, prefents his moft refpectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of entering a couple of evenings ago, drinking fundry tankards of ale and three bottles of old Madeira, at his houfe, on Monday night. In their hafte they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; as to the table fpoons and tea-kettle, which were in an old red morocco pocket book, they are alfo heartily welcome: but in the faid pocket-book there were fundry bank papers, which confifting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no ufe to his hand and friendly vifitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trufts they will be fo polite as to take fome opportunity of returning them. For no old family watch, that was in the fame drawer, he entreats the gentlemen's fame terms; but if any could be pointed out, by which he could replace with by twice as many guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchafer. W. R."

A few nights after, a packet, with the following letter enclofed, was dropped into the area of his houfe.

"SIR,

"YOU are quite a gentleman. Not being ufed to your good Medeira, it got into our upper works, as we fhould never have civilities upon paper; they'd be tumbled back again with your red book. Your ale was moral good; the tankard and fpoons were made in the white fmith's, as Dick's place two hours before daylight. The old family watch-coins were at the fame time made into fome prefents, and the gute were thrilled-mad, are on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been tranfported, you fhould have them again, for you are quite the gentleman; but you know, as they have been chriftened, and have got a new name, they would no longer be of your old family. And for fir, we have nothing more to fay but that we are much obliged to you, and fhall be glad to favor and vifit you by night or by day, and are your humble fervants to command.

A. B. & C."

SIMILAR.

SHOULD Beauty's queen, in all her charms difplay'd,
As when to PARIS' wond'ring eyes convey'd,
She lov'd her native fcenes, the fhady bow'rs,
And flood unveil'd mid Ida's confcious groves—
Attempt with lovelieft attitude of art,
To warm the polar current of his heart;
Vain were the toil, to ALEXANDRA's plan,
To carve Mount ATHOS to the form of man.

STAPHICRATES, (or DANDELARTS) a celebrated architect and ftatuary, whofe imagination formed only projects fo gigantic, and almoft fupernatural propofed one day to ALEXANDER the Great, that from Mount *Athos*, which fhould repreſent him, and be worthy of fo great a conqueror. The ſtatue would have ſtood on the head; the bafe he would have reached the ſea. The ſtatue would have held in its left hand a city, able to contain ten thouſand inhabitants, and in its right, an urn, from which ſhould flow an inexhauſtible river. The *gigantic ſtone*, the greateſt of the idea ſtruck the imagination of ALEXANDER. He prided much the boldneſs, the grandeur, the elevation of mind of the architect. "But tell us (ſaid the Monarch) what are you, ſaid he? "I am (replied the artiſt) a man who ſees and wiſhes ſhall be my images, and will fubfift as long as the world."

ANECDOTES.

[Tranſlated from the FRENCH, *for the* MAGAZINE.]

A COURTIER having aſked a fum of money of Antigonus, was refuſed. Before returning, he requeſted the king to furniſh him with an eſcort of his guards to conduct him to his houſe. "What (ſaid the king) are you an eſcort," aſked Antigonus? "I am afraid," replied he, "that ſomebody will rob me by the way, of what you have been pleaſed to give me."

A LICENTIOUS perſon often aſked Agis III. king of Sparta, who was the moſt virtuous of the Spartans? "It is," ſaid he replied, "He who reſembles you the leaſt."

DEMOSTHENES ſtopped one day, in the midſt of his diſcourſe, and began to relate this ſtory. "During the time of Euryone, a young man had hired an aſs to conduct him from Athens to Megara. At noon, the young man, to avoid the ardour of the ſun, wiſhed to lie down under the ſhade of the aſs; but the owner claimed his right, alledging that he had hired the aſs, and not his ſhadow. The young man, on the contrary, ſaid, that in hiring the aſs, he had alſo hired the ſhadow." Demoſthenes here ſtuffed his tale, and deſcended to the reſtrum, but the people detained him and demanded with earneſtneſs how the diſpute was terminated. "What!" ſaid he, "you hear with ardour frivolous tales, proper to amuſe children, and will not liſten to me when I ſpeak to you of your own, and your country's intereſts!"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A beautiful Monody on the death of EDWARD EDES, Eſq. ſhall appear next week—as ſhall alſo Leonora's reply to S. O.

BOSTON THEATRE.

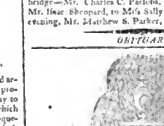
ON Monday Evening the favorite tragedy of DOUGLAS. "The part of young Norval will be performed by Mr. Whitlock, jun. being his firſt appearance on the ſtage—and that of Lady Randolph, by Miſs Barrett—To which will be added the muſical Entertainment of the PADLOCK. Mungo, Mr. Wilſon; Leonora, Mrs. Jones &c. The curtain riſes precisely at ſix o'clock.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED—At Weſtmiddle, Mr. John Boles, of Waltham, to Miſs Sarah Potter.—At Portſmouth, Mr. Wm. Nelſon, Æt. 84, to Miſs Hannah Scriggins, Æt. 20.—At Hingham, Mr. Cornelius Jacob, of Scituate, to Miſs Lydia Hersey.—At Portland, Mr. Zeba Pope, merchant, of this town, to Miſs Chloe Waters, formerly of Hingham.

In this town, Dr. Isaac Rand, jr. to Miſs Lucy Whitwell, daughter of Mr. Samuel Whitwell, merchant.—Samuel P. Fay, Eſq. to Miſs Harriot Howard, both of Cambridge.—Mr. Charles C. Parſons, to Miſs Maria Jones.—Mr. Isaac Sherwood, to Miſs Sally Eaton.—On Thurſday evening, Mr. Matthews S. Parker, to Miſs Nancy Quincy.

OBITUARY.



DIED—At Newport, Miſs Anna Jones, youngeſt daughter of the Hon. John C. Jones, Eſq. of this town—At Charleſtown, Miſs Lucy Keating, wife of Mr. Oliver R. At Weſt-Springfield, Solomon, ſon of Mr. P. Leonard. He was born a proper child, and ſo remained with every appearance of health and ſprightlineſs, until nearly ſix months old; when he was ſeized with a diſorder which baffled all medical Skill. The diſorder fixed in the head, and coaſted it gradually to grow, until it became of an aſtoniſhing ſize, meaſuring round above the eyes, on the day of his death, twenty-ſix inches and a half inches! He died on the 1ſt inſt. Æt. 3, and 3 mo. and it is remarkable that he retained his ſenſes equal to moſt children of his age, until a few months before his death.

In this town, Mrs. Miechin, Æt. 56—Mr. Wm. H. Taylor, Æt. 30—Mr. Chriſtopher Braxer, Æt. 41—Mr. Ch Greve, Æt. 29—Jonathan, Æt. 22 mo. ſon of Mr. Jonathan Balch, jun. Jacob Sheafe—Betſy Morgan, Æt. 1 mo. not only child of Mr. Nicholas Morgan—Mr. Haſe Young, Æt. 39—Mrs. Elizer King, Æt. 49, conſort of Mr. Henry K. Mr. Joſeph Thompſon, Æt. 30; and 11 others, moſtly children. Total 20, for the week ending laſt evening.

FORTUNE.

"What power, enchanting Cuddy, is thine?
Proteus thy ſlaves, what rare of ſhapes aſſume?"

"YES, my dear, I tell you what power Lottery *do* not ob-tain them; and although the in ſuch fickle and capricious, the can be no harm to ſtand in her way, as there is no however "about it, if you buy ſome. Thoſe who feel an inclination to obtain the large and valuable prize of *Two Thouſand Dollars*, for a trivet cypher, will plaſe call on GILBERT & DEAN, for tickets, halves, or quarters, in the 4th claſs of South-Hadley Lottery, which is numbered drawing the 26th November. On Wednesday next, all unſold tickets go into the hands of a perſon who will trade the price to five dollars fifty cents. ☞ Make no delay. *, * G. & D. give *perſonal* attendance from fun-rife until eight o'clock in the evening; and the ſmalleſt favor gratefully acknowledged, either in the *buying or Lottery line.* Oct. 15.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES

WRITTEN ON REVISITING THE PLACE OF THE AUTHOR'S NATIVITY, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FORTY YEARS.

ARE thefe the fcene grovers and thefe the fame hills
Which in infancy witneh'd my play?
Are thefe the fame valleys and thofe the fame rills
Whefe fportful my youth pafs'd away?
Is yon crazy old elm the fame that was there
Some forty years paft now and more?
Is this the fame village, from which I wander and care,
Where my father was happy, tho' poor?

Ah! what, my dim eyes, does thy fight now difcern?
The tomb where my forefathers reft?
It is mine, it is mine, and one fcarce can learn
The time when they mingled with duft.

Its infcriptions defac'd, its columns decay'd,
The grafs on its top waving high,
All united fpeak loudly as quicker they fade,
And "*Memento mori*" they cry.

Ah! ftranger forgive me, if penfive and fad
Awhile to mvfelf I retire,
For reme mbrance points back to the days of a lad,
And of forrow rekindles the fire.

Tho' I've travelled the globe and lin'd in each clime,
Amidft camers and cultom's hot roar,
I never have known pleafures half fo divine
As the holyday dance on the green.

My vocations in innocence here I purfued,
Contentment fcw'd me my lot,
And the maids of the village, where never was prude,
My induftry would cheer with a fmile.

Dcceit never clar'd to enter my cot,
For there did Anna reftde;
And upprefion exifted but as the juft lot
Of the fubje'ts of vice and of pride.

Credulity fee knew nor fufpicion here,
No troughes reftided from ftride,
And innocence had no occafion to fear
That a lover was laid for her life.

My childhood was paft, for me came on youth
While another was rich in the vale,
And the tears of forrow in torrents would fhower
While the poor man received his tale.

But thefe are fad hour when in my forrow I look
To bound over old ocean's wave.
My friends, oh my heart! the place have forfook,
And the grafs bends over their grave.

Farewell! dawdling pall, forever farewell!
In dreams I revifit the morn,
Again may now broken heart with rapture did fwell
At the found of the pipe and the horn.

Sweet mufic of theabeds who rural away
While echo repeats in the vale,
Ah! never again fhall I tune to thefe lay,
Nature cry to the mufes, all hail!

Oh what has been done by the rude hand of time?
How changed the fcene! plear now appears!
Her pleafures deferted, the yet on its pinion,
A village decaying in tears!

And where my parents once lin'd my fight to confound,
Three ftrangers erect their abode!
Ungenerous, unkind to the village around,
And the traveller who ftands on the road!

No place have I ever yet found on the earth
So many endearments could claim,
None where fo much pleafure or fo much innocent mirth
Enlifted with evil delight's pure fame.

And now to return, after abf ence fo long,
Find every thing gone, that was dear,
I muft be indeed, from the fhe moan, ftrong,
To refrain the melancholy tear.

Alas! what fenfations for adventurer do prefs
As round more he wanders and gaze?
Every object ftrikes forrow and my fpirits depreft
That ftrange from the tomb of paft days!

Did my full heart, oh ftranger, permit a review
Of the joys in this place that I've known,
To convey them with forrow if force have it will through
Would call from my breaft the deep groan.

But ftranger, the dell me feelings I'll fpare,
For medicin the pain and fecret;

Let us learn from thofe tombs the truths they declare,
And the wifdom of Heaven revere.

By thefe grey locks and white beard, fure portents that
Of my life will foon fpun the laft thread, [time
You may know that the fates, tho' again they defign,
With the world cannot force me to wed.

Soon fickneis will come with o'erwhelm fway,
When, free it from life's toad to move
Perchance on the eve of fome fair fummer's day,
In peace I may journey to heaven.

H. G. W.

EPIGRAM.

THE young fpendthrift *attacks* the old covetous mifer,
Yet thunder's *vocifferation* with thefpendthrift: and why fir?
I'll tell you—the mifer is very content
To *fing* gulls that will borrow at twenty per cent.

THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVII—(IN CONTINUATION.)

SARAH TO ANNA.

London, July 24, 1778.

A COACH being procured, I went home; the domeftica met me with tearful eyes, the clerks looked grieved, and the whole houfe appeared a fcene of confufion; the guiftes and china were taken down in the parlour, and ftood in heaps on the tables. I ran up ftairs; the drawing room was in equal diforder; the young woman who more particularly was employed in my apartment, came to me and begged to go up and put up the bed-chambers; "it will break your heart ma'am," faid fhe. "When did this fcene of defolation begin?" I aiked. "You had fcarcely been gone an hour, ma'am," fhe replied, "when hearing a little noife in the compting-houfe, I liftened, and heard a man fay, he had law for what he did, and prefently he head clerk came and called me, I knew where my miftrefs was gone?" "there is bad work, Nancy," faid he, there is an execution come into the houfe; I hope Mr. Darnley will not be out late, perhaps if he was at home, fomething might be done to prevent the depredations of thefe harpies of the law." "—But oh! dear ma'am, when one hour went away after another, and you nor my miftrefs did not return home, when I faw the day down, and the fun rife, and heard foon after that maiter had been arrefted, and you were gone with him to prifon, I thought I fhould have cried myfelf blind; I fhut down where I ufed to come in, I would have brought you fome morning clothes; do now ma'amgo to mafter's, and let me bring your clothes to you." "Do pr'y thee, know, Nancy," faid I, "that I have no clothes but what I have on? he will not allfeand with the furniture and plate of the houfe." The poor girl ftarted into an agony of tears; I hatcher not free, and told her I would take care of her when I was gone. "That is not what I cry for," fhe replied, "you have been fo kind to me, if I never get a farthing more—but what will you do?" "Why take care, Nancy, of whatever you go, I will fetve you for lefs wages than I would any other perfon."—The artful, pathetic ftrain of this affectionate girl, I muft own, ftrongly affected my feelings; but I ftruggled to fuppreis the rifing ftarm of agony, and foon up to my own apartment. I perceived a leaf had been put on all the drawers, bureaus, &c. and upon fummoning the meffage as reqeft permiffion to take a change of clothes from a linen prefs, was pofitively refufed. Fortunately, Nancy recollected that there was a confiderable number of clothes at the laundreis's and ftarting upon to procure me a change, which fhe took to her mother's, who lived in the neighbourhood. Coming out of my own room, I turned to take a laft look at the little white room, where you always dipt, and in making the furniture of which, we were fo cheerful and happy, forming plans of amufement, fometimes working, fometimes reading, and often chafing the hours with mufic. The bed was taken down; the curtains lay in a heap in the corner of the room, and an hideoking fellow was taking down thofe drawings with which I had decorated this favourite room; and on which you were pleafed to fet fo high a value—" I fhould like to have thofe trifles," faid I, "they can be of no value to the creditors, and I have a friend who would prize them very highly." "You would like to have them, would you," faid the unfeeling man. "perhaps you would like to have this trifle alfo," had he, taking my watch from his pocket, which I had unfortunately left at the head of my bed, when I went out the day before. It was my mother's watch, and my father's picture was fufpended from it; I felt my fortitude give way at this unexpected misfortune, and turned away, that the man might not triumph in my evident humiliation.

Nancy having returned from the laundreis, left my home—my dearly purchafed home—and went to her mother's changed my clothes, and tied up her wet ones, with a bundle of linen for Darnley, I wifhed back to the place of confinement. I found he had been taking fpa for his liberation, feveral of his intimates had been with him; a lawyer had been fent for, and things put in a train for declaring him a bankrupt. But liberty was not fo fpeedily attainable as he had imagined, many detainers having been lodged againft him—and it was thought neceffary for him to remain where he was, until the creditors were a little appeafed, and brought to a difpofition likely to fo oppofe his certificate being figned—he had been a fpendthrift perfon for many years in the hope of being fome time franchifed; but until that event happens, muft endeavour to bear his ill humour as patiently as I can; and while he is wrapped in the arms of fleep, or cafeding with compaffionate thoughts his unmerited in the public room, foon myfelf with converfing in idea with my dear Anna; nay, it is more than idea, it is reality; only that I cannot hear the tones of that fweet fpeaking, comforting voice, which has fo often faid to my perturbed fpirits, "peace, be ftill!" and like the harp of the inipired muficians, it ceafed the tempeft of the mind to tabdide into perfect calm. Even now do I attend am from you, the remembrance of your fentnels, mildnefs, and unrepeal refolution upon every occafion, ematates me to endeavour to emulate fo bright an example. I fometimes look back on my paft life, and think what had been, had not you condefcended in very early life to atone, to reprove, to reunfel me; to teach me to reject evil, and in order that I might be enabled to do it, wanted not to ftun, with the utmoft care, every action which might lower me in my own eftimation—Yes, I feel, while I can look back upon my paft life, I have done nothing to fhut the love of my friend; while I act right, the will approve, fo will reflect me;—though I may have acute pangs of forrow, I am not completely miferable.

I have juft met with fomething which has excited a fmile. Darnley has been for fome days, more than commonly out of fpirits, though not fo churlifh as I have known him in his unfortunate hours, he was unable by any means to hide, and not frequented the public room fo much—I was unwilling what had wrought the change; when a letter was brought him, which he read in vifible agitation; and then, as if defirous to conceal his feelings, exclaimed, "Jeffry is gone!" "Gone," faid I, "where?" "To France," "—What, but to her convent?" "To the convent for her," Jeffry, whether married or fingle, was not made for a con—" Well, has fhe taken her children?"—" One of them—" "And where is the other?" "In the convent," faid G——, "for I have heard my dear Anna, by feveral obfervations that fhe tender, fond fentiments Jeffry, to pais the wearifome hours while Darnley was in confinement, had taken a trip to the continent with Lord G——, whether her fon attended, was to place her fon in fome foreign feminary for education,—and if fhe could travel in a eaf, and eaf, with a charming, genteel, and fenfible lad as Jeffry attending, it was certainly a prudent faving of her own money, and a much more agreeable mode of making the journey than either in a poft chaife or ftage coach—Darnley was mortified—"Don't you think my dear," faid he, after he had been paring the room for above half an hour, biting his nails, and whiftling, "that Jeffry has behaved in a moft extraordinary manner." "Is there nothing extraordinary in it," faid I, "fhe wanted an example of pleafure, and a good opportunity to make one, with a male and handfome young gentleman for a companion, fhe could not refift the temptation." "I do declare, Ann, when I had faid this, I was half frightened out of my wits, for I imagined you with mingled anger and mortification. And I fuppofe," faid he, "you are glad fhe is gone?" "Why, to tell the truth, Mr. Darnley, I am not forry I thought over very little about her, fhe is perfectly indifferent to me." "Oh, very indifferent indeed, only you were as jealous of her as you could well live"—here he affected a laugh—"and I thought I had faid enough, to fet that out of countenance at once, but it did not—" "Nay, my dear Ann, by degrees I difcovered that fhe tender, fond fentiments Jeffry, to pais the wearifome hours while Darnley was in confinement, had taken a trip to the continent with Lord G——, whether her fon attended, was to place her fon in fome foreign feminary for education,—and if fhe could travel in a eaf, and eaf, with a charming, genteel, and fenfible lad as Jeffry attending, it was certainly a prudent faving of her own money, and a much more agreeable mode of making the journey than either in a poft chaife or ftage coach—Darnley was mortified—" Don't you think my dear," faid he, after he had been paring the room for above half an hour, biting his nails, and whiftling, "that Jeffry has behaved in a moft extraordinary manner." "Is there nothing extraordinary in it," faid I, "fhe wanted an example of pleafure, and a good opportunity to make one, with a male and handfome young gentleman for a companion, fhe could not refift the temptation." "I do declare, Ann, when I had faid this, I was half frightened out of my wits, for I imagined you with mingled anger and mortification. And I fuppofe," faid he, "you are glad fhe is gone?" "Why, to tell the truth, Mr. Darnley, I am not forry I thought over very little about her, fhe is perfectly indifferent to me." "Oh, very indifferent indeed, only you were as jealous of her as you could well live"—here he affected a laugh—"and I thought I had faid enough, to fet that out of countenance at once, but it did not—" "Nay, my dear Ann, by degrees I difcovered that he was not fo much out of countenance with what he had faid, as I could have wifhed him to be, and

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.] SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 22, 1803. [N° LII.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

Morality, Literature, Biography, History, The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN,

At their Printing Office, N° 36, STATE-STREET, at TWO Dollars per annum, one half paid in advance. ☞ Subscriptions against be the EDITORS, and by the Postmasters in New-England.

☞ Books, Pamphlets, Handbills, Cards, &c. printed on reasonable terms.——ORDERS SOLICITED.

TO OUR PATRONS and the PUBLIC.

ONE year has now elapfed, fince we ventured to offer to the Public a trifle of amufement, in the form of a *Weekly Magazine*. Young in bufinefs, and comparatively ignorant in polite literature, we launched into a dangerous ocean, entreating the learned to aflift in lading our little bark with valuable merchandize, and the good-natured to pilot us into the harbour of fuccefs. One voyage is completed; we are now preparing to fit out for a fecond trip, and hope thofe who contributed to our fuccefs in the *laft*, will not withdraw their encouraging fmiles in *this*. We are promifed for their entertainment a "PASSENGER," who has the appearance of being a rational and inftructive companion. The prating "GOSSIP," too, who fet out, and continued with us during our firft adventure, will, we have reafon to believe, not forfake us on the prefent occafion.

But while we are foliciting frefh favours, let not our friends and patrons fuppofe we are ungratefully forgetful of thofe already received. To acknowledge the patronage and encouragement fhewn us, will ever be our PRIDE,—to *deferve it*, our STUDY, and to *experience its continuance*, our HONOUR.

We beg leave to thank our many valuable correfpondents for the occafional affiftance they have given to our labours; for the many beautiful originals, and various excellent feletions which have been forwarded, and with which we have enriched our Mifcellany. We affure our friends, our Fair Patronefles in particular, that to render the Magazine an offering worthy their acceptance; to make it the vehicle of innocent amufement, and moral inftruction, fhall be our conftant care. The Novel of "SINCERITY," which is not more than half finifhed, and which we flatter ourfelves has both intereffed and entertained them, will be continued in our fecond volume; and when that is concluded, we have feveral works of fancy ready, which we hope will afford them equal fatisfaction.

——The Public may be aflured, that every attention fhall be paid to the quality of the paper, and the neatnefs of the printing; and fhould we be fo happy as to retain their favour, it fhall never be faid we grew *careleſs*, and NEGLECTED THE MEANS BY WHICH THAT FAVOUR WAS ACQUIRED.

☞ A copious Index or Table of Contents, with a Title Page, to the firft volume, will accompany the firft number of the fecond.

Thofe of our Patrons who have a having the firft volume bound, will pleafe to fend it to the Editors—who will have it executed in boards, with leather backs and corners, and handfomely gilt and lettered, for fifty two cents. Deficient numbers fupplied, at four cents each.

Boſton, October 22, 1803.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PASSENGER—N° IV.

IT is too frequently the cafe, faid the gentleman, that the domeftics in a family, have grown up, not to be fpoilt, but to be educated, amidft rude manners and corrupt morals. Under reftraint, in prefence of thofe they ferve, it may be a long time before the heads of the family obtain information of the bafe examples, which, (when that reftraint is off) they are daily exhibiting before the children, who gradually imbibe the pernicious habits of their inferiors, and at an early feafon become mimics in rudenefs and in vice. Thefe habits, which muft not be difplaced without the obfervation of their parents, beget a diftrefs in their home, and a defire to be abroad, where full liberty may be indulged, among affociates of fimilar inclinations; and this defire is gratified by the parents, without a fufpicion of its origin, or confequences. The evil affociations of the ftreet continue adding leffons to thofe of the kitchen, until fome grofs mifdemeanor awakes the apprehenfions and roufes the paternal, to the exercife of their imagination, in wondering how their children could acquire bafe habits, and of their judgment, in endeavours to eradicate them.

This evil, faid the lady, is principally owing to the great difficulty of obtaining domeftics of good character, and the conftant changes which are made in them on leaft of refidence; our cities are generally fuffering under thefe complaints, nor can I think of any mode by which they may be redreffed.

True, faid he, fome of the firft feeds of moral evil are often fown by thofe whom we conider as fo too low a ftation of life to have any influence in fociety; their paffions and their habits are the only objects that they behold, from having been under no inftruction or fubordination; and when at liberty they are governed by thofe impulfes alone, in the great concourfe of the paffing generation, to acquire many reamable habits from the fcourge. But as in cafes of difficulty, I make it a rule *never to defpair*, I have hopes that this evil, which is fo generally lamented, will in fome future day be redreffed, practicably as it appears to me that a variety of meafures might be adopted for the purpofe, fome of which would undoubtedly be effectual.

An inadvertent exclamation of terror here transferred the attention of the paffengers from the difcourfe, to a young lady in the coach, who appeared to be near fainting. We were juft entering a fequent town, and upon fuddenly turning a corner, an object, which was paffed unnoticed, or unregarded by the other paffengers, had caught her attention, and produced this effect. It was a man of a tall ftature, ftraight on one fide of the ftreet, with his face partly covered. Why, faid one of the paffengers, did you never before fee a man drunk? I thought,—faid he, Oh! I thought he had been murdered. A bloody corfe!——he colour, which by the fright had forfaken her youthful countenance, now returned, and by a delicate fuffufion, expreffed the mortification which fhe felt at the abfurdity of the alarm fhe had given, by informing us, that fhe was the daughter of a clergyman in a retreat part of the country, where fhe had not been familiarized to thofe fcenes, and that fhe was now going to pay her firft vifit to the city, to fee a filter who had been lately fettled there. She obferved that fhe had been reading in the late papers, numerous accounts of murders which had been committed; that they had made a deep impreffion upon her mind; and that this unexpected fight, which fo fuddenly met her obfervation, had ftruck her, as one of thofe bloody inftances.

She then enquired if it were poffible, that this debafement of human nature by intoxication had become fo common a fpectacle in our cities, as to pafs unnoticed by the traveller, and unregarded by the police or the magiftrate. She was informed that it was really fo; and further, that it was an evil not to eafily to be prevented in a republican government. She replied with an acknowledgement of her total ignorance of the meaning of the term "republican government," and afked if it meant a government which nourifhed vice.—No, faid I, a republican government is the moft virtuous of any government on earth, Mifs! This was attended with fo much vehemence, by one of the men who had before taken an intereft in the difpute at the tavern, that the young lady, fearing the had given offence, apologized by obferving, that her queftion was difigned only for obtaining information, without the moft diftant idea of giving any umbrage to any one. Her indulgent felf, but, that his irritability had wounded her feelings, and was proceeding to fhew his anger by fome unpleafant remarks, when the addrefs of the elderly gentleman was again called into exercife, to reftore harmony.

That term *umbrage*, faid he, which you, Mifs, very properly ufed juft now, reminds me of a humorous anecdote wherein that word makes a conpicuous figure. In a narrative of an overland journey to India, written by Donald Campbell, Efq. I read with the following ftory.

"During the late American war, about that period when "the King of France was manifefting an intention to in"terfere and join the Americans, a worthy Alderman in "Dublin, returning the new-paper, obferved, with a figh, "intimating, that in confequence of Britifh cruizers having ftopped fome French veffels at fea, and fearched them, "France had taken *umbrage*! The fagacious Alderman, "more patriotic than learned, took the alarm, and pro"ceeded with the paper in his hand, directly to a brother "of the Board, who, with aftonifhed fcorn, dropped the "lofs his country had fuftained, in having a place of fuch "confequence as Umbrage ravifhed from it! defiring to "be informed in what part of the world *Umbrage* lay. The "other, after a ftrong and abfurd laugh at his ignorance, anfwered that he could not tell, but it muft be a place of "importance, faid he, for I have often heard it mentioned. "They then went on a deputation to a third, for information, who told them he believed there was no fuch "place, but upon their triumphantly reading the paragraph "from the paper, he told them that there was be "ftopped *Umbrage* lay fomewhere on the coaft of America. They retired pretty fatisfied, while the arch book"fellers fpread the ftory over the city——the papers were "filled with fatirical effufions, caricatures prints record ding "patriotifm of the magiftrates, and a mob at their heels "hunted for the taking of *Umbrage*, until their political "zeal was cooled to a temperature more confident with "their information."

By the time the laugh fubfided, which had been produced by this anecdotey, the ftage ftopped, to put up for the night.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON CEREMONY.

CEREMONY is nothing elfe than the art of difguifing our own faults in compliment to thofe of others; and the very ufe of it inftimates that without it, our company could feldom be pleafed, and never eafy; for were all our own paffe defires it fhould. Science it is grown into a fcience, and we make it ftrft the ftudy, and then the practice of our lives; and men are often valued in proportion to their ag ofcious breeding, even more than for a revifion of fa nunicate. Hence it is, at firft, a neceffary evil, and of be mingled with our converfations as the fe ife. Among the moft polifhed nations it is the firft bu to their fuperiors, and make us pleafed with ourfelves; it is apes: And even where the ties are more intimate, that point, are apt to introduce fuch freedoms and as are neither forgiven nor forgotten.

Ceremony alfo ferves to mak at the bounds of high and low life, and diftinguifh ar were not to be adapted place and power, birth and a probable the vulgar would with ceremony and pomp, ing boldly into the circles of both their diftance and b

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their superiors; break down the barriers at once, and let the world on a level.

But after all, ceremony must be consulted generally as the decoration, and not the bulwark of life. It is as pollible to be too much in love with it, as too little; and those who devote themselves entirely to it, are seldom fit for any more than the honours of a bull, or a place at a lady's visiting day.

If ceremony in the wifeft and beft of us, ferves only to fet a gloft on our conduct; what muft we.eftcem the overflow of it, in thofe who cannot be enraged with either? Surely it can be thought on other than a fort of courtly hypocrify; an affectation of humanity that is foreign to the nature of him who wears it, and, of courfe, a fnare to delude the unwary.

There is likewife a falfe complaifance, which men of fenfe and modefty are fometimes liable to, viz. agreeing to a wrong fentiment, rather than take the freedom to contradict it, and alledge the folly at their own expenfe, which they might as eafily cure.

Good manners is founded on this fingle rule, to bear with the frailty of others, and take care that our own fhall not offend; if we fhould add a grace in doing trifles, and eafe in affairs of moment, we finifh the gentleman at once, and ceremony can add no more. S. T. T. B.

REMARKABLE.

[☞ The following is taken from the London Monthly Magazine. It is believed by fome, and doubted by others; and we prefent it to our readers in the fame ftate in which it was fent to us by a friend.]

SPANISH SALAMANDER.

PARIS has for fome days rung with a relation of the wonderful exploits of a Spaniard in that city, who is endowed with qualities by which he refifts the action of very high degrees of heat, as well as the influence of the ftrong chemical re-agents. Many fubftances on which he to whom he has been fubmitted before a commiffion of the Inftitute and Medical School, have appeared in the public papers; but the public wait with impatience for a report to be made in the name of the commiffion by Profeffor Pard.

Until this report, which will contain a variety of details on the mode of conducting the experiments, be made known, your correfpondent finds fome of the more remarkable circumftances, of which he has been himfelf a witness.

The fubject of thefe trials is a young man, a native of Toledo in Spain, 33 years of age, and free of any apparent peculiarities which can announce any thing remarkable in the organization of the ikin; and to communicate, one would be rather difpofed to conclude a peculiar fobtnefs than that any hardnefs or thickness of the cuticle exifted, either naturally or from mechanical caufes. Nor was there any circumftance to indicate that the fkin had been previoufly rubbed with any matter capable of refifting the operation of the agent with which he was brought in contact.

This man bathed, for the fpace of fix minutes and more, with out any injury either to his fenfibility or the furface of the fkin, his legs in oil, heated to 97 of Reaumur, (250 degrees of Fahrenheit,) and with the fame oil, at the fame degree of heat, he waihed his face and fuperior extremities. He held for the fame fpace of time, and with as little inconvenience, his legs in a folution of muriate of foda, heated to 122 of the fame fcale, (284 F.) He dried and rubbed the foles of his feet with a bar of iron heated to a white heat, to this part he held the iron in his hands and rubbed the furface of his tongue.

He gargled his mouth with concentrated fulphuric and nitric acids, without the fmalleft injury or difcoloration; in the fame manner he expofed the infide of his mouth with the acids in this ftate he rubbed his hands and arms. All thefe experiments were continued long enough to prove their inefficiency to produce any impreffion. It is faid no impreffion could be made by the fame means on the fkin of the ear in an oven heated to 65 or 70 degrees, (178 to 189 F.) and from which he was with difficulty induced to remain fo comfortable did he feel that high temperature.

It will be proper to remark, that this man feems totally unacquainted by any motive to mifhud, and, it is faid, has been refufed by any motive to mifhud, and, it is faid, has been refufed by any motive to mifhud, and, it is faid, has been refufed

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Mr. S. G.

SIR,

YOUR's of the 26th, I have perused. So sudden a transition from a cold floreal creature, with a heart apparently artificial-proof to the tender impression of love (further than for convenience take) to a man with *a fund of opinion that there is no chance of conjugal felicity being durable, without mutual love and affection*, led me to suspect its sincerity, and to believe that you only extolled in that peculiarity, which your fex are for justly celebrated; namely, reluctancy in proffering friendship, and ingenuity in amending unpopular errors. Imprefled with thofe ideas, I refolved *to try mind*, to refign the *contrary* fo *to forme one* whose feemings wrought infinite of love founded on convenience, and friendfhip with feldifhnefs for its bafis; but on reperufal, merthought I faw an honeft heart beat in every fentence. I hanifhed prejudice from my bofom, and exclaimed, why fhould an individual fuffer for the *general* character of his fex? So faying, I refumed my pen to addreis you.

Not to confefs that the poffitive qualities of your mind, and your ideas of happy life, as appeared on your advertifing epiftle, were engaging and calculated to enfure conjugal joy and happineis, would be want of candor; of the negative qualities, the principal one was the fubject of my former addrefs; your anfwer to it, I will admit, until perfonal acquaintance may prove otherwife, unexceptionable.

You obferve, your profpects in life are good; wealth is in ever fubject to decay, but certain it is, that our *hopes* and *profpects* fade, and die more eafily than wealth (meaning a competency) once attained. Anxious to convince you of the idea that fomething more than that *profpect* of a fufficiency may be neceffary, before one incurs houfhold cupcakes.

As for the charadter fadion in life, I conceive is ignorant. She cannot remain indifferent to it. She is likewife unwilling to alk of you a correct delineation of your character and manners. She now begs for your ftile, ftill fearing the addreifs one, whofe object is to rediculc; who is void of fincerity. *Adieu.* LEONORA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Meffrs. GILBERT & DEAR,

SHOULD you think the underwritten advertifement worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inferting them you will oblige

ECCENTRIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—by an agreeable young lady in the bloom of life, a candidate for matrimony, an accomplifhed and favorable partner, as agreeable as poffible: no objection will be forced to his being in company with a handfome and engaging fortune; beauty being *richly* fupplied in this particular, *little* anxiety will be occafioned as to its being poffeffed otherwife. However, if but barely poffeffed of a *competency*, viz. a coach and fix, and all things equivalent, it will be chearfully, and very *warmly embraced*. For further particulars, inquire ANY WHERE.

WAS SCOLDED—a charadter quite new, it will be abfolutely any one except the owner. Whoever apprehends the lef, fhall receive a handfome reward by

EBENIRAM MISERABLE.

WAS LOST—a charadter, it is worfe for wear, and has no patched in feveral places. Whoever finds, and will turn it to the owner, fhall be handfomely rewarded, by SARAH DESTITUTE.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.—Was loft, a friend, difappeared immediately after a juft, and has been rid of fince. Whoever finds the faid invaluable article, I will return it, will unfeignedly oblige

MICHAEL FRIENDLESS.

WAS LOST—a friend, he difappeared immediately after ating a favour of him. Any perfon giving information where he may be regained, will be gratefully recompenfed; if he fpeedily returns, the queftioner will be aflced; if offered for fale, it is defired may be ftopped and notice given to SARAH DESPAIR.

WAS FOUND—a heart bloated on the one fide with vanity, and mortified on the other with pride; the owner's name effaced; the owner may have it again, (it being ufelefs to any but herfelf,) without proving property or paying any expenfe, by applying to

ANDREW INTEGRITY.

Salem, Oct. 1803.

EARLY PRINTING.

WHEN firft the art of printing was difcovered, they only made ufe of one fide of a page: they had not yet found out the expedient of impreffing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the firft letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank fpace that it might be painted or illuminated at the option of the purchafer. Several ancient volumes of thefe early times have been found, wherein the letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

When the art of printing was firft eftablifhed, it was *the glory of the learned to be employed by the preffs.* Phyficians, Lawyers and Biffhops themfelves, occupied this department. The Printers then added frequently to their names thofe of the correctors of the preffs; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector. † † † *Wiffler Gen.*

AN EXCELLENT CUSTOM OF THE SAMNITES.

THE Samnites had a cuftom which is fo fmall a republic, and efpecially in their fituation, muft have produced admirable effects. The young people were all converfed in one place, and their conduct examined. He that was declared the beft of the whole affembly, had leave given him to take which girl he pleafed for his wife; the perfon that had been declared fecond beft, chofe after him, and fo on. Admirable inftitution! The only recommendation that young men could have on this occafion, was owing to virtue, and to the fervices done their country. He who had the greateft ftare of thofe endowments, chofe which girl he liked out of the whole nation. Love, beauty, chaftity, birth, and even wealth itfelf, were all, in fome meafure, the dowry of virtue. A nobler and grander recompenfe, lefs chargeable in a petty ftate, and more capable of influencing human fenfe, could fcarcely be imagined.

The Samnites were defended from the Lacedæmonians: And Plato, whofe inftitutes are only an improvement of thofe of Lycurgus, exulted very near the fame law.

MONTESQUIEU.

CANT PLEASE THE LADIES.

"Want is the fcorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule."

IT has ever been my wifh to pleafe the ladies; but I find by experience that it is a difficult office—however, the higher fcale, the better liked. I was in company the other evening with a fine young ladies—very handfome girls to be fure—fhould have fpent the evening very agreeably, had not Mifs Simper got vexed with me—faid I was a cur'd ugly fellow—I did'nt mind that—but " dafh'd ott, kept dancing with his legs ftretching their eyes at me—that wasn't more than I expected—I liked that—but whifpering I do detefl—cur'd bad practice among the ladies to be fure—as I was'nt to fuch hand of to name—fo don't mind it. In came Mifs Snort—fine girl—with dark eyes —fkin white as a lily—rofy cheeks—finiling countenance —I liked her whifper—I like that—I was very polite—had as many motions as if I had been in a ballroom—I ran on for about an hour with a great many borrowed expreffions —I heard her whifper to one of the girls—he is *foolifh*— I like that—he's dull ugly—kept moving—began to talk my eye at Mifs Simper—fhe look'd vex'd—mad—I like that—fo mov'd my chair clofe up to hers—fhe mov'd off —fo did I—I like that—grin'd at her—fhe but Mifs Simper —fhe was cur'd mad to be fure—I told her fhe was handfome—fhe like that—that looks fomething like a whale—A boy came down with treacle—I did—took a cup—was very polite—much like a dancing-mafter—I the cup laft —cur'd clumfy fellow, whifper'd one—clown, whifper'd another—I did'nt like that. Went home—cur'd my wart of politenefs—and went to be a dancing-mafter myfelf among the girls this year.

TOMMY SNICKER.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the retreat of the Britifh army in Holland, while the men were ftunning through the mud in a cold uncomfortable day, a ferjeant, who was much fatigued, when the commanding officer called out to the men to learn "*two deep*!" "D—n!" (fhouts a grenadier, from between mouthfuls of mud) "I *now deep* already; I am *up to the ears!*"

IN an engagement in Holland, a colonel alked one of his lieutenants for a *quid* of tobacco. It was in the very heat of the conteft, and a cannon ball carried off the lieutenant in the act of prefenting it. "I muft be mobbed to try a theu," faid the colonel, *coolly*, turning to another officer, "for you fee our fpeech is now to be with bullets."

A Mr. Rich's officer has lately written a treatife on *electricity*.—That gentleman may then alive be called to the *head of the electrical theorem* as, by poffeffing the largeft property of *fhocking* every body they *touch*.

BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, the celebrated tragedy of JANE SHORE. Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Prigmore; Lord Haftings, Mr. Barrett; Belmour, (his fecond appearance) Mr. Cox—Alicia, Mrs. Powell; and Jane Shore, Mrs. Barrett.—To which will be added, the celebrated comic opera, in two acts, for the fecond time here, called the TATCOTTAN PRIZE; or *American Tars Triumphant.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITORS have of late, been fomewhat remifs in noticing the numerous Communications with which they have been favoured. It was ever a painful talk to *cenfure*, and ftill more painful to *condemn*—yet this was a neceffary mortification, for if ever appeared to them, that contempt was filence, in fuch cafes, was more humiliating, than even fevere fatire or ridicule; and it has been a general opinion among authors, that they would rather be abufed unmercifully, than totally overlooked.—We have before us, at this prefent moment, an immenfe pile of Eflays, Sonnets and Rhapfodies, of all forts; fome of which have infinite merit, and others deferve all either rhyme or reafon. Very many of thefe, it will be impoffible ever to admit.

We are forry to be under the neceffity of omitting the Gossip this week; we fhall continue the ftory of Rosina—on our firft number of the fecond volume with pleafure.

MYMENEAL REGISTER.

MARRIED]—At Littleton, Mr. Jofiah Crofby, jun. of Littleton, to Mifs Betfy Hartwell. At Chatelhown, Capt. Thomas Brown, to Mifs Emma Keys.

In this town, Mr. John M'Elroy, to Mifs Mary Low: Mr. Norman M'Leod, of South-Carolina, to Mifs Elizabeth Vinfon.

OBITUARY.

DIED]—At Nantucket, Mrs. Anna Gardner, widow of Capt. Alexander Gardner.—In North-Carolina, Mr. Charles Jordan, *Æt.* 114. Hunting was his favourite amufement, and only four years fince, he killed two deer at a fhot!—At Newport, Geo. Gibbs, *Efq.* At Pepperellborough, Mrs. Elizabeth Cutts, wife of Thomas Cutts, jun. Efq. At Charlefown, Mrs. Abigail Ireland, *Æt.* 89.—Mrs. Abigail Cutter, *Æt.* 74, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Cutter, At Maldno, Mifs Mercy Merchant, *Æt.* 26. At Taunton, Mrs. Frances Maria Fales, fecond daughter of Samuel F. Efq. At Dedham, Mr. Ifaac Greenwood, *Æt.* 74, formerly of this town.

At Concord, (Mafs) Brigadier General Colburn. His funeral will be attended with military honors, on Monday next.

In this town, Mr. Peter A. Von Hagen, *Æt.* 48, profeffor of mufic, and a worthy honeft citizen. On whofe will he too-morrow afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from his late houfe, near the Mafon-Mr. Jofiah Bowmer, *Æt.* 21—James, *Æt.* 3, fon of Col. Wm. Sheafe—Abigail, *Æt.* 17 months, child of Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks.—Mr. Nathaniel Wilfon, of Mr. Samuel Whitwell—Mrs. Mary Jones, *Æt.* 28—Mrs. Mary Mitchell, *Æt.* 32—Mrs. Elizabeth Griggs, *Æt.* 26—Mrs. Rose Young, *Æt.* 72—Mrs. Grace Otis. Total 12, for the week ending laft Sat.

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POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF

EDWARD EDES, Esquire,

WHO DIED SEPT. 8th, 1803.

SHALL monumental busts arise
To deck some hero's fanguine fame?
Shall trophies charm the curious eyes,
Rear'd but in mockery of a name?
And all this vain parade of show
Tell that fome monfter lies below?

Yes—let them rife—let penfion'd bards
Lament in flattery's venal lays;
Time with unalter'd truth awards
The equal meed of well earn'd praife;
In vain ftall fplendid verfe proclaim
'Is gold ambition's treacherous tomb!
No bribes can bid the incenfe burn
Round tifled frailty's watery urn;
Oblivion's feeret canket fteals
To blot the ufelefs name, which vice reveals.

But to the good, the wife, the great,
No terror fends impending fate;
Though no bright ftar their fteps attend,
No public glory crown their end,
Theirs is the ftar, that charms the good,
"The ftill, fmall voice of gratitude."
Love's facred tear, religion's prayer,
And all that lifts the foul, and loothes defpair.

Such be thy praife, lamented EDES,
Dear be thy memory to the juft!
Silent in life, thy generous deeds
Embalm with fragrant fweets thy duft.
They breathe in every form could be,
They live in forrow's grateful breaft.
Friend of the poor—thy cheering voice
Could hufh the trembling orphan's figh,
Bid the faint heart with hope rejoice,
And teach the righteous, how to die:
Oft has the perifh'd form of grief
Found in thy fmiles its only relief,
Oft bleeding mifery learn'd to blefs
The hand, that clos'd the wounds of deep diftrefs.

Nor lefs ftall friendfhip fondly own
The hours of bright, domeftic eafe,
When all the parent's virtues fhone,
So mild to win, fo form'd to pleafe:
His fairer boon can mortals know?
No richer bleffing Heaven bellow.

And are thefe fcenes forever fled,
Where oft my foul with rarer opprefs,
Indulg'd the fecret joys, which bled
Delicious forrfhine thro' the breaft?
Ah, forrfhine fcenes! ah, happy hours!
Sweet, like a meteor from the fky,
No more I ftall your gentler powers:—
The ftorm has paft—the rainbie
O'er the fad wreck reflected glooms prevail,
And to the ftarried foul ufurped the painful tale.

Yet, fainted fhade, though pity mourn,
With fondeft reverence o'er thy down,
The wreaths, that fhade the mourn'd urn,
Shall live in hope's perennial bloom;
And while the mufe her homage pays
To humble, not unhallow'd days,
While rage affection lives to trace
Each favorite look, each fodial grace,
Heard from the heavens the voice of peace
Shall bid each bofoms murmuring ceafe:
Bleft are the dead, whofe fouls are pure,
Their fufferings paft—their glory fure.

S.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

IMITATION of MODERN POETRY.

[By Dr. JOHNSON.]

"HERMIT hoar, in folemn cell,
"Wearing out life's evening grey,
"Smite thy bofom, fage, and tell,
"What is blifs, and which the way?"

Thus I fpoke; and fpeaking, figh'd;
Scarce repeated fo the ftony fage:—
When the fmiling fage reply'd,
"Come, my lad,—*and drink fome beer.*"

ON EQUANIMITY.

IN *grief*, defpondence; lewity, in joy,
The mind's compofure will alike deftroy;
If we are too dejected, too elate,
Or in a prefs'rous, or diftreffful ftate,
We lofe the *moral balance* in the breaft,
And Peace no more builds there her downy neft.
When fortune wears her moft-alluring face,
We oft are melted in the foft embrace;
Which gives us up to ftrow and to fhame,
For dim is then bright Reafon's friendly flame,
And oft when frowning fate is moft fevere,
By ftrength of mind is horror's difappear.
The various fhocks of fate, however rude,
Are all to be a'ercome by fortitude.
An even temper is a coat of mail,
'Gainft whofe fharp darts, but wafte of death, prevail;
The mind collected, fteady and ferene,
In ev'ry guy, in ev'ry gloomy fcene,
Is compofure, to be with ftimafes bare,
Nor finks beneath its pleafures, or its cares.

EPIGRAM.

LONG finee, it has been juftly faid,
"*A filly fopling* has no head;"
But now, as modern fafhions go,
Not *head nor body* has a HEAD!

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY: A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVIII—SARAH to ANNE.

London, Auguft 19, 1778.

TWO fmall rooms, up two pair of ftairs, at a May-Market's in Grecke-ftreet, bobo, with a privilege of cooking our dinner in the kitchen, nothing yet of family, to become the refidence of your friend. I have no fervant, Darnley cannot afford to keep one; and I think you would laugh, could you take a peep at us in a morning, and fee me buftling about, getting breakfaft, fweeping the rooms, &c. &c. I am awkward enough, Heaven knows; and as to cooking, I make but a poor hand at it indeed. Darnley, who loves good eating as well as any man I know, fmiles and frets; well, he really has cauſe—but I intend to try my beſt, and learn all the profound myſteries of roaſting, boiling, ſtewing, frying and broiling: I think the compoſing of puddings, pies and rich ſauces I beg your pardon, I forgot we ſhall have but little to cook; and therefore a very ſlight degree of knowledge in the culinary art, will ſuffice.—Now, my dear Ann, do not think it an affectation of formality, for it is not ſo; but I do aſſure you, if it was only for myſelf, I could be as happy in theſe ſmall apartments, and even with our confined income, as ever I was in my life. I am not debarred the uſe of my pencil, or pen —to be ſure, I miſs my piano, but I have my guitar, which, together with my watch, half a dozen chairs, a ſmall carpet, a bed and furniture, were ſent to my lodgings by one of Darnley's creditors, the morning after he was let at liberty. I ſay, if it was only myſelf—but Darnley is ſo mortified if any of his acquaintance call in (for we are ſeriouſly convinced that the word *friendſhip*, is not to be found in a faſhionable vocabulary) I am not contented when theſe flutterers, from motives of curioſity, or any other as powerful, come into ſtate, ſneer and take an inventory of our poor furniture; I feel ſo independent of them, and am ſo indifferent about their opinions, that I care not what they think or ſay. There are not more than five perſons in the world, whoſe good or bad opinion is of the ſmalleſt conſequence to my peace of mind; but of theſe few, I am ſenſibly proud; a word, a look of approbation from one of whoſe judgment and ſincerity one can have no doubt, is more ſoothing to the mind, more gratifying to one's fellow, than the moſt laboured panegyric from thoſe accuſtomed to praiſe indiſcriminately, without being able to aſſign a reaſon for ſo doing. But, my friend, though I feel inclined to make the beſt of my ſituation, there is one important circumſtance, which renders it impoſſible to entirely eaſy. I could be content with a little, but how that little to be obtained, is ſome method muſt be found out; for, beſides that, I think it the height of diſhoneſty be running in debt when there are no probable means of charging thoſe debts—and Darnley never ſtirs down to me without reckoning how much it coſts, and how ſome o ſlender finances will be exhauſted; yet he cannot reſ himſelf from his nightly viſits to the tavern, and fr thence, often to the Theatre. As to winter, I am reſo not to encourage any, by perſevering in the reſolution not returning any viſits that may be paid me; though imagine I need not trouble myſelf upon that ſcore, as have no longer the means of offering them the ſumptu dinner or nightly revel. When I reflect on the ſtyle I ried that has elapſed ſince my marriage, I cannot help *ſidering* it as a hot aſſine, diſturbed dream, from whi would gladly awake. Would to Heaven that I could ſo—but no! the ſcrimſh ſtumber muſt end one, and I muſt be hurried from one ſcene of terror to another without re laxion, until the corper of death ſeals up each active ſenſe.

I was interrupted juſt as I finiſhed the laſt ſentence, whom do you think it was interrupted me? my aunt Verne "Mrs. Darnley," ſaid ſhe, "I am extremely ſorry to h you in ſuch apartments, and I am come to endeavour perſuade you to ſeparate yourſelf from Mr. Darnley." "Then pray, Madam," laid I, gravely, "ſpare your the trouble, for it would be to no purpoſe."—"You v very polite, indeed, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "one would think could have no great predilection for a man who h uſed you ſo ill, has run through all his property, made himſelf a fine—" "Hold, if you pleaſe, Madam, for him, Madam," I replied," when in compliance wi your advice, and that of my other friends I married hi he was affluent, I boaſted myſelf by a ſacred oa at that time, contrary to my own better judgment, as ſha his fortunes, be they better or worſe, I will not now, in poſition to my ſenſe of duty, forſake him in the hour of miſfortune." "But the world ſays he orders other wom to you." "The world is officiouſly meddling."—"Bu you ever was ſo ſelf-poſſeſſed, ſo headſtrong, Sarah!" "Had I been prepoſſeſſed by, on a certain occaſion, wo would not have been under the neceſſity of making that mark now. But ſitting that aſide, ſuppoſe I was wind to ſeparate myſelf from my huſband, now am I to rem this ſtate of ſeparation? What can I do? Who will emp me? What friends have I, to countenance and prote me?"—The reſt of the converſation, my dear Ann, ſh I could not refrain my tears, and to my great mortifi tion, before I had dried them, Mr. Darnley entered room. "Mr. Darnley, telling over all your grievances, Sarah" ſaid he, with a ſneer, "what is to be done?" replied Mrs Ver non, "ſhe is offended becauſe I have been adviſing her, your affairs are ſo embarraſſed, to try to do ſomething i herſelf, and for you to get ſome employment and a home for you to live apart." "I think your adviſer very gra Madam," ſaid Darnley, with the utmoſt indifference—"I believe I ſhould be more comfortable; but as Sarah does not like to employ married men, leſt their expenſes ſ exceding their income, ought tempt them to be diſhon ſt. beg, Mrs. Darnley," ſaid I, "that I may be in ſtance to your propoſal, my employment is willing to pr vide for myſelf if any means can be pointed out;—b while I do nothing to forfeit the title of your wife, to I muſt, and will look to the protection of a huſband, I believe you from the trouble of providing for my neceſſitie I thank you, madam," turning to my aunt, "for having pointed out a plan which I own I never thought of before of adopting; but I perceive you are better acquainted wi Mr. Darnley's diſpoſition than I am." Mrs. Verne w diſconcerted, ſhe could not anſwer me, ſhook her head and then Darnley, by way of apology, began talking the expenſes of houſe keeping and how cheap a ſingle m could live, &c. &c.—And will you believe it, pleaſed aſ tion to me as the only means by which he could obtain eaſe, as he could not hope to ſee me employed in the li wife duties of a family. I had a patience to hear him Love me! Now—be aſſured I am convinced no did—I ſhall look round and try to find employment ſome kind; when I have, you ſhall again hear from

SARAH.

LOTTERY AFFAIRS.

TICKETS, halves, and quarters, in the 4th claſs SOUTH HADLEY LOTTERY, price five dollars, fi cents, for ſale by GILBERT & DEAN. The drawi commences on the 16th of November, on which day t price will be raiſed to *ſix dollars*. ☞ A handſome pri (10,000 dollars) may now be obtained by fortune's fa rite—and there is no better method to obtain it, than courting her ſmiles—for fhe is a *droll creature*. Oct. 22.

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